



UPDATE FROM HAITI

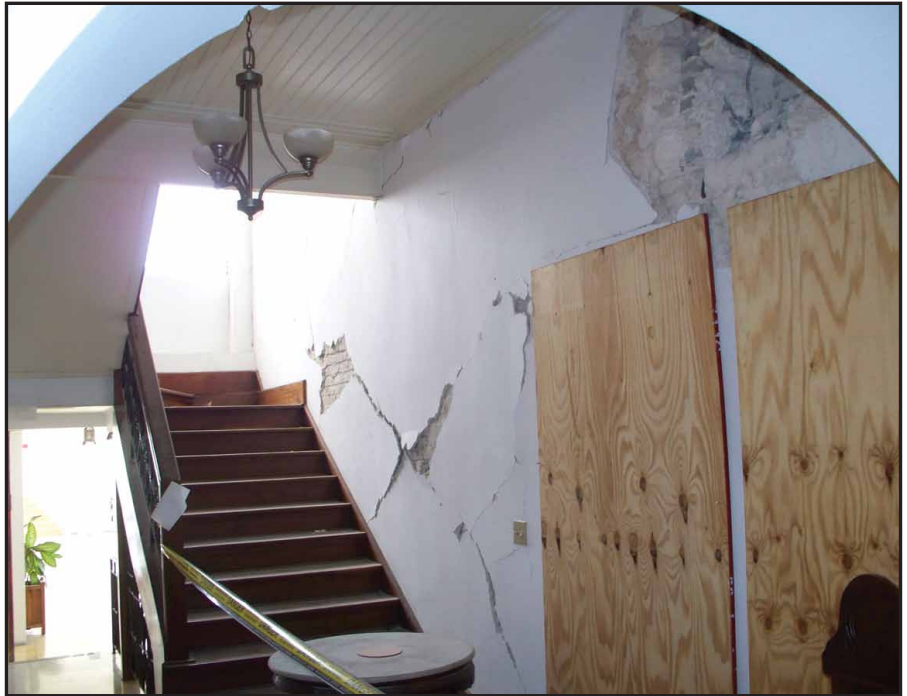
Dear Ministry Family: March 24, 2010

I can't believe it's been nearly two months since I was here last, it feels as though I never left. I think because my community and ministry family have been so very involved in trying to do something for Haiti, and as I have visited with so many people,—there has been little break from it. I have been distributing help to many needy children and parents through a grass roots help organization in one of our churches, called "The Good Man Luckner." They work helping people who are living in tents on the median of a coastal road now heavily used since the main road through Carrefour (where the epicenter of the earthquake was) because buildings are still in the roadway. Not only medians, but anywhere there is space above water, there are tents.

Also, at our headquarters in Carrefour, neighbors have moved in to our compound because they had nowhere else to go. We are glad to have them, and most are members of a neighboring church that was flattened. Also, they have moved the benches they saved from the salvage and their pulpit as well and hold services in our driveway. We are feeding them as well and since most are Christians, they are well behaved. One woman spoke to me, "Oh, you look like your father, I grew up in the church at Carrefour-Aviation and he always came and gave us kids candy. We called him "Papa Candy." Now she is a grandmother, living with her daughter and grandson in the tent. Her son-in-law was killed in the earthquake.

The US Aid has really impacted the homeless people by providing large sturdy, waterproof tents to tens of thousands of people. I am sure they have a count of tents provided, I am sure also I could not count them. The UN has been leveling fields with contours for drainage and tents are still going up like this was a large gold rush town. True to Haitian government form, March 12 was designated as the time for everyone to go back to their houses now that the earthquake is over. Then someone finally realized that these people are not going back, mostly because there is nothing to go back to and if their homes still stand, they aren't going to sleep in them. To the last one, these people are still terrified.

When I last came, nine days after the shaker and saw the devastation, I didn't think Haiti would ever recover. I honestly thought the sea of despair would swallow this thing whole. I have seen a lot of things come at this country since my first trip in 1965 and I should have had more faith in the resiliency of these wonderful and hardy people. They are a different breed of cat for sure. History teaches that the French bought slaves from Sierra Leon to work the gold fields in Hispaniola. They were hard workers, seemingly tireless and reasonably



This hotel is still a little shaky.

compliant—but only up to a point. That time came when they killed their captors and established what they called a republic. What they lacked in education and cultural stability they made up for with tenacity and surviving by being prolific and determined. Their story is one of struggle—continually.

Today, (Sunday), I attended two churches, one in a parking lot covered by a wooden frame work and FEMA tarps. It was hot and there were perhaps 1,000 people there. Normally this congregation has 300 in attendance, but now it is swollen with attendees. The second church has the roof removed for safety reasons and it too is covered with tarps. I could hardly find a place to stand.

I stayed my first night at a hotel that is broken with 60% of the structure condemned, the rest made usable by house jacks and temporary beam supports. It seemed to sway a bit a couple times so I moved near a tent city in Petionville Park. This afternoon a stage had been set up and with a large sound system, a local church was having church on the city square. Thousands of people stood in the hot sun and worshiped God. I had prepared a Gospel tract called, “The Day Haiti Broke” so I circulated among the fringe of bystanders and passed out the message. After people saw what I was doing, they sought me out to get one of the leaflets. They thanked me over and over and you wouldn’t believe this, but

one man hugged me for it. He was one of the many merchants selling paintings, carvings and so forth on the sidewalk. I walked past him because he was on his knees with his face on a painting, praying and crying to the Lord. This was quite a sight! I placed this leaflet on the painting where he was. He had a deformed foot and when he finished praying, he saw me with the leaflets, and limped over and hugged me real good. I wish I could have canned this experience so I could bring it home and open it for you.

These days, you can hear of some violence, there are many kidnappings and robberies but you have to expect that after all the criminals broke from prison, and coupled with so many factors, desperate people have desperate ways. Still, with the bad, I seldom fear walking or traveling among the people. They can sense my love for them and they honor that. The missionary effort has been so intense here for many years and I am one to report that it is paying off. These wonderful things I have reported are not the occasional or incidental—this is the Haiti of today and while Haiti still has its pimples, there is much beauty to behold.



Parking lot meeting place for Cote' Plaige Church.



Church in the street where I passed out tracts.