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pointing to a powerfully built man with a mustache,

who looked like he could have been a starting offensive guard on someone's football team. His glasses hung about his neck on a cord and he was speaking animatedly,



■ The gazebo served as the perfect spot.

gesturing to his fellows. (I later learned that Jim had received the same guidance, that out of the group this was the man, out of the hundreds, we appointed to approach.)



■ Steve and Betty made sure the smallest were not ignored.



■ Marcia encouraged many with friendship.

The large man listened to Gustavo, and nodded. He excused himself to his companions and escorted us to find the "el presidente" of the soccer field. People stared as we passed by. "Enrique," he said after a brief



■ Families were delighted to receive much needed clothes and shoes.



walk, pointing to a squat, dark-haired man trying to muscle a box of refreshments off the back of a truck. We walked over.

As elbows flew, hearts were blessed.



■ As elbows flew, hearts were blessed.

Enrique saw us approaching, and set down his load. We shook hands and he gave us a half smile as he listened carefully, as Gustavo explained that we wished to have his permission to distribute items to the families, for free. "Sure, sure," he nodded, speaking softly like a man who either never had to raise his voice to be heard, or who knew he would never be heard in some circles anyway. Something in Enrique's relaxed demeanor gave us confidence that we would have no trouble from him or his people in our mission. They might not help, because they were busy with the soccer tournament.

There was certainly no lack of excitement.



■ There was certainly no lack of excitement.

But they wouldn't interfere.