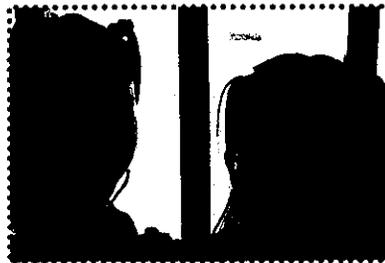


# MEXICO MISSION TRIP



LA CIUDAD  
DE JUAREZ  
2000



## YOU ARE INVITED!!!

WHAT: A welcoming party

WHERE: Juarez, Mexico

WHEN: When your heart is open, your mind is set free, and you're ready for a new way of life.

WHY: To see God's love for all his children.

Given By: The children and their families with a smile and love.

R.S.V.P.: AFTER YOU ARE DONE READING THIS.

# GO!!!!!!

# NOW!!!!!!

For the ones who have been there, never forget what you saw.

" So many memories, so many smiles. The road that stretches behind us. We had some laughter and our share of tears but all these moments unite us." " I'll be your friend for a lifetime. Against the wind and the rain of every season. Won't walk a way in the hard times; I'll be your friend."

This I promise to you. :)

(Song from WOW 2000)

- Kelly Pluchar

## Juarez Reflection

By Chris Holan

Throw 44 people together for 4 days of work, there's bound to be problems. Add 30 hour bus rides to begin and end the trip, and that's the formula for disaster. However, if it's a mission trip, the fighting doesn't pop up as often as expected. Sure, lack of sleep, harmless pranks, and "male bonding" don't add up to a problem free week, but I think our mission and the closeness of the group helped prevent more than a few fights.

The participants of our mission trip to Mexico showed camaraderie like I don't think I've ever seen. We put our differences aside so that we could achieve our goal of helping the people of Juarez. There was very little bickering and no selfish "none for all and all for me" attitudes that can some times take over back at home. We put all our problems on the shelf for our stay in Mexico, and it carried over on the bus rides. I never felt excluded from anything that happened, and I'm pretty sure that sentiment rang true for everyone. I think that everybody there got to know everybody else a little bit better.

The maturity level and the closeness were a lot higher there than at home. For those who work better with numbers, this was well illustrated in the "mad props" and "weird happenings" that we did at night. The "mad props" were where we could recognize people for the good things they did. The "weird happenings" were sort of playful teasing for the funny or sometimes embarrassing things they did. On the first night, more than half the time was spent on the "weird happenings". By the final night, however, "mad props" were by far the majority. It just felt wonderful to give and receive one of those, and it helped bring us closer to each other.

For those who don't need numbers, by far the most profound example of the unity were the events of the final night in Juarez. We did a feet-washing activity, where the staff would wash the leaders feet, the leaders would wash each member of their groups feet, and then all were welcome to wash whomevers feet they felt that they should. It was truly an amazing thing to see. There was no teasing and there were gestures of forgiveness. But above all were the tears that flowed. We were all hugging, crying, and sharing kind words with friends new and old. I have not felt so touched in quite some time. I felt at peace and as one with everyone there. It was a feeling I won't soon forget.

The trip to Mexico had such an impact on my life, it's almost indescribable. Before I left, I really hoped that I would make memories that would last me forever. These memories are such a big part of me, I don't go a day without thinking about Mexico.

I don't think I would have enjoyed Mexico that much if it weren't for the people in TNT. Everyone effected me differently, and everyone effected me positively. I learned that I had to be honest to be open, and in Mexico I was open so much it surprised me. I have a hard time with being that open with people, but even the atmosphere changed how I thought about everything. I think about certain people everyday, and I thank them for being who they are and what they've done for me. I made friends for life, just from one trip, and it makes me really happy knowing that I can turn to these people after the trip and still feel the same way about them. No one disappointed me through the whole trip. Everyone willingly gave a hundred percent to everything and that made everything a hundred times better.

Another strong memory I have, is the fact that I went to a totally different country helping other people less fortunate than me and I had the best time of my life. In a way, I feel like I've been given so much more than I ever gave, to anyone. Just seeing these people so happy with so little, it really is amazing. Just being in the same room with those kids made me so happy, all the joy they have in their hearts, and the smiles. I'll never forget those smiles.

I've gotten so much out of this trip, and I really thought that I would be able to change my life here, to be more like the people there. But it's hard with all these material things surrounding me, to get to the life that I want. I would give up anything and everything to go back there and be that happy again. I honestly, can

not express in words how I really feel about that trip. The excitement, the happiness, and the sorrow of the whole thing really made me think about what I have, and what I take for granted. I have never enjoyed myself and the company of others so much in my life. I never thought that I would feel this accepted in anything.

I loved this trip. And I would go back there in a second to do everything all over again.

Nikki Owczarski

## Mexico

When I first signed up for the Juarez Mission, I was frightened because I had no clue what to expect. I regret ever having that fear!! Mexico had the most unbelievable effect on me, the type of thing that you can't really describe with words. All I know is that I was touched. A new miracle, a new seed of life was planted within me. The Mexican children opened my eyes and showed me the true meaning of life. Not money, possessions and greed, but love and friendship. You saw it all around you. Whether in VBS or the worksite, we were all touched by the children's energy and light.

They love so simply, not caring how you dressed or looked, just as long as you would give them a piggyback ride. The Mexican community made me realize how selfish we truly are, but few notice it. A simple wooden cross on a rocky hill brought tears to my eyes, changing me forever. Things like that are what make the Mexicans so happy.

I would return to Juarez in a heartbeat. And I know I will always be welcomed there. Mexican children are so full of love that no one will ever be turned away.

Katie Maglia

## Mexico Reflections 2000

My experience at Juarez, Mexico was awesome! That retreat put real life in perspective for me. When I saw that people lived without air conditioning, new unused clothes, and maybe indoor plumbing, it made me think about what I actually do take for granted. The first night in Juarez, I was in awe. I knew I would live like the people of Juarez, but I didn't think what we would be living in would be considered "the best."

I saw a lot of things that have made me think about myself, my friends, and my family. Whenever I was with the kids, we would goof around and I would laugh and play with the kids like I was playing with my sisters and my brother. I have come to know myself more, and I learned that I don't need material things to make me happy. I have a family that cares for me, and I have friends that I could trust.

I know that I will never experience that again. That retreat has touched me in many ways that are indescribable. I have many memories of people smiling and laughing. I saw more people smile about everything, then complaining about what we don't have. Overall that retreat meant a lot to me. I am glad I went, and I know I got more out of this retreat than I will ever get out of any other retreat I may go to.

- Cailin Mittler -

This was my second year going to Mexico, and I knew what to expect. There were many first timers on this trip, so I decided to watch them as well as the kids in Juarez. The first timers did a great job. They got a lot out of this trip. Once again, the kids of the community welcomed us like we were at home. Their patience was a great help, considering the majority of us didn't know Spanish, but their smiles from ear to ear were all I needed to see. Compared to last year, I got more out of this trip because I knew what to expect. Last year I was a bit nervous because I didn't know what to expect, so I held back a little. I sure am glad I came on this trip because it was a great experience. These two Mexico trips will always be remembered in my heart. While on this trip new friendships were made, old friendships got stronger, and people got to know everyone better. This trip was unforgettable.

*Justin Scalise*

## Mexico 2000 Reflection

June 23, 2000. 11:00 P.M. Teens and parents were saying good-bye to the volunteers that made a commitment to go to Juarez, Mexico. As the chaperones and teens head on the bus, you could just see the tears drop down on almost everyone's face. As the bus ride went on and we were anxiously waiting to get down to Mexico, we were discussing amongst ourselves about going to Mexico.

June 25, 2000. 4:00 P.M. We finally arrived to the border of Mexico after waiting in El Paso since 7 o'clock in the morning. We wouldn't exactly make it to our destination for another ten minutes.

This trip brought out the best of me caring for others and my will to help out the community - From Vacation Bible School teaching lessons about God and making arts and crafts to working on a worksite tarring roofs and cementing.

One of my favorite things I did was when we walked up this gigantic mountain and at the top there was a cross. It was without a shadow of a doubt the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

To sum it up, this mission was an unforgettable and a life changing experience for me. I hope I can go next year.

*Michael LaPorte*

People always think that a perfect vacation is one where it is always beautiful and hot outside, a getaway from all the things going on at home, and a place to have fun as they relax. Florida, California, Arizona, and all those great places everyone thinks of first when you say vacation, but has anyone ever considered Juarez, Mexico? My most wonderful vacation took place there and it is one I will never forget.

The trip really began and made me think as we were crossing the border between Texas and Mexico. I was thinking about the transition like when you change from a child to a teenager. This passing would effect how I look at life. I always took advantage of all that we have, not what we don't have. Riding to our complex was making me realize this. Seeing all the poor men, women, and children walking with very uncomfortable looking clothes on, the dirty roads, garbage everywhere, the uncared for buildings, they all showed me how fortunate we are. It's horrible they have to live like that. It kind of made me nervous to live in their lifestyle.

We reached the site and I just wanted to get started, but we had to wait to the next day. All of the days down there were days of excitement and full of surprises. VBS was awesome! I played all kinds of games with the kids. They never judged you on what you look like, but how much you will play with them. Their smiles brightened my day. I loved being around them so much.

Building the addition to the house was a great experience. I never worked so hard and had so much fun. We didn't make a big difference, but we added a little bit and soon it will be finished when other groups go and work on it.

I am so glad I went. Everything from going to the Ice Cream Shop to climbing the mountain was a thrill. After the whole trip, I wanted to stay and help even more. I got used to the culture and enjoyed the whole trip to its fullest!

*Mary La Porte*

Erin Chlum  
7-9-00

### Mexico Mission

When we got on the bus and started our journey we all prayed for a life changing experience.

As we crossed the border, excitement filled the air. Looking at all the things around you it's hard to believe that only 10 minutes away there are huge skyscrapers and big houses. The Mexicans live in small houses built in whatever they can find, whether it was fencing or wood or for the lucky ones, brick. Another thing that I realized was that they live in small homes with hardly anything and they are truly happy. We live in huge houses with lots of material things but were always asking for more.

The Mexicans quickly accepted us and became our friends. They are accepting to everyone, unlike Americans who are taught that strangers are bad or dangerous. This year I saw many of the kids we met last year. I also got to talk my two favorites from last year, Lupe and Miriam. Lupe remembered me and she still had the cross I had given her. We all had a great time playing with all the children.

At the work site it was amazing all the things we learned and were able to accomplish. It was especially difficult because the maestro(teacher) only spoke Spanish. Despite all that was against us, we accomplished a lot by teamwork and determination.

At VBS we got to play with all the little kids and try to teach them about a specific bible verse. To accomplish this we played games, sang songs, did crafts, and performed a skit. Although we were teaching them they taught us much more about love, happiness, and friendship. I also met Gabino, one of the Mexican children, who instantly

became my friend. Gabino and I spent the next two days together playing and doing the craft. His favorite thing to do was to take my hand and run and just keep running and when I couldn't keep up he'd keep going and make me try to catch him. On that last day of VBS me and Gabino had to say goodbye to each other. Remembering all the time we'd shared I knew I was going to miss him. I gave him my cross and knew that I'd remember him forever and hoped he would remember me as well.

One night we went up the mountain, which once again was an incredible experience. At one point they had us just sit and listen. All the sounds are so different than all the traffic noises that you hear in the United States. Another thing that was interesting was that from the top you could see New Mexico, and all that was separating was train tracks. You could see very well from the top how different the two worlds are.

One of my favorite parts of the trip was Club, which was a time when we got together as a group. We sang songs, reflected on the day, and bonded with each other. The bonds we formed are ones that will never be broken.

On Friday morning we had to pack up and leave. It felt like we had just arrived and we were already leaving. It was really hard to say goodbye to all the kids knowing that we may never see them again. We had grown to love these kids and so soon we had to leave. I don't think there was a dry eye. I feel like this year I have gained a lot from this trip and I hope I'll always be able to carry it with me. I feel that last year I started my journey towards happiness and this year I added to all that I've experienced and learned. As we built the houses in Mexico we are building on our personal journey towards true happiness, brick by brick, smile by smile.

Kelly Carden

## Mexico Reflection

It was hard leaving home and going to a foreign country with a group of people that I had never met before, But it was definitely worth it. I soon found out that I had nothing to be nervous about because by the end of the first couple of days, I felt like I belonged in the group. Everyone really tried to include me and get to know me. I'm especially glad I got the chance to get to know the girls that I shared a room with. We had some very weird experiences, but it was a lot of fun and I made some really good friends.

When we arrived in Mexico, I was surprised and happy to see the warm welcome that the people gave us. I made many new friends that first evening and even more in the following days. Although at first it was hard to deal with toilets that didn't always flush, hard beds, and few showers, by the end of the week I barely even noticed. Seeing the way the Mexican people lived made me feel very thankful for what I have. I admire that they are able to remain happy and friendly even though they have very little.

The part I enjoyed the most was VBS. I really enjoyed playing with the kids and singing songs and doing crafts with them. Club in the evenings was also really great. It was a good time to share the funny events of the day and thank God and each other for the special moments.

Overall, the thing in Mexico that changed my life the most was the kids. They loved me even though to them I was a funny looking Gringa with "cuatros ojos" ( four-eyes). I loved talking with them and playing with them because they were so unjudging and fun to be with. This trip to Mexico has been such and enjoyable and fulfilling experience because of all the friends I made, both Mexican and American.

## **Mexico Mission Trip 2000**

A man isn't poor if he can still laugh. - Raymond Hitchcock. The Mexicans are poor physically, they don't have all the material possessions that we consider "necessities," but they are not poor emotionally or spiritually. They have what is really important in life; happiness. I saw their happiness through all the smiles and laughter shared with us throughout the week.

I learned the most about happiness through a little boy named Alfredo. Alfredo wore the same clothes everyday and lived in a little shack, but that did not stop him from loving life. Everyday I would play basketball with him and help him with the craft at Bible school. A smile lit his face from the moment he saw me to the moment he left each day. He loved everything that we did together. I've never seen someone so excited about basketball, and I've never seen someone cherish a piece of wood, like he did the wooden cross I gave him. The only time I saw him without a smile on his face is when we hugged and said goodbye, at that point we both had tears in our eyes. I'll never forget the time I spent with Alfredo and the lesson he taught me.

In five days the Mexican children taught us an important life lesson; be happy with what you are blessed to have and enjoy life. They may not have expensive possessions, but they do have one priceless possession; true happiness.

# Mexico

This trip to Juarez, Mexico was my second. Going in, I didn't necessarily look forward to it because I already knew what to expect. I couldn't have been more wrong for feeling that way. Right from the start you could easily tell this was going to be different. For example, the bus was practically brand-new (even the air-conditioning). We received a similar send off to last year's, but it was still special. The ride took about two-thirds the time of our previous trip and everyone was in good spirits. As I had thought Juarez was still about the same as before, except that I noticed all the little things. It seemed like there were fewer houses made of scrap, and more of brick. The general land seemed to flourish with shrubs and green trees more than sand and dirt. Perhaps I was wrong, but I'm thankful I was able to have a positive outlook on their community. We stayed in the same place, only this time I had a better bunk. The kids were just as playful as last year, but this time I could speak Spanish. The work at the sites was easy to accomplish with all of us looking out for each other. This time around I got more into club time and the other discussions held. So many positive things happened throughout each night and day, that it's hard to mention them all. I'm not saying that last year's trip was a bad one, it just prepared me better for this one. I'm glad I went back, and I did it right.

Chris Pluchar

## MEXICO

As we started out on our journey from St. Julie Church to Jaurez, Mexico I have no idea what I was feeling. We gathered in front of the Devine Center saying good bye to our friends and family. People were saying have a good time, watch out for bugs, you'll love the kids, and most of all I'll miss you. All sorts of feelings were racing through my body I was sad because I would miss everybody, but at the same time I was happy. As everybody said bye we were on our way.

On the long, long, long bus ride down everybody was having a good time. We were watching movies, playing cards, sleeping. At this point nobody knew what was going to happen how this trip would affect us. As I was talking to a few people who went 1st year they talked about how terrible the living conditions were and how bad everything was. All I was feeling at this point in time was oh no I will totally not like this trip. We made stops along the way I was thinking oh great my last time using an actual bathroom. I also felt I had to savor the food I was eating like it was my last meal.

At about 6:00 Sunday morning we finally reached El Paso, Texas. The only problem with that was we weren't going to cross until about 4:30 that afternoon so we were early. Tons of questions were going through my head. How were the people going to act? What were was the bathroom going to look like? Was I going to be able to talk to these people? I had no idea what to expect. So we ate breakfast and lunch over there then crossed the border. Now crossing the border that was fun. We were told not to talk about drugs, guns, or anything stupid just to talk quietly amongst ourselves. I was feeling very scared when this happened. Everything though turned out ok. We got to go over.

As we were crossing it was a total change in living you were going from tall skyscrapers to little shops it was a total mind boggle. Then as we entered into the little towns you also saw little shacks. Then after you see this you remember you live in a nice ranch home or apartment, all the while these people live in little shacks. As we were coming towards the mission you see these lovely little children coming out to greet you. It is almost as if they were hiding from you because they were scared, just like the scene in The Wizard of Oz when the munchkins come out to greet Dorothy. As we

were unpacking the trucks and van all the children were coming over and at first they were very timid, but then they started to open up. Some were yelling caballito which means horseback ride, others though just gave you a simple smile and that was enough for you to feel like you could take on the whole world.

That night we had something called club. This happened every night. During this time people were given the chance to praise other people or tell a funny happening that happened that day. During this time I felt good about what I had done that day. This time gave me a sense of peace about myself that you just couldn't get anywhere else. This was also a time to relax I guess to. We also sang songs during this time. Myself personally I don't sing but these songs to me were fun. They were sort of weird songs they kind of relaxed you.

After club which ended at about 10:00 we went into our small groups. In these groups we got to tell our personal feelings towards the day. What we felt about the day how it affected us. I thought I always had something to say. What I can recollect from these discussions everybody always had something good to say about the day. The day always affected somebody in a different way to. Sometimes people were happy others people were kind of depressed, but always everybody was glad it was over and always glad to start another day.

When the day began you got up at 7:15 and went and had breakfast then it was on to either a worksite or Vacation Bible School. At the worksite that I was at we were building a wall for an auditorium for meetings or something. The other I was told was building a roof for a house. When you were working you got this feeling. I don't know if anybody else did but I got the feeling that I was actually helping somebody. We were to. Since I was at a school I was lucky I could be around all these wonderful children all day and play with them.

These children were great. They had some of the biggest smiles you have ever seen in your life. They didn't care that they were living in poverty stricken lives they were still happy. I believe these kids were happier than I am. There were two kids that I really connected with. One of the kids names was Juan. This was one of the coolest little kids when

I first met him he was kind of mean, but then he was awesome. He would just come up and start talking to you. He is so smart to. Some of us were trying to teach him English and he was doing it very well. I will definitely never forget him. The other kid was Alfredo. One day after VBS he was playing basketball by himself and I walked over to him and asked him if I could play and he said yes. Then after a while I asked him if he wanted a horseback ride and he said yes. Through the whole ride he was just smiling. It started to rain a little bit he didn't care though I didn't care we both just kept on going. These children to me are amazing. Even though they live in total poverty they are still a whole lot happier than anybody in the U.S.

Another thing we did while we were down there was VBS. When I got to do this it made me very happy. This was so because then I could be with the kids. During VBS we sang songs and did crafts. The songs were just easy songs they were fun and weird. Some of the crafts we did got kind of out of hand but nobody seemed to mind. In VBS I always had fun. Basically just because the kids were there.

This whole week was going perfectly but the last night came and it was so emotional. I believe everybody in the room was crying. I know I was the feeling just got to me. You get so attached to the kids that you can't let go. That is what hit me.

Then the day came and we had to leave. People were crying again. But we had to go. We left the compound crossed the border and were on our way home. We got back to St. Julie on July 2nd at about 4:30 5:00 in the afternoon. We left Mexico behind but I can tell you a piece of Juarez and those kids will always be in my heart.

Wow! The journey we have all just returned from was awesome. First of all, I would like to thank everyone involved in the trip. Secondly, we have learned a lot through friendships made on our adventure. Remember the most important friendship is the one with Jesus. He walked with us, hand in hand, through about 50 hours of bus rides, 5 days in Mexico, and for the rest of our lives. Remember your service and continue to grow from it.  
Thanks Again,

- Pat Hannigan

When I signed up for this trip I didn't know what to think. I was excited, nervous, and I was mainly just happy. I was hoping that I would be able to come back and say that the trip had changed my life. Well it did! While I was in Mexico I learned so much. I learned a little Spanish, I learned how they lived, but most of all I realized how good we have it. While I was in Mexico I didn't see one kid not laughing or smiling. Some people would say that they are poor. Not me, I think they are rich. Not with money, but with faith and life. All in all that was the best week of my life. I learned so much. Although we may have helped them build a school or helped with a house they helped me more than I could ever help them. I truly hope I and many more can experience the feeling you receive while you're in Mexico!

- Mark Hanningan

## REFLECTION

On the way to Mexico, I was wondering if I would have the same amount of fun as I did last year, because I thought it was a once in a lifetime experience. Wow, was I wrong! Fortunately, the bus ride was a lot more comfortable than last year, and overall the ride was great. We arrived in Juarez Sunday night. After we got situated in our bunks, we were able to meet the people of the church. The Mexican people made us food and then the head of each family introduced themselves and the rest of their family. Each family thanked us all for coming down and helping them. I thought it was so amazing that the people welcomed us freely and were our friends, eventhough we'd only known them a couple of hours. I found out that I would have Vacation Bible School the first two days. During those two days, I felt bonds forming between myself and many of the children. We played many different games like soccer, baseball and pato pato gonzo. We also sang songs, acted out gospel scriptures, and made crafts. We were all growing very close. The children would listen to us, and in the evening they would come back and beg us to play some more or give them piggy back rides. Playing and interacting with the Mexican children was one of the greatest memories I have of Juarez. They all seem so appreciative of our spending time with them. The next two days I was at the worksite. What really touched me, was after the first day at the worksite, Sara, our counselor, told me that the children were asking where Tay Jota (T.J. in Spanish) was. It really made me feel wanted, knowing the children missed me during play time. At the worksites, we worked our hardest and had a great experience working with the Mexican people. Unfortunately, there were times we wished we could do even more work for these people. On our trip home, I realized I shouldn't take things for granted, and when I don't get my way, I shouldn't complain. These people have the very minimal, and are happy with what they have and how they live. I am also somewhat jealous of the way they live. Because their lives are so simple with the very least, they don't have to worry about some of the problems we have to deal with back in the states. Yes...I would do it again!!!!

T.J. DEXTER

# Mexico Reflection

It was 11:00 at night on Friday, June 23, and I was stoked. I was so excited for what would be to come within the next few days. As I loaded onto the bus for our seemingly “forever” bus trip, I realized that everyone was as excited as I was. A few of them even seemed more excited, as they had gone last year, and knew what to expect. A few moments later we were saying our departure prayer, and we were off. The bus was great. 100 times better than last year’s bus, was the word going around. We popped in our first movie, and the trip had now begun. The first night went by very fast, and as we arrived at our first food stop, we could hardly tell we had gone anywhere. We ate our food and piled back onto the bus we were back on our way. We drove right through the heart of Oklahoma, which was the mainstay for most of the daylight. At about 7:00 P.M. we arrived into Texas, but we weren’t there for long. We stopped at about 9:00 and had a picnic type thing. That was awesome, the scenery was great, and everyone was interacting, and having fun. We arrived in El Paso Texas at about 4:15 in the morning on Sunday, but most people were sleeping. The bus ride had been a breeze. We got to walk around downtown for quite a while before they called us back. In that time we had mass in a huge, and beautiful church. It was now time for us to unload our stuff, and pile it onto the ugly yellow school bus for our departure from the USA. As we crossed the border, you could not only see, but also smell the poverty. The dirt road we traveled on was horrendous. We eventually pulled up into the place where we would be staying for the week. A Puke green two-story house, one of the nicest ones there. It was then the interaction started, between everyone regardless of age, size, or income. Then I made my first trip to the coke store, a place I would be going very often in this short trip. It was there that we got to drink our only cold substance of the trip, and man was it refreshing. After about 1 hour of having fun it was time for club. During club we mostly sing, but we also bring up good points that happened during the day with our yeah gods, our mad props, weird happenings, and highlights of the day. After a 2 and a half-hour club session it was time for bed. We slept in about a 12 by 12 room, with four, three bunk high beds. There is one swamp cooler for the temperature, and man did it work. We woke up bright and early the next morning, with breakfast at 7:30. After breakfast we got our assignments for the week. I had vbs the first two days, and then the worksite, for the next two. Our day was about to begin. We had a planning

meeting for V.B.S, I had song and games group. So we scheduled everything for Monday, and Tuesday because we would be going to the market tomorrow. The kids then started piling in at about 1 o'clock. I generally hung around this ten-year-old boy named Juan for most of the week, but I met him at vbs. After what seemed like a blink of an eye it was just about time for club. We had another great session, and then again, we went to sleep. The wake up call was bright and early as usual, and we were ready to start our day off. For me it would be off to the market for some shopping, so I hopped on to the dirty yellow school bus and we were on our way. When we arrived I ran right into the market. We shopped around for 2 hrs and then headed back for another exciting day of bible school. Vbs. the second day was a lot better, because you knew more people. I played basketball with some older Mexican kid for most of this day. And again with what seemed like the blink of an eye the day was over. We were in club then ready to go to bed. The next day Wednesday, would be one to remember. It was my first day on the site and things were going good. Everyone was working hard, and a lot was getting done. When we got done, we went back to the place where we had been staying and played with the kids, until dinnertime. We had an outstanding dinner, and then loaded onto the bus. We were on our way to the mountain, which had gained its fame from last year's trip. We arrived at the mountain after a ten-minute drive, and just starred in awe. It was an amazing thing. We then started to scale up it, on my way up I began to think if the walk up was worth it, but my question was soon to be answered. It was great; everyone was taking pictures of the cross, placed in the middle of the peak. We then went back and had a club session, and it was off to bed. The next day was our last full day in Mexico. We went to the site, worked our butts off, and then came back to go to a mass said in Spanish. It was really cool. We then played with the kids for another hour, and it was time for our last club. They did something really cool having to do with Jesus washing all of his disciple's feet. Then it was time for bed, and when we woke up it was time for another long bus ride. This went by really quickly, and we arrived home at five thirty, I would be changed forever.

Jim Zika

*Juarez Reflections*  
*Mark Holan*

Before leaving for Mexico, we spoke a lot of the unconditional love of the children of Juarez . I was able to witness this firsthand, but I also witnessed the unconditional love our teens had for the people of Mexico. I also saw the love and kindness the adults of Juarez exhibited to us all.

The children of Juarez are unbelievable! They are trusting and loving to all of us without expecting anything in return. What is really amazing to me, is the children go through this week after week throughout the summer. A different group comes through every week and every week the children form this incredible bond with the teens. Many of the children remember the teens who were here last year and seek them out.

The adults of Juarez are very spiritual, kind and loving. I worked with Octavio and Lettie at the home. Both exhibited a great sense of humor along with a work ethic that is enviable. Octavio is a great man. We spoke in broken English and broken Spanish to each other about God and life. It's amazing the conversation you can have with hand language and broken phrases. Octavio told me that before God, he was nothing, with God he is everything.

Our teens knocked me out with their love and courage. By the end of the week, no one was afraid to show honest emotion. It didn't matter what others thought. The toughest guys were hugging and crying. I spent a good amount of time observing the interaction between our teens and the local children. Love flowed freely. Whether it was Katie reading or Gerard wrestling or Matt giving horseback rides, the emotions were true. I was never more impressed with a group of teenagers. I know that our future is bright with these teens leading us.

If you asked me to describe Utopia, Juarez, Mexico would not come to mind. After all, how can Utopia have living conditions like that, 11 people sleeping in a 12 X 12 room, toilets that seldom work, water pressure that at best is sporadic. But, the week we spent in Juarez was as close to Utopia as I will ever find. I only hope that we can keep that feeling for the rest of our lives.

## **Mexico**

This place is actually much better than I thought. Good people running it, very good organization, planning, and lots cleaner than I hoped. I can see a few problems like communication with locals, limited menu. Sleeping arrangements are good.

Looking around outside the compound, it's hard to believe how many people actually live and survive in this environment. It is so much different than ours and what we have grown up with.

Working at the work site was a good experience. Learning how to do things the Mexican way takes some getting used to. Vacation Bible School was wonderful. How the children looked forward to this. This was a wonderful, eye-opening experience. I'm so grateful I was able to participate in this trip.

Greg Rehr

My name is Juan. I live in the Felipe Angeles community of Juarez, Mexico, near Iglesia Maranatha. I'm 8 years old and, Monday through Thursday during the summer months when I'm out of school, I hang around the Fiesta Para Los Ninos and various work sites in the neighborhood. I have to tell you about this group that came in last week, I've never see anything quite like them over the past few summers. They came by bus (crazy Americans) from Chicago, you know, the town that Michael Jordan built, all the way down here to help us. That's almost 30 hours! I guess there isn't much to do way up north during the summer. Anyway, I'm glad they came or I wouldn't have this story to tell.

Those American's sure do come in all shapes and sizes; I couldn't believe it when they came off the bus! There was the 'grande' (They called him Gerard, I called him "Sir") to the 'alto' (They called him Gorney, what's a Gorney?) to the 'pequeno' (They call him Zika, I was beginning to wonder if any of them had real names?). They were 'joven' (Brad) and they were 'muchos anos' (Some of the other kids called him Santa, he was always having fun, always on the go, reminded me of someone, - did you every see Caddyshack?) The nino's outnumbered the nina's, but you'd never know it by the energy the nina's had. Katie & Jen were all over the place, every time I turned around they were singing a song, playing a game, or just making one of us happy. Jen even wants to hide me and take me back! Boy, can that Katie sing!

I've never seen so many friendships form so fast! We've just started the first day and there goes Mike and Matt, and Matt and Mike running by with little children on their backs, all you here is 'alla' and 'rapido' and a whole lot of laughter! Behind us a game of 'baloncesto' breaks out. Pat & Gavin & Louis take turns shooting and passing. David and Moises jump in and we have us a basketball game, not our sport, but we give them a run for their money anyway! We're being pushed off the court; Pastor has started a game of 'volibol'. Nick and Katie, Wally & Justin jump in with all the parishioners. It's not pretty, but it sure is fun, best of all, the kids can play too! I fit right in, you know Justin and I are the same height! Off to our right a game of 'futbol', the real one, breaks out. It's the American's vs. the Mexican's! I'm going to sit and watch this one. Adam, T.J., Chris, & Mary lead the American's and they hold their own. Boy that Mary sure can play! Good thing my friends are taking it easy on them today, scored enough to win, the way it should be.

Things finally settle down for the first night and I look around, there's Kelly & Danielle, Dave and Nikki playing with the children, taking pictures, laughing, and just having fun, I'm sure glad they came down and I can't wait until tomorrow.

I'm heading down to the school; they tell me these guys are going to help build us a new 'auditorium'. Let's see if they can build like they can play. Maestro will keep them in line. Wow, look at that, 9AM and they are already hard at work. There's Mark & Mike, Kevin and Louis mixing the concrete. Louis is talking with Maestro; at least someone around here makes some sense. Maestro then moves on to talk to Mr. P., guess they brought him because he's tall, doesn't need a ladder to reach the top of the wall. He has him working on all the high stuff. Mark and Louis are going to work on the back wall, boy that Mark can lay a perfect brick, I think it even brings a tear to Maestro's eye. Look at Erin go on the sidewall, she's laying the bricks faster then the guys! Should I let her know that she just laid 3 bricks in the window? No, I'll let Maestro do it. Well the guys are done with there section (of course the girls, Erin, Nikki, & Meghan have been

done with theirs for awhile), and they need Megan, the 'artist' to help them tuck point. Good thing she's here or they wouldn't know what to do.

It's lunchtime, I'm going to run up to the house and see how the roofing crew is doing, and at least they got the easy job today. Wow, have they got a lot done. Look at Joe go up that ladder with the roll roofing! I'll bet it's as big as him, must be one strong hombre! There's Chris and Chris nailing away and tarring the roof looks like fun in this weather, don't they know it's siesta time? Good thing they have Kevin with them, he knows how to take it easy in this heat, I remember him from last year! Mrs. Mag's sure keeps these guys in line; (she works harder than them, but doesn't let them know that!).

Well today I'm going to head back to VBS (it's my favorite too). There's Mrs. LaPorte hard at work making sure everything is ready to go. She's cleaning everything in sight. Someone tell her she doesn't have to wash the basketball court! I'm going to play some basketball before we start; I wonder who's out there now. Never fails, I knew someone would be willing to play, looks like another 2 on 2 with my friends Jeff and Tim and my brother Edward. I'll take it easy on them this time, they need the encouragement after the beating we gave them in football! Wouldn't you know it, 5 to 5 and it's time to call it a game – VBS is about to begin. Time to sing – what's that noise?? Oh, it's just Mr. Holan singing! I'll move over here by Cailin, she's always smiling and singing and having a good time with us. Time for the skit, I don't understand what they are saying but they sure are funny! I'm going to get a good seat over here by Pat, at least when I ask him a question he can answer me. I think he must be one of those Spanish tourists or something. Finally, we can do the crafts – my favorite part, I get to make something to bring home, I'm going to work with Kelly today, she always let's me go first and makes sure I've completed it, you know what, they all do!

Wow, where did the week go? (Funny, that's the same question the Americans are asking). This sure was a fun week, I learned a lot and I think they did as well. They really made an impression on me, all the loving and caring, the smiles and the joy, not to mention all the hard work, what a group. I'm really going to miss them. I just wonder, did we make an impression on them as well??

- Juan

## Mexico Reflection

God made us a family.  
We need each other.  
We love one another.  
We work together.  
We play together.  
We praise God together.  
Thank you, God,  
for our special family.  
Amen.

For one week this summer God made us a family. We did everything from brush our teeth together to share our innermost thoughts during small groups and prayer. As in any family there were disagreements, but nothing lasted long. Meals were prepared in small groups to share with the whole family. At the dinner table we shared lively discussions and a lot of good laughs. Throughout the day we shared our talents, thoughts, support, and hugs. And at night we shared quiet or sometimes exuberant talks as we lay in our bunks before we went to sleep. At times we sounded like the Walton's as we said our good nights.

We needed each other and depended on each other for support and help. If someone looked sad or troubled, help was on the way within minutes. Few jobs could be done alone. Cooperation was needed and a team spirit prevailed. It was not uncommon to see someone help with a chore that was not assigned to them. It was incredible to watch the work of the many hands used to carry out God's love. We were His hands.

We loved one another. Hugs, hugs, hugs! Many were shared and their effects were powerful. The hugs represented our love and concern for each other. They also represented our bond during this mission. The hugs I received touched my heart and soul. I also witnessed so many hugs between the teens and the children of Mexico. These small, yet powerful, acts testified God's love. The hugs were heartfelt and that was obvious. We were fortunate to have the opportunity to share "mad props" at the close of the day to recognize the acts of love we shared and the powerful impressions they made on us.

We worked together. We worked at Vacation Bible School and the work sites to serve the community of Juarez. Having common goals and willing spirits made strenuous and tedious jobs seem exciting. I saw teens carry huge loads beyond what they ever expected they could carry. I also saw teens carefully pick up small rocks to place in their cement work. At Vacation Bible School patience was exercised and cultivated. All of the work was done with care. We also worked to serve each other. It was amazing to see the teens step in to help without being asked – unsuspecting volunteers found themselves cleaning

bathrooms, plunging toilets, carrying heavy loads, etc. Seldom were there complaints and better yet everyone kept on volunteering without knowing what they were volunteering for. That was the spirit of the whole trip – we all signed on without really knowing what we were getting into, but willing to do whatever might come our way.

We played together. We also played with the children of the community. There was so much love and good sportsmanship displayed in the play. I enjoyed watching the teens display their talents and skills in basketball, volleyball, football, soccer, and water balloon volleyball. The games welcomed all who were willing to play and they were played with fantastic displays sportsmanship. We also played in friendly teasing and fun-filled pranks throughout the days. There were always weird happenings to brighten our days.

We praised God together. Many of the most enriching and profound times of the trip were when we praised God through our words and songs. The reflections and journaling of the morning carried us throughout the day. At night, teen club brought us together to reflect on the day and praise God. All of the participants were able to recognize God's power and love. We shared some very powerful stories that brought many tears of emotion. *Yeah God!*

Thank you God for this special family. I was so proud to be among these wonderful examples of God's Love. God's presence was flourishing during the Mexico 2000 trip. I was impressed with the physical work at the worksites and the crafts, skits, music, and games of Vacation Bible School – but even more impressive was the spirit and love behind the work. That was awesome! The memories I have of this experience have made a profound impression on my life.

With Love and Respect to all of the Participants,

*Deane LaPorte*

Juarez 2000  
Reflections

Mary Ann Maglia

What a joy to watch these young people serve God. Their work on this mission trip is a powerful witness to all of us at home. We are so easily impressed and persuaded by the lure of nice clothes, good looks and "cool stuff." Our young people's actions spoke loudly in an example of Christ-like love. They opened their hearts and poured out His love in hard labor under a *hot* sun, taught bible school, prepared meals, played games (sometimes gruesome: soccer!) and prayed with the Mexican men, women and children. Nothing brings a smile to my face more quickly than the memory of our teens with the Mexican children! The laughter, piggyback rides, hat chases, hugs... it was overwhelming!

We are so blessed in our service.  
Thank you, Jesus!

I've spent the time since I've been home pondering how to keep the flame of the mission experience alive. I find if I continue to celebrate the Spirit's work in those who were with me in Juarez, the flame burns brightly. The Spirit within me is moved to continue to take action in service to our Lord. I have seen miracles in our teens as they served the poor. Conversions of the heart and attitude for many of them! What a joy! Yes, I can keep the experience alive in my heart... by celebrating the Holy Spirit's work in our teens and being *active* in Christ-like service- everyday.

Lord, please give me the wisdom to know how to serve.  
Use my gifts as you see fit.  
Lead me.

**I WILL LIVE MY LIFE FOR YOU**

**You are holy (You are holy) You are mighty (You are mighty)  
You are worthy (You are worthy) Worthy of Praise (Worthy of Praise)  
I will follow (I will follow) I will listen (I will listen)  
I will love you (I will love you) All of my days (All of My days)**

<b>I will sing to and worship</b>	<b>You are Lord of Lords</b>
<b>The king who is worthy</b>	<b>You are King of Kings</b>
<b>I will love you, Adore you</b>	<b>You are mighty god</b>
<b>I will bow down before you</b>	<b>Lord of everything</b>
<b>I will sing to and worship</b>	<b>You're Emmanuel</b>
<b>The King who is worthy</b>	<b>You're the great I AM</b>
<b>I will Love you, Adore you</b>	<b>You're the Prince of Peace</b>
<b>I will bow down before you</b>	<b>Who is the Lamb</b>
	<b>You're the Living God</b>
	<b>You're my shining Grace</b>
	<b>You will reign forever</b>
	<b>You are ancient of days</b>
	<b>You're the Alpha, Omega</b>
	<b>Beginning &amp; End</b>
	<b>You're my savior, Messiah</b>
	<b>Redeemer &amp; Friend</b>

**You are the Prince of Peace  
I will live my life for you**

**Take My Life (Holiness)**  
*by Scott Underwood*

**Holiness, Holiness is what I long for  
Holiness is what I need  
Holiness, Holiness is what you want from me**

**Take my heart & form it  
Take my mind, transform it  
Take my will, conform it  
To yours, to yours, Oh Lord**

**Faithfulness....**

**Righteousness....**

**Something Real....**

**Brokenness....**

The Greatest Love of All  
(Michael Masser, Linda Creed)  
revised for Mexico 2000 (Juarez mission trip)

The Greatest Love of All let me love MYSELF!

I believe the children are our future  
Give them faith  
Let them lead the way  
Show them all the beauty they possess inside

Give them a sense of pride  
Make it easier  
Let the children's laughter  
Remind us how we use to be

Everybody's searchin' for a hero  
Someone they look up to  
You can be the one who fills that need  
Sharing the love of Christ  
You can show them how  
To let His love shine forth from within  
For all the world to see

I decided long ago  
Never to walk in anyone's shadow  
If I fail they still succeed  
Because I've the courage to show I believe

No matter what the odds may be  
We go forth with Christ's dignity

Chorus

Because the greatest love of all  
Is happening to me  
I found that the greatest love of all  
Is inside of me

So I believe the children are our future (Back to verse one)

Chorus:  
Because the greatest love of all  
Is happening to me  
I found that the greatest love is *Christ in me!*

(The greatest love of all  
is easy to achieve  
learning to love myself  
Through the *Greatest Love Of ALL*)

*Mary @ ...*

## Mexico

Love... What is it? Is it something that comes and goes, or is it something that lives forever? Does love stop when obstacles present us like age, distance, or other differences? What is love?

My experience with Mexico revealed to me what love is. Through the hearts and smiles of the Mexican people I learned that love has no barriers. This was the first thing that came to me when we were so kindly welcomed. They treated us like family... joined us for a game of volleyball, allowed us to play a game of soccer or baseball with their children, and understood when we tried desperately to communicate with them.

Love is something to be shared with everyone. The bible often states, directly or through scripture examples, how we should love our neighbors, strangers, and enemies. I never really reflected or considered the depth of the bible's meaning of love until Mexico. While in Mexico and after Mexico, I realized a higher dimension of God's virtue – Love. Every week the Juarez community accepted several "strangers into to their church and homes with open arms. Our arms were wide open, too. With friendly smiles and "holas," the Juarez community shared their love with every individual who came to their domain. In turn, the TNT group greeted the Juarez people with friendly smiles and "holas!" United in our work, communication efforts, and worship, the TNT group and the Juarez people exercised God's will to Love.

Looking back ON THIS TIME, I believe my experiences with the people of Mexico are an example of a larger world of people that hold this world together with God's blessed virtue - Love...a virtue we need live ALL THE TIME!

A Change in Life

By:

Meghan Hosty

After being on a bus heading into San Lucas Toliman Guatemala for nearly six hours, I had a conversation with a pastor from another church, who had gone on other trips similar to this. He started off my journey by sharing a story with me.

“I was in India, on a trip similar to this. There was a special statue made for a nun who had died during the warfare, which was placed on a hill hidden by a forest. I thought it was extremely important to see it, since I had heard about how much work she had done.”

“Did you know where the hill was?”

“Yes, I found the hill, and it was quite a hike up it. When I made it up to the top, I was stopped by a group of soldiers three feet from the statue. They said I was not allowed there and they needed to see my passport, and paper work.”

“Were you able to understand them? Were you scared?”

“I was able to understand them, but not very well. I told them the name of the organization that I was from, and that my papers and passport were back where I was staying. They did not believe me. I told them that I just wanted to take a picture of the statue, and then they could take me to get my paper work. They told me that was not possible.”

“Were you not afraid that they might kill you?”

He said, “I was very afraid, I did not know what to do, and all I was trying to do was see a statue. It was a good thing I had money, because I ended up paying them off to ensure my safety. Even after paying them off, I was not really sure that they would not kill me.”

“I can not believe that the government who is supposed to protect you, is really the one trying to hurt you.”

“Clearly, governments in foreign countries are run differently than what we are used to. It ended up that the men escorted me back to the place I was staying, and after I showed them my paper work and passport, they disappeared. My advice is no matter where you go, always carry money, and a passport. You never know when you will need it!”

All of the stories from the bus were sorting through my brain, and at this point I think I felt just about every emotion possible.

The bus was finally pulling into the destination site. My thoughts were interrupted as the bus started to pull in front of a church. Children came running out from every direction and started to chase the bus. I remember clearly the man next to me, who was Jason. He was a high school chemistry teacher and his luggage had been lost during our flight over.

His reaction to the children was, "These kids are crazy, and they're going to get killed! The bus is just going to roll over one of them accidentally."

I started laughing and said, "I think they are adorable, just look at their smiles! I wonder how they are going to treat us?" As I stepped off the bus, all my emotions seemed to erupt like a volcano. After a few minutes I relaxed more and just enjoyed the company of the children.

As I looked around me, I instantly saw the area was very poor. The roads were made of dirt and rocks, and some rocks were left in the middle of the road because they were too big to move. The houses were made of scraps of wood and cardboard, and the roofs were mostly made of rusted scraps of aluminum pieced together. Most of the houses looked like a feather could knock them over.

As I finally returned my focus to where I was and who was with me, I realized that people had surrounded me. There were people from my church, Loyola University, Minnesota, people for the CFCA organization, and children from that town. The children wore smiles like it was the only expression their faces knew how to make. This took me by surprise, that people who were so poor could be so happy. The children were not like what I thought they'd be. They did not beg for food or money like I had imagined. They just wanted me to play with them. The children wanted me to pick them up and swing them.

Carlos, a little boy from the town, came running toward me, grabbed my hands and said, "Vuela, Vuela por favor!!" Which in English means please swing me around like an airplane. I thought to myself, "Eeww, do not touch me you are so dirty I might get sick."

As I bent over to tell Carlos "No vuela," A little girl named Sonya jumped on my back. Sonya had long black hair and was about five years old. As she jumped on my back she was smiling and said, "Cabbaeto por favor" which in English means please give me a piggyback ride. When she did this I nearly panicked. The thoughts raced through my head, of getting lice or flies from her hair. As the week progressed, I spent more and more time with the children. I played game after game of soccer,

and gave piggyback rides until my back felt like it had been trampled on by a herd of elephants. Nightly games of soccer turned into a ritual. Four guys from the group and myself would meet a small group of Guatemalan boys on the basketball courts next to the church, to play our games. It was during these games that I found myself really bonding with the kids. Although I'd never in my life played soccer, they always wanted me to be on their team. After we had picked teams it was like I was one of them. Do not get me wrong; they never passed up an opportunity to harass me when I screwed up a play. But in the end we all enjoyed the nights spent playing soccer and the new things we learned about each other. As I started to adapt to their culture, the dirt and dried up food started to go unnoticed. I would wake up in the morning, looking forward to Carlos begging me to play with him from the front steps of the church. Soon my trip would come to an end, and I would never see these children whom I had grown to love.

On the last few days of the trip after I looked past the dried up food on their faces, the dirt caked on their feet, and the filth of their clothes, I realized these children were the most beautiful children I had ever seen. I finally understood why I was there. These children showed me how to open up, and look inside myself.

These children helped change my life. After spending a week with them, they taught me to look beyond the surface of people and things; by convincing me to play with them they showed me what their life is like. I learned that no matter what the age difference was, they did not see one. To them we were all the same, just there to play with each other. I also learned that they had just as much to learn about me as I had to learn about them. Most of all they showed me that I could love them and they could love me. I realized that I had a weakness, a crack in me, and the children showed me how to fix it. Because of the children showing me how simple life could be, when I returned home from the trip my whole perspective on life had changed.

Effect of a Mission Trip

By:

Meghan Hosty

A young mission worker walking down the dusty road in a third world country, is instantly surrounded by boys playing soccer, and girls begging her to play with them. As she bends down to try and ask them their names, one of the boys jumps on her back and asks for a ride. With this, the mission worker's face immediately lights up like a lighthouse in a storm. Despite the long distance traveled, young people participating in mission work have much more to gain than lose, seeing as how they have a change in their emotions, a change in their perspectives towards others, and a gain of education.

The first way a mission trip can affect a person is through her emotions. When working with people on a trip who are less fortunate, it's amazing to see how deeply they can be touched. For instance, when a child goes up to a person that they've never met before, and wants to hold their hand, play with them, hug them or just be their friend, it's remarkable. That sort of compassion is hard to find in a person, but on a mission trip, it is unavoidable. Not only do people gain compassion, but they become more sensitive as well. When put in a poverty stricken area, which is filled with happiness, it's hard not to become a sensitive person. If a worker were to go on this kind of trip, as a typical hard guy, she would not leave with the same kind of personality. When put in this type of environment, it is a sure fact that any person would emotionally change. Although the people from the area that the workers are helping may be poor, they aren't poor in spirit. The spiritual example that is

given, isn't attainable anywhere else. Seeing the strong belief and gaining the courage to act on it is something that most people will never experience. However, by going on a trip there are many opportunities to experience spiritual gains. A path that leads to a stronger faith is an example of the type of faith enhancing opportunity given to her. Enhancing her faith is an unbelievable emotional change.

As well as emotional changes, there are many changes in perspectives as well. One view an individual might have before a trip is that any person who is poor, is only poor because she doesn't work hard enough to maintain a higher status. However, after going on a trip, she would understand that it's not the fact that a person doesn't work hard enough; they just don't have the same resources that a common person might have. She will also realize how many luxuries she takes advantage of on a daily basis. By witnessing the daily routine of a person in a third world country, the daily tasks that an individual does won't seem nearly as difficult. In addition to this, not only would the prejudicial view be eliminated, but there would also be a new understanding and appreciation for hard work. By viewing these unusual sights, an individual becomes more open minded. Open mindedness is a great gift to have, not only in another country, but at home as well. The gain in understanding and appreciation, blocks out the closed minded thoughts that an individual might have thought of before the trip.

Besides emotional changes and changes in perspectives, the gain in education is by far the greatest aspect in the trip. By experiencing cultural differences, and learning to accept them, it opens up a person's mind to the many different lifestyles out there. By seeing the different clothes the people of the country wear, the different ceremonies that the people perform, and the many different existing customs, it is easier to understand a culture. This is something that not even a history book can teach someone. Along with the different life styles, clothing, and customs, the geography of an area can also make for a better understanding of a situation. Although an area may be poor, the people living in that area may have beautiful natural resources. After seeing the wonderful resources a country has, it's sad to realize that they don't have the technology to take advantage of them. Since technology touches closer to home, it is through these educational gains that a person first realizes the affects of a trip.

A mission trip has many positive effects, evident by the changes in emotions, changes in perspective, and the gain of education that occurs on a trip. By going on a mission trip to a third world country, she will realize that there is a lot of knowledge to gain. The mission worker walking down the street will realize after her trip, how her life was affected. Each time she gives a child a piggy back ride, she will be reminded of her experience.