



July, 2009



I was hungry, and you fed me ... thirsty, and you gave me a drink ... a stranger, and you invited me in ...



Graduation

At the end of this school year, 8 students graduated into the first grade and we had a ceremony for them as is custom in Haiti. In schools throughout the country, big celebrations are held to honor this momentous occasion. The sad reality is 99% of these kids won't graduate high school, so they celebrate the small steps. Through our school at Grace Emmanuel, we will change this trend. Our oldest class currently consists of 4th graders, and in 8 or 9 years we will have a high school graduation to top them all. Thanks for your help in making this happen!



Jesus in Haiti

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Haiti Through the Eyes of an American Teenager

Dear Friends,

I wanted to share an email I received from a young lady who has visited us. It is the perspective of Haiti seen through the eyes of an American teenager on her first visit.

I peer out the window, overlooking the slums of Port-au-Prince. Trembling with anxiety, excitement, overwhelming curiosity, the plane comes to a halt. I wait in a line of unfamiliar faces as the crowd shuffles down the stairs. Stepping into the Haitian sunlight, the stench of burning garbage, the heat, and the anticipation engulf me. The distant mountains paint the background of the peaceful sky. Mumbles of Creole fill my ears, a melodic hum. I'm here. I'm finally here. The streets are bustling, a chaotic mess. Cars dodge past one another. I sit in the back of the truck, the wind rushing into my face, filling my hair with dirt and dust, and I finally feel free. I'm not trapped inside the walls of Mariemont. I don't have to be perfect. I don't have to fit the mold of the "cookie-cutter" image.

The sun begins to set, radiating a beauty unlike any I have seen in the states. Hues of purple, magenta, and orange illustrate the canvas against the horizon. Children run alongside the road, waving emphatically, with illuminate grins painted across their faces. The tired, worn eyes of an elderly woman gaze into mine, crying for help, for hope, for a future. She gathers the goods she had been selling that day from underneath her small stand, identical to the neighboring stand, selling the exact same products. On the corner, a defeated man resides in his wheelchair, for he is missing both legs. Draped in filthy rags, his piercing eyes stop when they reach mine, as a smile is uncovered in my expression. I see their pain, their suffering, their hunger. It is no longer a question of want, but a question of need.

As I step foot through the door in the cement wall surrounding the garage-size school, children, clad in red and white checkered uniforms, immediately race to my side, grabbing at my hands, wrapping their skinny arms around my waist, almost knocking me to the ground. Shouts of excitement and laughter echo in my ears as the orphans cling to my body. A little girl carefully runs her fingers over my fingernails, examining, in awe, the pink polish covering them. She has never seen nail polish, a simple accessory almost everyone has in the states. Several little girls begin speculating my hands, noticing the contrast of my skin color, because it is not often they see an American. Katai's face is covered with stains from tears and sweat. Only a few inches shy of my height, I smile at her. Her morose expression melts away as she reveals a grin. She hugs me, grasping to my body, longing for someone to love her, to accept her. Her beautiful smile is no longer hidden behind her sadness. I hurt for these orphan children, for the elderly woman on the side of the street; for the teenage mother, younger than I, desperately searching for someone to help her sick baby, for the man who has lost his sight and is, therefore, good for nothing. I had been so ignorant. How can I live in such a materialistic society while the people of Haiti suffer? I will not go and I cannot go back the same. I have been forever changed.

Thanks for your support!

Tom Osbeck, Executive Director



... I was naked and you clothed me ... sick and you looked after me ... in prison and you came to visit me.

Many Visitors

We want to thank the Hassey family from Ohio for coming and doing ministry with us. Thank you Kevin, Roseann and your 3 wonderful kids, Meg, Kate and Steve.

We had a visit from a group of 14 from Minnesota, led by Pastor Dave. Their only weakness was they were Twins fans and didn't like Tiger fans!

Pastor Jason Huguenin and his wife, Jen, from Brookview Church in Seattle joined us for a week. They have truly poured out their lives for the sake of the poor here in Haiti.

A team of high school students came from SonRise Church in Cincinnati, Ohio. Instead of visiting all points of light, they chose to focus on the children. They spent four straight days at the school and orphanage, and as a special gift, gave a certificate to the children with a picture of themselves letting them know they are special to God.

The Intervarsity Group joined JiH again this year for a Spring Break mission trip. What an impressive group of young adults on mission to reach people for Christ.

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GET INVOLVED

365 Club Members

We would like to acknowledge the following people for their membership in the 365 Club. If you would like to sponsor a day of ministry in honor of a loved one or to commemorate a special event, please visit our website (jesushaiti.org) to check for available dates.

5/6/09	Ann Blaisdell	Bill Blaisdell Birthday
5/7/09	Bill & Sharon Hull	In Honor of Mark Hull's birthday
5/20/09	Mary Beth Hoagland Khamis	In Loving Memory of Dr. Reuben G. Bullard
5/23/09	Robinson Baptist Church	In Honor of Tom Osbeck's Birthday
6/8/09	Kay McKay	In memory of Terry Pennington
6/10/09	Tom Osbeck	in Loving Memory of Morris Osbeck- Happy Birthday
6/17/09	Dan and Linda Neal	In Honor of Lauren's Birthday
6/18/09	Robinson Baptist Church	In Honor of Tom Osbeck's Spiritual Birthday
6/30/09	Donald Sperr	Happy Birthday, Don!

A Few Ministry Related Updates

Our special thanks to Minnesota, the whole state, for donating the new Kia truck we are using. It is unbelievable how much more effective we have become in ministry, with two trucks.

Thousands are still homeless in Haiti, after the hurricanes this past fall. They are living in schools and churches with no end in sight. We fear some repercussions at some point. People get desperate in desperate times.

The loss of a friend: Haiti, and God's family lost a dear friend. Ed "Tytoo" Hughes fell off his 2nd story roof and died on impact from head injuries. Ed was over 70 years old and cared for 22 children in his home as well as fed hundreds of orphans, each day. He also provided food for the elderly on a monthly basis. Ed will be missed by his kids, by his friends, and by Haiti. Thank you Ed.

We are ready to move forward with our new church building, but our attorney is working out some legal issues with the property. We are so impatient but are working hard to resolve this and know it will all take place in God's timing.

