



"It's the art of loving that will be the one great work of your life."
-Ann Voskamp

Hope & Haiti

May 2018

Hello! I hope this newsletter finds you doing well and enjoying the little glimpses of spring! Our "winter" months are officially over and the true heat has returned which just means a lot of sweating and looking for any little shady spot to gather under.

I had so many personal goals for 2018. This was the year I was going to focus on taking better care of myself. The year I was going to be truly intentional with some of the friendships the Lord has blessed me with. This was the year that I was going to do better at keeping you updated with newsletters, blogs, and pictures. This was the year that I was dreaming would be filled with everything sweet and fun of course with just a little bit of chaos mixed in too! Instead, just days after I got back home from spending Christmas in the States with my family everything just got really complicated and honestly life just got super real.

Days after I returned from the States one of my kiddos started having seizures that didn't stop for close to five hours. If living in Haiti has taught me anything it's that you can't take a single thing for granted. When you are watching one of your own struggle in such a medically dangerous situation you are slapped right upside the face with the reality of the healthcare system here. You see, there was no guarantee that the hospital we would go to would have a bed or spot for her or that they would have the right medications she needed to stop the seizures. There was no guarantee of electricity or doctors present—the list was endless. The only thing we could do was pray and fight hard for Rose.

Once Rose was out of the hospital and back to her sassy self I started to realize that I was still struggling emotionally. It took me several weeks to accept that what I was really struggling with was that in all the mud and mess of what had happened I felt like the Lord had given me a new glimpse into the hearts of some of my dearest friends. Some of the people I sit and visit with every single afternoon. And if I'm being honest, I didn't like what I saw.



Prayer requests!

** Please pray for spiritual and physical protection over our campus, staff and community.*

** That Rose would remain free from any more seizures and that she would continue to be able to work hard and do well in school.*

** The school year is almost over and the kids are to the point of being ready for a break to run and play! Please pray for the children as they prepare for their final exams. Pray for the teachers to have extra doses of patience, as I'm sure the students will be just a little antsy in class. And pray for the students as they are off of school for the summer. School is a highlight for many students and a place where they are encouraged to learn and are also fed a meal each day. Pray for protection and health for the students over the summer.*

(continued)

This glimpse into their hearts has caused me to really stop and pray and look at things through an entirely different perspective. The Lord has in many ways shown me just how broken He is for this community and how lost so many people are. And I've been shocked to realize that after living here for six years He has once again broken me in an entirely different way for this community.

Being broken in a new way for this community has left me really at a loss of words. I've struggled to share pictures and stories because honestly, everything just felt really raw and too personal. My computer and phone are filled with pictures and videos—it's just that all of a sudden I was captured by so much more than just the silliness of what was happening in front of me. Instead, I was being drawn into what was going on in the background. I was more captured by the eyes and the hearts of my friends, which also had me wrestling with a lot of fear. Fear that plagued my dreams and just everyday life. There was so much to what the Lord had shown me that I also just didn't understand. I understood the literal words I heard being said to me from friends, but the meaning behind it all was just so hard to grasp. It was in the thick of all this that I read a quote that was saved on my computer screen. "Suffering is not the absence of goodness, it is not the absence of beauty, but perhaps it can be the place where true beauty can be known" Mundane Faithfulness.

This quote is just it. I want for the true beauty to be known. I want to see His redemption and grace flood this community. I want to see relationships restored and for His light to shine ever so brightly. Oh how I desire to watch the "chains" that so many of my friends are bound by be broken. The Lord has used something so medically scary with one of my own kiddos to show me His heart for this community in a completely different way. He has shown me there is so much more to what is seen and has called me to prayer like never before.

The Lord has also shown me just how powerful and important it is to have a community that is supporting me as I continue to live and serve here. So many of you have reached out to me through texts, cards, and messages and have encouraged me in ways I'll never be able to thank you for. I have truly felt your prayers and in many ways I have simply felt "carried" as I've gone through this season. As I look back over the last few months I can see the hand of the Lord and just how faithful He has been. I'm so thankful for the spot I've been given in this little part of the world and that you have joined me on this journey!

Love, Brooke



Staying Connected!

***Financial Support:**

-Mail check to:

Brooke Smalley

7014 W. Yant St.

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Check written to: Nehemiah Vision Ministries

Memo line: Intern 3

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-Select under staff support Brooke Smalley.

You will also be able to select a one time or monthly donation.

*Blog: brookesmalley.blogspot.com

*Facebook: [brooke smalley](https://www.facebook.com/brooke-smalley)

Instagram: [smalleybrooke](https://www.instagram.com/smalleybrooke)

(instagram is updated much more often!).

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little blessings

There are just some things you will never forget. Picking up a child that is severely malnourished is one of those "feelings" my hands and fingers know all too well. There is something that is just so wrong and instantly catches my breath when my fingers fall into spaces that should have been filled with little chubby rolls but instead are just bones covered by loose skin. Each child in the malnutrition program has a story. I remember when I first met Givenska and her sweet momma. One of the first things she told me was that none of her other children were ever small like this. I quickly understood just how amazing this momma was by watching her week after week as she fought so extremely hard for her daughter. It didn't matter what I asked her to do—she did it. When Givenska wasn't even able to hold up her head or sit father bought a little plastic chair for her because he knew that one day she would learn to sit on her own. Their faith was contagious. And wow did this sweet little one do amazing in the malnutrition program! Her graduation from the program brought along with it so many emotions. I was excited for them to have reached their goals and yet I was also selfishly sad because I would miss getting to visit with them at appointments. This sweet family has encouraged me in ways that have spoken right to my heart. I am so honored to have been able to care and walk this journey with them. And I'm so thankful the Lord allowed me a little spot in their lives!