

LOVE AND GRACE MINISTRIES - HAITI



The first week of March before everything began to shut down for the current pandemic our world is facing, we started a project at our home. The shutdown abruptly stopped any progress and left this giant dirt pile you see in the picture in our backyard. Among the mess of our dirt pile, these past few weeks have brought the mess of missing first snuggles of newborn babies, missing birthday parties and bridal showers, a sibling having a heart attack, a grandparent going on hospice, family being sick and anxiously awaiting results, family and friends with too much work or not enough work, worry if the non-profits we love will endure,

concern for friends on the frontlines...and this is just in our little tiny part of the world. I know in each family, town, state, and country, we are each dealing with our own sadness and darkness and messes during this time that feel out of our control. Some of us would give anything to say goodbye to that loved one, do anything to give our children the moments they are missing out on, sacrifice anything to protect those we care about, or surrender anything to know when and how this will all end.

These past few weeks, every time I am at my kitchen sink (which feels like about 2,345 times a day right now), I look out my window and see this dirt pile. I see this dirt pile, and I want to cry because it is a reminder of one more mess I have no control over. Then, I think of our friends and ministry partners in Haiti, and I think of the faith they have, a type of faith that I envy and long for, a type of faith that clings to the cross and promises of Jesus no matter their circumstances and no matter their level of control because they know what it is like to live in a world where there is little they can control. They have the type of faith I need for the days we are facing now and every day after. Because God is the same yesterday, today, and forever.

As our family has begun reflecting on Holy Week, we have had more time to read, pray and craft than we ever had before. Today, we thought what if we build a cross to put on top of that dirt pile. So, we hammered and cut and shoveled and no one got hurt. But most importantly, I remembered that even on the darkest day, God knew the glorious ending... that Sunday was coming and hope would rise. So now when I look out my window in the days and weeks ahead, I hope I remember I am not in control, and I cry tears of joy for that lack of control because my lack of control means Sunday is coming and hope will rise... hope would rise not just on that dark, dark day thousands of year ago, but hope will rise out of these dark days, too. And I pray that is a message we can all cling to.