



# Mission of Love



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

## **My trip to Way-bi, TecPan Guatemala; We became family, we all said goodbyes through tears and promises of seeing each other again and finishing what we started...the HOUSE OF DREAMS ~ WAY-bi**

I wrote this as the fifteen of us headed back to the States on the 17<sup>th</sup> of January. How quickly 7 days went by and how thankful I am to have had the opportunity to make new friends and be a part of a bigger purpose in life. I always have intentions of journaling these trips and often times never get to so here I go. This was my second trip to Guatemala so I will recap the first since I didn't journal it and compare it with this recent trip.

The first trip was to an orphanage at the Casa Guatemala on the Rio Dulce River back in January 2009, there were about the same amount of enthusiastic people ready to jump in and to help out this community tackle the job of taking down an old greenhouse, rebuild a new one, as well as repaint classrooms and passing out goods that we had brought to share. I remember waking up to howler monkeys and birds chirping every morning and taking a 20 minute boat ride to the orphanage where the children would meet and greet us each morning before we started our labor of love for the day, and then say farewell until tomorrow as we left them at the bank of the river. The most demanding part of this humanitarian mission was carrying all the supplies( which included mostly heavy lumber,



some actually called IRON WOOD, and lots of it) from the river's edge back about a mile by hand and then building a greenhouse without the use of electricity or any heavy equipment. The heat of the jungle was stifling and both my son and I suffered a slight case of heat exhaustion. However, not once did I hear anyone complain of the work or the heat. I was truly inspired by the enthusiasm of the local people as well as the children wanting to help. We enjoyed the challenges set forth before us even when we were taking down the dilapidated old greenhouse that was infested with insects. Indeed we sang and prayed our way through the hard times. Fast forward now to the recent trip to Tec Pan and to Way-bi, January 2012. Fifteen enthusiastic people enter Guatemala City after traveling and being awake since 3 am. We were greeted and met by some wonderful people who took us to the hospital on a school bus. There we were met by the staff who took us in with hugs and kisses right off the bat and made us feel like **family**. They fed us a delicious lunch in the morning, and by a unanimous and enthusiastic choice not to sit pool side we immediately went to work in a hospital painting and repairing whatever needed done to help bring this hospital up to speed.



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We unpacked and separated all the goods we brought, medical, tools, paint brushes and rollers, etc. We had an interpreter ( Edwin ) help us with the language barrier, he was a true Godsend for the entire trip as he didn' t just interpret, he got down and dirty building and painting right alongside of us...he also made for a great tour guide! We painted and stayed near the hospital for a few days and got much accomplished, we were taken care of by the staff at the hospital and made to feel like **family**. The Doctor Edgar Moran and his colleagues had us for a dinner party at his home where we met the rest of their **families** and we were treated like **family** and ravished with fine foods of their native country. The second half of the trip was spent at WAY-BI in Tec Pan where we helped with the building of the House Of Dreams. This is where I think many of us left our hearts, because we truly connected with the dream of these people to build a home for terminally ill children to come with their **families** away from the city to the country where they could connect with God, nature and animals, to spend the rest of their time here on earth on this breathtaking mountain. The hardest part of this Mission of love, apart from leaving the new **family** we had come to know and love, was the hike to the top of the mountain to the building site. At more than 7000 feet above sea level it was tough for all of us, especially hard trying to carry materials such as re-bar, but I loved every minute of it! While we were there we had a fiesta with the children of the community at the farm where children can pet animals and even adopt them eventually, here they got to bust open pinatas for the very first time ever. One thing I noticed was there was no fighting or arguing amongst these children with each other or within their **families**, unlike what I see in the states, I was astonished and refreshed! They fed us lunch and dinner while we there every day, we sat with the workers and the doctors and their **families**, it truly was a blessing to meet so many wonderful people and to get to try so many new foods. It was really sad when we had to leave because of the compassion, kindness, and love we felt with these kindred people, we were not just workers anymore, we became **family**, we all said goodbyes through tears and promises of seeing each other again and finishing what we started...the HOUSE OF DREAMS (WAY-BI).



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