

# Outreach Haiti

Building To Educate

*Serving St. John the Evangelist School, Petit Harpon, Haiti*

## Volunteers Are Sought for January Mission Trip to Haiti

An eager group of volunteers from the Church of the Good Shepherd and the Church of the Nativity will travel to Haiti January 3-10 to make improvements at St. John the Evangelist School.

The school is a rallying point of hope for Petit Harpon, which is recovering from the devastating series of summer

hurricane hits that delayed school's opening by one month.

Installing new windows will be the trip's main task, and there are always more

needs that another pair of helping hands can assist with. If you'd like to join in this exciting New Year's mission, call Ann Aiken (423-821-2023) by December 1.

**Outreach Haiti's mission is to educate the children of Petit Harpon.**

**Our vision is to facilitate a healthy, economically self-sustaining community through education in Haiti at Petit Harpon.**

### Our Goals:

- Build a school
- Handle growth for high school classes
- Support nutritional requirements for learning
- Develop programs for school to support itself
- Maintain school facilities

### Outreach Haiti Committee:

Ann Aiken, Chairperson

Phone for info (423) 821-2032

Frank McDonald, Vice Chairperson

Clay Crouch, Secretary

Lisa Brock, Treasurer

Phone for financial (423) 825-1202

Charles Mahan, Newsletter Editor

Charlie Brock

Lou Garcia

Fred Robinson

Keith Sanford

Mary Beth Sutton

The Rev. Ann Weeks



## You Can Give a Christmas Gift of Love

You can honor a loved one this Christmas by supporting a child's education in Petit Harpon, Haiti. Our annual offering of St. John the Evangelist Christmas cards is a major part of our fundraising effort. We will send your loved one a card with a cover photograph of St. John the Evangelist school children and printed information inside including the name of the donor.

We offer three levels of giving: annual meal cost for one student of \$15 per card/per recipient; one student's books and uniform at \$25 per card/per recipient; or a \$100 donation per card/per recipient for the cost of one year of school. It's a meaningful way to remember family, friends, teachers and co-workers at this special time of year.

To assure delivery by December 25, please place orders by December 15. To order, contact either Sandy Webb, 428 Laurel Hollow Lane, Rising Fawn, GA 30738, home phone (706) 398-2063, or Charles Mahan, 134 Plum Nelly Lane, Rising Fawn, GA 30738, home phone (706) 398-3766. Be sure to include the names and addresses of those who are to receive the gift cards.

## Lessons Well Learned in Haiti

By Barbara Johnson

I learned that...a cold shower after a day in the tropical climate of Haiti is actually a blessing, but being #15 out of 15 to get that shower is NOT.

I learned that...it's a comical site to bystanders and quite the wake-up call to have a rat run over your toes at 7 a.m. while waiting outside for our daily ride.

Bill learned to take more than one washcloth on a week-long trip, as it only takes a good hot workday in Haiti to turn a white cloth into a disintegrating piece of useless fabric.

I learned that...the Haitian night from the roof of Holy Cross Hospital is a beautiful and serene site, with stars in a black sky and no distracting city lights.

I learned that...faith is not hidden in Haitian culture; it is boldly displayed on the sides of their city transportation (tap-taps). Artwork and prayers to God are painted in vibrant colors on these vehicles.

I learned that...sitting on a wooden bench for an almost three-hour church service in a language we could barely understand, in nearly 100 degree heat is one of the most memorable events we'll ever experience.

I learned...of the strength of the Haitian people. Not only do they struggle daily to provide food, safety and basic needs for their families, but they also live with such diseases as mosquito-borne filariasis, which we saw in a woman walking on the street with a grotesque growth on her lower leg.

Ann learned...hiking boots don't last forever and walking with duct-taped sandals in thick mud is an event she hopes not to repeat. Thank goodness for traveling companions who pack extra shoes.

I learned that...rubbing vigorously will remove oil-based black paint from your arms and legs in the absence of paint thinner or mineral spirits. Ouch!

I learned that...parenting skills are universal, when I heard a mother with a threatening tone directed to her misbehaving child, saying "Un—Der—Twa!"

I learned that...we are the students, and Haitians, the teachers.



St. John the Evangelist students with Outreach Haiti volunteers

### 2008-2009 Budget

Operating expenses		\$41,800
Primary school (350 students)	10,600	
Secondary school (75 students)	20,400	
10% partnership program fee	3,800	
Lunch program	7,000	
College scholarships		7,800
Construction projects		5,000
Repairs and maintenance		5,000
<b>Total expenses</b>		<b>\$59,600</b>

## Haiti Is Worth Investing in

By Cameron Ellis

At first, as we were arriving on the island, I felt interest, a little tentative perhaps but I was exploring, observing, entering someplace new and to be dealt with. Travelling through Port-au-Prince and Leogane, there was a crescendo of amazement that the appearance of devastation just went on and on. Unlike New Orleans, we didn't drive out of the "hit" area. By the time we arrived at the Hopital Saint Croix complex, claimed our little spaces, and changed into something cooler, I realized that Haiti didn't just feel new and interesting (and totally manageable) any more. It had come up and smacked me in the face while a door was closing behind me.

It was when we left the urban areas and went to the hills where the Petit Harpon School is that peace returned. Besides the school, evidence of renewal is everywhere. Mountainsides are cultivated in contours, trees are growing, bananas are being carried to market, animals are being fed, and even the roads are being improved. People smile and laugh (even if at us) and they want to talk to us. They don't resent us. We came to help them but they hang around to help us.

It was encouraging to see a sugar refinery recently in production awaiting the next cane harvest. A Haitian says the refinery owners have started providing tractors to cane farmers to increase production. Another person is overheard saying he doesn't want to cut down his trees this winter for fuel. Young people want education. Teachers at Petit Harpon are anxious to get their classrooms ready.

Back in the coastal urban areas, things still look chaotic. But with more awakened eyes, I can see industry and commerce. Courtesies are still rare but friends shake hands, business associates discuss, and cell phones are common. Are these not signs of the expectation of a future?

As I leave Haiti, what amazes me the most now is the hope and the expectation of these resilient Haitian people that this time we could all get it right. Even though the people of Haiti have experienced a series of catastrophes, coming so fast that there is not time to recover between destructive periods, they have hope and seem to think things are getting better. And that is worth investing in.

## Friendly Faces and Awesome Sights Greeted Haiti Volunteers

By Ann Garner

It was hot, the trail was steep and rocky, the air conditioning only worked part of the time, the roosters crowed all night, the vans were crowded--all of these things were a big part of our week in Leogane and Petit Harpon.

The people were friendly, the children were glad to see us again, those of us who had been before were glad to be back, and the rookies in the group were in awe of the sights, sounds and smells of Haiti.

The people who live in the community of Petit Harpon are very hard-working. They live off the land, growing bananas,

chadek (a kind of orange), bananas, sweet potatoes, corn, and a few other vegetables. Most do not read or write. A few of the younger people go in to Leogane or Port-au-Prince to work. They hope to get jobs which will allow them to help their families in the mountains.

The parents are very proud of their children and are willing to do whatever it takes to keep their school open. They know that because of the school, their children have a better chance at a better life--both on and off the mountain. Money is scarce, but they are eager to work with us in keeping the school a center of their community.

A few special names come to my mind when I think of Petit Harpon: Lorfils, a leader in the community, whose oldest son, Wilkine is now in medical school in Port-au-Prince; Elwoi, who despite severely deformed feet, helps us every day in our work.

The ladies who cook for the children, who were so excited when Charles built them a counter for their kitchen area so they wouldn't have to work off the floor; Mario, our very patient translator; Elton, the shy, quiet boy who carried my backpack every day; Père Derevil, a dedicated priest and hospital administrator. The list goes on--these people are my friends.

## Heartfelt Thanks to All Those Who So Generously Share in Our Mission

**Giving to help Haiti, your dollars go much further than you could imagine toward allowing real hope for a better life. You have brought a smile to a child's face. Outreach Haiti thanks our benefactors who so generously responded to our recent appeal for support. "In as much as you have done it unto the least of these, you have done it unto me."**

**Judith and Bruce Adams  
Ann and Billy Aiken  
Lorraine Aiken  
Joanne Allen  
Martha and Doyle Attaway  
Fletcher Bright  
Lisa and Charlie Brock  
Nina and Pat Brock  
Gay and Wendell Burns  
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Susan and Joe Davenport  
Jody and Wendell Davis  
Susie and Jim Eakin  
James Ensign, Jr.**

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Gay and Frank Fowler  
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Frank Green  
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Lucy and Joe Thatcher  
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Caroline Williams  
Mary and Lex Williamson  
Lynn Woodworth**

# Outreach Haiti

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Petit Harpon, Haiti*

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*All gifts are tax deductible and all checks should  
be made payable to the Church of the Good Shep-  
herd, Haiti Fund and mailed to Lisa Brock, 131  
Sumach Street, Lookout Mountain, TN 37350.*

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## Outreach Haiti Missionaries Worship and Serve Petit Harpon

By Chuck and Lola Estes

Church was our favorite part. We arrived a little late, were warmly welcomed. The women were decorated with a small ribbon for “Women’s Recognition Sunday” and we squeezed into the “pews” which were small wooden benches—every square inch of pew space was filled. What a joy—a really full church. Charlie assured me that after an hour the seat got more comfortable—later it occurred to me what he really meant was that after an hour the numbness would take the place of any discomfort.

It took a few minutes to realize that while we were chatting quietly among ourselves, no one else was talking. They still observe that respectful silence before the service begins. The most amazing thing was that half the church was filled with children between about four and fourteen, none of whom were talking, fidgeting, or punching their pew mate. There were many roving eyes, checking us out, but nothing more out of line, and no parents making threatening faces or shushing the children. The singing was wonderful, the words in Creole but some of the tunes familiar. An organ, run from a generator, accompanied not only the singing but also a little of the preaching and other parts of the service. Many hymns, praise songs, and no hymnals in sight—the harmonies sweet and voices strong. The service lasted over two hours, every minute enjoyable.

The beautiful children, the singing, the preaching (Père Deravil thoughtfully provided us with the subject in English) which was lively and engaged the congregation, the stern choir director, the ease with which we could tell where we were in the service even though we knew little Creole. The Episcopal prayer book has the same rhythms and order, regardless of language—wonderfully familiar. After the service in the parking lot, some of the people practiced their English on us—much better than our Creole. Then we loaded up, knee to knee, in the hospital vans for the ride back to Leogane, back to crowded streets and crazy drivers. Clean water—we take it for granted. We turn on the tap and out it comes. In Haiti, it often comes out of pipes into ditches, on roadsides from a pipe, in streams flowing through farm animals. The drinking water is taken from these non-treated sources, taken by small children, teens, older adults, taken in every container imaginable. No running water at home, no well—all water has to be carried up or down the mountain to the small homes scattered across the landscape.

Three bio-sand filters were installed. Low tech, inexpensive, quickly assembled, and then—VOILA—three days after the water first flows through the filter, it becomes pure. With just minimal weekly maintenance (water run through the filter to keep it wet), the sand filter and microbial action continue to put out clean water at the rate of a liter per minute. Almost as good as turning on the tap! Cleaner water, healthier people. Simple. Doable.



Our worship services transcend languages

