

Operating under proper authority, our next task was to unload the truck and the mini-van, stepping over a



■ Marcy helps more happy children.

dense carpet of broken beer bottles strewn about the park in the process. A young man with a dark expression snaked his way through the crowd, distributing cards that bore an image that appeared to be part Tarot and part Catholic icon. It promoted a service that - for a fee - would magically resolve all the migrant workers' problems. It would even help them to mystically foretell the future. This was immediately brought to Mary's attention, and she prayed.



■ Joanna shares in the joy of giving.



■ Today's blessing from the Lord came as a complete surprise to many.

We all felt blessed that there was a large, partially enclosed gazebo only about 20 yards from the concession stand, a perfect covered space for distribution that would also contribute to crowd control.

Mary directed us to set up shop there. No sooner had the first relay been made to take bags there, than children crowded close to ogle the teddy bears and shoes, the clothes and toys, the board games and trinkets on the other side of the railing. Prayers for an orderly distribution were answered, although soon children and mothers, and only one or two young men swarmed the gazebo, examining items one after another and stuffing them into shopping bags. The husbands and fathers ignored us and watched the soccer games.



■ Family members rejoice.

Although the children grew excited, order was maintained. We passed out Spanish-language Bibles and as people took the things they needed we called out, "It is a free gift from Jesus Christ." Most found out there were two words of English that almost every Spanish speaking migrant farm worker knows: "Thank you." We asked them to thank not us, but our Lord & Savior.

In a little more than an hour, the presents were almost all gone, and folks gradually faded away. Our job was done. We cleaned up the area, leaving it neater than before our arrival.

After another prayer, we piled back into the vehicles, our good will mission to the migrant workers over for that day. As we prepared to go, I saw an older migrant woman, sitting in a lawn chair in shade beneath a tree. There was no telling what her dark eyes had witnessed over the course of her life of plucking strawberries and tomatoes and alfalfa and green beans, day after day after day. Now, she was resting under a tree.



■ Gustavo was a key person during this very short-term mission, serving as our "translator." Here he helps others.

And she was reading. One of our Bibles had found its way into her hands. ■

David Patten, faithful brother in Christ, is an author and managing editor for several trade magazines.

