



For We Are GOD'S HELPERS

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The Changing Image Of Missionaries

From Janice England, Executive Director LMH

The traditional idea of a missionary is changing. For most Catholics, when you think of a missionary, the image of a priest in a white cassock or a religious sister in a habit comes to mind. In 1955 Msgr. Anthony Brouwers envisioned a different type of missionary – a lay missionary – singles, married couples, and families.

Over 50 years later, as the number of clergy and religious decline, the number of lay missionaries active in the mission field has increased. This year we have received requests from several different religious congregations asking the Lay Mission-Helpers Association to take over their institutions because they no longer have enough personnel. They know that our lay missionaries are not only qualified professionals, but people with true mission zeal, and they would like to entrust the work they built up over the years to LMH.

Every year as priests and religious come to Los Angeles for mission appeals, I hear stories about the impact our Lay Mission-Helpers have had in their dioceses. One priest from Kenya grew up with LMH'ers in his diocese. Their service and witness had a great impact on him. He attributes his ability to further his education to LMH.

In this newsletter you will read an article by Marie McGee who is giving hope to HIV/AIDS patients as she serves as a nurse in a clinic in rural Uganda. David Kalinski shares about his family's life in the Marshall Islands and the ministry of "presence." Their stories do not end with their overseas mission experience. They shared their skills and faith with others and received gifts in return. They will pass on these gifts to others in their parishes, work places, and schools – and we all benefit.

You will also see how the money you generously donated last year was used. The future of mission, like the future of many Catholic ministries, depends on the laity. We need your continued support in order to change the world. **You are our Partners in Mission.**

With sincere thanks,

Janice England



Family Lives, Prays Among Islanders

By David Kalinski

In February 2004, LMH sent our family (me, my wife Jill, and our two boys, Samuel (age 9) and Peter (age 3) to Jabor, a tiny island in the middle of the Pacific – just one mile long by 250 yards wide – in the Republic of the Marshall Islands.

This was no Fantasy Island. The island is completely flat and, at six degrees north of the Equator, intensely hot twelve months a year. Because the island is made of coral, very little grows there. There were no telephones or internet or mail service. We were connected to Majuro, the Marshallese capital, and to the rest of the world, by often erratic plane service twice a week and by two-way short-wave radio. The population of the island, approximately 600-800, is very poor, living off whatever fish they can catch off the reef and a handful of government or teaching jobs that some member of their extended family may be fortunate to have.

What was our job? Well, I did teach English and Social Studies at the local high school and

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Missions On the Move

Common Ground Builds Friendship and Renews Hope

By Marie McGee

I would like to tell you about my first home visit to a patient. Maria was diagnosed with HIV in 1994 when she escaped from Rwanda to return to her homeland in Kisoro, Uganda. She is too sick to come to the hospital for visits, so I will be checking in on her twice a month. I need to admit that it is not easy to enter the home of a very poor country person. After the driver dropped us off, there was still a mile or so walk thru rocky terrain just to arrive at Maria's humble home. We entered into a very small area that had two small benches in it. Maria greeted us warmly and disappeared only to return with a small straw mat which she chose to sit on, while we took the benches. Following the formalities of greeting, we spoke of her health, and I told her I wanted to add my two cents to

Her blood pressure was very high and she did accept the medicine sent by the Clinician and promised she would take it. She decided that if her dizziness went away with these pills, she would come to the hospital for a thorough examination. She did not accept my pleas to start on the ARVs but promised to take the decision to God in prayer.

At what I thought was the end of our visit, she had us follow her through a doorless doorway, through a pitch dark room (I believe it is her bedroom) into a larger room aglow with sunlight streaming thru the open shutters. This was the largest room in the home and contained two longer benches and a small table. The reason we were led into this room was because the walls were covered with unframed

photos of Jesus, Mary and Joseph. As my eyes adjusted to the light, I noticed yet another photo, torn and faded, yet I could see that it was a print of a profile of a young girl with long reddish hair in waves around her face. A stream of sunlight landed atop her head and showed an even more faded aura outlined in gold. While my mind raced back some 50 years

to a similar photo that hung in my bedroom, I recognized the painting as being that of St. Maria Goretti.

Yes, Maria and I shared more than a name, we shared a patron saint. More often the name Maria/Marie is assumed to be in honor of Our Blessed Mother, Mary, but sometimes, as in the case of Maria and myself, we chose the road less traveled by having a 12-year-old girl from a country neither of us have ever been in or known as our patron saint. Maria asked that I pray



Marie with new friend Maria

for her and with her. I asked Grace, my helper and translator, if she was going to translate my prayer. She said "No, Maria says that God understands all languages." Well, that must have been a relief for me as it is not always easy for we cradle Catholics to pray spontaneously from our heart.

Somehow I prayed easily for Maria, her family, her health and

It seems Maria communicated to the doctor and my supervisor, Justine, that my two visits had given her new life and our praying together...had sealed our friendship.

that, if it were the right thing for her journey, she might start on the Antiretroviral Therapy. I must have done ok, as Grace, who could understand me, seemed moved by my plea to God for Maria and her family. As I was leaving Maria entered her bedroom and returned with a book, entitled "Tears Of Hope" which is a compilation of short stories of Ugandan woman. Maria's story was included in this book and she lent it to me to read and return at a later date.

A few weeks later, as I was leaving work for "tea" at about 11 am, a beautiful smiling woman greeted

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Marie weighs a baby at the clinic

encourage her to start on the ARVs. I know others have tried and she refuses to take them, but I asked for the opportunity to share the experience of my friends who are doing well, as the meds have been available for 10 years in the United States, as compared to only one year here in Uganda. I am not sure how well my words were translated, but I know we read each others hearts and a bond was formed with the glue being far stronger than our shared name.



Hope

(continued from page 3)

me. I responded appropriately but she continued to stare at me until I looked fully at her and gasping said "Maria?" Yes, it was Maria Goretti, the woman I have been home visiting with HIV-AIDS. What a surprise that she was able to walk several miles to come to the hospital to visit with me and see the doctor. Apparently the blood pressure medicine had worked and the dizziness she had been struggling with had gone away.

After a wonderful reunion and a good meal, she visited the doctor who again tried to convince her to take the ARVs. She, again, refused stating that she is unable to have the foods necessary or the firewood to cook what food she does have, to tolerate taking the drugs. After a visit with my supervisor, I walked Maria to the gate and paid a boda-boda driver (a bicycle with a padded seat on the rear wheel) to take her home.

It seems Maria communicated to the doctor and my supervisor, Justine, that my two visits had given her new life and our praying together in her humble home had sealed our friendship. She now felt hopeful and wanted to live, she believed I had been sent from God to be with her on her journey. She understands I am a missionary, not a rich American who's come to fix her life. ■

Mission-Helpers

2007 Annual Report

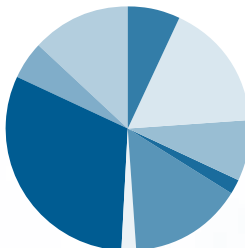
You, our Partners in Mission, make it possible for the Lay Mission-Helpers to continue the legacy of Msgr. Anthony Brouwers. Because of your generous support, we were able to train six candidates – four of whom were able to go overseas. Because of you, 17 Lay Mission-Helpers, and their children, were able to provide education, health care, clean water, administrative and pastoral assistance to thousands of our brothers and sisters throughout the world. We are grateful to each and every one of you for helping us continue to change the world, one person at a time. Below you'll find our 2006 report of gifts and how they were used. ■

Sources of Gifts

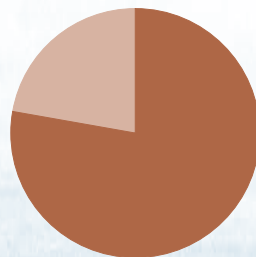
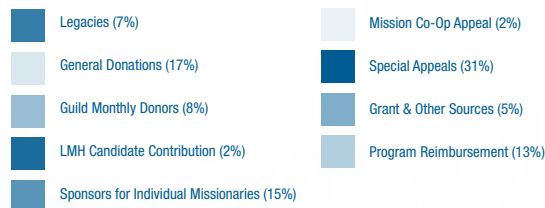
Legacies (7%)	10,257.00
General Donations (17%)	26,477.00
Guild Monthly Donors (8%)	11,675.00
LMH Candidate Contribution (2%)	2,830.00
Sponsors for Individual Missionaries (15%)	23,314.00
Mission Co-Op Appeal (2%)	3,616.00
Special Appeals (31%)	46,560.00
Grant & Other Sources (5%)	7,082.00
Program Reimbursement (13%)	20,000.00
TOTAL	151,811.00

How Your Gifts Were Used

Supporting 26 Missionaries (17 Adults/9 Children)	
Overseas (78%)	138,820.00
Formation Program for 6 Adults (22%)	40,205.39
TOTAL	179,025.39



Sources of Gifts



How Your Gifts Were Used



December 31

TIME IS RUNNING OUT!

Are you 70½ years old? If so you can make a donation, only thru December 2007, directly from your IRA disbursement and have potential tax benefits. We have all the information and documents you need. Contact our office for more information, (213) 368-1870.



LMH Mission Statement

We are Lay Mission-Helpers, called by baptism to live our Catholic faith, to share our gifts and to learn from others, as we walk with those who are poor in our world.

Please remember LMH in your Will. For more information contact the Lay Mission-Helpers Association at (213) 368-1870 or visit our website at www.laymissionhelpers.org

NOTE: THE LEGAL NAME FOR LMH IS THE LAY MISSION-HELPERS ASSOCIATION.

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Lay Mission-Helpers
Association, founded in 1955
by Msgr. Anthony Brouwers

Missionaries

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we did our share of tutoring at the Catholic elementary school, but our main job was merely to be present to the people of Jabor. Our job was to live among the people of Jabor, to walk beside them, to be part of their community. In that way, we were attempting to imitate Jesus, who chose not only to die for us, but also to live with us.

We were called to be an example of how a Christian family lives – not perfect, but always loving and forgiving and grateful for every good thing that God has provided. This wasn't always easy. Our home was like a fishbowl and we knew we were under scrutiny from people who weren't entirely sure why we had chosen to leave a comfortable life in America to live in Jabor. We could expect no privacy for any marital spat or disciplining of our children or moment of grief. We felt as if each moment of weakness as a family was magnified many times.

I began to realize over the three years we spent in Jabor what the real power of this work was. To be present to others is to affirm their dignity; to say that someone is important enough to live with is to acknowledge that person as a child of God. Constantly I was reminded of the words of John:

“And the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us. . .”

(John 1:14)

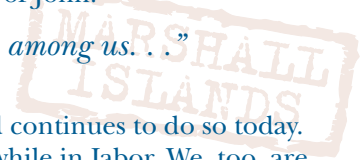
Jesus dwelt among humanity during His Life and continues to do so today. I began to experience His Presence as never before while in Jabor. We, too, are called to be like Him, and be present to others in our daily lives.

And this is a most effective tool of evangelization. Saint Francis of Assisi and Bl. Charles de Foucauld each recognized the power of mere presence in the hearts and lives of people and recognized that our actions always speak louder than our words.

How effective were we? Only God knows, but we were blessed to see changes in the island youth. Some were real punks and troublemakers and we watched with joy and awe as they became regular attendees at Bible studies and the Word began to dwell in their hearts. I will never know how this may serve to turn around the lives of these young people, but I am convinced that they will benefit from these moments of insight and Grace. I am grateful to God for giving us the opportunity to serve Him in Jabor and grateful to LMH for providing us with the means to do so. ■



Peter Kalinski with some friends



Your support for Lay Mission-Helpers makes you a missionary, too as you pray and sacrifice so that the poorest in the Missions may know the love of Christ.

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