



*This account of Thanksgiving as experienced by one of our distribution partners in Haiti is truly what Thanksgiving is about. This email was received Monday after Thanksgiving.*

Thanksgiving was here. We were a bit blue with our families in the US, no electric which meant no water other than from a bucket and a broken generator. Pastor & I left early to do our work. Later, around 12:30, we parked in the city and Pastor made the 1/2 mile hike to the 2 shipping offices.

I knew I would be waiting in the truck for a good two hour while he did his work. I was looking out the window and saw close by, a street lady sitting on the side walk holding a small child who looked almost lifeless. Her sparse hair was red from severe malnutrition. I looked around for something to give her. I had no food. No money, only a bottle of cold water that I got out and gave her. I knew they needed food but I had none. I searched the truck and found **5 pens from OGT**. I saw a lady carrying a basket of bananas on her head. I got her to exchange the 5 pens for one banana that I gave to the street lady. I watched as she started to feed the child whose lifeless body began to move and she started to cry. I sat there for 20 minutes as 400+ people walked by the woman and her half dead baby on the busy street. NO ONE looked at or cared about her. I thought about Luke 10:30 when the scribes and the Pharisees at least looked at the man who lay hurt in the street. Here in Haiti NO ONE even looked. I prayed, Lord what can I do....wait for Pastor to come back and give her some money? No I will BEG.

I got out of the truck and stood on the side of the 2 lane street filled with rushing cars with my hands out begging. I had on nice clothes, earring and sun glasses. And I was white. In Haiti when one begs they put out one hand to beg and touch their mouth with their left hand signifying I AM HUNGRY. No one gave. Then I got bolder. PLEASE-- MAN-JAY (food) for the BABY--the BABY IS SICK--- I yelled as the BIG cars drove by turning their heads, the scribes and the Pharisees did not care, but the truck drivers, the groups in the poor little cars, the school children, gave. Some people stopped and came over to look at the baby before they gave- others walked away. Others had no money but said they would PRE-AY (pray). For two sweating hours I yelled with my hands out for money with a cheerleader group of 30 on the sidewalk behind me amazed at what was going on. WHEN SOME ONE GAVE I IMMEDIATELY WENT AND PUT IT INTO THE HAND OF THE STREET MOMMY. And told her **---lajong pour manjay pour baby** (the money is for food for the baby). I started with one mommy and one baby and by the time two hours was done I had 8 mommies and elderly all street people & hungry. People gave approx. 600 Haitian dollars and all the mommies got something.

What did I learn...as I begged and screamed with my hands cupped for money and they drove by and drove by...I started to cry. I felt the pain in the heart of God for the poor and, so few caring.

We will go back Monday and find that lady. We will begin a Mercy Meal distribution with the street ladies in that area as we have done with the group that comes here each week from the mountains. We will see that little girl's hair change from red to black as she eats regular and nutritious food from OGT.

God allowed me to have a blessed Thanksgiving  
Thank you.

*“Give thanks to the LORD, for he is good. His love endures forever. Give thanks to the God of heaven. His love endures forever.” [Psalm 136:1,26 NIV](#)*