

Haiti Medical Mission Team Daily Reports (Oct. 7-14)

Team:	<i>Haydynn Fike</i>	<i>Bryan Gann</i>	<i>Mallory Gann</i>	<i>Shelby Hendry</i>
	<i>Ken Hudgins</i>	<i>Ray Russell</i>	<i>Sam Russell</i>	<i>Chase Thigpen</i>

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

Daily Reports will be posted as received during the trip.

Yesterday was our travel day in to Haiti. It was a long day starting at 3:15 AM. I am always relieved to make it through the airport and just enjoy being in Haiti. We were greeted warmly at the compound and it was so nice to see familiar faces. We set up an assembly line and got to work getting the medicine and hygiene packs ready to go. Outside on the grounds a large group of children gathered to play. The girls enjoyed braiding my hair. Some of the girls taught me a game to play with them. I was surprised at how easy it was for us to play together even though we don't speak the same language. They were sweet to me and even gave me a pass when I messed up. After dinner and devo we turned in early, exhausted from the day. Today we had our first clinic day. We went to Don Don, more affectionately known as the Hollywood of Haiti. We saw about 140 people. As one of the medical providers I am always struck by a feeling of helplessness. I listen to people talk about body pain, stomach pain, difficulty eating, and infections and I try to help them as best I can. It is easy to feel despair looking out at this sea of people. But I am reminded that God is the great physician, the ultimate healer of the body and the soul and I am amazed by Him. I try to make every patient feel welcome and cared for. I love the look in their eyes and the smiles on their faces when I am successfully able to communicate in Creole (and the look of complete confusion when I butcher it is priceless too!). This trip my husband is with me for the first time and I love getting to watch him love on others. I feel honored to be here with this group of people who love God and want to serve with all of their hearts.

Mallory Gann

Day 1

Day 1 this trip was one to remember. The trip to Dondon was long and rocky. I was so excited to visit Dondon once again, since the last time i had been was 2 1/2 years ago. I don't think i could even describe how excited i was to see the people that we were going to serve. We set up and sang a song. I've forgotten what we sang but just hearing the haitians sing was one of the most amazing things i've heard in a long while. You could tell that the holy spirit was present. When Chase was doing his lesson, you could tell that they were soaking up every word he had to say. I haven't seen a group of people be that attentive ever. Every so often they would shout amen on what he had to say, which I think was pretty powerful. After he was done we all got ready for the clinic. The church was boiling hot but that didn't stop us. Every single person gave their all to serve those people. The haitians were EXTREMELY grateful for us to be there. You could already tell when we pulled up to the church. Eager faces staring at us. Handing out meds today, I saw over 100 people come through. Children, men, and women. I don't recall a single one being frustrated with our work. Seeing all around me makes me think, do I really deserve what I have back home? If anyone deserves it, it would be haiti. Even though we cannot understand them, you just know how grateful they were. Even through the hardships they have, the extreme poverty they are in, they are thankful. We all know we will not change the

country, the poverty, and all the medical problems these people have. We know we cannot convert everyone that we set our sights on. But we know by planting a small seed, we can make a difference. Even if it's only one person that comes to know Christ, we do it because we love them and we're fulfilling our purpose on this earth. To complete God's amazing awesome plan. He is by our side. He will never leave. "Our Lord and God! You are worthy to receive glory, honor, and power. For you created all things, and by your will they were given existence and life." Revelation 4:11

Sam Russell

Saturday 10/9/21

Today started as most of my Haitian days have over the course of my 5 trips, with a run. While I am not good at running when I am at home, I like to start my days here with that to clear my mind and have some time alone to center myself for the day. After a nice breakfast of eggs, toast, and fruit we set off to Limonade for the day. This is a place we have visited before and is located off the beaten path a bit. After an unsuccessful attempt to navigate a muddy road, we doubled back to make our way through a crowded marketplace. James, our driver, expertly navigated the maze of goods, low hanging lines, and people with the help of a nice young man who decided to be our guide.

We arrived at the familiar church where Julien is the preacher. The church was once a large structure that housed a school but a storm blew the roof off so now only a portion is covered with a makeshift roof and dirt floor. We had storms last night and part of the floor was muddy where water leaked in. Our clinic set up and ran like a top, this trip is slightly different as we have help from the Haitian team at See Him along with our translators. We were able to see about 150 people during our time at the clinic before bidding Julian and Lemonade goodbye.

I absolutely love being back in Haiti and seeing our friends. This time is extra special having been gone for almost 2.5 years. The team while small is a mighty one and combining with a doctor and nurses from See Him has made this extra special. Last night in our devo time we talked about a quote from Martin Luther King on the good Samaritan, in it he said: "I imagine that the first question the priest and Levite asked was: 'If I stop to help this man what will happen to me?' But by the very nature of his concern, the good Samaritan reversed the question "**If I do not stop to help this man, what will happen to him?**" During this time in our world, that quote and view has never rang more true. This group of people I am honored to serve with, all asked "what will happen if I don't come" and stepped on the plane and I have no doubt, that is what God wanted from each of us.

Ray Russell

Father God, Just for today, help me walk your narrow way. Help me stand when I may fall. Give me the strength to hear your call. These are the words we start with every morning and I believe that we could not sing a more fitting song. Today was an oddly smooth clinic day with a bit of an interesting start. James, our fearless driver, navigated a flooded and muddy road narrowly avoiding us being stuck with his incredible driving skills. Our alternate route took us through a bustling market that was about as wide as the truck. Once we got to the church, there were many fewer people than at the clinic the day before. As we got set up, we switched our roles for the day and I was an official pharmacist tech. I learned all about what different drugs did to heal ailments and I got to see just how sick many of our Haitian brothers and sisters really are. The patients were incredibly respectful and seemingly just thankful for us to be there. Once we got back to the compound, I got to see many of my favorite children that play here each week day. Many of the kids still remember my name from summer camp and I had one of the Children asking for several people that served with us this summer by name. While we were relaxing on the picnic tables and hammocks, a child

came over and grabbed Shelby. I walked over also and a child had collapsed onto the ground. We went and grabbed the Bible study leader and the most beautiful thing happened. She immediately started praying for healing by the power of Jesus's blood. This was so beautiful to me because all of the children who were standing around got to see who truly is our healer and they can follow her example when someone in their family is also sick. After a little bit, Dr. Sherry came over and the boy got up and was able to walk off. The day was a true success and I know many people of Haiti have seen Christ's love through us and through our amazing staff at See Him.

Haydynn Fike

Day Three: Sunday "Now to him who is able to do immeasurably more than all we ask or imagine, according to his power that is at work within us, to him be glory in the church and in Christ Jesus throughout all generations, forever and ever! Amen." ~Ephesians 3:20-21 Waking up today was like a breath of fresh air. Sunday. Though not always as restful as it should be, Sundays always offer up a feeling of sincere peace and serenity. And so, through the heat of the day, we trudged through the streets of Haiti once again. With the sun above us and greenery surrounding our path, we drew nearer and nearer to the church for today's service. Bumping and bouncing about, we finally pulled through the gate just in time to hear the pastor and the church belting out lyrics at the top of their lungs. What a glorious sound to behold.

The service carried on, flowing from sermons, songs, and a powerful choir performance. All the while the peering gaze of curious children fell upon each and every one of us. Slowly but surely a group of girls made their way towards us to sit, taking every spare room be it a seat or a lap, whether that be a sibling, friend, or unknown they did not care. As usual, the girls presented a far greater act of courage than the little boys, who took the better part of the morning working up the energy to follow suit. As the sermon neared its end and we quickly began our routine set up for the clinic, drones of children gathered once more. Nothing but quizzical gleaming eyes could be seen as you looked out upon the crowd, never blinking or looking away, for fear of us vanishing before their very eyes.

Before long, we were finally handing out trinkets and goodies to the littles. Chaos quickly ensued. Little hands reaching and grabbing from every which way, desperate to not be left out of the fun. Between a translator or two and several Sunday school teachers, some form of organization was formed. And thus began a day of coloring books, bubbles, and hand games.

Sitting amidst a crowd of excited children was much like finding your way through a mob of crazed football fans. While hectic, and at times overwhelming, the best one can do is simply smile and laugh. Thus, I stood with four gripping my hands, three hugging my legs, and one completely wrapped around my skirt, and still so many more just standing about, staring up at me with wondering eyes. The simplistic joy that can be found upon the face of a child from the most simple of things, a hug, a pat on the back, or even just barely grazing their hands is truly astounding. In all actuality, nothing warms the heart more than someone being truly, completely, and wholly excited to just see you. Or in this case, a whole crowd. How oh so awe-inspiring to retain a heart such as these despite the reality of life. The welcoming arms of children is an embrace felt all across the world, in a small mind not yet corrupt by the ways of the world and the deep hatred that many feel for others, it is apparent what Jesus meant when he said "Truly I tell you, unless you become like little children, you will never enter the Kingdom of Heaven" (Matthew 18:3) and so we; as a faith, as a culture, and above all as a people, must reform our ways of thinking and look back inside of ourselves for that small piece of childlike wonder that once filled our minds and our hearts.

Shelby Hendry

Haiti Sunday Oct 10, 2021

Haiti is a wonderful and beautiful country with wonderful and beautiful people. Each day here so far has definitely been an adventure! My wife Mallory eagerly encouraged me to come with her to Haiti. This is her fourth trip, my first!

And here we are. It's a humbling experience, seeing people in need. No difference exists between humans other than their culture and way of life. Each one of us was created equally by God.

Today is Sunday October 10th 2021. I was awakened early around 5:30 a.m. with the sound of some sort of music or some sort of ritual ongoings. Wish I knew what it was! Our wonderful brothers and sisters here at the compound prepared not only great coffee, but a wonderful breakfast this morning of omelets, toast and fruit. And not just any fruit, fresh picked fruit along with fresh squeezed juice! After breakfast, we formed a circle as we do every morning with a song and prayer for the day. We loaded up all of the medical supplies, along with ourselves into the tap tap and drove off for the Blue Hills Church of Christ, which is located in a very rough and extremely poor area. When the tap tap pulled up to the Blue Hills Church of Christ, I could hear singing in Creole, praises to God as church service was already in progress. We were welcomed up front and given communion as services continued. Hatians and Americans with no difference other than where we lived, worshipped together as one body before God. The singing in Creole, songs that we know in english was just beautiful. Worship was fantastic. During worship, I reached down to get a drink of water from my backpack. When I raised back up, a little girl with a big smile was sitting in Mallory's lap! It was so cute to see their hands intertwined. The minister and other members leading the congregation were very passionate as they led the service.

When worship service was over, the minister and other members warmly greeted us. Shortly after, we began to set up clinic to see those who needed medical attention. I loved seeing the integration of Haitian nurses and doctors working together as one medical team helping those in need. Everyday we do a Clinic, each member of our crew is assigned a different task... that is except for the doctors and nurses! Today, I was given prayer duty with Raymond who translated for me. Poor guy! As our staff began seeing patients, I looked over at Mallory with her first patient. She always shows great care and concern for each person she sees. She has a heart for God and I remember why I married her. Raymond and I stepped to the back door to pray with patients as they exited. However, things became chaotic when kids ran out of the door where we were standing as two of our crew, Hayden and Shelby were trying to pass out crayons and bubble blowers. As things began to calm, Raymond and I approached an older gentleman to pray with, who was sitting on the steps. He said his wife had died. He was raising 6 children by himself. He could barely walk because of his legs. He had no money. No food.

I felt helpless. We prayed for him. I wanted to go back in and get him some food. Raymond handed him some money from his own pocket. The older gentleman thanked us and he got up as best he could to a crouched over position and painfully hobbled away. I told Raymond that was a great thing he had done and that I wanted to do the same. He told me that it's difficult to help everyone and that it would cause a situation if we tried. We do what we can. I ran back in to grab a box of raisins I had in my bag, but the man w

As more people made their way through, we prayed for many things. Many requests were the same. Prayers for help through these difficult times. Prayers for pain to stop and for healing. Prayers for families. Prayers to be faithful to God. One lady asked us to pray for her mother. She had been missing for weeks and hadn't been found.

One lady asked us to pray for her that she would come to know God and become a Christian. Several people asked for prayers as they were having difficulty with neighbors being cruel to them.

One mother asked to pray for her kids so that they could be enrolled in school somewhere. Kids asked for prayers to be faithful, help with school and good health. We were able to refer some people with eye problems to Eye clinic. In an unusual prayer, a lady asked us to pray for her to get a husband for her and her children. We prayed for God to bring a good man into her life. Immediately after the prayer, someone from behind spoke up saying "Thank you, I'm her husband and these are my children", as he immediately started helping with the children as they walked away. Raymond and I exchanged glances as we were both confused. Raymond said that was what she asked for! We laughed a little and decided there might be some serious conversations between the two of them when they got home.

Toward the end, one boy, who had been born with two fingers on each hand and two toes on each foot, asked for help through life with his disability. Earlier, we had stopped some bullies from teasing him. That was hard. I remember being bullied to tears when I was a kid. I couldn't imagine his life. My heart hurt. As the clinic wrapped up, I walked back into the church searching for Mallory. I couldn't find her anywhere. I looked toward the back of the building and children in a large group. There, covered up with little kids sitting on her lap were both Mallory and Shelby. What a great sight! I noticed one boy was wearing a cool Batman shirt. I asked if they knew superheroes. They said yes! If you know me, Superheroes and comics are my thing. I started saying names and striking poses, and they were doing it along with me. We did karate poses together as they said names like Jackie Chan, Bruce Lee and Jean Claude Van Damme. I remember one small boy in a plaid shirt with a watch who had such a sweet smile. I wanted to take him home with us.

As we began loading the tap tap to travel back to the compound, the children surrounded us and ran with us as we drove away.

As we traveled back to the compound, we happened upon a girl who was laying in the road, shaking, convulsing. We called for the Tap tap to stop. The little girl was immediately surrounded by our small team as we all worked together to help her.

She apparently had been running across the field, and fell onto the concrete driveway, trying to get home because she was not feeling well. She was in and out of consciousness. We bandaged her wounds and gave her some fruit juice with fruit. Some locals who knew her came up to us as she regained consciousness. I wondered what must have been going through her mind to suddenly wake up surrounded by Haitians and Americans working to help her. As the girl ate some snacks and came to her senses, a local woman went with her to make sure she got home okay. The nurses and doctors asked the little girl to follow up with them at the Medical clinic at the compound. God's timing of opportunity is perfect. We had finished a little early at the church. The Tap tap didn't normally take that route. A seed may have been planted. Possibly for the girl. Even the locals. Or both. A seed of encouragement for us. You never know how, when and where God will use you. Be open to it. I'm reminded of scripture.

...Here I am, send me.

...for such a time as this...

Then I heard the voice of the Lord saying, "Whom shall I send? And who will go for us?" And I said, "Here am I. Send me!" Isaiah 6:8

For if you remain silent at this time, relief and deliverance for the Jews will arise from another place, but you and your father's family will perish. And who knows but that you have come to your royal position for such a time as this?" Esther 4:14

Brian Gann

Saturday has been the most emotional day for me so far on this trip. The best thing about the day is that I get to do my all-time favorite clinic job – the prayer station. As the very last stop before leaving the clinic, I ask each patient if they'd like me to pray with them before they leave. If they say yes (which they all do – usually very enthusiastically), I then ask what specifically they'd like me to pray for, and I go from there. This is the third trip I've done this on, and it always ends up being a profoundly moving experience.

A few standout moments...

- Four women bring an older woman to the clinic in a wheelchair – because of the tall steep steps they have to lift her up, wheelchair and all, and carry her from ground level up into the church building – reminds me of the story from the gospels where the paralyzed man is lowered through the ceiling on a mat by his four friends for Jesus to heal him
- There are tons of young children being seen at the clinic, some who are clearly very sick and in pain, and it's super, super special just kneeling down on the ground to get on their level, holding their little hands and praying with them – it's one of those things that makes you feel like you truly are standing on holy ground
- There are a couple interactions that hit me pretty hard emotionally – the first is the mother who's carrying her 4 year old son in her arms – she tells me he's been crippled since birth, and has never been able to walk
- The second is the mother with her 8 year old daughter, who's been running an extremely high fever for several days – maybe it's from having daughters myself, or maybe it's from having so many children that we've known personally in Haiti who've ended up dying from fever and infections, but I get a little choked up and have to try to pull it together to continue praying – looking into the little girl's eyes is what got to me – she definitely had "that look" that tells you she's in a lot of distress, and that this could go very bad, very fast
- The preacher from the Limonade church brings a woman to me, explaining that she's his next door neighbor – she's never even set foot inside the church building before, but she's come to our clinic today, asking for help and wanting to be prayed for
- Probably the coolest thing of all: Where I'm positioned for the prayer station is right outside the church building, in clear view of anyone passing by – when people start realizing what I'm doing, many of them who aren't even going through the clinic come over to me and ask to be prayed for

As an aside, one thing I'm very thankful for is that even over the past two years when it's been harder for us to make trips, I've continued spending about an hour a week working on my Creole – I still have a really hard time with listening comprehension, but I'm now able to navigate my way through a lot of these interactions with little or no help from an interpreter – makes a huge difference, at least to me, in feeling like I'm able to make a much more personal connection with people.

So all in all a pretty awesome day – definitely my favorite so far.

Greg Smith

Today is October 11, 2021

This is my 5th or 6th time being in Haiti with this group. We have had three clinic days so far and today was considered our rest day. Instead of writing about our R and R experience I will talk about some

observations I have had being here. Today we walked up to the citadel and among the people who try to sell you things or persuade you to buy a ride on their donkey or else you will “lose your life”, there was a boy probably a couple years younger than walked beside me.

Instead of trying to sell me something he just started talking to me as we walked. He knew a decent amount of English and I knew some common creole phrases so we exchanged language practice. He asked about my family and I did his. Due to the lack of tourism he is unable to go to school since his family has even less money than before. I gave him enough money that would aid him and his family for a small amount of time. It's not much to me, but to him it probably meant a whole lot more.

This reminded me of the question I ask myself every time I go to Haiti. Why was I born in the time I was to the family I had in the place I was and why was he born into the place he was. In my ignorant mindset it seems to me that I was blessed before I even had a chance at life and he wasn't.

I say this is ignorant because I am always reminded that the true blessing in this life is not measured in how much I have relative to someone else but at how morally and spiritually in tune someone is with the righteousness that aligns with God.

The world we have today is the way it is because ever since Adam, mankind has decided to run this world in a way they think works. This is what has led to the poverty and corruption that fills our world. While the men and women who have lived before us have shaped this world, each individual person has a fresh chance to shape the moral and spiritual environment around them in a Godly way which can eventually lead to a change in our world.

It is not policy or economics that will change humanity but a softening of our hardened hearts that will have the largest impact. Ultimately that is why See Him exists. So as someone who has physically more than my friend on our walk today, I have a duty to serve him where I can. But the lesson I learned through his friendly acts and good heart will be valued much more than some amount of money I could have given him.

Chase Thigpen

Haiti Report Dumas 10/12.

Today we traveled to Dumas, a small town a few kilometers from Cap. Historically speaking, Dumas is known as the birthplace of a famous French brigadier general, Thomas Alexandre Dumas. According to some, he commanded troops in several French military campaigns including the French Revolutionary war.

Blessings never cease, even in Haiti. Travel time to Dumas was around one- and one-half hours. Initially we had scheduled our Covid test for yesterday, required for travel. We rescheduled the test for today after clinic on the way back to our compound. It turns out to be a “Godsend” because we were stopped by the Haiti National Police at a checkpoint and would need our passports for identification. Normally we would leave them behind for safe keeping, but due to rescheduling the COVID test, we had them!

We finally arrived at the clinic location. Brian led an inspiring devotional on God's love, prior to the clinic. We set up in the school's classrooms used for the 3rd and 4th graders. The rooms were small but worked nicely. Many children came through the clinic from the area schools. Several of them tested positive for Covid. We quickly exhausted our drug supply.

Sanell is the pastor at the Dumas church. He is very nice man I had met before. Along with leading a church, he is running a school and orphanage. I think his funding is limited and this is a very deprived

community. I would place this church in the category "If you're going to help anybody help, this church". We like to refer to them as "Blue Hills Moments".

We had a second "God Send" today, we all had negative Covid tests, verifying the team's ability to travel home on Thursday.

This has been an interesting week for me. Usually, I have fellow pharmacists with me (Erica, Randy, Bobby G or Andy) to either help or completely "man the pharmacy". This trip, I'm solo. Vast doses are dispensed quickly and orderly with much help from the tremendous teamwork, daily. For that I am thankful. I would also like to offer a huge thanks to Andy Asbury because we are using his numbering system, which simplifies dispensing procedures.

I have either led or been part of many medical trips to Haiti for the past 15+ years. Ray Russell is leading this year and is doing an excellent job. The team is small, but by working hand in hand with the Haitian interpreters, nurses and doctors, we've performed as a larger team. Today is our fourth clinic and we've already treated 600 Haitians.

My annual trip to Cap is a blessing in many ways. First, as a medical trip (by nature), it's a service to my Christian brothers and sisters. We can fill some of the medical needs of the sick, which is never a luxury in Haiti. Also, by visiting the various churches, our team not only provides clinics for the members, but the pastors gain greater support by their members. Last but most important is the blessing experienced by the number of non-members who attend these clinics, who feel blessed by the church. This is the real purpose of such a trip, such as this.

I always receive many blessings from this mission trip. My eyes are also opened to how God wants me to live and think, as His servant. I struggle with being so self-reliant in my day-to-day routine at home. This break allows me to focus more on God as I observe the Haitians struggling to survive day to day. In many cases God is all they have. Each year as I return home my goal is to not only have an inward reliance on God rather than on myself, but also have an outward reliance that others will see. This has been a great trip and I love you all!

Ken Hudgins

Today we went to Dumas. The morning started with a long drive out into the countryside. The weather was overcast which made it a very pleasant drive. Things got slightly dicey when we were stopped at a police check point. But I knew Julian would take care of it. He negotiated a trade between the police and Sam and chase and we were allowed to drive on. Just kidding!

The church in Dumas was in a small building. I was very proud of my husband Bryan who led the devotional this morning. He talked about how we are all equal and loved by God. He gave an example of how mosquitoes do not show partiality. They will bite you no matter what your skin color is. This made the crowd laugh and was very heartwarming. We saw about 100 patients today, most of whom were kids. There was some confusion as several of them were without their parents and sometimes they were holding the wrong prescription bag or they had lost theirs. My last patient was the preacher who did not have any medical complaints. He just wanted a check up. After going through my list of several illnesses and doing an exam, I pronounced him healthy. I prescribed him vitamins to his great delight. As we were leaving he asked for a group picture which I thought was very sweet.

After clinic we went to the Baptist hospital to get covid tests. Ray was very relieved when we all tested negative.

Our group is small but powerful. We work together great as a team and everyone is doing their very best to show God's love to others.

Mallory Gann

Well, here we are again, the end of another trip to Haiti. Every time I get here I am filled with a myriad of emotions, sleep deprivation, muscle fatigue, and occasionally intestinal discomfort. I am pleased to report I have all of these things this year EXCEPT intestinal discomfort. Each team is slightly different filled with personality and as the week winds on a lot of heckling and cutting up ensues. This year's team was no different and we had lots of fun moments. To name a few:

- The annual naming of Chase's intestinal worm or protozoa. This worm may or may not exist but we love to watch Chase squirm as he talk about the possibility. This year we determined Chase has a protozoa named Wideline who may take over his body at any moment like the alien from the original Men in Black movie.
- There is always that guy, you know the one who takes pictures of everything... the people, buildings, trees, grass, food, crumbs, bugs...well everything. This year was no exception with Brian taking no less than 5000 pictures. He will be able to go home and have a picture map of northern Haiti once he prints them all out.
- A tradition of this trip is to hike the Citadel. For those who have never seen it, you drive about 3/4's of the way up the mountain and then hike the last mile or so with a 1000-foot elevation gain, it isn't easy. You can rent a donkey (as Mallory always does) or hike it on foot. There are always some adventures with this hike. A highlight for the year was poor Shelby having to basically carry Haydenn up to the peak, we are going to have to work on those leg muscles Haydenn. The Citadel is also home to some vendors who are there to hock their services, wears, or talents to the tourists. For as long as I have come there is a man who plays his flute for money, playing "Auld Lang Syne". He is very talented, and the song gets stuck in your head as he plays it over and over following you down the mountain, playing right in your ear. I was thankful when Ken gave him a few dollars to stop playing.
 - In all seriousness, the people who live around the Citadel have been hit very hard by COVID with almost no groups coming through. They depend on tourists to make ends meet and this man is no exception. They all work and struggle to find ways to provide for their families.

I write all this is jest, this has been a wonderful group to lead, and I am thankful for each of them choosing to follow God's urging to come on this trip this year.

As I process the emotions of the week, I can easily be overwhelmed by the poverty, conditions, struggle, and hopelessness 833 miles from the US mainland. There has always been a great need here and that has not changed with COVID. In fact, it is worse, there is a shortage of food, gas, goods, etc that is hitting everyone extremely hard. The cost of goods has skyrocketed making it that much harder for the people of Haiti to put food on their table, shelter over their heads, and clothes on their backs. It can be and is heartbreaking.

In times like this I think of the timeless quote from the late Fred Rogers: "Look for the helpers."; His mother reminded him to find these people in times of tragedy and anxiety, and it continues to ring true because of the man who made the comment, "You can always find people who are helping," he said. I thought of this quote this week before I came and focused on finding the helpers, role models, and good in a place with so much darkness so that is where I will end my journal entry, with the helpers:

- See Him continues to be a shining beacon of hope for the community and setting the example for children. Erlain leads the children's program at the compound and invests

countless hours in the children of the community. They hear of God's love in this program, are shown how to be good citizens, and get to have fun. This is the next generation of Haiti and while the results may not be evident immediately, they will come.

- The community was outside the gates of See Him on Saturday, cutting back weeds and picking up trash, working to improve their community. They are starting to understand the correlation with trash and disease, rodents, etc. This can be linked to the education that See Him provides at the clinics.
 - The impact of Orphans and what investing in children can mean. Julmice and Julien were Orphans at the CoC orphanage that was in Cap Haitian for many years. They now run the day to day operations of the facility and are investing to ensure the longevity of the facility. We met Dolta this week who is a newer Doctor at See Him. She came with us this week to the clinics and worked along side us seeing patients. She also was an orphan from that facility who is now doing great things.
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- Oh, did I mention Orphans, Sonel, who also grew up in that same Orphanage is the preacher at Dumas. Sonel is doing great work with the church there, running a school, and his own orphanage which started when a mother of 7 died and he stepped up and said, I will take care of them. I know Ken mentioned this but if there is ever a place and person to help, Dumas and Sonel are those places.
 - Working side by side with the Haitians, our friends. They are here everyday and fighting the good fight, they are awesome.
 - Finally, God was there helping the whole time putting us in the path of the little girl who had collapsed of a seizure in the road right in front of us (she was seen at the clinic this week after the incident), meeting a gentleman from the US state department and embassy in Port Au Prince who is wants to talk to about public health and how See Him is so successful (really cool and never hurts to make connections), and how we decided to do our COVID tests a day later than originally which meant we had passports at a police checkpoint when needed. You can't deny his divine timing and intervention....

There are so many more things I could say but I will end with this as I did in my other journal. Throughout the week, this quote from MLK keeps coming to my head: "On the parable of the Good Samaritan: "I imagine that the first question the priest and Levite asked was: "If I stop to help this man, what will happen to me"; But by the very nature of his concern, the good Samaritan reversed the question: "If I do not stop to help this man, what will happen to him?"

Whether we are in Haiti, the US, or anywhere else in the world, we need to all pause and ask are we focused on ourselves in these situations or are we focused on others. For this week, 9 Americans made the decision to ask what will happen to others and planted a small seed in Haiti that God will water and allow to grow.

Ray Russell