In February, Fellowship Global, the missions ministry of Fellowship Memphis, sent 3 teams to Haiti after the devastating earthquake. These teams were diverse in age, gender, and race. (see team 2 & 3 photos on page 10). Teams were joined by a few outside Fellowship, including Reggie Howard of Allied Athlete Group.

While in Haiti our teams partnered with Pastor Caleb Lucien of Hosean International Ministries (HIM). HIM was founded in 1984 as a ministry that would establish real partnerships with proven leaders to help offer residents of Haiti opportunities to improve their lives physically and spiritually. HIM has established a large school campus, College de la Grace, with over 900 students enrolled in the 2008-09 school year. Camp de la Grace, a retreat center on a 30 acre campus, hosts annual camps and seminars for all ages.

Following the earthquake Pastor Lucien put out a radio broadcast to Port-au-Prince, simply stating that whoever needed housing and food was welcome at their camp, and their children could attend school. Pignon is about 60 miles outside Port-au-Prince. With all finding their own transportation, there are currently over 400 refugees who now call Camp de la Grace their temporary home. Our teams stayed at Camp de la Grace to be complete servants of Pastor Caleb, as he cared for his new visitors.

There is no way to truly capture all that happened on this trip unless you were there. In our best attempt...on the next 8 pages we have compiled some of our team members favorite moments, lessons learned, and experiences. Enjoy what they have to say and the many different writing styles.
I went to Haiti because I wanted to do something to help. I didn’t know what to expect. I had seen the photos of destruction in Port-a-Prince, but we were hours away. The pervasive rural poverty was overwhelming. The houses were tiny with goats and chickens in the small yards, but everywhere I saw a people working, loving and laughing. In the camp there were 380 people who had fled there for safety. There they found food, shelter and the kids were allowed to go to an excellent school.

God in his wisdom used my weakness. I couldn't play basketball or soccer with the kids, but I could be a granddad. So with my wiffle ball, I played catch with the smaller boys (pictured top left) as they taught me to count in Creole. Then we used a length of sugar cane for a bat and learned how to hit a baseball. I’ve never played baseball, but I could throw the ball and they knew less than I did. I learned that God can use a simple little thing to reach people and bring a smile to their faces. After learning Creole for "What is your name?" & "My name is..." then I could ask them if they loved Jesus, that they could pray to Jesus to help them, and that He helped me after my wife died. In different ways we showed Gods love to hurting people and told them of our hope in Christ.

American...?

By Jazmin Miller

Entering the camp from the mission house was slightly comparable to “The D-Bo Approach” on Friday (starring Ice Cube and Chris Tucker). One could rest assured that they would be examined from head to toe and boldly commanded, “YOU! Give me one dollah, PLEASE!” (in some cases, one ball, one shirt, one something...). However, the expressive and fearless communicative nature of the Haitian children enabled me to see an underlying difference between my brown skin and their's- culture.

One day, a girl named Vishlove called for me with a “YOU!”, and beckoned for me to come over. Tucking my glasses into my back pocket, I swaggered over with culture and language barrier slightly on my mind (no translators were present). After addressing me in Creole and taking in my blank (yet amused) demeanor, Vishlove gave me a look close to surprise and confusion. “American?” she said. “Oui!” I shout a little too loudly... what can I say; I'm proud of the one word I know. Vishlove gets up, disappears for a moment and returns with a translator. The translator then says to me, “She says if you’re American, then where’s your white skin and long blonde hair?” In a 30 second tutorial on the Middle Passage, slavery and Africa, I whip up the best explanation I can. Vishlove looks at me blankly, as I stare back at her (aware of this incredible gap in communication and high hopes that she understood the history lesson). She quietly grabs my hand, shares a secret smile and whispers, “...soeur” (my sister). And it is true. Our differences are unique and distinct, but we share something closer than a secret. Vishlove reminded me of the beauty in our body of Christ. (Jazmin pictured lower left)
During my time volunteering at the Pignon refugee camp in Haiti, I had the opportunity to listen to many stories from the individuals victims of the Port-au-Prince January 12, 2010 Earthquake. The stories were at times touching, sometimes very difficult for me to hold my tears. But the story I am about to tell you is of a little eleven year old boy and this was the most moving and heartwarming of all. His mother was the one who told me the story. She was laughing while tears were flowing down her cheeks. The day of the Earthquake, will call him "Samson". Samson was in the kitchen of their house while his mother was on the patio talking with a neighbor. After the terrible event he was found all bloody and with no sign of life. The mother will not accept that her son could be dead; she took him to two different doctors in the devastated neighborhood.

A fatality, both of the doctors confirmed that there was nothing that could be done for Samson. Finally, the people at the make-ship hospital were ordered to put the body with the other cadavers in the area. The mother in her grieving state came back every day to recollect the body. But she was told that they were going to bury him in the mass burial. After three days, the mother renewed her request with supplications and got to persuade the people to give her the body so she could give her son a proper burial. Some men went to take the body from the pile of cadavers, while moving Samson’s body they saw him move his head while making a shocking noise while some blood came out of his mouth.

Yes, Miracles of Miracles, Samson was alive, I do not have to write down about the mother’s reaction nor of the amazement of the other people who witnesses the event. While I was listening to the mother a joyous looking, bright eyes little boy came to give her a hug and a kiss. She hugged and kissed back, then she said proudly, while with the back of hers hands she was wiping away the tears: “My big little miracle”. Samson with a big smile told me: “Now they call me Lazarus.”

“...Jesus called in a loud voice, ‘Lazarus, come out!’ The dead man came out, his hands and feet wrapped with strips of linen, and a cloth around his face. Jesus said to them, ‘Take off the grave clothes and let him go.’”

John 11:43-44

The Story of Lazarus
A New Life, A New Name

By Danielle Romer, Miami

Elderly man digging through the rubble in Port Au Prince (left)
Children in the school yard in Pignon (right)
Lessons Learned
From My Teammates

By Brett Kyle

I think trips like these are funny. You go to another country, halfway around the world or a relatively short flight and 9 hr bus ride, to find out more about the awesome people standing next to you every Sunday. Funny, sad, whatever tag you want to put on it, I was happy I finally got to know some hearts of some of the people of Fellowship. I am so thankful to have been able to go on a trip like this as nothing more than a servant. Soup told us to prepare ourselves to serve and I feel that is what we did. You can't protect yourself from a broken heart after spending time with people affected by the quake in Haiti. The gruesome scene they had to survive, along with each person losing someone close to them, would bring tears to any eye. The people live in extreme poverty. A type of poverty every man, woman, and child should see in order to appreciate whatever blessing God has bestowed on them. Interestingly enough, despite having so little, the people of Haiti seem to be very appreciative of what they have.

One of the greatest blessings was to meet and speak to Jim Lansford. You may know Jim from Fellowship (he's the guy who will stop and speak to anyone and thank everyone serving). If you ever need a reason to appreciate your spouse, think of each day as your last with that person. Not as a cliche, but as a real possibility, Jim went on this trip because it was his wife's desire to go on a trip of this nature. Jim's wife passed late last year, so his loss was still very fresh. I cannot imagine losing my wife in such a sudden fashion, but spending time with Jim made me so appreciative of the time I am able to spend with my wife and loved ones. Jim made a number of comments during our talks that I believe every man should hear. One was: "Do the things she wants to do, even if you have absolutely no desire to do those things. Do them because you get to do them with her." We also spoke about Ephesians 5:25 and how difficult it is to love your wife, as Christ loved the church. Do we love our wives when they don't necessarily deserve to be loved and forgive them when they don't deserve to be forgiven? These are discussions I will always appreciate. Thank you, Jim, for your time and willingness to share.

A Mountaintop Experience

By Eddie Cunningham

One of the highlights for me was when I climbed the mountain just outside Pignon. Looking down on the town and seeing the countryside, I thought of Psalm 117. "Praise the Lord, all you nations; extol him, all you peoples. For great is His love toward us, and the faithfulness of the Lord endures forever." My prayer for the people of Haiti is that they will praise the Lord.

Not So Different From the Haitians

By Becky Cunningham

One of the biggest impressions on me was the fact that as different as we are from the Haitian people, we are very similar. Even though our language, culture, and economic status are very different, our basic needs and desires are the same. We all want security, safety, health and well being for ourselves and our families. We also all stand before God as sinners in need of the saving grace we receive from Jesus.
A Matthew 25 Experience
By Oliver Black, Sr.

The trip to Haiti was an amazing experience. It gave me a realtime realistic view of Haiti that was much better than I had imagined from the information I had previously received. The reality in Haiti is very troubling but there is certainly hope and faith in the hearts of many of the people moreover in my heart. The experience I had sharing with and learning from the Haitian people lit a fire in my soul.

Young people like Excellin, Lukner, Olson, Joseph, Shafty, Donald, Daniel. Deiu Fort, Besley, Ephicin, Batoven, Muselin, Marlie, Claudia, Naomi, Micurlly. And the numerous gathering of young children that swarm around us any time we come outside. I was eternally touched by the sacrifice and dedication to the Haitian people by Pastor Caleb and Debbie Lucien and how they not just in word but in a continuous acts of unending service and sacrifice for their neighbor as well as their enemies. The obedience to (Matthew 25:31-46) caring for the least ones, the homeless, the naked, the Hungry, the lonely, the thirsty. and those without shelter.

The two groups we worked with were awesome from the leadership to the youngest person to the oldest in each group without exception were deeply involved and engaged with the hurting and displaced children on the camp. everyone seemed to work hard to show love and kindness. I believe the lord planted a good seed for future cultivation of disciples in Haiti. Oh how could we ever forget the cooks that labored ever so faithfully to keep us full and energized for the work.

They labored from before day until late at night and may God continue to bless and keep them healthy. Last but not least Thank God almighty for Hosean International Ministries and Eikon Ministries for being obedient to the holy spirit in putting this trip together and carrying out the great commission. I am looking forward to seeing our Haitian brothers and sisters again soon and perhaps even along with some of you.

Haiti on My Mind
By Sidney Payne

Since I'm lying wide awake in bed at 3:30 a.m. thinking about Haiti, this seems to be the appropriate time to share some memories. I see the face of little Peterson rubbing his stomach and asking for food. Pierre Richard who looks like Grizzly player Zach Randolph constantly standing in front of me saying "give me ball." Ellen just crossed my path like the Pied Piper with a gang of children following and singing happily. The Big O is building disciples in one section of the camp while Kevin and Chris are doing the same near the shelters. Jaz is drawing attention from Roberto as she holds his little son with the deformed feet, thus giving Roberto freedom to do his iron work. I saw passion in Lynlie, Jen, Brooke, and Rosanne. Finding comfort totally out of your comfort zone.

Young ladies that were like magnets the way kids were drawn. Jim was the mild mannered one in the camp. He reminded me of Clark Kent. But that easy going demeanor turned into Superman when he shared Christ. Everybody had their niche. While Jeff and Reggie set up basketball drills, Lucas worked well with the kids displaying his soccer skills. Maybe I should have said Lucas played well. I think Caleb and Deb will be moving into a haunted house. I saw the ghosts of Becky, Eddie, and Brett inside that house. At least they looked like ghosts after scraping the ceiling in the house. Becky to Eddie, "lose the cap."

Let me end this with a quote from John Weaver because this is the way I feel when I have an opportunity to serve others. John said,"a person or nation is blessed when they receive a valuable benefit from God or another person for which they have done nothing. A blessing is not deserved or earned. It comes with one condition: Its greatest benefits aren't received until the blessing is passed on to someone else. Ironically, the more we give blessings away, the more they come back to us and become our own." "We are blessed to be a blessing."
Be Flexible... It's worth it

By Rosanne Elmore

If I have learned anything from going on many mission trips it would be: Be Flexible! We were in Haiti for a little over a week. We had planned to visit Port Au Prince on Thursday, hang out with the kiddos on Friday and head home on Saturday. We weren’t able to go on Thursday due to a lack of transportation. So we spent Thursday at the camp with the kids, not knowing if Friday would be the day to go to Port Au Prince because there was rain coming. If we got to go to Port A on Friday that meant waking up at 3am driving in the back of a “dump truck” for 5 hours on the roads of Haiti…if you want to call them that, more like dry river beds. Then 5 hours back, straight to bed, wake up the next morning at 4am, drive in a school bus for 6 hours to the border, and then get in a van for a 3-hour drive to the airport! We will get back to all the traveling later.

It was getting dark on Thursday, we were all greatly enjoying our day and no one was really thinking though that it might be our last day with everyone. Dinner was ready and we went inside for the night. Toward the end of dinner some of us realized that we didn’t get to say goodbye, and it was too late, most have gone in for the night. After being inside for about an hour we heard loud shouting and drums. There was no power that night because the generators hadn’t worked. So looking outside it is pitch black…can’t see your hand in front of your face! A few of us ventured out, quietly, and crashed their party! One of us had a headlamp and started swinging it around in the air…they went crazy! We had no idea what they were chanting, but we were able to make out the word: Jesus (which is pronounced Jay-Zoo). They were worshiping and dancing…in complete darkness. We stayed out and danced with them for an hour; it was such a sweet time. We got to say good-bye to all of our friends after all, and ended with a great memory!

Back to our travels…we woke up at 3am the next day to head to Port Au Prince. We got a flat tire about 20 mins in. Anytime you had to use the bathroom you did it “The Haitian Way” which means find a tree. Driving over dirt roads gets you extremely dirty, dirtier than I have ever felt in my life! On our bus ride something broke on our axle and had to wait for a new bus to come. Our total travel time on those 2 days was 32 hours! Please don’t read all this as complaints, strangely I enjoyed every minute of it. The Haitian countryside is so beautiful! We got to see so much that we would have missed if we flew. These things just capture our experience and are funny to us. I love our team, no one complained, we bonded unlike any team I have ever been apart of before. We all had our strengths and were an amazing picture of the body of Christ to all those who call Camp Pignon home. I believe I learned something for every person on the trip! I would do anything for them, and wish to travel again with them soon. Miss you all!

“For the body is not one member, but many.”

- 1 Corinthians 12:14
Mind & Heart Shaking...

By Chris Hall

When one comes upon a mind and heart shaking happening, I would say that it is wise and beneficial towards godliness that you should spend much time in meditation upon that which has shaken your heart and mind in such a manner. I must be honest in saying that there is much life giving juice left to be manipulated from the fruit that is the trip to Haiti! May I by the grace of God continue to be given a more clear picture of Christ through the memories I have of serving the people of Haiti, and of being served by the people of Haiti, and of being served by the brothers and sisters that I accompanied to Haiti. I love them all dearly, and pray God to use them all mightily!

There is a rainbow of ways that my soul has been profited by the trip. New friends, new believers, the simple joy of preaching the Gospel of the Grace of God, holding a crippled baby in my arms and praying over him, learning of Christ more through suffering, learning more of the beauty that will be seen and experienced in the nation of Zion (The abode of God) through gazing upon and mourning over the destruction found in the nation of Haiti! What our Christ has done most in my heart since the trip is simple yet profound. He has increased my longings for him! By drawing me more near to himself now to see his present glory, my longing to see him face to face in his future glory has grown much, perhaps even exponentially. By doing this, increasing my longings for him, he has also hastened my pace in the commending of his name! How I burst with anticipation at even the thought of what Christ has done for sinners! How I ache in my bones just to commend Christ to all who would have him! How I brim over with thanksgiving towards him, for stepping down from his rightful place of enrapturing enjoyment between He and his Father, after never for a moment in eternity knowing even a millisecond of dis-ease, or sorrow...truly rejoicing always in the courts of the Lord! He shed this enjoyment like a bathrobe, and stepped into a seething pool of hatred towards God and debauchery in wickedness! And at the very moment Christ was conceived in Mary's tiny little womb...at that same exact moment...the Sufferings of our God and Savior began! Meditate on this, because of the quality of Christ’s pre-incarnate enjoyment of his Father, which was immeasurably pure, the quality of his incarnate sufferings were unimaginable for a mere human, and this is not just his sufferings on the cross, but just for Christ to slip on flesh was suffering to him! Just to wrap himself in time and space was suffering for him who inhabits eternity! And he hastened on through the Gospels, “For the joy that was set before him.” To return to his rightful place in the Bosom of his Father! “He endured the cross despising its shame.” Christ sprinted towards the Cross with the dominating joy of being returned to the right hand of the majesty of high in the forefront of his thoughts! So I end by laying this before us now, may we presently be sipping of the Water of Life, as to be groaning for the gulping down of God’s glory in heaven! O may we long for Christ in such a way as to be hastening on to increase the boundaries of Zion! Might Christ’s praise be ever in our hearts and on our lips! “Now to him who is able to do immeasurably more than all we ask, or even imagine, according to the power that is at work in us who believe, to him be glory both in the Church and in Christ Jesus throughout all generations.”

The Eyes of A Child

By Lucas Isley

One of my most memorable experiences from my trip to Haiti was with a little boy named Besley. One day Besley came to me and had pink eye. He wouldn’t stop rubbing his eyes and crying. So I started carrying him around and seeing if anybody had any eye drops we could help the little dude out with cause it seemed to have been bothering him something awful. I found Mrs. Becky and she got some drops. So I picked up Besley and held him (kinda forcefully so he wouldn’t squirm) so she could put some drops in his eyes. After she was able to give him the drops we told him to close his eyes and blink a lot. Mrs. Becky then without hesitation put her hands on his eyes and prayed. It has kinda hit me that this isolated situation it not unlike out entire trip. A need was presented (the pink-eye/the earthquake), we did what we could (the medicine/our presence-being there), and we prayed and trusted in God to do the rest.

"Let us hold unsparingly to the hope we profess, for he who promised is faithful."

- Hebrews 10:23
There are two moments that I will never forget that happened to me while in Haiti...both involve singing.

First, this Haitian girl named Claudia randomly walked up to me one day and just started singing to me. When she did, I was already surrounded by a group of kids, so she literally broke through them and put her hand on my shoulder before she broke into song. She then sang to me, in Creole, while everyone else became silent and listened... After she was finished (the first time), Big O (Oliver) asked her to sing to me again so he could get it on video! Anyway, I got serenaded (twice) by Claudia. Everyone cheered when she was finished. It was a very sweet/awkward moment. To this day, I’m not sure what she said, but it is something I’ll never forget!

Additionally, I was so touched when a group of ladies, ranging in age from 20-30 asked me to come into their cabin and watch a French movie with them on their portable DVD player. It was like I had been invited to a Haitian “Girl’s Day”. Every once in a while, the music going along with the movie would be in English. The song that was playing was by Faith Hill and I knew it, so I sang right along with the song to their delight. It was really fun/funny and they (we) loved it.
I can’t just pick one story

By Jennifer Wright

I have been thinking about Haiti and wish I could come up with some story. I don’t know if I can pick out one thing. I think overall meeting everyone and the time we spent getting to know one another and being inspired by so many great leaders in our group was one thing I really enjoyed. Kevin kept me in stitches during the entire trip...between his sense of humor and his teachings about the word of God, it was quite memorable. Then of course playing with the children and seeing the joy on their faces and hearing their laughter, even though they just lost their homes and loved ones. But the most memorable was probably witnessing the devastation of Port-au-Prince. What we witnessed is just so hard to put into words. It’s not just what we saw but it was the emotion and the look of heavy burden on the faces of everyone there...

That is what I remember when I think back to our trip. I can't think of a particular "story" but it's more of a feeling and how it changed me as a person and strengthened my faith in God and made me realize how important family is and how unimportant materialistic things are.

“...made me realize how important family is and how unimportant materialistic things are.”

Jennifer Wright