

Nehemiah's Voice

MARCH 2011

VOLUME 5 ISSUE 3

Walking In Her Shoes

by Aubree Dell, NVM Nurse, from her blog *Adventures in Haiti*



Kesna helps bathe her little sister.



Kids play hard in the dust of Chambrun as is often evident in their appearance at day's end.



Walking in her footsteps makes this shot relevant.



Nurse Kacie Davis helps bathe a beautiful girl.

Thirty years ago my mom made her first trip to Haiti. She left the cold flat lands of Marion, Indiana and landed in hot, sunny Port-Au-Prince (PAP). My mom's first thoughts of Haiti were similar to mine. People were everywhere, talking loudly; making hand gestures constantly as they told their stories and somehow in the midst of what seems to be chaos there is order and reason. Her first Haitian experience was climbing into a van made for 8 with 16 other people and all of their luggage. The Haitian rule is there is always room for one more, so arms and legs were tucked in and off they went through the bumpy, winding roads.

My mom's eyes were opened that day to a different world. She saw women carrying huge baskets on their heads, while babies carried babies running up and down the streets. Her first glimpse of PAP was much different from mine, and I wish I could have seen the way she describes it with tall majestic churches, beautiful grassy parks, and the striking Palace, fit for a king. As the van continued up toward the north, excitement rose in her and she did not know it then, but she too caught the Haiti bug that she later on passed down to me.

She worked in a clinic in Limbe, which is near Cape Haitian about 4 hours away from where I am living. Her clinic was a little larger than ours, which included an OB department, dental clinic, and lab. She worked with three Haitian nurses and a Haitian doctor, who passed away before her third trip to Haiti. Listening to my mom's stories I have come to realize the stories are the same, but the faces are different. When in doubt treat for Malaria and Parasites!

My mom fell in love with a little boy named Ti Fah Fah, who she compares too my sweet baby Rose. He was about two years old when they met and he would follow her around everywhere. I am not sure what happened to his mom, but an older woman took care of

Ti Fah Fah, like Yoline takes care of Rose. He passed away before her last trip, and a missionary saved his shoes for her. Growing up, I remember looking at those shoes and not understanding why she would keep them for so long. However, now I get it.

It is amazing to me to witness the love people have for one another and even 30 years later I am still seeing that same kind of love my mom experienced. Families and friends, who have nothing, pull together and help each other through the tough times. Today, I was sitting in the village with a few different families and two skinny women had two small bowls of rice and beans. As they ate, they shared with everyone else that was sitting around us, which left them with only a few small bites of dinner. I cannot help but see Christ's love in my Haitian friends. Watching the families today, made me examine my own heart and ask myself, "Am I loving well"? Am I showing Christ's love like that?

There is a little girl in the village named Gonalda. She is 3 years old and always looks so sad every time I see her. Kacie and I have tried to be more intentional about holding and loving on her. We usually pick her up and within 5 minutes she is asleep in our arms. A couple of months ago, Kacie was carrying Gonalda back home after she fell asleep. She was met by her family near her house. They told Kacie that they wanted to give the child to her as a gift. Stunned by what to think or say, I was immediately angry. How could anyone just want to give away their child like that?

The more I thought about this the more I tried to put myself in her mom's shoes. I was so quick to judge and think she did not love her daughter, but maybe she loves her more than I realize. Maybe she thinks Kacie or I could provide more for her, or at least the basic necessities of life, like food. Maybe she loves her so selflessly she would be willing to give her away, even though it would break her own heart to do that.

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GaiN USA team leader Cheryl Warner in front of the hospital being built on the NVM campus.

GaiN USA Runs Eye Clinic

We stayed in the NVM Compound today and ran a full vision clinic this morning - we saw 53 people and 6 people prayed to receive Christ. Every person that came heard the Gospel. Some of the people that came had walked from Trociamia some 20 miles away. Everyone received lenses, reading glasses and

sunglasses. We also handed out rice & beans again to each person that came. We were able to give the Hygiene & Sanitation presentation to the group waiting to be seen and gave out sanitizer and "wash your hands, save a life" bracelets along with some of the fun stuff like gum and candy.



Pastor Espérandieu Pierre preaching to the congregation at Chapelle d'Adoration Néhémie on campus in Chambrun, Haiti.

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As April 18th looms in the not-so distant future, please consider blessing Nehemiah Vision Ministries with your gifts during the upcoming year and save on your 2011 taxes.

Your U.S. tax-deductible donations make it possible for us to continue to build hope in Haiti, as we join with our Haitian brothers and sisters in the rebuilding of our small part of Haiti. Earthquake devastation, as well as the cholera epidemic are still affecting the Haitian people today.

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