

Daily Report
July 6, 2010

I went to bed this morning at around 1 o'clock after some amazing singing and talking with Macy, Nikki, Jen, Glenn, Nathan, and Robin under one of the most star-filled, brightest skies I have ever seen. Roughly five hours later I heard the weakest wake up call ever. I stumbled out of bed and went to the pad for breakfast. Shortly after, I found myself spending most of my quiet time destroying the slow lane. When I was done it was time for us to load up and embark on our long journey to Puerto Plata to visit the hospital and dump.

When we arrived at the hospital we were preparing our packets for the patients outside and almost immediately a man approached us and asked us for a packet for his kids. Even though we wanted to give him one we couldn't because we might not have enough for all of the patients inside. Following that we split up into teams and went into the hospital to pray and sing for people. The people were very happy to just to have our company and to see that somebody cared because a lot of these people didn't have families. It didn't matter what language you spoke just as long as you showed some love and gave them a smile. After we were done handing out packets we made our way through the crazy streets of Puerto Plata to the dump. When we arrived we were greeted by a group of smiling children. We didn't actually get to go into the dump because for one reason or another the kids weren't allowed in and they were the main reason we were there. We began to throw Frisbee with the older kids while Rebecca Van Eaton kept the younger ones entertained by reading them Bible stories. We sang to a large group of people after playing and in turn they sang to us. After singing and praying with them we had them line up for food. It was crazy how desperate these people were just for a sandwich and a cup of juice. When we ran out of food to give them things got a little crazy, so we left. When we returned to camp, Carmen and her two daughters had a wonderful Costa Rican dinner prepared for us and in my opinion it was the best one yet. This trip has been a blast and a huge blessing to me. I really appreciate everything that people did to allow me to go on this trip because it has really helped me grow in my relationship with God. God is most definitely present and working in the DR, and I plan on coming back very soon. I'm sad to say that this trip is coming to an end, so pray for our safe return.

God bless,
Matt Dolberry

P.S. Mom, I'm drinking a lot and I'm not naked...I have my headlamp on.

To my brothers and sisters at Clear Creek-

I wish that all of you could have been here last night to see the beautiful night sky God gave to us. I have never seen so many stars in my life! It was such an awesome reminder of how big God is and how little we are. It's amazing to me how God chooses to reveal himself and his love in a gentle whisper. The night sky is one of those little reminders of how vast and great God's love is for us, even though He could easily love something else more than us. I am sure that the stars are probably a lot easier to love than we are at times. :-)

Even though the beauty of the stars amaze me, the most beautiful things by far are the hearts of the Dominican people, Manna global workers, and my fellow team members. Jesus is alive and working here through Manna and continues to bless souls daily, including mine.

Unfortunately, Satan is also alive and well here in this country. Fathers and Daddies having an active part in raising children and supporting their families like they do in the states are nearly unheard of here. Please keep the Dominicans in your prayers. My prayer is that the Dominicans will see couples like Evan and Rachel (one of the long term missionary team here) and learn what God's perfect plan is.

Today we went to the dump to feed and visit the people living there. There were many women with babies and children with seemingly no husbands. This really struck me. It made me realize that I shouldn't be sad because these people are materialistically poor, I should be sad because they are spiritually poor. My heart breaks for them. I pray that in the short time we have been here, we have planted the seed of Christ in the Dominicans' hearts. I don't feel like I'm ready to go home yet. I feel like my work here is not done. Mommy, don't be surprised if I intern here one summer! :-)

Before I close this letter, I would like to give a shout out to Lila and Harry Spillman, Bobby and Carol Golden, and both of my two special grandmothers for making me financially able to go on this trip. You have truly changed my life! Thanks for your support.

A note to mis padres y mi hermano:

Mommy and Daddy,

I wish that you could see everything that I'm getting to see. A camera could never do God's creation justice. Every time I stop to look at this land around me, I am floored by what an amazing and beautiful creator we have. I so wish you guys could be here. I think about you constantly. Te amo. xoxo

Jameson,

I would love for you to see the kids here. The least little thing will entertain them and fill them with joy. It reminds me of you. Te amo. xoxo

Back to Clear Creek. Keep shining your lights. Just remember, even though you haven't traveled to a third world country, you are still missionaries. Keep prayin' for us. I love you guys. "Fight the good fight of faith. Take hold of the eternal life to which you were called when you made your good confession in the presence of many witnesses." (1 Timothy 6:12) -Rachel Perry