

WISHING YOU A BLESSED LENT!

March 2019



**RISEN
SAVIOR
MISSIONS**

Feeding Jesus in His Starving Children

The RSM mission team returned from a 15-day trip to the Philippines on March 12, 2019.

This newsletter features John Crudele's mission experience.



Hidden Hunger

It's our second day in the mission field. As we walk through Isla Puting Bato in Tondo, one of the poorest districts of Manila, the Filipino children are both hidden in the shadows of their country as is their hunger hidden from the world.



Their eyes share deep stories of lives lived wondering if they will eat that day. Yet they trust. Even in their poor and tragic sadness, we see joy come to their face in a few minutes of play. When we look into their eyes, we see something in ourselves that humbles our spirit.

We each may have hidden hungers that we seek to fill. What do you see? A little girl's face lights up and mirrors the love she received when fed. Her thankfulness and true spirit shines forth.



May we find the common threads and personal paths to feed those places, hidden within. For them, it's food.

For us ...



THANK YOU FOR SUPPORTING RSM WITH YOUR PRAYERS AND DONATIONS!

Sadness, Destitution, and Dirt

I was so stunned after our feeding site visits on Day Four and Day Five of our mission trip. We walked through the slums, where shanties are built on a former garbage site and the children sort through the trash for something to eat or recycle. 50,000 people live in Happy Land in Tondo and 60,000 in the Smoky Mountain area.



How do they show joy living like this? What fills their spirit? My words will come ...



We prayed by a casket, with a mother that lost two of her little children, one from pneumonia and another one from measles just recently. There are no words that can comfort her at this moment, or bring peace to any one of us missionaries. Fr. Zaldy blessed the child and grieving mother and thanked us over and over again for coming to help his poor children trying to survive here, but I am speechless and can utter no worthwhile comment.



Even after 14 years of visiting the poorest of the poor, Jerry Krosnowski, the founder of RSM, reflects, "Right now I am so overwhelmed with emotions from seeing destitute and parentless children suffering here. It's a good thing that RSM is about to launch a feeding site here."

Please pray for these kids.

INVITE AN RSM SPEAKER TO COME TO YOUR GROUP'S NEXT MEETING!



Get a Grip

To grasp a finger is a momentary lifeline. It's a universal connection, whether in your family home or on a trash covered walkway through a slum in Tondo, Manila.

To be seen means "I exist," to be touched is "I matter," yet to be gripped on one's finger is "we are connected" even if just for an instant.

Their tender smiles shine in the darkest of places. Their grip is a connection and brings dignity to the spirit in a moment of significance. We feed the body to sustain life and are present for the child and family to give hope and meaning to their life. Ultimately, to be known is to "be loved." Notice the grip on my finger in each photo. They will never let go, and they want to tug and pull and say, "Look at me and my world." It's the words you've all heard ... "Watch me, daddy or mommy. Watch me." "Let me show you my world as it matters and therefore, so do I." I wonder, will we notice?



Deep down inside, we each find a way, through our gift of self or support to say, "I'm here. I choose you and won't ever let go of you either." Hold the memory and you hold the person. We are together in this world. We get a grip to hold each other. The words of an old song take on new meaning in my heart, as I begin to hum, "Reach out and touch, somebody's hand. Make this world a better place, if you can."

Tender Moment

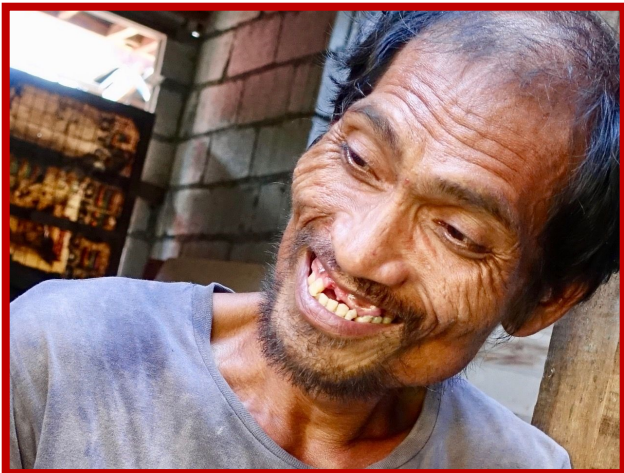


Mac-Mac (lots of double names here, which shows endearment) is two, and he is waiting and waiting and waiting, for what seems like forever, for the food to be prepared at a barangay community feeding site. He's thinking, "How long does this take?" Finally, in two-year-old forever-time, the MannaPack Rice is served. Today it's mixed with cocoa. Mac-Mac finds his way onto my lap to be fed. With a big sigh, we both settle down to relax in a tender moment on a hot afternoon in Legazpi. His mom smiled and through her tears shared, "He's gained five pounds in three months." Way to go, Mac-Mac!



Like Father, Like Son

expressed and ponder how the importance of things may distract us from what's truly important in relationships. As a candle shines brightest in the darkest of rooms, possibly when we have nothing, what's left illuminates all that's truly real.



If the eyes are the windows to the soul and a smile is the shortest distance between two people, then we share in this sacred connection. Together, this father and son embark on the apprenticeship of life, as this little boy learns to assemble and fix plumbing fixtures and faucets. Work gives them dignity, but first it gives survival. They want to work to provide, and to fill the gap the feeding programs stabilize their platform of life. From there they can break the poverty cycle. A father's pride shines from deep within to see his son become a little bit more like him. It's an extension of the universal desire for our children's lives to be a bit better than our own, as his son becomes what he, too, was created to be ... himself. Love shines in the darkness, heals and whispers, "This is my beloved son, with whom I am well pleased."



I see first the father's smile and eyes, a face wrinkled by the trials of life. Surrounded by tragedy to us is their community. I glance past him into the room ... his home. Then I see what brings him joy. It's his son! His son's eyes reflect a trust and admiration, the reflection of his father's pride.



God Bless Our Home

Throughout the world, people often hang plaques of special meaning on their doors. In their beliefs they invite a blessing over that which is most important. Family is at the center. At Ronnie and Julie's nipa hut is a plaque that says, "God Bless Our Home." Inside is a place to cook, firewood neatly stacked above. Their sons, Rodgie and Mark Joseph, sit on what is both their table and bed. Both boys recovered from malnutrition over the past six months. Ronnie sells ice candy, a type of popsicle, earning about \$3 a day. Julie weaves rope made from the surrounding

Abaca plants, selling it at the local market. Together they make just enough to feed their family. When it rains, they're not able to work, so they go hungry. Ronnie was recently hospitalized for two weeks. He wept tears of gratitude as he shared that the food RSM sent was a lifesaver! Parents here will often go hungry so that their children get enough to eat. When they do this, they get sick, can't work, and perpetuate the cycle of hunger. Ronnie offered us water in a deeply understood gesture of gratitude. We connect, feel a bond, and are reminded that we are part of one big world family. We no longer feed hungry strangers in a foreign place. We're all brothers and sisters to one another in this world. Please consider a donation to RSM this Lent. We're called to care for our extended family, even the ones we've just not yet met. God bless you!

Send your tax-deductible gift to:
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