

Sunday – January 28

We met with Dr. Ormie and his wife Frieda and they showed us the way to church. We had a very heavy storm during the night and the roads were nothing but pure mud. Everyone walks to church and the walk is about three quarters of a mile, it started to rain again on the way to church. When we arrived the sun came out.

The church is a large one and seats about 300 people. Ladies and girls must wear a hat or small lace coverings on their heads. The pastor also has four small satellite churches and he was at one of the other churches today. His wife opened the service by directing us in two songs, "Jesus Saves" and "Oh For A Thousand Tongues". Psalms 135 was read and opening prayer was said. Visitors are asked to stand, given a small ribbon and then everyone claps their hands to welcome you. A ladies quartet sang numbers, then the children sang two more. They alternate between the ladies and men in taking up of the offering and today the ladies took it up. The offering is taken up in small wooden boxes. I played the offertory on a keyboard. The pastor said, "when I saw all the rain today I thought few people would come, but this is the Lord's day and this is the Lord's house."

There were about 200 in attendance. The pastor's sermon was on Daniel 6:1-10, Daniel and the lion's den. He showed how Daniel was a captive, but still chose to serve God. Then around noon the closing prayer was given. Everyone shook hands after the service. Though few pictures were taken because this was a sacred service. The service lasted from 10am till noon.

We had lunch today with Arlene, another single missionary lady here from Pennsylvania. She is the school teacher for missionary children. Her father was in the military and she was born in Germany. She made a delicious cheddar chowder with vegetables.

When we came to La Pointe, the missionaries would share their meals with us to save us from cooking. This is so thoughtful and a great idea! The only problem was that we were not used to eating such large dinner and lunch. They have their big meal at noon, so we ate with them then and at night have a light snack. The Haitians, we found, take their meals very seriously, you will hardly find anyone talking at all.

We Took a walk down to the ocean but soon it started to rain again, so we had to hurry back to the house. We were told when we first arrived that if you hear loud banging noises at night - do not be afraid. It only meant that the mangos were falling from the trees onto the metal roof. They sure were right, it sounded like bowling balls and it really can make you jump. I has rained a total of five times today and the roads are mud.

Monday – January 29

Today we have sunshine but the roads still remain a mess. I plan to follow Robert to the hospital with my camera, but in order to do this and not have the Haitian people get offended, I have to put the camera up on my shoulder and control the off and on switch with my thumb. I hope the whole time that I am aiming it right and so far so good.

The only people that have problems with their picture being taken are the older ones and parents, kids love their picture being taken. We take pictures everywhere by keeping my snapshot camera at my side and aiming it upwards a little, it does not get noticed. This idea was given to us by Frieda and Dr. Ormie, after their 12 year stay in India.

After staying for about half an hour, I returned home and started typing again.

The clinic was very busy today and Robert had to do a delivery, but it was a tragic one. The lady was carrying twins and she had the first one born dead, cord wrapped around its neck, then the second one was born dead also, lack of oxygen.

We had lunch with Dr. Ormie and Frieda today, they are a delightful couple. The men had to hurry back to hospital clinic to perform an emergency surgery. A little boy about the age of seven years, weighing only 26 pounds, had severe bowel problems. After surgery though he seemed more responsive.

Ormie, Frieda, Arlene, Robert and I decided to go for a walk down by the beach. It was wonderful to kick off your shoes, walk in the water, watching the waves rolling in and admiring the palm trees and mountains. What beauty from the hands of God. It is breathtaking. We all walked to the island's point, and here we watched some men build huge boats that they hoped would carry them and others to America. You see many boats in different stages of being built. They cram about 150-200 people into these boats at the cost of \$200—\$300 American money and they are never given a guarantee that they will make it. We learned that the last two boats did not make it.

Tuesday -- January 30

The day started out slow for Robert, so we took more pictures at the hospital.

Just as I got back to the campus, I heard Robert yelling for me. Then, I heard a lot of chanting coming from people; a Haitian funeral was coming down the road. The first thing you think of is to get your camera, but then you respect the fact that this is a sacred ceremony and you feel for their loss of a loved one. So, you remember it instead of taking pictures. It consist of a person carrying a sign with the name of the deceased on it. Then people carrying many paper flowers. The whole way to the cemetery they just keep chanting. After the people carrying the flowers are the men carrying the casket, this casket was a small one. Everyone was dressed in black, family members are crying, and the men carrying the casket are doing a rhythm sort of dance. The cemetery is next to the ocean and about 50 people were walking. I learned that only non-saved funerals there is crying but not a Christian funeral. I felt honored to view this.

At 10am, Lois and I went to the school vocational center. The director gave us a tour. They teach mechanical, electrical, welding and wood shop training. In wood shop they are learning furniture making and how to hand carve designs. All of it was beautiful and I loved it. While this is the training offered for the boys, the girls have a different training program. They learn cooking, typing and sewing. In sewing class, they are taught how to measure for a pattern, make a pattern from paper and put it on the material. This is just the vocational school and after visiting there awhile we went on to the regular school and viewed some of the classes. Of course, we stopped at the bookstore.

Lunch was a big celebration because we had chicken, rice, spinach and dessert was almond jello with mangos in it.

After Robert's afternoon surgery, Lois had arranged for us to see some native houses. These houses belonged to some of the ladies that cooked or cleaned for the missionaries. They are crudely built, two room houses. The living room contains a table to eat from and chairs, two single beds and three chairs for visitors. While one dresser holds all the dishes, pots and pans, all the cooking is done outside. The houses are all built right next to each other, with kids running in and out. All houses have metal roofs that leak. There is no running water or electricity, so when it gets dark everyone goes to bed. Life is very hard and money is very little. With all the U.N. troops here, the store owners have raised their prices to make a little extra. This means, though, people in town cannot afford to spend the extra so they eat less. What a struggle!

Wednesday – January 31

Robert and Dr. Mozart had a very bad case today and were debating whether or not I should video it. There was once in a life time case for medical history, with no such case known to us in the United States. Apparently the woman was pregnant at one time and the baby died. The baby was neither delivered or removed from her. The fetus decayed inside of her and ended up rotting holes in both her bowel and kidneys. The lights in the operating room are not strong. If I was to video tape this, I would have to be close by to zoom in with the camera. Robert decided to just take snap shots in place of video. Upon getting the patient ready for surgery, they found out she was to full of infections and this would have to be taken care with a tube drain for three or four days. We all hoped the native doctor would be able to do this next week.

After Robert cancelled the prior surgery, he worked in the clinic and was very busy.

Just as I returned to the campus, I saw another funeral pass by, with another little child casket.

Today I also had the chance to purchase Robert a Bible in French.

La Point has a taxi service, though it is a bit different then ours back home. Here, they use an open pick-up truck, load it with people, drive back and forth on the rugged roads, and do all of this while playing music of some sorts.

After I finished up the House of Hope mailing list and Robert was done at the clinic, we took a walk by the ocean. From the shore you can see the witch doctor's compound. He must be busy today, his drums were going and the flags were out.

Tonight there was a Bible study and it was wonderful to have all of us together to sing songs of praise and worship. Robert and I were asked to give testimonies. After we did, all of us prayed for everything that was on our hearts. But most of all, that the Lord would continue to use all of us for His service.

Today the States gave Haiti a day of electricity, so we had power until 5am.

Thursday – February 1

I went to visit Frieda because she was sick yesterday. I brought her a Chinese picture from us. Today was a day of leisure, so I delivered all our goodbye gifts. I went to the House of Hope to see and say goodbye to Linda and gave her Christian magazines and a dress.

After being in a warm climate for so long, you cannot return to the States without having a tan, and not one by laying out in the sun with a bathing suit on either. No, the tans here are done by sitting in a chair with a pant/dress on.

Robert had a light schedule. We had lunch with Frieda and Dr. Ormie, they will there for another six weeks.

We sliced a lot of mangos today to get our fill before we leave.

Robert and I went walking to the market. I didn't venture here before because a white woman shouldn't be out by herself unless she knows the language. Like I said before, everything is here at the market, women selling piles of charcoal, used clothes (because this is how most people get their clothes) and anything else you may need is here also. There is even a lady that sells pig noses.

We took one last walk down to the ocean, waded into the water and thought how peaceful this whole place is, even among all the sadness, there is a whole lot of joy and love - God's love.

We packed our clothes tonight to be ready to leave in the morning by half past eight. We have lights tonight until half past nine.

Arlene and Anita came to visit and we shared dessert.

Friday - February 2

We were up at 6:30am, Arlene came over around 7am with the mail and business letters from the missionaries for the mission headquarters in Port-au-Prince.

Ormie and Frieda came to say good-bye. We had to leave earlier, Paul Brown drove us into Port-au-Prix to MFI dirt runway.

At the Mission Fellowship International there were a total of five passengers this time. This time the 45 minute ride was very bumpy and even I got an upset stomach from it.

We met Kevin and Marge Oates, in Port-au-Prince, they are UFM missionaries. Kevin is the head of finances in Haiti, plus a preacher. He and his wife were very gracious hosts and showed us around the area. We ate lunch at Baptist Mission Maid. This is a complex housing a school, a garden nursery, a large restaurant, bakery and gift shop. This was founded by Jerry Falwell and carried out by native people. Also included in this complex is a chapel. The native handiwork is absolutely beautiful. We went around to different vendors and bartered a few down on different oil paintings.

There are no street lights or signal lights here, and like I said before, the streets are barely wide enough for two cars.

When we reached the school compound by 3:30pm we were tired. We rested, then joined Ginger and Dave Munchner for supper. There were three seminary students, their families, ourselves and another missionary for dinner, totaling 10 people. Dave is an American and teaches here in the college and seminary. Ginger is Haitian and works in the public health area. Dave and Ginger met at Bible School in the States, they have a real heart for the young people of Haiti.

In Port-au-Prince the electricity goes off at 10pm.

One of the missionary ladies made us a coffee cake for breakfast. We have met such wonderful people here in Haiti. It makes you want to serve the Lord more when you see how much others our doing and the vast need.

Haiti - Lord willing, we will be back!