

for those needing medical attention and have no insurance or medical card. Jeff Dandoy and Carol Hosteller take alternate Mondays to teach a bible study.

The greatest strength at Meeting Ground is our residents. This is the best group of women ever! Since I was out for over a month with cancer (I'm fine now!) Marika and the volunteers had to fill in, but there was also lots of help from residents. These women watch out for each other, discuss options and goats, correct each other when necessary, do some awesome cooking, and keep the house clean and safe. They really care about each other, and offer hospitality to visitors. I am so fortunate to know these good folks.

George Porter House has been a great way for trustworthy residents from the farm and Wayfarer's House to extend their time. Alex has renovated the bathrooms and kitchen on the resident side of the house and it is beautiful. He is currently rebuilding the living room. We have a community meeting there each Tuesday evening and a good group of persons who are working on their plans.

Clairvaux Farm has its new family building, and it is being used by lots of moms and children. Robert and Debbie Gordon keep things going with lots of help from volunteers and residents. Anna came for several months this year as a Volunteer in Mission from Indiana and she was a big help. Ray and Betty Cross worked hard last summer at the farm, and have returned this year for another summer, also Volunteers-in-Mission. They have made a tremendous difference, and we so appreciate them and what they do. Jim Coughlin is another volunteer who helps out residents, provides transportation, and has been a good friend. Dr. Canter has dedicated her time to offering medical care for those without medical cards or insurance. The women from the farm attend the parenting classes and support group at Wayfarer's, as well as Raven's Rolling Readers for the children. The health department teaches regular classes on STD's and cancer risks. Some residents attend AA and NA meetings, as well as Upper Bay Counseling, Job Start/Preparation, GED classes, etc. Bible Studies are held on a continuing basis, and chapel service is every Sunday.

Intersections...

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A woman I met outside a grocery store in Kansas had a good way to pass out money. She and I waited in the same checkout line with our few groceries. After she saw me outside the store loading my purchases into my pack she exclaimed, "I was standing next to you in line checking out and saw you drop this." It was a crisp \$1 bill that she handed me. At \$80 a month, I don't drop money unknowingly. It was a good way to help the needy and at the same time not letting the needy (me) know I'm needy.

Usually my antennae are up as I walk across America. You know, like with the ganstas in Cedar Rapids. While walking through Minneapolis I noticed three ten year-old boys riding their bikes around, one of whom carried a loaf of bread. I figured mom or dad had sent them to the store and

they were returning.

After awhile I had to take a rest and chose a grassy steep place across from a large busy intersection. I noticed the boys were on the other side of the highway hanging out, and thought I heard one of them say, "I don't know his name." Still my antennae weren't up.

My ten-minute rest was over and it was time to head up the street, which was a pretty good hill. For the most part, the Minneapolis area had wide shoulders and the road is usually easier on my feet than sidewalks. To conserve energy, I don't lift my feet very far off the ground, and sidewalks have gaps and are uneven.

The boys biked past me on the sidewalk that paralleled the street. At the hill top they turned around, sped down the same sidewalk, and

A big effort at the farm is hosting the work groups, most of which come during the summer months, and often during the year as well. Sometimes it seems that the "hosting" is more on their part, since they bring so much, do so much, and share our lives while we are together.

- Marsha Mazza

Report of the Endowment Committee

The Endowment Committee has undergone significant personnel changes during the past year. The Committee and all of Meeting Ground mourn the sudden loss of William F. Lynch, a friend of Meeting Ground and a charter member of the Endowment Committee. With sorrow the Committee approved the resignation of Eugene Hildabrant who during his service provided such professional guidance and advice and was a friend to all.

As God always provides for our needs exceptional replacements have been found for our two former members. Tracey McCaw and Mark Olson have agreed to serve and each brings special talents which will enhance the activities of the Committee.

The Fund continues to grow and we wish to thank those who have chosen to further the work of Meeting Ground by contributing to the Endowment Fund. The fund will continue to assist homeless persons through the work of Meeting Ground for as long as this assistance is needed.

As provided in the founding "Resolution" of the Fund, each year a set portion of the Fund including contributions, interest, dividends and growth is offered to the Board of Directors to be used at their discretion. At the end of 2003 this amounted to \$7700 up from \$6100 the previous year. In 2003 the \$6100 was used as seed money to encourage giving to finance the now completed new residents building her at Clairvaux Farm. The Endowment Committee encourages The Board of directors to use the funds from the Endowment each year on projects which could not otherwise be met through normal funding sources.

- Bill Michelinie

one of them flung the loaf of bread, Joe Montana style, at me. It landed on the grass in between their sidewalk and my street as they pedaled on by full tilt.

Very seldom do I carry more than one loaf of bread. Earlier in the day, the store where I shopped for groceries had a buy-one-get-one-free special. I wish it had been a half-price sale, but I'll take what I can get. My pack was already overloaded, and I'll be dipped if I'm going to carry three loaves.

I hoped the boys would return and see the bread lying on the ground and try again. This time my antennae would be up and I'd be ready for them.

It didn't happen. I wondered who put them up to giving me the bread. Was it their idea, or did a parent see me walking the streets?

I was saddened they had to throw it to me from 15 feet away at 20 miles per hour. They missed out and so did I. We missed out on a personal relationship that would have happened beyond the bread.

Were they scared of me? Or was it something else? Don't you think much of our relationship with God is like the boys and the bread? And we miss out. You know it's not all that personal.

The last time I looked from the crest of the hill, the bread was still sitting there on the grass. I hope someone picked it up and it didn't go to waste.

Till the next time....

In Christ's love, **Don**

Miles to date: 10,113

*Money picked up along road:
\$700.34*

*Unsolicited money given by
motorists: \$1,267.03*