

Congratulations To Sonlight's New Couple!

Sonlight is NOT moving but our letter address changed!

Medilia Pierre, Kindergarten assistant and Bible teacher, and Patrick Louis, high school French teacher, were married on May 28th, just a week after Patrick's graduation from Sonlight Bible College! We hope the very best for them and their new life together. We pray that God uses their marriage to double their effectiveness in growing his kingdom.



Contact Information

Letter Address:
Name of missionary/student
Unit 2126 SM
3170 Airmans Drive
Fort Pierce, FL 34946

Package Address:
Lady Lotmore
Sonlight Ministries/Alexander
3030 N.W. North River Drive
Miami, FL 33142

Website: www.sonlightministries.org

Phone in Haiti: 509-3-615-4277

E-mail: (see website for more information)
sonlight.norma@gmail.com
carmeniehhaus@gmail.com

Financial Contributions:
Sonlight Ministries
P.O. Box 8031
Evansville, IN 47716
crista@sonlightministries.org, 812-473-4942

Short-term Trips: Contact Carmen at
carmen@sonlightministries.org

Stateside Communications:
Crista Guyer at cristastime@aol.com
812.473.4942



Betting On God

Lenny J. Lowe

Living in Haiti as a missionary, or as any other brand of outsider really, it is far too easy to forget what a great triumph of human freedom this place is. It is too easy to see only the pollution, the disorder, the suffering, the poverty. But Haiti is so much more than its blemishes, and even more still than the sum of its best parts. It is, as Martinican poet Aimé Césaire wrote in 1967, "the country where Negro people stood up for the first time, affirming their determination to shape a new world, a free world." Forty-four years later, those words sound a bit alien, and more than a little unfulfilled.

Truthfully, outsiders are not the only ones who fail to see the deep reserves of Haiti's strength. In a recent class session, Sonlight Bible College senior Bertin Vital said (about Haiti), "It is too late for us. Maybe things *can* change, but I don't believe that they *will* change." His words are not uncommon among Haitians. What is worse is that I, their brother, their teacher of seven years, can hardly muster the strength or reason to disagree with them. In 2011, the state of world economics, the color of Haitian skin, the condition of their economy, and the quality of their schools and hospitals *all stand against* Haiti and its future. That is what we all see, but no missionary likes to say. After all, those are hopeless words.

Yet, the story of God in the world contradicts me. We watch God's story as it is born in the Exodus, as it proceeds through the message of the prophets, and as it lands right in the heart of the good news preached by Jesus. If we are to believe in *that* God, the one from *that* story, then we had better change our tune. That God is a God who knows how to rescue people from slavery. It is a God who demands justice for the poor. That God requires us to love humanity before we even pretend to love God. How wrong we must be about Haiti! If God is *for* anyone in this life, then God is for



Lenny, Allison, & Leo Lowe

Haiti. God is precisely for Haiti. And if we can let our minds wander back far enough, back to the moments which inspired the poet's words, we will find that Haiti too has a history of standing up, surviving, and persevering against extreme odds. So, given Haiti's history of patient suffering, and given God's history of awe-inspiring acts of redemption, I think we must say it is not too late for Haiti. Despite the extreme odds, I am betting on God.

I believe that Sonlight is a part of God's story in Haiti, but only by grace and only on the periphery. It is the very God of the Exodus who is the player in this game, and it is the long-suffering people of Haiti who have God's attention. The rest of us are made better just for living in it, being near it, watching God do it.

After seven years at Sonlight, getting married, having a baby and expecting another, the Lowe family is moving to another work for God. Our staff, students and the people of Port-de-Paix will greatly miss them as they move to Chapel Hill, NC, where Lenny has been accepted to a doctoral program. Lenny, Allison, Leo and little one - we miss you already.

Return Service Requested

SONLIGHT MINISTRIES
"EDUCATING & EVANGELIZING HAITIANS"
P.O. BOX 8031
EVANSVILLE, IN 47716

NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
EVANSVILLE, IN 47708
PERMIT NO. 1115

Dirty Feet & A Pure Heart Amanda Wurdeman



Brice & Amanda Wurdeman

Rain had made the streets and alleys ankle-deep in mud. The kids we were following were experts at jumping from rock to rock to keep their feet clean. Carrying my son, I was better at hitting every mud hole. Visiting the homes and families of our students was one of our favorite pastimes in Haiti. So, walking the muddy roads was so well worth the pleasure of the visit.

On this particular trip I was thinking, "It really is too muddy to be out today." And of course our students kept saying, "Only 5 more minutes." I have discovered in Haiti 5 more minutes can mean 5 more miles...since they walk everywhere, it means nothing to walk a long way.

By the time we reached their house, my knees to toes were completely brown...including my shoes. The rest of the group was still miraculously clean. As they entered the house, they invited us all in and introduced us to their mother. I greeted her and then explained how sorry I

was so dirty and asked if we could just visit outside? Even though I could see their house had a dirt floor, I did not want to track in mud.

She disappeared for a few minutes and soon returned. She dropped to my feet. Before I could wonder at her, she took some of her precious clean water (clean water is hard to come by here...often collected by rain water or taking buckets to fetch it) and clean towels and began washing, scrubbing, and rinsing my feet and ankles. Then, she carefully removed each shoe and scrubbed them as clean as when they were first bought. And then she welcomed me into her home, not because I now had clean feet, but because she loved and wanted to serve me.

My day started with not being too excited about visiting. There was too much mud everywhere, it had rained too much. My thoughts were, "can we perhaps do this next week?" I admit that as we walked and I got more and more messy, my heart was getting aggravated. But by the end of the day I was in tears as I learned what it truly meant to serve and put someone above yourself as we are commanded by Christ. We have been taught more than we have taught on what it means to love, to serve and to be faithful here. Thank you, people of Haiti!

Sonlight lifts up the Wurdeman family in prayer as they make plans to join Wise Mission (founded by Amanda's grandparents) in St. Vincent. We will miss them, but know that God has great plans for their family. God bless you!

Love, Sonlight Missionary Staff

Full Circle Scott Alexander



Madley Rocher

My first tour of duty in Haiti, I taught third grade. It was awesome to see young kids reach that life-changing age when they begin to grasp the idea of who Jesus is and how to follow him. I remember one kid in particular from teaching third grade. Madley. He was one of those kids that just seemed like he had a strange maturity about him. But not mature in a weird

way. He loved kickball and just being a kid, but you could sense that Madley understood some deeper stuff, even as a third grader. I called him "Mr. Madley" because I could easily imagine him someday teaching third grade, or being a leader elsewhere.

A few years after I had Madley in my third grade class, I moved back to

Lindsay's Mountain Beth Puricelli

This past fall I read a devotional book about the power of the Holy Spirit in our lives and how often we ignore the Spirit working within us. God can move mountains through us, if we allow Him to. On a post-it note, I jotted down some "mountains", that I hoped God would "move" through me or by other means. One of those mountains was Lindsay Dorfils.

Lindsay is a spirited 7th grade student at Sonlight Academy. About two years ago, she noticed her neck getting bigger. She was feeling tired, her heart felt like it was beating fast, and her eyes, over time, began to bulge. I talked with Lindsay about what doctors thought was a thyroid condition. A doctor in Haiti saw her and recommended surgery. After the earthquake in January 2010, the doctor's hospital and means of performing a surgery were destroyed. Lindsay's medical situation was put on hold. No one really knew how to help her.

In 2009, when I moved to Haiti, I had three years of thyroid management under my belt. I thought having thyroid cancer four months after my wedding was difficult, but I wasn't in 6th and 7th grade. If there was ever a mountain that needed moving, it was finding relief for Lindsay.

This past November my parents visited Sonlight for Thanksgiving. After meeting Lindsay and hearing first-hand about her condition, my parents returned to the US to help. My dad went to Google and searched "Thyroid Doctors and Haiti." He came upon a group of doctors in Wisconsin who travel to Haiti. Almost too simple, right? What began next was a lengthy correspondence relaying medical information about Lindsay with the doctors.

This conversation led to meeting another doctor, a thyroid surgeon from Wisconsin, who will be coming to a hospital in Cap-Haitien, Haiti. He reviewed Lindsay's medical records and agreed to treat her for what appears to be a toxic goiter.

God has taught me a lot through this journey...never underestimate what mountains He can move or how He will do it!



Lindsay Dorfils

Full Circle (continued) Scott Alexander

the US. Madley, of course, continued in school and graduated.

Then, God called me back to Haiti. I became a teacher again. But now I am teaching at Sonlight Bible College, preparing adults for ministry. And there's a student in my freshman New Testament Introduction class named Madley. That third grader grew up, and he still has that strange maturity about him. Maybe a little older than his years. It was awesome to see the class roster and know that Madley would be in my class.

A few weeks ago, I attended services at a new church plant across town. It's a small group of people. About 40 adults and kids. When it was time for the teaching, up walked Madley to the front of the small house where the

church meets. He began, "Good morning, church. My name is Madley Rocher..."

Not many third grade teachers get to see those students as adults. Not only did I get to see it, but I got to celebrate it. There's not much better than teaching a third grader about Jesus - hoping that kid will fall in love with Jesus and become a life-time follower - and then seeing him living out real faith and telling other people about Jesus.

Somehow it was exactly what I expected. His maturity and love for God were still there.

That little kid from third grade was standing in front of a church teaching.