

Fall 2005



# Mission of Love News



"You are not here to save the world, but to touch the hands that are within your reach."



## With Gratitude and Love...

With the Tsunami, Emily, Katrina, Rita, Stan, Pakistan earthquake, Wilma, Pine Ridge, I would like you to know that our Mission of Love has been more engaged than ever, working with compassion and opportunities of being of service to our world. Together, we have joined our hands in doing what was right for humanity in such very simple ways. Most of all, by just saying "YES" to the unprecedented opportunities of daily living has made our Mission of Love a true success. All of us have shared in making the lives of those suffering somewhat easier by doing our work of love. No, we do not have any major grants or government funding, but we do have you, who care to make our world a bit better by either volunteering on one of our work missions, working for in kind donations, or by working on contributing funds for our children in need. Together, we have had another awesome year of touching those hands that are within our reach. I thank you for your continuous support of contributing to our Mission of Love in the ways that you know best. Know that it is not just my mission of love, but everyone's mission in life to be of service to mankind. Once one learns to make birthdays and holidays everyday of the year, your life becomes an easy task of living to embrace the moments of reality. Have a GREAT day, everyday!

With Gratitude and Love,

Kathleen M. Price

16 YEARS OF SERVICE THRU LOVE AND COMPASSION!



Building Community in Red Shirt, Pine Ridge, South Dakota: A house for Suzie and Donnie Shockey was only one of the many projects Mission of Love completed in 2005. Pictured here are (L-R) Kathleen Price, Mary Fast Wolf, Susie Shockey and RoxAnne Two Bulls, Community Representative of Red Shirt Table.

There is nothing I can give which you do not have, but there is much that while I cannot give it, you can take.

No Heaven can come to us unless our hearts find rest in it today. **Take Heaven.**

No Peace lies in our future which is not hidden in this present instant. **Take Peace.**

The gloom of the world is but a shadow, behind it, yet within reach is joy, there is radiance and glory in the darkness could we but see and to see we only have to look. I beseech you to look.

Life is so generous a giver, but we, judging its gifts by their covering cast them away as ugly or heavy or hard. Remove the covering and you will find beneath a living splendor woven of love, by wisdom with power.

Welcome it, grasp it, and you touch the angel's hand that brings it to you. Everything we call a trial a sorrow or a duty, the angel's hand is there, the gift is there and the wonder of an overshadowing presence. Our joys too be not content with them as joys. They too conceal diviner gifts.

And so at this time I greet you, not as quite as the world sends greetings, but with profound esteem and the prayer that for you, now and forever, the day breaks, the shadows flee away.

—Fra Giovanni, 1513



*To give without any reward,  
or any notice, has a special  
quality of its own.*

—Anne Morrow Lindbergh



# A New School Bus for Mayan Children...

The Krysten Elizabeth Studer Foundation was created in 2003 in order to continue to celebrate Krysten's life. Krysten was 14 when her young life was taken by a tragic accident. The foundation recognizes first hand that tragedies happen and therefore, its members are committed to serve children and families in need. In the past two years, 10 scholarships have been awarded to graduating students from Hubbard High School in Hubbard, Ohio. Krysten believed that there was nothing that she could not accomplish through hard work and dedication. This year, the foundation wants to celebrate the growth and accomplishments of the entire graduating "Class of 2006" by letting them extend a helping hand to a deserving project or projects of their choice.

Many options and projects were presented to the members of the Class of 2006 and the members of the KES Foundation at an open forum meeting that was held on October 13, 2005. The special guest speaker was Kathleen Price of the Mission of Love. Her presentation was "the bus of many dreams." She suggested that the Class of 2006 and the KES Foundation consider donating and transporting a school bus to the Mayan children in Yucatan, Mexico. A bus would not only provide the ability to get an education, but could also be used to take the children on outings that they otherwise would never get to go on.

The vote was unanimous that a used school bus be purchased by the KES Foundation and donated in honor of Krysten and the Class of 2006

A used bus has been purchased and will be renovated, painted and decorated with bright colors by the senior class. Once the project is complete, there will be a bus drive to the community. The students hope to fill the bus with supplies for the Mayan community and then the bus will be shipped to Mexico.

## An Invaluable Experience... *by Trish Pelayo, R.N., Toronto, Canada*

The Mission of Love went to the Yucatan in September. This was the first time I have visited Mexico. I heard about Mission of Love from my boyfriend, Ian. I was interested in going because I thought I could use my skills as an operating room nurse there. After a week of vacation in Cancun, Ian and I met the group at Cancun International Airport. It was a family affair for Ian because his mother, Jill, and brother, Steve also came. We were the only Canadians. We met the other volunteers and Maria Jose and Fernando; it was very exciting.

I would be working with Dr. Rashid Abdu, Dr. Todd Bolitin and Sherry, another operating room nurse. We provided medical care in Xhualtez, Kunche and San Francisco. Sherry and Dr. Abdu brought some orthopedic supplies for the doctors in a hospital in Tizimin. They were very grateful for the donations. Sherry and I assisted the doctors while they did their examinations. We also dispensed medications to those who needed it. In Kunche, Dr. Abdu, Sherry and I saw 37 patients within three hours. This included two house calls. Maria Jose was our interpreter. Sometimes, we had two interpreters which included translations from Mayan to Spanish, then Spanish to English.

In San Francisco, the doctors diagnosed a pregnant women to have high blood pressure and a lady who had abdominal pain. The Mission drove these women to the hospital in Tizimin to get further treatment. At the clinic in Xhualtez, I helped Dr. Bolitin. Using a donated ultrasound machine, he was able to tell pregnant women how far along there were and for some, he could tell the sex of the child.

When we were not doing clinics, we helped paint the Mayan House of Health. The children of Xhualtez are very special. They were eager to help paint the clinic and eager to learn. I fondly remember Sig, one of the volunteers who is a teacher, teaching one boy English. I also remember Willa being inundated with requests by the children to draw animals for them and Steve, who got the children to put their hand prints on the fantastic mural he painted.

It was wonderful to work with all the volunteers. Our hard work produced great results. I have made many friends on this trip. Mexico is a beautiful country with beautiful people. Volunteering with the mission was an invaluable experience for me, not only as a nurse, but as a human being. I want to thank Kathleen for the opportunity to participate in the Mission of Love and hope to help again in the future.



Linda Rein, co-chair for the Redeemer 5K Race that took place in September, presents Kathleen Price with a race T-shirt. Part of the proceeds from the race will go to Mission of Love to help continuing efforts along the Gulf Coast since Hurricanes Katrina and Emily (Mexico) hit. Photo by J. T. Whitehouse



A PRECIOUS GIFT IN THE MIDST OF IT ALL—Catherine Howk, 81, sews a quilt for her grandson while sitting on her porch surrounded by water in Jean Lafitte, Louisiana following Hurricane Rita. Photo by Brad Loper/Dallas. Morning News/Corbis.



# Mission of Love Gets Aid to Louisiana... by Sieglinde Warren

Wondering what you can do to help those affected by Hurricane Katrina? If you have ever donated to the Mission of Love, you have helped the people of New Orleans and the surrounding areas.

The initial critical needs of the area were sleeping cots, medical supplies, blankets, pillows and baby items. The Mission of Love was able to respond directly, efficiently and within hours of the request for these items.

There are two reasons for this fluid response. First and most importantly, Mission of Love had contacts on the ground. These people know what is needed and what to do with the requested items.

In addition, the items are collected, organized and stored at the Ravenna Arsenal and are ready for immediate shipment to the disaster site.

The Mission of Love has access to volunteers which enables materials to be loaded and shipped literally within hours.

Anyone who has donated time and money to the Mission of Love has enabled the culminating of supplies that were shipped out as soon as there is a call of need.

Items are still being collected for another trip down south. The following items are requested: musical instruments, gift certificates for Greyhound, phone cards, car seats for infants and children, cribs, individual food and snack items, baby food and formula, sanitary napkins, sheets and pillow cases, inflatable mattresses, tents, children's sports equipment, school supplies, games and toys, back packs, duffle bags, white T-shirts and all shapes and sizes of new underwear.



Kathy Price and Rosalie Shane load first truck with \$150,000 worth of items for hurricane stricken areas along the Gulf Coast.

## What It Takes to Make a Mission of Love...

Don't you wonder what it takes to get ready for one of Mission of Love's relief trips? Here's just the tip of the iceberg when it came to Hurricane Relief in Louisiana. After Kathy Price contacted Dr. Rashid for his assistance, he e-mailed her a reply that stated he would immediately get hold of his St. Elizabeth Medical Center pharmacy friends and collect all that he could get of "anything and everything and try to recruit other medical personnel to join the mission." He continued, "Actually, the needs are limitless of anything and everything that a human can use. Medically, essentially we are going to be dealing with victims who are traumatized, infected, wounded and hungry. We will need all kinds of antibiotics that can be used topically and systemically," and then, he continued with a list of items he thought to be essential: antiseptics, a variety of sponges, bandages and band-blades, a variety of sutures and needles, scalpels, soaps, drapes, pain medications, intravenous fluids, saline, blankets, sheets, pillows, gloves, (lots of gloves), masks, surgical caps and gowns, hook retractors, self-retaining retractors, scissors (surgical and for sutures), clamp of various sizes, rubber drains, local anesthetics, syringes, alcohol sponges, probes, basins (kidney shaped and round), catheters, tongue depressors, small forceps, medicine for diarrhea and dysentery, eye drops, protein supplement, tincture of iodine, possible splints, and most important—people who are willing to work long hours! Can you imagine?

And, don't forget, you can't just go walking into an affected area without permission. You must get authorization such as the sample that follows. Did you realize all that goes into a Mission of Love? It takes a lot of organization and preparation for Kathy and her volunteers to deliver help, but they do it!



### Essential Services Entry Authorization



Pursuant to the authority granted to the Governor to control ingress and egress to areas affected by Hurricane Katrina by Louisiana law,

Name: Mission of Love Foundation  
 Company Represented: SEE below  
 # Vehicles/Occupants: 8 occupants - SEE below

will be allowed temporary and controlled access to the affected areas. This limited access is hereby granted pursuant to all conditions and controls imposed by the Governor, the Chief Law Enforcement Officer of these affected jurisdictions, the Louisiana State Police and any other law enforcement agency in control or operating in the affected areas. Please be advised, those permitted to enter the affected areas under these stringent conditions do so willingly and knowingly and as such assume any and all risks associated with this access to a disaster area.

Authorized by: Maj. [Signature]  
 Louisiana State Police 25925-7094



# To New Orleans With Love...



Dr. Rashid Abdu

It was early in September, 2005 when Kathleen Price called and asked me what I thought about a trip to New Orleans. Without any hesitation, I said, "Let's go!" Kathy started the wheels turning—recruiting volunteers, asking for donations—money, conversion vans, materials and trucks. From my end, I called the folks at St. Elizabeth Health Center for an assortment of medicines, anticipating what we may need in an environment devastated by Hurricane Katrina. "When do you want all this, a pharmacist asked? After tomorrow," I shouted back. There was no time to ask any more questions. Two days later, there was enough medicine to fill a pickup truck!

I had my suitcases packed and ready to go early on Wednesday, September 7. That afternoon, I received an e-mail from a friend, reminding me that I did not have a Louisiana State medical license! I started to call the American Red Cross and the Salvation Army for information about volunteer physicians. Most of the time, I got a voice mail, encouraging people to give money instead of going to Louisiana. Someone gave me the number of the Health and Human Services Office. A person answered and strongly advised that I and the Mission of Love register with them, so that the one RN and I would be covered under government umbrella. However, we should just wait and they would notify us in about four weeks if we were needed. I felt helpless! I called Kathy and related to her my sad story. She said by all means, I should not place my medical career in jeopardy, and that she and the rest of the volunteers would leave in the morning. I felt sad, looked at my packed suitcases, but did not unpack.

Mid morning on the following day, I was at my computer, feeling dejected, but suddenly I saw that the governor of Louisiana had waived the LA medical license requirement provided that a physician holds a valid license in his/her state and would engage in that for which he/she was qualified. I jumped with joy, but I thought that Kathy and the rest of the volunteers were half way there! However, I called Kathy on her cell phone, she answered and told me that the trip has been postponed until the following day. I was very happy and told her the good news about my predicament and the license situation.

On Thursday, September 8, Kathy's husband, Bob Price, picked me up at my home at 5:30 a.m. On arrival to the Price home, there was Kathy with three volunteers, busy loading the three conversion vans. A 24-foot truck was parked next to the driveway and another 18-wheeler semi was forthcoming. The two trucks were to follow us for days later to New Orleans. Walker talks in hands, we started the caravan southward. About 50 miles south of Louisville, KY, we witnessed the worst accident we had ever seen, where a lady had apparently flown out of the rear of the car, landed on the metal railing and was literally divided in half! It was a gruesome sight. The driver of the Honda Civic was a younger lady, trapped under the flipped-over car. She was extracted alive and taken by an ambulance.

As we continued our drive, we saw trucks and numerous military vehicles heading south, apparently all carrying supplies for the hurricane victims. After 13 hours and physically and emotionally exhausted, we checked into a small motel for a badly needed rest. On our way to Baton Rouge, we stopped at a Sam's Club and a Wal-Mart. Kathy bought \$1200.00 worth of supplies, including dog food. All of us, except Kathy, thought adding such a load to vans already full to the brim, was impossible. But Kathy, determined as she always is, knew just how to do it! We shook our heads in disbelief.

As we continued our journey, Kathy kept in contact with folks in Baton Rouge, like Rose Hatcher, a teacher, who was her main contact and Camille, another lady stationed at the office of an environmental agency. Kathy had never seen these folks before, but you would think she had known them all her life. After a total of 22 hours, we arrived in Baton Rouge, where Rose met us and led us to the office of the environmental agency, where we met Mary Lee, the founder of the agency and Camille, Scott and two others.

We sat around a table in a rather crowded room, contemplating our next move. However, no one had any idea as to how or where we were to be deployed. They finally contacted a council member, Mr. Addison, a handsome and articulate young man who agreed to meet us at McDonald's. He kept talking to us as he munched on a dry hamburger. He was not encouraging. New Orleans was closed, off limits, and the whole situation was that of total chaos. He led us to the Southern University Dome, which the American Red Cross had converted into a shelter. We attempted to go in and see the "refugees," but armed and stern guards would not allow us to go in.

It was about 9:00 p.m. Hotels had no vacancies and the city appeared crowded. We were tired and hungry. We tried a restaurant, but it was full. We finally found an IHOP eatery, where we ate and pondered our next move. We looked and felt depressed. I looked at Kathy and suggested perhaps we should cut our losses, call the trucks to stay put and head back home. But Kathy, the eternal optimist, said that before we make any moves, we should "see what tomorrow will bring." Meanwhile, Rose suggested that Bob Elston and I stay at the home of Anna Macado, an artist and one of the kindest and most hospitable people I had ever seen, and the four women: Kathy, Karen Romellfanger, JoAnne Wellman, LPN and reflexologist, and Mavis Ceci, RN, would stay at Rose's home.

The following day, as Kathleen expected, things opened up. I believe Mary Lee contacted and made an appointment for us to see Major May at the State Police Headquarters in Baton Rouge. An understanding lady, Major May gave us a permit to go to New Orleans with the stipulation that we go to a police station at a Wal-Mart which needed help. Permit in hand, we drove through armed check points without any difficulty. As we entered New Orleans, we found an abandoned city. Looking from one end of a street to the other without seeing a single soul, except for an occasional dog walking in a daze, probably in search of food or his human companion, gave an eerie feeling. The destruction of Katrina was evident everywhere. Holes in roofs through which owners climbed and stood on, desperately waiting for rescue, imparted a sense of hopelessness and despair.

On arrival to the Wal-Mart, the armed police at the entrance respected our permit and let us into the compound. Tents were all over the parking lot and military vehicles were everywhere. In the front lobby was the station, separated from the rest of the store with a large tarp to contain the foul odor of rotten food and produce, including meat. The store had been severely vandalized and looted. Halls were littered with various

By Dr. Rashid Abdu, September 8, 2005

merchandise. Jewelry, electronics, anything of value had been looted and cabinets smashed with broken glass all over the place. The police officers were happy to see us, including the captain, who was suffering from an infected ingrown toe nail. For two weeks since the hurricane, they had no running water, had not bathed and had not a single hot meal. They scooped canned foods with crackers right out of the can, but they did have an adequate supply of bottled water and soft drinks. A small generator supplied enough power for lights and for the small refrigerator that contained a few vials of insulin and hepatitis shots.

Immediately, we set up our makeshift clinic in the middle of the lobby, unloaded our conversion vans and arranged our medical supplies in a convenient "U" fashion. Mavis Ceci, RN, knew exactly where everything was. Our first patient was the captain, who was in pain from his infected foot. He also had a diabetic. Infected toes and diabetics are not compatible. I have seen patients lose their legs from an infection that started in the toe. However, there was no choice except to take care of the problem surgically. After a nerve block with local anesthesia, I removed the offending nail and cleaned the toe with antiseptics at the same time placing him on antibiotics. I told him he was grounded for two days, to keep his foot elevated and take his antibiotics every 12 hours and pain medications as needed. He was grateful that the pain went away, but I told him it was the effect of the anesthesia. To my surprise, the following afternoon, I saw him talking to fellow officers in the parking lot. He came to me, smiling, telling me that he had no pain and felt wonderful. I was skeptical at first, but when I examined his toe, it in fact looked good! I had been worried about him, but my apprehensions were lifted.

Other officers, who had lost everything, seemed tired and depressed. Some had high blood pressure and sores and blisters on their feet from walking in contaminated waters. Some had swelling of their legs with minor scratches and many were diabetic. One officer was sitting in a chair, staring at the floor in severe depression. I tried to call a psychiatrist from the ship, who had visited us the day before and asked me to call him if we needed anything, but I could not get hold of him. We had no magic pills that could help depressed men who had lost everything. However, JoAnne, our reflexologist, and the three massage therapists who joined our group from Baton Rouge, provided the needed human touch for the weary and stressed officers. To see a big-armed officer prone on a table, arms hanging on either side of the table, eyes closed, totally relaxed and in total submission, was a touching sight.

The captain then asked us if we could go, with a police escort, to see another group of officers in another area, who were isolated and needed help. The 35 minute drive took us through more destruction of the ghost city, an emotionally challenging sight. On arrival, we found approximately 50 officers camped in the Crystal Palace, an abandoned social hall where on better times, weddings and other glamorous events took place. They magnificent, huge crystal chandeliers, the chairs and the hardwood dancing floor were idle. No electricity, no running water, no decent food. They slept on floors, and had not showered or bathed for weeks. We encountered the same problems as we did at the Wal-Mart camp. Kathy, a young police officer, took a liking to our Kathy. After some "girl talk," she expressed her wish to our Kathy for just one hot meal. The next day, as we were having our breakfast at a McDonald's, on our way from Baton Rouge to New Orleans, Kathy Price called young Kathy and asked her for a list of whatever she needed to prepare a hot meal for the approximately 50 officers. We went to Sam's Club and fulfilled the list, and delivered it to the Crystal Palace.

While there, a young officer was complaining of a headache. His blood pressure was 158/110. He looked stressed out. Although we had blood pressure medication, I decided to start with the human touch first. After the reflexologist worked on his feet and the massage therapist worked on his back, his blood pressure returned to 122/72. We could have caused him harm had we treated his high blood pressure with medication. Kathy Price felt that the officers at the Wal-Mart also deserved a hot meal. Again, we went to Sam's Club. With 200 hamburgers, 200 hot dogs, buns, mustard, ketchup, etc., 10 large watermelons, other fresh fruit, cups, pop and a propane gas container, we loaded and started a picnic next to the Wal-Mart. It was a memorable feast! I will never forget the heavily armed national guardsman, holding a hamburger with both hands, saying it was the best hamburger he's ever had. This was also our last day at the Wal-Mart camp. A group from my alma mater, the George Washington University, led by an intelligent and articulate young female emergency physician, replaced us. Before we departed, the captain who was so happy with the results on his toe, presented me with his badge as an honorary captain, an honor I will never forget and a badge which I will always treasure. I will never forget watching him cleaning hard-to-remove fly spots from our windshield. I was touched.

By this time, the semi and the 24-foot trucks had arrived, full of everything, ready to be distributed, but where? The five truck drivers, Vickie and Bill Moore, Josh Wiles, Bob Hartman and Pastor Brad Jagger, were housed with Rose's sister, Nancy Young, who literally gave her home to the four total strangers and went to sleep at another relative's house. With Nancy, Anna and Rose and her husband, Tim, we witnessed southern hospitality at its finest. Again, our friends, Mary Lee, Camille and Rose, who knew the local needs, suggested that we take the trucks to Jean Lafitte, a little fishing town two hours drive south of New Orleans.

After emotional good-byes the night before, at the birthday party given by Anna Macado for Bob Elston, we assembled our caravan of trucks and vans and headed for Jean Lafitte, Louisiana. Again, we witnessed more of Katrina's devastation as we navigated the two hour drive. The clinic at Jean Lafitte was manned by two physicians administering to local people. One physician from New Orleans, who had lost his clinic and his home, said he was short of medical supplies and was appreciative of what we gave him. He also assured us that the other household items in the trucks would be distributed to the people. The trucks and whatever we had left in the vans were unloaded and piled outside the clinic, to be distributed later. Mayor Timothy Kermer came and expressed his gratitude for our help. It was the end of an exhausting, sometimes frustrating week, but most rewarding and spiritually uplifting experience.

With our two trucks and three conversion vans, we started the 22 hour drive back home. After one week, we headed for the Yucatan in Mexico, where Emily had left her mark. It was truly a mission of love!



# Letters...Letters...

## GIFT IDEA...

Canfield, OH

Dear Friends and Family,

It is only November, but we are already seeing the commerce of Christmas starting to rev. Last year, we decided to donate our gifts to help pay for chemotherapy for a poor lady with breast cancer and to help a widow with a leaky roof on her hut in Mexico. Thanks to your generosity, the roof is no longer leaking and when I saw and examined the lady with breast cancer last month, she looked wonderful!

This year, the recipient will be Darrell, a native Indian at Pine Ridge, South Dakota. He has lung cancer. He lost his home and now, he and his family of five, live in their rusty car. Kathleen Price is trying to collect money and build this poor family a one room frame house before the cold winter starts. What a Christmas gift that will be from all of us!

So, instead of buying me gift(s) for Christmas, which I usually do not need, and instead of me buying you gift(s) which you usually do not need, why don't we all pool our resources and donate to the Mission of Love so that Darrell and his family can have their one room home and be warm this winter! What a Christmas gift to a family in need.

All donations are tax deductible. Send donations to: Kathleen Price, Mission of Love Foundation, 2054 Hemlock Ct., Austintown, Ohio 44515.

Merry Christmas!

Rashid, Dad, Uncle, Friend and Brother

## Thanks Giving...

Dear Kathleen,

I am a sponsor of a five year old Lakota boy, Tex Janis from Ridge Ridge. My wife and I were given the opportunity to be Tex's sponsor throughout organization, Spirit Rising. I got a call from Darrell Janis, telling with great excitement about the new home Mission of Love is planning for his family. I just want you to know how happy I am for them and convey to you their extreme gratefulness for your kind act.

My wife, Julie and I will continue to sponsor/support Tex throughout his childhood. Tex is Donna Janis' grandson and she is his legal guardian. We are speaking with Donna to find out what we can send for housewarming gifts to help make this Thanksgiving in their new home a time to remember.

On behalf of Darrell, Donna and myself, we would like to convey our extreme thanks for your unbelievably great gift of a new home!

Sincerely,  
Jim Horns

## SINCERE GRATITUDE...


Jean Lafitte, Louisiana

To Whom It May Concern:

The Town of Jean Lafitte has received goods from Mission of Love. Many residences were either damaged or lost in the Lafitte, Barataria and Crown Point areas. The goods will be distributed to members of the community.

We could never repay your kindness and generosity. I would like to express our sincere thanks and gratitude.

Sincerely,

  
Timothy P. Kernner, Mayor



## OVERWHELMED...

Pine Ridge, South Dakota

Dear Mission of Love,

We, the family of Darrell and Donna Janis, are very overwhelmed about the great news of us getting a house so we could all be together again as a family. There is a lot of joy in the family now.

We can't believe we will be having our own home on our own land place we could call home, so we won't have to go back to a rundown trailer with no windows and doors, holes in the floor and no water or plumbing. We won't have to be moving from family to family.

We are very excited about a new home. Now, we don't have to look back; we have to look to the future.

My husband says his family will have somewhere to call home if he passes away and he won't have to worry about them now.

We are so happy, we don't know how to thank you people. We know that there are people out there who care and understand our situation.

Love,

Darrell and Donna, Darrell, Jr., Oscar,  
Tom and Kerrie and Tex Janis

*"If the white man wants to live in peace with the Indian he can live in peace...Treat all men alike. Give them all the same law. Give them all an even chance to live and grow. All men were made by the same Great Spirit Chief. They are all brothers. The earth is the mother of all people, and all people should have equal rights upon it...Let me be a free man—free to travel, free to shop, free to work, free to trade where I choose, free to choose my own teachers free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to think and talk and act for myself—and I will obey every law, or submit to the penalty."*

—Chief Joseph in an 1879 speech in Washington, D.C.

*"Listen to the voice of our people,  
the poor do not seek charity, they seek justice."*

## PLEASE KEEP US INFORMED...

Youngstown, OH

Dear Mrs. Price

*Thankyou for your presentation, for all the help and support that your giving. Not just here but all over the world. Also thank you for the gifts that you brought us from the police department.*

*Please keep us informed about what's happening with the Police Department in New Orleans and what we can do to help.*

Sincerely  
Mrs. Wells 6th Period  
Class  
Janice Concel



**THANK YOU...**

*Dear Kathy,*

**Nepal**

I want to thank you and the members of Mission of Love for your generous donation of medical supplies, clothes and toys to the poverty-stricken people of Nepal.

I took the donations to Father Watrin's outreach clinic. This clinic is located about an hour out of Kathmandu. Approximately 85 people were seen at the clinic that day. I have included pictures of some of the people who came for medicines and medical help. The Children's Motrin you donated was particularly helpful since it is one of the most expensive drugs to purchase in Nepal. Usually only the hospitals have Motrin available.

We brought the wheelchair and remaining items to the SOS Village for Handicapped Children for dispersal throughout the country. One of the little boys to whom we gave a thermal undershirt and some outer shirts suffered severe burns over his legs and feet, when his drunken father set fire to their house, killing his mother. Another child, a young girl of 14, was born without a lower arm and hand. The handicapped children and adults were so appreciative of all you sent for them.

Thank you again for helping to make these donations to the poor people of Nepal possible.

*Mary Celeste Staryk*

Mary Celeste Staryk, Director, American Nepalese Children's Foundation.



**WISH LIST...**

*Dear Mission of Love,*

**Red Shirt Table  
South Dakota**

Oh, how do I start this? The only way is to tell you my true feeling. Mission of Love came down once again to build my son, Donnie and his wife, Susie Shockey, a new home. They are so proud of their new home! We all enjoyed helping and working together. That is the name of the game...working together to make this mission happen.

I am so proud of my sons working along their brother, Donnie, since they call him "Big Brother" because he is older than them. I think Donnie and Susie are still in shock over all of this. All of the people who came to help were so friendly and down to earth.

I would like to have the Mission of Love help me with Christmas, again, so I can help give people things from Mission of Love. Many of the residents of Red Shirt are so very poor. I feel sorry for them. So many don't even have a Christmas; it is just another day of desperation for them, but the children know. What can you say when there is nothing to give?

Last year, Mission of Love brought hams, which we gave to all of the families. I would like to once again be able to give hams, Christmas candy, oranges and apples. For the children I would like to get food, socks, winter clothing and toys. This is my wish list. Thank you.

As always,  
**Mary & Family, Donnie & Susie**

*"One man with courage  
is a majority."*

**The Mayan Children**

**Hubbard, OH**

*Dear Readers,*

In brief, the KES Foundation would like to tell you a little bit about the Mayan children of Yucatan, Mexico. The Mayan children are relatively poor. In Yucatan, most live in thatched houses with walls of vertical poles or twigs and dried soil. They farm as did their ancestors. They do not have access to basic healthcare and have no transportation to go to school to get the education they deserve.

Hurricane Emily devastated the Mayan Community. The Mission of Love, founded by Kathleen Price, set out on an emergency mission so that this indigenous community could be helped. Poor houses, trees, sown fields, etc. were destroyed. Many people are homeless. Clothing, medicine and toys for the malnutrition children were delivered. Clean water is being sent on a continuous basis to the Mayan Community, so they will not have to use well water that has been contaminated. There were countless acts of mercy bestowed upon those in need by the Mission of Love.

Kathy explained to the Hubbard High School Class of 2006 and the KES Foundation that it has been a dream of many years for the Mayan children to have a school bus. We believe that every child should have the ability to be educated. Not only would the bus be able to serve the school, but would be used to take the children on outings that never in their dreams would they be able to ever see.

A special thank you to Kathy Price and the HHS Class of 2006 for their enthusiasm and dedication, so that we can continue to celebrate Krysten's life through positive acts of kindness like donating the bus.

Thank you,  
**The Krysten Elizabeth Studer Foundation**



*Remember in the 60s when the catch phrase was "Make Love, Not War?" The older generation at that time might have been appalled, but look at the facts today and "Love," not "War" suddenly makes sense.*

**WHAT YOUR MONEY CAN BUY**

\$105 MILLION

- (A) One F-15 Fighter
- (B) Mosquito bed nets for 10.5 million people

\$50 MILLION

- (A) One Apache Attack Helicopter
- (B) Immunizations for 2.9 million children

\$386,000

- (A) One Amraan missile
- (B) 38,000 cartons of high-energy protein biscuits for 115,000 children

\$14,000

- (A) One cluster bomb
- (B) A full year of school for 7,000 children in Lesotho

\$88,000

- (A) One Stinger missile
- (B) A year's supply of antiretroviral drugs for 294 HIV-positive children in Guyana

Sources: [www.defensenews.com](http://www.defensenews.com);  
[www.unicefusa.org](http://www.unicefusa.org); [www.fightingmalaria.org](http://www.fightingmalaria.org)



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 Kathleen Price, Founder/Director • (330) 793-2388



**WORDS OF KINDNESS...** "T'was a thief said the last kind word to Christ. Christ took kindness and forgave the thief." —Robert Browning ☞ "...the real law lives in the kindness of our hearts. If our hearts are empty, no law or political reform can fill them." —Leo Tolstoy ☞ "Kind words can be short and easy to speak but their echoes are truly endless." —Mother Teresa ☞ "The best portion of a man's life (is) his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love." —William Wadsworth ☞ "Forget injuries, never forget kindness." —Confucius ☞ "My religion is very simple. My religion is kindness." —Dalai Lama ☞ "He that is kind is free, though he is a slave; he that is evil is a slave, though he be a king." —Saint Augustine

*Please take the time to read about the acts of great love in this issue*

**"You are not here to save the world, but to touch the hands that are within your reach."**

*Witnesses to disaster*



"We have to go back. This won't be cured overnight."

Mavis Ceci, R.N.  
Austintown, OH



"[The trip] was wonderful and horrible. The wonderful part was in giving the people what they needed."

The Rev. Brad Jagger, First  
Federated Church,  
North Jackson, OH



"The trip was very gratifying. It was tiring emotionally, but was spiritually uplifting."

Dr. Rashid Abdu  
Canfield, OH



"They [the people of New Orleans] have nothing left and nothing to go back to."

Karen Romellanger  
Hermitage, PA



"Sadness, grief, despair, and no hope. There just are no words."

Kathleen Price,  
Director of Mission  
of Love, Austintown,  
OH



*The Mission of Love volunteers with the Captain of the New Orleans Police Department, Anthony Cannatella, Sr. outside Wal Mart in New Orleans.*

**The Mission of Love Foundation is a non-profit organization that provides humanitarian aid to those in need worldwide, especially children. Backed by individuals, local businesses and the U.S. Military's Denton Program, the Mission of Love airlifts clothing, medicine and food and building supplies to third world countries, including the poorest community in the U.S.— Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, South Dakota. Once the supplies arrive, groups of people, both young and old, from all walks of life, are there to utilize the supplies by building medical clinics, repairing orphanages, administering medical treatment to the ill and serving those who need help.**