

In Our Church Family...

HAITI MISSION TRIP WITH ASLAN YOUTH MINISTRIES

Praise God! Thanks to the prayers and generous support from MUMC's Women's Fellowship and other MUMC members, a team of 7 was able to travel to Ouanaminthe, Haiti with Aslan in February, bringing much-needed medical supplies, construction tools, shoes, clothing, toiletries, and children's toys and crafts, and holding an open-air medical clinic for children and adults who don't otherwise have access to medical care. Craig Bogard, Aslan founder and director, writes:

Hi Everyone,

Hope you are deeply touched by this latest post,

"One more day...One more life," at www.theforgottenpeople.typepad.com.

Please pray for this friend and for so many others that need our help so desperately. And please send this as far and wide as you can to help Aslan continue saving lives here in Haiti. (Pictured right, Joanne Taylor.)

God bless, Craig



(The narrative of "One More Day . . . One More Life")

February 23, 2010

[One More Life . . . One More Day](#)

On Sunday, a wonderful group of seven visiting us through Middletown United Methodist Church in New Jersey came to Aslan's *Bel Peyi (Beautiful Land) Daniel & Dustin* to operate a wound clinic for families who rarely receive any medical care. Three nurses with the group brought medical supplies (purchased with \$1,000 raised by Linwood Middle School) and were able to see 75 children and several adults ~ cleaning out multiple infections on feet, ankles, legs, knees and arms. Then came our regular Sunday afternoon program with over 100 bright-eyed children. During the program, Joseph asked one girl to step forward for prayer for her mother. Shortly after this prayer, Joseph asked me to bring one of our nurses and travel on our motorcycle about a quarter of a mile away to see the girl's mother. Neither Debbie Vincent, the RN who came with us, nor I were prepared for what we saw.

We were invited into a small wooden hut with a tin roof to the bedside of a 37-year-old mother (pictured barely alive below), with huge bedsores on her hip and leg and bleeding from her mouth and nose. The odor from her infected sores filled the room. She had been sick for several months, and her mother had taken her to a hospital in January. But she was turned away because she didn't have money to pay to see a doctor or to be admitted to the hospital. Debbie immediately determined that she had severe edema (fluid retention and swelling of the feet and legs up to her knees). Debbie determined she was probably also in septic shock with a raging infection. We told her mother that we would take her to the hospital in Fort Liberte the next morning. Then we stood by our sister with our hands on her head and arm and prayed that she would live one more day so that we might help her.



Yesterday morning I awoke at 5:30 am and prepared for our trip to the hospital. It has rained almost every day since I returned to Haiti a week ago, so the road from her hut (below) to Ouanaminthe was pot-holed, muddy and almost impassable in places. All of us in the pickup were thankful once we were on the paved road to Fort Liberte. In the midst of all this indignity, this precious woman had nothing more than a quarter inch thin piece of badly stained, worn and dirty carpet between her and the steel floor of the old pickup.

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