



Where There is Water There is Life Water for a Dry and Thirsty Land

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Enhancing Trust

Volume 27 | Issue 3

NEWSLETTER

March 2020

You Are Peacemakers!



Maliennne Lazare is 44 years old and takes care of six children by herself. Her heart was pounding when the nurse proceeded with her PAP smear at the Water For Life mobile clinic in Tigoav/Bazilba.

Miss Daphne seemed to be a nice and attentive nurse but that was not enough to appease the great anxiety which paralyzed this poor lady.

Unfortunately, in Haiti not all have access to preventive medicine, and Maliennne did not know much about cervical cancer and the importance of early detection.

Never having been screened before, this mother—worried about the future of her children and wondering what would happen to them if she ever got cancer—tried hard to remain attentive to Daphne's explanation on the steps of this examination.

When the nurse finally announced that the screening test revealed no precancerous lesions, Maliennne couldn't keep tears of relief and joy from rolling down her cheeks.

She embraced Daphne several times, crying and showing deep gratitude to all those who helped bring peace and joy to her and many others.

To hundreds of people receiving free medical care in remote areas in Haiti you donors are PEACEMAKERS!

"I was Thirsty and You Gave Me Something to Drink."
Matthew 25:35

When Jesus was on the cross, he said to the people, "I am thirsty." It was the first and only time our Lord asked mankind to fulfill his need. In response, they gave him vinegar instead of water. Jesus suffered everything at the cross and even became the ultimate sin sacrifice and died in our place in order to give a loving and compassionate heart to humanity as a part of salvation to all who believe in Him.



Because of His suffering, death, and glorious resurrection, this boy and elderly man from a remote area of Haiti can get fresh water today to quench their thirst. Praise the Lord for all of you, prayer partners and financial supporters of WFL, who bring daily clean water to over seven hundred thousand people in Haiti through your continuous and generous donations!

A big thank you to our Lord Jesus for all of you who faithfully contributed a new drilling rig and water truck. For our part, here on the field in Haiti, we are determined to faithfully give the best of ourselves to keep providing clean and living water to the people. Anytime you give even a cup of fresh water to the little ones, to the poor and the needy people, our Lord Jesus said it was for him you did it.

For this year we keep counting on your prayers and financial support to bring God's provisions to more people in remote areas. We are flooded with requests from all over. Let's stay together in prayer for the harvest is plentiful and the laborers are few. However, we know our almighty Jesus will call more of His chosen people to keep providing potable and living water to the millions of thirsty people in Haiti.

May the Lord bless you! May the Lord guide you!

From the President's Desk

Greetings to all our wonderful friends! This month of March (the 14th) marks 100 years since my dad, Willis Miller, founder of Water for Life in Haiti, was born.

In his honor, I'd like to share a poem written years ago by a person who'd come to visit Haiti.



EMPTY THE OCEAN

We went to a country faraway and unknown,
inexorably drawn, inexorably moved
By our brother's pleading and our sister's groan.

It was a land of contrast and contradiction,
At times much more than we could comprehend.

Here was massive poverty, chronic need
That no quick-fix or Band-Aid remedy
Could ever ever hope to mend.

And in the face of this, we asked, Why?

And our eyes watered,

and our throats thickened with emotion.

To respond to this it would be easier to get a bucket and
empty the ocean.

We went to a country
Where tin shanties and million-dollar homes
Stood side by side.

A land of cars and ox carts,
Three-piece suits and rags,
Of dreams left undreamed,
Of ideas left untried.

Here were vendors who pushed and prodded,

Did anything to earn their pay,

And in the end their tactics worked,

Because we bought things just to make them go away.

And we laughed and our eyes watered,

and our throats thickened with emotion.

To respond to this it would be easier to get a bucket and
empty the ocean.

We went to a country where there was
Poverty. Hunger. Isolation. Despair.

Broken equipment. Broken lives.

Water wells that no one could repair.

We saw an endless road that ate cars like candy,

And people, always people,

Who needed food, doctors,

and other kinds of help that simply wasn't there.

We saw a family whose children were starving,

About to lose their two-year-old daughter.

Their lives might have been different had they only lived a
little bit closer to sweet water.

And we were angry,

And our eyes watered,

and our throats thickened with emotion.

To respond to this it would be easier to get a bucket and
empty the ocean.

We went to a country,

And found a beauty and peace we had not known.

A simpler lifestyle, a calmer lifestyle,
Something much different than our own.

Here were people in abject poverty,

With no hope, no future, nothing

As far as we could see,

Who could still laugh, sing, love.

We wondered if they knew more about life than we,

And we were glad,

And our eyes watered,

and our throats thickened with emotion.

To respond to this it would be easier to get a bucket and
empty the ocean.

In this country we met a God Who said,
You and they are all the same—
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
You all share in joy, you all share in grief.

Some of you say, I cannot do it.

One bucket is not enough.

The mission is hopeless.

The task is simply too large.

I AM telling you, you are mistaken.

It is still one bucket, and I AM in charge.

So we went to the ocean,

And we met a well driller man.

He didn't have all the answers,

Just had a bucket in his hand.

His bailing was steady,

Neither faltering, nor half-hearted,

And following his example,

We each found a bucket,

And each of us started...

And we were hopeful,

And our eyes watered,

and our throats thickened with emotion.

By the grace of God, one by one,

We could indeed empty the ocean

~Clint Petersen

Dad's heart was definitely to always help people. When someone came with a need he would hardly ever turn them away; he'd always give them something. This was true even before he ever came to Haiti. That generosity came back to him in many deeds of kindness from people. I remember one time when he was returning to Paswadòm from Port-au-Prince with bags of cement on the back of an old army truck he had bought. Ahead of him it was getting very dark and Dad could see rain was coming and he knew he was in trouble because he didn't have the cement covered. A truck passed him and then blew its horn and made Dad stop. He pulled over to the side of the road; men jumped out of the truck with a tarp and quickly covered the load of cement! They gave Dad a big smile and took off, Dad hollering after them his thanks. Dad didn't know who they were or how he was going to return the tarp to them! So Dad made it safely and thankfully to Paswadòm with the dry cement bags. A few weeks later a truck stopped where Dad was drilling and asked for their tarp. They said they knew he was helping the Haitian people and they'd seen he had a BIG PROBLEM (he sure did)! Dad thanked them again the best he could and they were once again on their way.

Because of Dad's kind heart many people have good clean water today. And not only Dad; all of you wonderful friends have been a part of the work also. God bless each one of you!

~Leon

— January 2020 Statistics —

Wells Drilled: 5

Hand Pumps Installed: 2

People Served: approximately 700

Hand Pumps Repaired: 54

People Served: approximately 18,900

WFL School Meals Served: approximately 7,769