



"...who knows if you were made queen for just such a time as this?"  
Esther 4:14

## Hope & Haiti

November 2013

Hello! I hope this newsletter finds you doing well and enjoying the cooler fall temperatures! The weather in Haiti has been quite the opposite of "cool" and honestly most days I wonder just how possible it is to sweat as much as I do! December in Haiti typically brings along a drop in the humidity, so the countdown is on for some "cooler" months here!

Today, I spent the morning in the village playing with my kiddos. They were completely wound up and it was all I could do to keep the chaos factor at a manageable level (and when I say "manageable" I mean keeping Davidson from eating goat poop, Natamara from falling off the tree, the bigger boys from picking on one of the smaller kids, and the list goes on and on). Amidst all of the crazy, Kris looked at me and said "Brooke, ask me how much I love you, you know using my hands, ask me." I laughed and as I started to ask her the question she started to giggle. Her laughter got louder and louder as her arms shot out as wide and high as they could possibly reach.

She already knew what her response would be. She was simply waiting on me to ask, so she could spread her arms out really wide and get tickled. She wasn't shy or afraid to tell me she loved me. She also didn't spend the entire morning waiting for her turn to sit on my lap. Instead she pushed her way to the front and grabbed my face with her hands in order to get my full attention before beginning to talk. She asked knowing what was to come. She knew that I would instantly tickle her and then pull her into the biggest hug possible. In that moment she was bold.

While ago I read a blog that talked about a group of people known as the "Esther generation." At the time I was simply



### Prayer requests!

-School started October 2<sup>nd</sup>. Going to school is a luxury here- the children love school and thrive from the attention they receive as well as having a consistent meal every day. Please pray for the children as they learn and grow this school year. Also please pray for the children who aren't able to attend school.

-For the American staff I'm serving with to grow in friendship and community.

-That I would remain present and faithful. Taking everything one day at a time and at His pace.

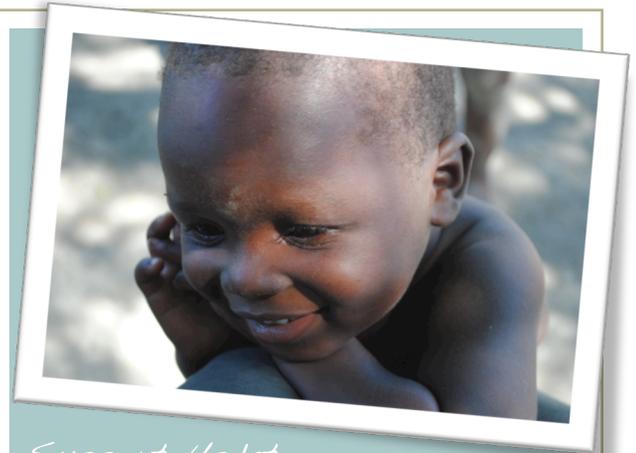
(continued) intrigued and figured that this was one of the latest "things." What I didn't know was this was anything but a trend. Rather this Esther generation was about life change. It was about totally giving up the "everything" in your life for the cause that you were created for. This generation was meant for someone who was willing to fight injustice and who was bold or daring. For someone who was ready to live for Him only.

I wish I were as bold as Kris. I wish I could embrace the five year old deep inside me instead of getting stuck on what I feel I personally lack. I get overwhelmed at trying to translate my thoughts into Creole, so I don't say anything at all. There are moments when I am literally left physically paralyzed at the injustice that I see in front of me, so my response is never spoken. I get emotionally and physically tired. There are days I want nothing more than to simply hide in my house with the door locked and pray that my mind literally stops running with everything that it is trying to process. And yet, I'm not called to hide in the corner waiting on someone else to show up. I'm called to be bold. I'm called to be daring.

Because maybe, just maybe, Esther 4:14 has it all summed up. "...who knows if perhaps you were made queen for just such a time as this?" (Esther 4:14). Who knows if I am here for *this* very moment. It doesn't mean I have to focus on what my ten year life plan is right now or how I'll solve the next problem. Kris was willing to step out and to be bold. You see she doesn't care that I don't actually fit in here. She forgets that I'm white and I don't really belong in the village. She doesn't realize that I didn't grow up speaking Creole. She simply wants to be loved and she knows that I'm her friend.

September 1<sup>st</sup> I celebrated two years of living in Haiti! The one thing that I am constantly reminded of is just how faithful God is. Stepping out and being bold isn't easy. No matter where you are in life, things get messy and it isn't hard to see the brokenness around you. And yet, He has called me here and I've fallen in love with this place. I've fallen more in love with Him and right now there is no other place I'd rather be.

Love, Brooke



### Support Update

I can't express how truly grateful I am to each of you for your prayers and support. Below are different ways to join me in support.

\*One time gift: Please write all checks to Nehemiah Vision Ministries. In the memo line write Intern 3 (my name can NOT be anywhere on the check). Please mail all checks to Debra Smalley (7014 W. Yant St., Silver Lake, IN. 46982).

\*Online donations: Go to [www.nehemiahvisionministries.org/donations.aspx?t=missionaries](http://www.nehemiahvisionministries.org/donations.aspx?t=missionaries) and follow the steps. If you donate online you can choose to donate monthly or as a one time gift.

\*I really can't thank you enough for each and every prayer. There are moments that literally take my breath away and it is through your prayers that I truly feel supported and loved.

Washing laundry is something I have never much enjoyed. For me it was always a challenge to keep the dryer emptied and to get everything folded before it was a wrinkly mess. Here in Haiti the idea of washing clothes is just a tad different than what most people are used to in the US. The women begin by walking to the well to hand pump and then carry all the water they will need for washing the clothing. They wash each and every piece of clothing by hand. I have told the women over and over that if I had to wash each piece of clothing, I would probably be walking around naked or really dirty! It is amazing just how clean they get the clothing and how white their whites really are. The lack of running water or electricity make the task of doing laundry an all day event. The fence rows, trees, plants, large rocks, etc are all lined with clothing to be dried. The children think it is *hilarious* when I offer to help with the laundry. It typically ends in me "washing" a small, not really dirty piece of clothing- that they rewash when they think I'm not watching!



Laundry!