

Haiti Medical Mission Team Daily Reports (June 1-8, 2018)

Team:	John Albright	Jesse Arthur	Ashley Asberry	Chapman Brown
	Tricia Brown	Randy Davis	Bobby Golden	Lori Hansel
	Mallory Harless	Jacob Haustein	John Haustein	Meagan Haustein
	Ken Hudgins	Jan Hudgins	Scott Lawson	Erica Previl
	Luckson Previl	Patrick Russell	Ray Russell	Chase Thigpen
	Kelly Waldrep	Annette Wheeler		

Please pray for our medical mission team members as they go to Haiti.

June 2nd, our first clinic.

Travelling to Haiti is always an experience. We entered the country with 2 other mission groups; one was the Mayfair Church near Huntsville. "Hello Aubrey!" For the first 2/3rd of us the entry was easy and quick, but the last few got extra attention when Customs realized there were multiple groups. It was good to see the compound again and Franzi had made us toasted sandwiches ready when we got here!! What a guy!

The first operation after dinner was packing hygiene bags. Soap, toothbrushes, wash rags and stuff were packed into zip lock bags. We made up the whole weeks supply in one sitting, our first sign of teamwork.

Our first clinic was at Blue Hills Church of Christ. It is just yards west of the Cap Haitian "International" airport. The good news is that I did not drink too much water on the tap-tap, this time. I made up for it by falling on my rear jumping out! Can't forget the mama goat and 2 kids that followed us for several dozen yards on the way! It took 45 minutes to drive 5 miles!

The Blue Hills Church was a good size for a Haitian church, but the construction was something to see. Some of the walls were made from blankets stitched together with wire. The roof was made with sort of trusses. Most of the braces were there in most of the right places. The columns were only a little off center. It was enough, but not what we would do. We arranged the pews and got started, rearranged a couple of times and got to rockin'. We saw about 260 people from a neighborhood that would have never dreamed they would get medical help. It is considered a rough area by Haitians, making it a great opportunity to show God's love! I pray we did. We were not told this was a rough neighborhood until after dinner tonight. And while I accused Luckson of taking us to E. St. Louis, it felt like a blessing to me to have helped people that maybe only God remembered.

We have had such good, hardworking translators and this time they were as good as ever. God bless them for their help!
John Albright

The first day is always overwhelming because we are trying to get back in the groove of things. But this year wasn't as bad because, first of all we have an amazing group and second of all almost everyone has been before and lastly we had a wonderful breeze on the first day. The church on the first day was in a place called Blue Hills. Most of the people there were amazing. We met and cared for many people. They were very thankful for our help. I worked with Jan on the tap tap and then got peoples temperatures. I got a little too attached to one of the kids there and it was hard to leave. I hope I get to go back there to see him again.

Chapman Brown

Travel and arrival: It's amazing that with 30 minutes of sleep, some had 3 hours, a groggy start to the airport, half of the group getting stuck in customs in Haiti, 1000+ care packages created we all seemed to be full of energy midday. I was energized by God, by faith, by just being around others who were looking forward to doing God's work the next day. It's amazing getting away from the normal day for me and being around followers of Christ all day. To me it was invigorating. When God's work for packing was over he definitely blessed me with a great night's sleep.

Blue hill - day one of clinic: Blessings. The first day with nervous excitement to be setting my foot on the ground in God's church in another land, we waved to the locals and began to unload. The blessings began early John slipped getting out of truck and no injuries! Throughout the day I thought, to me this was one of smoothest clinics I've taken part in.

Looking back on it this area seemed to have so little. The church seemed to be an example of this. One of the wooden support beams was actually 5 different pieces of random wood nailed together. The windy day kept us cool and refreshed making the clinic a 'breeze'.

At lunch the pastor's wife provided lunch. They gave, when they had so little to give. It reminded me of 'The Widows Offering'. Luke 21: 1-4, "As Jesus looked up, he saw the rich putting their gifts into the temple treasury. He also saw a poor widow put in two very small copper coins. "Truly I tell you," he said, "this poor widow has put in more than all the others. All these people gave their gifts out of their wealth; but she out of her poverty put in all she had to live on." This example of being a humble servant and giving is something I took to heart and is something we should all take courage and excitement from. The work in Haiti is making a difference; we are as a body of Christ growing. Not just the people of Haiti but all of us together in Christ. It was a blessing to see all the individuals throughout the day. They were truly thankful for what we provided and I pray that we have made a difference in their lives as they have made a nest in mine.

We always talk about how much we take for granted and how little the Haitians have. Looking through a different mirror one could say how lucky may the Haitian's be, for they may be poor in earth but may be stronger spirit. We struggle having our stuff, certain foods are thrown away because we don't like them, worry about our next tv show being recorded, while they struggle perhaps for knowledge, for food, water, medicine. But in that same line of issues, they are so truly thankful when those needs are received and thank God or us through God's mission for providing what little we were able to give. Relying on God instead of relying on myself in everything was my takeaway from the Haitians this day. This makes me reflect and desire to be more intentional in my thankfulness for everything God has given me in life.

The group:

With unfamiliar territory and all new faces to me, Haiti is an amazing place to turn strangers into friends and friends in family. When wondering what should be done next we all must consider when we are pit in uncomfortable situations, Isaiah 41:13. "For I am the Lord your God who takes hold of your right hand and says to you, do not fear; I will help you."

And a few other things! John playing with drones, hilarious jokes created from Randy's quirks, great videos to remember past mission trips were the start of bringing us all closer together.

Scott Lawson

Today we went to Blue Hills for our first clinic day. I saw patients in the clinic for a variety of medical problems including pain, difficulty eating, infections, and two breast masses. My translator Junior is awesome. After only a few patients he started to pick up on the order that I would ask questions and was able to get a lot of the information that I needed without me having to ask. This helped speed up my process and was very helpful to me. I want to be able to do so much more for people than I feel like I am doing. But as I am constantly being reminded, loving people is never meaningless. One of my favorite parts of these trips is how easy it is to bond with people. Since I no longer live in Chattanooga, I always worry that the relationships will be awkward. But I'm always able to pick back up with old friends like I never left. And my new friends quickly feel like old friends. I'm constantly surrounded by love and that's what keeps me coming back to Haiti.

Mallory Harless

Milot Sunday June 2-Milot is a very familiar place, about a thirty minute drive from the EEWSH property . The church sat alongside a paved road, peppered with motor vehicles from tap taps to motorcycles, Greeted by the preacher's brother, we scurried to find seats on the wooden pews to join the Christians for worship. The Lord is surely present...I could feel that as I entered. Though I did not comprehend any of the sermon, I knew from the faces of the men and women sitting in front of me that the Word was understood because they were taking notes in small journals. (I've gotta mention that there were also two love birds passing notes...with nods and embarrassing head bowing.)There were not many children in sight due to the children's ministry in the tiny building out back. This had me wondering ..and maybe praying about what might be in store for our teaching staff on this day. Well, the sermon ended and a line of children entered....and entered...and entered. My mind went into teacher mode and I quickly begin to plan what would most benefit the children...as they stare in full gaze...wondering what the "Blancs" have brought from the States.

Today is no different than any other mobile clinic. We begin unloading materials from the truck, setting up an eye, medical, and pharmacy station and then dropping off a crate of games and Bible school materials. Always thankful for the husky interpreters....NOT! They are very thin young Christian men that work similar to ants in a colony....always lifting loads that must be so difficult to move...but they do! Next we watch the movement of benches from the left...to the right...to the center...Rearranging benches is what we do to move Haitians to the various medical stations. The children were moved and then the furniture seemed to rotate around them Truly, this would assist in their viewing of videos on acts of kindness and various Bible characters. More children enter and I soon realize the activity I had planned would be too much to handle with so many children. (Ken always says, Keep it simple....yet I never listen. Gotta start doing more of that!) Gouda, my Haitian interpreter stepped in to teach us the Haitian way to handle the activity and I said to myself." Lord,....let me get outta her way cause she resembles a steam engine. (Bet others say the same thing about me!)

Those three amazing boys in our team volunteered to split the group of children by ages to administer the "ark building" craft while I would distribute a coloring activity to the smallest of the collection of children. Their lack of patience had

them picking and grabbing at my arms as I was not quick enough to distribute papers to thirty tiny hands...sitting in six benches. With no interpreter, my instinct to teach is ripped from my hands. Thus, my praying begins.....

Everyone here is touching the Haitians with the love. Evidence....Atop the tap tap ..our three young boys (Chapman, Jacob, and Patrick) are coloring and pasting Noah's ark with children. Truly, a sight to behold. (So wished I had photographed this setting.)

Jump rope, building towers, frisbee, ring toss, occupied the remainder of the day. As the children gathered they were defiant to our requests to play. Laughing at our misfortunes of balance, my challenge to them required coercion....to say the least.

Though the games often took us to rough play, the children saw the love of Jesus in our three sweet American servants. Milot....always Milot.

Jan Hudgins

Clear Creek Family

I am writing about our general mission here in Haiti. I was supposed to write about yesterday (Monday) but missed the clinic because of illness. Our group has held three clinics, including one on Sunday after a church service that was truly inspiring. In those three clinics, we have seen over 650 men, women, and children, many of whom also got to see the eye doctor for a variety of reasons or reading glasses. Our four people who are seeing the medical cases have been marvelous. Our nurses are Ashley, Jesse, and Kelly. Mallory is our PA that returned with us on this trip.

As usual, the pharmacy is well organized and functions perfectly, even in difficult circumstances. Our young people and other volunteers rotate through different positions. These include working with crowd control and patient processing, working in the pharmacy or with the eye group, or if available, helping Jan with the children. Sometimes it seems like absolute chaos, but you would have to see it work to believe it.

All in all....what a powerful impact it has been to see this group touching lives and touching people. You will hear marvelous stories of how the lives of this group have also been touched. God is being glorified.

Bobby Golden

Clinic day 2-Today began with a delicious, nutritious breakfast at the compound. Followed by a fairly uneventful ride on the tap tap to a small church in a city which I can neither remember the name or feel confident enough to try and spell or pronounce.

The church service felt like home. To be able to worship alongside brothers and sisters in Christ was such a blessing that even transcended any language barrier. A few recognizable hymns contributed to this "home" feeling. Witnessing the love and care among the congregation was inspiring and humbling. An elderly gentleman, who I later saw in clinic, in front of me was fed communion due to his inability to control his hand tremors. This was such an honest picture of godly love. I felt honored and overwhelmed by the gratitude of this body of people.

Clinic began and seemed to go off without a hitch. This greased wheel of an operation was so carefully handled by the other members of our team. Any hiccup they came across was wholly handled. I feel blessed and proud to serve among such capable and willing people. The people I touched and treated today were so thirsty for affection and grateful for whatever they received. From toothpaste to tylenol, each item they were given in pharmacy was treasured. It was heartbreaking to see such desperation in the eyes of these mothers for their children. But to know I was able to give a medicine that they would otherwise not have access to is what gives me a sense of pride working with an outstanding group of people.

My heart hurts for these people of Haiti. I wrestle with a sense of guilt when I think about what God has provided for me and have no understanding or explanation as to why it seems God has withheld earthly blessings from this beautiful country. I am encouraged to witness a faith and hope that does not seem to be squelched by poverty. Our God is good.

Jesse Arthur

Mon June 4, clinic day 3.

Goal to be missional: To be the hands and feet of our Lord with the intent to lead others towards Christ by example.

We began w an early morning on the roof top awaiting the dawning of the day in this beautiful country. I then found myself walking into a flooded bathroom again. PTL it's been clean water every time. Luckily, being the handy women we are, we just shut the water off each time and tell Fronzy; he gives a temporary fix and we move on. I came downstairs to FeFe and cases and cases of cokes he had brought us from his store. He refused to keep the money I had given him. How can a man who has nothing, who struggles daily, be so giving?

Passino- After packing and repacking, then rearranging after repacking luggage we started our journey. Speed bumps, potholes, dust, lost bandanas, and half of a road later we arrived. I'll have to double check w Kelly but I believe it only took about 96 min. She so kindly let us know q 4-5 min how long we had been traveling. We walked into a concrete building w a temp of approx 589 degrees filled w children dressed in little yellow uniforms so obediently taking a test. We allowed the people of the church and our interpreters to lead in the configuration of the clinic. The arrangement they made allowed for such perfect flow from station to station. It made me realize that sometimes we need to recognize when to step back and remember that we are not the ones in control. Our pts today were not the typical fever and body aches, I saw a lot of infections and open wounds. Not necessarily my area of expertise, but oddly enough, w the help of Carols bag, I knew each pt left having the best care I could give them. (On a side note- speaking of the Golden's, Bobby G was out today so I acted as

the interim sweat-o-meter. Probably not the funnest job I've had, but happy to step in while he's out). I saw Christ at work today in all we did as a team. I watched FeFe, so selflessly, hand a woman in need money out of his own pocket. Randy, Erica and the pharmacy team were amazing and without any delays. Our nurse manager, Trish and her assistant, Lori, ever so diligently escorted the pts from One area to another keeping the chaos minimal. Our triage team worked quickly taking vitals and distributing rx bags, appropriately numbered btw. And in the background you could hear Jan and Annette teaching the children Gods love for them. Due to the long ride we were short on time. About 3 hours in and knee length on the sweat-o-meter, i stood up to get a count of how many more people we needed to see; the church was packed. Part of me sank. Then i realized what a selfish thought that was. These people willingly come to this exact building w the purpose to worship God and here i am complaining of being sweaty and thirsty; this is their church. they live w this heat daily; no food, no running water. However, despite their lack of necessities they continue to follow Christ without complaining and are grateful for everything they have. We as Americans need to learn from them. I recognized this and although i was literally melting, the Lord put a smile on my face and gave me strength. Not long after, i heard Peter begin singing "10000 reasons" I then realized we had seen our last pt. We all slowly joined in until the entire church echoed our worship through the building and into the streets of Haiti for all to hear.

I am not going to lie; this was one of the most difficult days i have EVER endured; The heat, physical pain, and emotional stress have taken a toll on me. The people of Haiti endure this daily. It is hurts knowing i do not have the ability to fix a child's deformities, remove the tumors we've seen, or cure all of the blindness, but it such a blessing to know the One who can and will heal us all!

Ashley Asberry

As I watch the Lord's supper pass in church today, I am thankful for the many Haitian lives that can be touched because God has placed us here. As they pass the collection plate, I can't help but think of how the money which is overflowing in the plate could help the barely standing Blue Hills church that we visited the day before. Oh how I wish we had filled the collection plate there as well today.

As we start, everyone springs into action and the church is quickly transformed into a medical clinic. I often joke back home about having multiple jobs and today my resume was extended to include Nurse/PA Manager. The pulpit becomes the work area for our fab four team. Malory, Kelly, Jessica and Ashley are truly a blessing to this Nurse/PA Manager and the people of Haiti. I micro-managed their workflow for the next several hours. But the real joy for me, was watching them and the translators interact with the people. They worked tirelessly seeing family after family and they never complained. Not one person left our work area without a smile. Some even had extra smiles because Ashley is quite the artist.

I often hear people expressing sorrow for the Haitians but I do not feel sorry for them. I believe there is much to respect about the Haitian life. I find so much peace here. They know how to live life simply. They appear to enjoy living in community with one another. They aren't afraid to reach out and touch our hair, skin and hold our hands as a sign of love for others.

I am so glad that Chapman and I are afforded the opportunity to come here. I rarely see him while we are here and I don't worry about him. I know he is surrounded by Haitian kids that adore him, Haitian translators that can't stop hugging him or by people in tiny red shirts that love him. I think this country is beautiful and has beautiful people that are held by God's hands.

Tricia Brown

Sunday was a very interesting day because I had worship service in a different language. That was a very valuable experience in my opinion but I also learned something else about our American lives that is difficult to see unless you experience a place like Haiti and it can be summed up in this analogy...

Glaucoma is an illness of the eye caused by a slow gradual deterioration of the optic nerve that if untreated can cause an irreversible blindness. There are risk factors such as thin corneas, high eye pressure, or even the color of your skin

This is a disease that Haiti struggles with

Spiritual Glaucoma is an illness of the heart caused by a slow gradual deterioration of the spiritual connection to God that if untreated, can cause an irreversible spiritual blindness. There are risk factors such as comfortable easy life styles, busy work schedules, or even pride.

This is a disease that Americans struggle with.

Chase Thigpen

This was our third clinic day and although the team went to this church last year, it was my first time to be at this location. We had been told that it was a 2.5-3 hour ride so it was a wonderful surprise when we arrived after only about an hour and twenty minute drive. The ride to clinic was interesting in that we traveled down a road that had partially fallen away but overall it was fun and upbeat with several of us singing along to Megan's Need To Breathe playlist. Like so many other church buildings in Haiti, this was a concrete building and it was apparent almost immediately that there wasn't going to be any cross breezes or air circulation happening. As always, the team quickly and efficiently turned a church building into a medical clinic utilizing the only furnishings available....wooden benches, a few rickety tables and a chair or

two. The nurses and Doctor took their places in the raised pulpit area and got ready to see patients. While setting up our stations to begin seeing patients we saw were blessed by seeing the sweet little faces of Haitian children peeking in at us from the small concrete openings that served as windows. If you ever want to feel like a super star, go to a church or school in Haiti where there are small children. They are so excited to us, many of them gazing at us with bright, curious and trusting eyes. Those faces are surely one of my favorite things about Haiti. Those faces are the ones I think about when Jesus tells us to become like little children. They, as so many of the adults in Haiti, trust us immediately and implicitly. We saw close to two hundred patients and I swear I don't think I've spent a hotter day in Haiti. The heat was impressive and it was an estimated 106 degrees inside the building. Every time I would think to myself that I didn't know if I could tolerate it much longer I would look out at all the Haitians who were withstanding it seemingly without complaint and I would remind myself that they live with this every day and they do not have the luxury of going back to an air conditioned guest house with running water and indoor plumbing like I did. For some reason this day seemed as hard as any I've ever had in Haiti, and other than the heat, I can't really explain why. It probably wasn't the hottest or hardest clinic I've served in but maybe it's sort of like childbirth and some memories of the pain and/or difficulty fade with time so that your current experience seems to be either the hardest or hottest. However, I survived and at the end of that hot and hard day, just like what happens at the end of childbirth, I experienced what I KNOW to be one of the most beautiful moments I have known in Haiti. After one of the last patients was seen, one of the translators started singing the first line of 10,000 reasons softly and a few other translators and team members joined in and the singing became louder and then more team members/translators were coming up to the pulpit area and joining in. We sang several songs together and it was spontaneous and sincere and beautiful. And in that moment, I wasn't hot or tired, I was simply blessed and grateful and in awe to be a part of such a special moment.

Kelly Waldrep

We made it to the halfway point for our week in Haiti. The smells, the sounds, these beautiful people all seem to make my soul come alive. Our team has been knit together by God and it's a great group. We have laughed a lot & we have cried a lot. Nothing can stir up great emotions like a mission trip!

As we have served at 3 churches so far, every day just tops the next. We have very little to offer these Haitians for what they give us I return. We offer medication and information to help their hurting bodies - they offer us joy and hope- the medicine from the Great Physician to prick our hearts and souls back to what really matters I life. In church buildings that are barely standing and have no ventilation for relief from the oppressive heat, the Christians sing at the top of their lungs "what can make me whole again, nothing but the blood of Jesus". Our attempts to sing it in English pale in comparison to their Haitian Creole voices. But I do know our God is glorified.

My favorite part of each clinic is looking into the eyes of the women who have sat for a long time waiting in the church and saying "hello" in Creole and they smile back as they sit and have their blood pressure taken. I long to have a deep conversation with each one to talk about struggles in life. I remind myself that one day we will have no language barriers just praising God together for eternity.

They day of rest was a welcome relief. The beautiful Caribbean Sea was balm for our weary souls. We now can face the next 2 clinics with renewed strength.

Thank you God for the blessings that abound throughout our week.

Lori Hansel

June 4, 2018

Today started just like any other morning: woke up, ate breakfast, and prepared to head out. On my way towards the prayer circle, I decided to take a detour. As I stepped out onto the grass I was brutally attacked by Luckson's guard ants brutally attacked my feet and legs. Randy then came and rescued with his miracle gel and everything returned to normal. On our way to the Casino Church, we sang many songs and drove over a little to non-existent road. The church was horridly hot; however, the people were so incredible the heat became very bearable. The highlight of my day was when Jan forced me outside. I took my camera with me and proceeded to follow. I began to take pictures of each child I saw, which quickly grew into everyone. While I cannot help the people individually like the nurses and pharmacist, I could make each person "sour (smile)". I felt like today was my way of helping the people. Each person began asking for their photo to be taken, and with each person came a new story. Each person smiled and thanked me repeatedly thanked me for taking their picture. This was the most rewarding thing I have done and I wish I could do this with every person I have met here.

Meagan Haustein

Wednesday June 6, 2018
Clear Creek Family,

Today started as my days have traditionally started in Haiti with a 2 mile run with Randy Davis. Randy and I started this last year and have continued it into this year. It really is refreshing to start the day with a run to get the blood flowing, clear the mind, and fellowship with a friend. When I returned to my room, I discovered Patrick had also gone for an early morning run except his was the special "Haiti" run...if you know what I mean. After conferring with our crack medical team, meds were dispensed, Patrick was sent back to bed and left in the capable hands of Erika, Luckson, Frandzy, and Meagan who working at the compound for the day.

We headed off to the church in Duty to conduct our clinic. This clinic has been the most dreaded by the experienced members of our team due the heat and crowd behavior. The team has gone to this church in the past and had difficulty in completing their work even leaving with rocks being thrown at one point. Much prayer was offered for a good day and off we went.... We arrived about an hour and a half later it didn't feel like a minute over 8 hours.... (thanks to bumpy roads, tight quarters, and leg cramps) The church is a two story building with the sanctuary on the top floor. The bottom floor had 4 rooms that were available for our use. The set up was ideal for the clinic and before long we were ready to go. The church was not filled with as many people as it normally is and we found out it was market day. Most people were at market buying and selling wares and would not be there today. The preacher had things organized, prioritized, and the day went great! The kids were well behaved, the patients were compliant and thankful, God was faithful in answering our prayers, reminding us he is in control!

For me, the last patient of day summed up why we come in so many ways, the patient was a pretty 14-year-old girl who after examination was prescribed meds to treat STDs. Now I know this is not something we normally talk about at church and in church blogs, but it is the reality in our country, the world, and especially in Haiti where access to medical care and education is limited. This case especially touched me as here is a young girl who is seeking attention, love, fulfillment, something through these actions and it is utterly heartbreaking. It is a void and hole that only God can fill. This is why God has sent us.... no we didn't preach to her about premarital sex being wrong, we didn't sit her down and go through the Bible.....we helped meet her physical needs, showed love and understanding and through the boldness of a Father of girls told her to stay away from that boy! (Thanks Randy!)

Without a doubt, I know that God has called us each individually to be here this week for this purpose. We have met the physical needs and loved the people of Haiti with the love that only He can provide. Mission Accomplished!

Ray Russell

Haiti Devo 2018
June 6, 2018

The church in Duty was today's destination. We were prepared by those who had been there before us that the building where this church meets is not conducive for our normal clinic setup. The main meeting room was upstairs and much closer to the tin roof that radiates the heat in. There were uneven steps to climb to get up there too. Jan Hudgens woke up through the night before and prayed about the heat, the children, and the travel to Duty. We were prepared for less than optimal conditions, but with Jan praying and our seasoned team, we were ready for whatever obstacles were in our way.

The travel was uneventful, the children were much better behaved this year and the layout of the building, well, we used it to our advantage. We decided that the preacher, Joseph Joel, could begin handing out the numbered bags in an organized fashion right there in the upstairs auditorium. They were used to the heat upstairs and therefore more comfortable than we would be. The four rooms underneath the auditorium is where we situated our clinic. Patients were escorted to triage where Lori and Chase took blood pressure and temperature. They both are "hands on" technicians and touched each Haitian as they recorded the stats on the Rx bag for our prescribers. Chapman, Patrick and Jacob escorted them to the next room where our prescribers were ready. Mallori, Ashley, Kelly, Jesse and Alan did exactly what they were called here to do. They sat with an interpreter and asked questions about each patient's health. They had to open the door for conversation as they assessed their patient. They too, touched them literally and emotionally with the love of Christ that led them here. Next, Annette would take them by the hand and lead them around the corner to the Pharmacy and drop off the bag for the filling process. She continued leading her patient to the next room where they would wait for their pharmacy bag to come back with an interpreter explaining how to use each item that was prescribed. I thought the pharmacy would falter without Erica there. She stayed back at our home base with Meagan to teach a sewing class to the ladies in the neighborhood. That was a huge success as each lady left with a large shopping tote that they had made. Back at the pharmacy, we had Bobby G., Randy, Thrish and Ray. These seasoned veterans managed the pharmacy quite well. Scott, Clay and John A. managed the stairs as they escorted patients up and down from the sweltering meeting room. John H. held the crowds back and roped off our perimeter as usual. Jan and friends played with the kids outside.

We saw somewhere between 95-100 patients that day. The people of Duty were planning graduation and a soccer game that seemed to take precedence. That's ok, because we were able to minister to each individual with the love and compassion of Christ. Ken oversaw the entire process. Earlier in the week, Ken had asked everyone to think about what it is to be Missional. We see that unfold best when we hold a devotional with the crowd of patients before we begin each clinic. Scott lead our devo with the Haitians that day. Mission accomplished. We also enjoy singing a hymn that the Haitian Christians know and can sing along. Only one more clinic day to go. This week in Haiti always goes so fast. We love to carry out the mission, up close and personal. Thanks to our families as supporters back home for letting us do our thing.

In Christian love,
Randy Davis

Wednesday, June 6

Today we went to Duty.

Last night during our preparations for today we were told to expect another hot and difficult day, as the church's auditorium is up treacherous concrete steps, and possibly a chaotic day as the church includes a school with an open courtyard and lots of possibly unruly children. Prayers were made for safety, comfort, and teachable children. God gave us all three requests! He supplied a cool downstairs for the clinic and children who participated, took turns, and said "thank you". There were even handrails on the stairway for safety! God is so good!

For the third day in row, we had to leave one of our number behind due to illness. Today it was Patrick, yesterday Jesse, Monday Bobby and John. However we are grateful that we have medicines and medical expertise with us and a clean, quiet place for them to recover, unlike the Haitians we have come to serve.

For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them. Ephesians 2:10

The team quickly set up the clinic and began to minister to the mostly elderly Haitian Christians waiting in the ribbon adorned auditorium. It was obvious that they love and care for each other and their church home. With God's blessing, the preacher, Joseph Joel, has been able to build a school and a home for elderly widows with no children, and orphans. Truly, he is being the hands and feet of Jesus and God is being glorified in Duty, Haiti!

He reminded me of James 1:27-Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction.

My assigned station for today was near the water pump, where little children, barely able to reach the lever, were trying to help pump water as young girls, filled tubs with water and washed fabrics. Men, women, and children continued to come all day, to carry that life sustaining liquid that we take for granted. Meanwhile those waiting in the church could be heard singing praises to God. It's so inspiring to know that the church in Duty, Haiti can supply both physical and spiritual needs.

Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.

John 4:10

Each time that I come to Haiti, I struggle with understanding the reasons for the poverty that I see. This time though, I haven't sensed the same desperation as before. Possibly it's because there are more aid organizations or international interest in Haiti are helping to improve the economy. Possibly, because of the relationships built with our mission teams over the years, they know they are truly cared about, and trust in our return. Possibly its because they know that the See Him Clinic ministry is always here. But perhaps, its simply that they have seen God's love through us, and trust him to provide. People here might be poor in material goods, they are rich in faith, and it is we that are truly in poverty, because we put our trust in things other than God and his sovereignty.

Hearken, my beloved brethren, Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him?

James 2:5

What the mission team brings to the people here, is far more than medicine, or even physical help, We bring smiles, and hope, and love. These Christian brothers and sisters are family, and dear friends that we will share heaven with. We share love and a faith in the same God. We trust in the same Savior. And yes, God willing, I hope to come back to Haiti and see these faithful Christians, just as I look forward to worshipping Sundays with my Clear Creek family.

For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the

inner man; That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, May be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.

Ephesians 3:14-19

Annette Wheeler

June 7th, 2018-Last day at Don Don

We loaded up the tap-tap just before 8am to head to our last clinic in Don Don. To say the ride there was bumpy would be an understatement! However, the long bumpy ride was made much more pleasurable after we started singing familiar church songs with our translators. Their vocal skill is amazing, and their compassion was contagious. This was one of my favorite parts of the day. Once we arrived at the Church of Christ in Don Don, we quickly unloaded the truck and started to plan out our clinic traffic flow inside. Once we settled on a plan, we unpacked and got ready to go. Randy led our Devo with the Haitians who patiently waited inside the church building. At the end, he led the hymn, "Nothing but the Blood of Jesus." The Haitians repeated after in Creole, and the third time, we all sang in unison. Our English version actually sounded better than usual... obviously still sub-par compared to the Haitians, but maybe we are making progress (or maybe the translators were singing in English today- but we will go with progress). As the clinic got started, it was obvious to me that the pharmacy was well staffed with a strong team, and they didn't really need me. So I set out to love on some kids... Jan was playing videos on the wall for the children so I sang along and the children were quite entertained. After that, we colored paper sunglasses. When I say "we", I mean I sat in the floor and colored while pleading for the kids to join me in my best Creole accompanied with sign language. They just sat and looked at me and Annette while clenching their supplies. Either they were not interested or it was more fun to watch us beg them to join and pretend they didn't understand. After that project, most the kids left, so I walked around admiring the diligent work of my teammates. Although I was not very productive at all, it was nice to slow down enough to truly see God's work being done. It was a blessing to sit beside my husband as he saw a few patients. Even though I couldn't understand most of what was being said, I could see the joy in his eyes as he consulted and joked with them. I know he was dissatisfied at times because he has limited supplies in a mobile clinic, but it was obvious that the patients were truly grateful for the care he was providing. I then sat upstairs with the providers watching each one compassionately care for each person who appeared before them. Watching the translators hand out medication bags was no less rewarding... it has been a joy to watch this interaction and see the Haitian translators feel appreciated. Often times, I find myself working diligently to keep the pharmacy running smoothly, failing to appreciate these little things that mean so much. The genuine smiles, the look of relief on a mother's face as she receives medication for her sick child, and the purest gratitude for the smallest things. I love this country and the beautiful people who live here. I am thankful for another opportunity to visit and serve my brothers and sisters in Christ. I am honored to serve beside each and every person on this team. I saw each of you "let your light shine" today.

Erica Previl

Today I woke up at 6:00 to go to the citadel. We did a 3 mile hike up a 90 degree trail followed by a man playing the flute. At the citadel Malory almost passed out. After the hike we went to the beach. I went snorkeling in the reef while the sun seared my back and the water acting like magnifying glass. Scott slapped a sea urchin while he was out. The restaurant forgot to make my cheeseburger so I munched on everyone else's food. When we got home we had a delicious dinner and had a meeting. I walked in on everyone making fun of me and Patrick putting aloe on each other's sunburn. If I had to change anything it would be to wear more sunscreen.

Jacob Haustein

Last year I went to Haiti and was overwhelmed with the differences between the States and Haiti. This year is no exception. We flew into Cap-Haitian on Friday afternoon. I managed to get through "baggage checking" before they noticed me but some others weren't so lucky. We waited for thirty minutes to an hour while the others in our group tried to get away with not paying an exorbitant fee. When everyone got away, we drove the seated trailer of a truck called a 'tap-tap' to the See Him clinic. We spent the afternoon packing hygiene packs and quickly got into the groove of working as a group.

The next day, Saturday, we drove to the barely standing Blue Hills church, located in what was known as a bad area of town. Luckson did not tell us this until that night so, as he said, we might see them as people and not something to be afraid of. The people there were amazingly well behaved and patient. It was evident they wanted our help and we did our best. Through Jan's shift schedule and our amazing translators we managed get through the day efficiently.

On Sunday we drove to another church where we attended service and then rearranged the church to fit our clinic needs. I worked with the kids and Jan there and tried to help as best I could. The kids there were crazily hard to manage inside, so Jacob and I led a group of them out to the tap-tap where we did a craft and then, when Chapman came to help, jumped rope while the kids laughed at our clumsiness. But we couldn't have made it through the day without the help of Gohda our

amazing steam engine of a translator. She was amazing at keeping everyone in line and didn't even stop to eat till 2! She was just one of the many examples of dedication on our trip.

Monday, was a heat filled nightmare. We drove an hour and a half just to get to the church where we would work and when we got there it was 96 degrees outside. But that felt cool compared to the sweat box of a church that we had to work in. Even Jan was tired by the end, which is really saying something. We all worked ourselves to death yesterday but Junior, one of the translators, outshone us all. He was filled with purpose as he moved around the church, giving everything he had to make it run smoothly. He never paused in his work when except to eat and I can only wish to have a servant heart like his.

Now, as I am typing this up I reflect on all the amazing people in this trip and their individual personalities. With each of our individual skills we work together to glorify God in Haiti. I hope to be able to come back next year to this beautiful country.

Patrick Russell