



*Where There is Water There is Life
Water For a Dry and Thirsty Land*

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NEWSLETTER

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Greetings once again, in the powerful name of Jesus!

And you He made alive, when you were dead by [your] trespasses and sins ². In which at one time you walked habitually. You were following the course and fashion of this world—were under the sway of the tendency of this present age—following the prince of the power of the air...⁴. But God! So rich is He in His mercy! because of and in order to satisfy the great and wonderful and intense love with which He loved us, ⁵ even when we were [yet] dead by [our own] shortcomings and trespasses, he made us ALIVE together in fellowship and in union with Christ.—He



gave us *the* Another community happy to finally have potable water a very short
very life of distance from their houses! We praise God with them!!

Christ Himself, the same new life with which he quickened Him! [For] it is by grace—by His favor and mercy which you did not deserve—that you are saved (delivered from judgment and made partakers of Christ's salvation). Eph 2: 1-5 Amplified Version Does it explode in your head, this thought that God has given us the very life of His Son Jesus when we put our trust in His death to buy our salvation and

make it a free gift to us?! What amazing love, mercy and grace this is!! Let us never forget that!

Last summer we had the opportunity to finally meet a man who'd emailed us 6 months before that; he drills gas wells in northwestern PA and was interested in our water well drilling here in Haiti and

wanting to know more about it and us. He was planning a trip to Haiti this past fall; I invited him to accompany our drill team for several days, so he took us up on that! I asked him to share his experience with you all--

I was very excited to get started on my trip in Haiti with Water For Life. I got a rough start with my flight being cancelled and that made me a day late getting to the Port Au Prince airport. But there, things started looking up as it was here that I met Mr.[Leon] Miller for the first time. As we drove to Les Cayes, I was able to figure out what it was we would be doing. Mr. Miller explained the process of drilling in this area of Haiti. We arrived at the well site to see almost fifty Haitians staring at the drilling rig while it was making hole. I was very nervous to step out of the truck and start working with the crew. There isn't a lot of talking that goes on with the rig running wide open. Most of the speaking is pointing and gesturing with hands. I was able to help just a little before we needed to move the rig to the next spot.

After we moved the rig, we stopped at a river to clean tools and ourselves. We moved the rig to another location and got set up for the next day. This time we were in a village drilling a water well beside a school. To see Christ working in this area is amazing. The people are wonderful, and seeing their reaction when we hit water was priceless. That night we went to a priest's house to eat and get cleaned up. This was my first time showering with a bowl and a five gallon pail of water. After we cleaned up, the locals fixed us all dinner. That night I was able to talk with Leon, Andrew, and Troy about their past experiences in Haiti before we all went to sleep in our dorm style rooms.

In the morning, we started working on the well at the school and it was great! I was able to work right alongside Troy, getting my boots filled with mud and gravel. Seeing the kids there and the expressions on their faces is something I will never forget. How can anyone doubt that there is a God? We finished that well successfully and then started the trek up the mountain. What an experience that was! Seeing all the people, their houses, and how they live has changed my life forever.

Working beside the crew at Water For Life was amazing! Troy was able to show me many different types of rock formations and explain which ones we needed to look for to find water. One village where we stopped was filled with people who came to watch the rig. Unfortunately, that well, even though we had drilled to 350', had no water. That, for me, was the hardest part of the whole trip. Leaving those people with no water was so difficult. The people had no water before we got there, but I can only imagine their expectations when they saw the rig pull in. After we pulled the rig off the location, we filled the hole with stones. The locals helped as if it had no effect on them at all. I wonder what we

Americans would have done if we expected something and didn't get it. But everyone waved to us as we left.

I was able to talk to many locals as the drilling process continued. Even though we don't speak the same language, I'm a firm believer that there are two things that everyone understands, God and love. Those two things can get through to anyone and can make it much easier to communicate.

We drove to the next site which was miles away. As we wandered through the mountains, we also passed many people. Many of those people were flagging us down begging for wells. Everyone looked at Troy to make the decision to stop and drill. I can't imagine how Troy felt passing all those villagers not being able to stop and provide a basic need. It didn't take long to find out. At the next stop, Troy voiced his opinion to Leon about what happened along the way. Without much hesitation, Leon told him to make those decisions if he feels the village is in need. To see these two men be so affected by these sites is more than words can describe. It's not the money, the scenery, or their pride; it's God working in these people without any selfishness.

Each night we returned to the priest's house for a meal and great company. During the day, folks brought us lunch prepared and Toro, a very popular energy drink!! Coming home at night we would stop at the river and clean up. I felt as if I was becoming a local. I bathed in the river, cleaned my clothes, and just relaxed in the water. The last day I was with them, Leon and I went to the new compound to help unload supplies that were brought in on a container by boat then by tractor trailer to the compound. There I was introduced to a couple named Robert and Shanelle Beachy. We sat down to breakfast with them and started talking. In a short time, Shanelle and I found that we knew some of the same people from my town. Actually, I played volleyball with her cousin!! How is it that I was almost 2000 miles from home and was able to meet someone that had a relative in the same town?

God is the reason we were all able to come together in this country at the same time. We are all meant to do something with our lives. Some of us are doing that now; some of us are still figuring it out. I cannot argue that I believe my place is to be in Haiti helping these people. When I came home everyone kept asking me about the trip and how bad I felt for the people of Haiti. After thinking for a moment it came to me. I do not feel bad for the people of Haiti. I believe that people need four things to live; God, food, water, and shelter, that's all. People here comment about how poor they are in Haiti!! With Christ they aren't poor, and I believe we can do even more, through Christ, to help them.

Ted Carrington