

Phyllis M Newby – Missionary

“Praise ye the Lord.

Praise, O ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord.

Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and for evermore.

From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name is
to be praised.

The Lord is high above all nations, and his glory above the heavens.

Who is like unto the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high,

Who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven, and in the earth!” Psalm 113:1-6

April 2017

Dear Beautiful, Wonderful Co-worker(s) with God:

Grace and peace from God our Father and our Lord Jesus Christ! You are in our hearts. We never cease to give God thanks for you, for your great love and goodness to us. How I wish my heart had no need of hands, pen, and paper so I could keep more closely in touch. I live whatever is going on here, and there seems to always be something going on.

We have not recovered from the earthquake in which some 330,000 persons are supposed to have died. People are still living under the patched up tents given for earthquake relief. Then came Hurricane Matthew six years later. As one leader said, “The earthquake rumbled and was gone, and many lives were taken. But the hurricane stayed for days.

Even when the first onslaught took all you had, except for maybe your life, it left illness in its wake.” In one village cholera claimed every home except one. Hunger is ever-present. Not to mention that before this, Haiti was one of the third hungriest countries in the world. In the South, which was hardest hit, there are no trees left. People live in tombs and caves in the hills as shelter from the elements. You may have seen caravans of supplies going to the South. Hundreds of people received no help for reasons too numerous to mention.

But the South was not the only place that was hit. The mountains above Port-au-Prince and those above the Mission compound suffered much damage. Just about the entire country suffered from heavy winds, flooding, and sea surges. It was painful to see some small children whose bodies were recovered after the sea had washed them away. I am still living the horrors of the hurricane. I often wonder how people who do not know the Lord act in times like these. It’s a tower of strength to hear our Lord call us to “cast all our cares upon Him because He cares for us,” to hear Him say, “I will never leave you nor forsake you, My Grace is sufficient,” and all the many promises so lovingly given.

How we praise the Lord for those who rushed needy supplies to our aid. People are comforted. Yet there is so much to be done. In the South we have 35 churches where 29 buildings have been flattened. Counting damages to church buildings only, we have at least 40 to rebuild island-wide. People need grain to plant, and until the grain can produce a harvest, they will need houses, clothing and food.

For a couple weeks following Ash Wednesday, my area returned to being a war zone. Gunshots boomed – heavy artillery, soldiers in tankers, vehicles burned... The problem? County zoning. For two whole weeks the children stayed home from school, plus they were home a week before because of Mardi Gras. The children

experienced a little tear gas one day, but not intentionally. There is an uneasy truce. President has asked for a month to study the matter. There is still some unrest as some people who were arrested are not accounted for and the mob is asking that whatever the reason for their arrest they should be released. Walk on tiptoe. The Lord keeps us safe.

Thrice in seven days the Lord gave me the “Go” of the first sending of the 12 disciples. “Take nothing, not even a coat. Just go and trust Me.” I am believing that the “Go” is for the 29 church buildings needed in the South. I was a bit weary at the time, and asked the Lord to help me remember I am 78 going on 79 years old. In my devotions the next morning my scripture reading included the words, “... and Moses was 80 years old, and Aaron 83 when the Lord called them to deliver the Israelites from Egypt.” A friend encouraged me in the task ahead by pointing out that I’m not as old as Moses and Aaron and the task is small in comparison to Who God is.

So, here I am. I have never had a burden you have not borne with me. I know your hearts. Maybe you will want to come and help build a home, treat some sick, feed some hungry bodies and souls or send financial gifts. “In as much as you have done it unto one of the least of these, you have done it unto Me. Well done, good and faith servant. Enter into the joy of your Lord.”

We thank the Lord always that He blessed our lives with yours. Down through the years you have loved and blessed, and from the depths of our hearts we say thank you, and may the Lord’s richest blessings be multiplied upon you.

As the Easter Season is upon us, let us rejoice, because it is so beautiful to remember that our Lord is Risen. Indeed. What Joy! What Peace, What Hope! Have a Glorious Easter! We love you!

He lives and reigns forever. Hallelujah!

Your Partner in Kingdom Building, Our God is in control,

Phyllis Newby