

THE “HOLEY” BRIDGE TO HONDURAS

We couldn't go all the way to El Salvador and not set foot in Honduras. So we did. Literally. Here we are crossing a suspended foot bridge that connects Honduras and El Salvador.



SUPPORTING TWO FAMILIES IN PETAPA

Supporting one family is hard enough. These men support not only their own families but also the family of God by volunteering one day a week to rebuild their



church that was damaged in the last earthquake. They cheerfully juggle the church renovation with farming by hand, tending livestock on rocky hillsides and nurturing family life.



SCHOLARSHIP STUDENTS SEND THANKS

Last month an envelope was delivered to our parish office with letters from eight students from our Sister Parish in El Salvador. Each expressed a sincere appreciation for the educational scholarships we have provided. Most of the students leave home by bus at 6AM on week days and return at 6PM. Sonia Marlene Mejia Baire wrote: “With the money from the scholarship I am able to cover all of the expenses, like bus fare, food, books, registration fees, uniforms, etc. —I am very grateful for your help.”



QUARTERLY COLLECTION

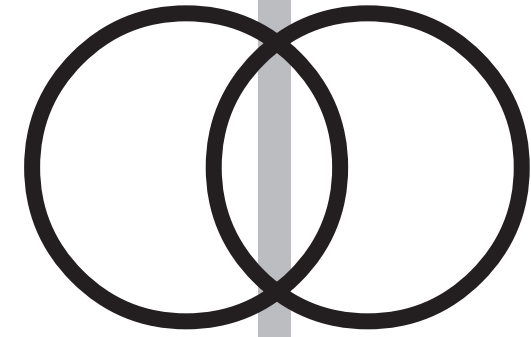


Your prayers, contributions and efforts for our Sister Parish will uplift our brothers and sisters in El Salvador. Our October 13 collection will support our extended family in many critical ways. Now you can sustain your generosity by using the special sister parish envelopes included in your monthly package.

News about our Sister Parish
San Jose

October 2002

No. 24



Sister Parish Relationship

UN GRAN ABRAZO! RECEIVE A HUGE HUG FROM YOUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN EL SALVADOR

Just in case you haven't been getting enough love lately there is more than enough for everyone from all your friends in our sister parish. Rick, Laurie and Margaret recently returned from an unforgettable experience and did their best to bring back as much as possible. They are anxious to share the love, just ask! See more pictures and stories inside about this memorable trip.

Padre Manuel expressed his excitement about continuing to build our



Little Alex greets us with a BIG heart.

relationship. His dreams for the future include more visitors from St. Francis spending longer periods of time in order to share more in-depth friendships, culture and faith. One of his ideas is that the pastoral council members from each parish might become prayer partners and even pen pals. And wouldn't it be great to coordinate a shared study of faith? Padre's hope is to enhance our relationships with each other and God through more frequent exchanges.

**AMY MCMANAMON
EMBRACES PADRE
MANUEL'S HOPES**

Amy McManamon, a parishioner who has visited El Salvador on two different occasions, has volunteered to teach English in our Sister Parish of San José Ojos de Agua. Amy will begin a four month stay in that parish beginning this month.



THE ROAD TO SICHUITE

by Laurie Fleehtart

We first met Lorenzo and his family at their church in the small town of Sichuite. This is the town where Padre Manuel, the present pastor, grew up. The church was bombed during the war, and the community is slowly rebuilding it.



Lorenzo is a man with a warm smile. We could tell he was proud of the work that has been done on the church. As he told us the history of the church in his town, four of his young children appeared at his side. His arms gently wrapped around one of his young sons. That day,

in Lorenzo, I saw the beauty of the Salvadoran people— the pride of family, the caring hearts, and the loving nature of a father looking after his children. He is a gentle, caring, proud father. We wanted to capture this young family on film and asked if we could take their picture. Lorenzo nodded and smiled and directed us to a colorful garden filled with the most dazzling zinnias, where we took our picture.



One of our gifts to the Sister Parish was a replica of the statue of St. Frances that stands in front of our church in Burien. It is made of sturdy plastic. Padre Manuel welcomed this special gift while little Alex (cover boy), who lives in La Ceiba, was thrilled to be able to hold and hug it.



Maneuvering up a steep mountain road in the middle of a hot afternoon, our vehicle stopped to share a ride with a group of church goers. As people climbed in the back of the truck, a young mother appeared at the window near where St. Francis parishioner, Laurie Fleehtart sat. The young woman handed her new baby through the window to Laurie, smiled, and then joined the rest of her family in the bed of the truck. As Laurie said, "My trip was now complete!"



Language of the Spirit



**MULTIPLYING THE
LOAVES AT TINA'S HOUSE**

by Laurie Fleehtart

We met at Tina's house for a wonderful meal. Her mother-in-law and niece were there to greet us and help prepare spaghetti. It was so good to see Tina in her own home after hosting her in our homes a year ago. After dinner she had us help her make a special sweet bread. With her expertise, we whipped up twenty egg whites



cleaned out the adobe oven heated with coals and then baked twenty loaves of bread. Tina knew when they were done just right and carefully removed them with a wooden paddle. I have the "recipe" for this wonderful bread if anyone would like to try it. And I think it will work just fine using an electric beater.

without the help of electricity! Her mother-in-law

**LEARNING THE
ROPES AT THE
HAMMOCK FACTORY**

by Rick Fleehtart

We met Edgar, a 12-year old neighbor boy and his mother who make hammocks. We had our eye on at least one of them for our son Greg. My wife Laurie asked, "If we buy a hammock, will you show us how to get out of it?" Edgar replied, "I'll do more than that. I'll show you how to make one!" Both Laurie and I had problems getting in and out of these kinds of hammocks. Getting into one took timing and a bit of grace. Getting out often took another person to hold the fabric so



the user could fall out onto the floor, usually in a heap of giggles.

A week later we arrived back in La Ceiba at the "hammock factory" which was the area just under the eaves in front of Edgar's house. Edgar took us to a hammock under construction. His mother purchases remnants from the t-shirt factories/sweatshops and makes the string fabric that she and Edgar use to

weave them. Edgar showed me the process. I took a large

needle with the fabric threaded through it, thrust it through the top string, exactly two wrappings to the left from where I began—I was to repeat this a few thousand times!



Edgar smiled and took over with a gleam in his eye. Using his swift and experienced fingers, he put my glacially slow progress to shame. I still don't know how to start the hammocks with the braided cord, or how they're finished. Maybe some deep thought while relaxing in our hammock. Or maybe

another trip to El Salvador is in order? I will always remember working on the hammock under the watchful eye of Edgar.