

The Jester: The Norde has been blowing strong for more than 48 hours and people are very cold. Stocking caps that say FBI in bold letters, a dress, sweater and shirt over long pants and, of course, the standard flip flops. Babies and little boys under 9 or 10 are in t-shirts or tattered sport shirts with naked bottoms. For sure NO Haitian fellows I've seen are circumcised!

The sea is incredible from the top of our steps or the catchments. When there is a momentary break in the wind the sea sounds like the rumble of my big Honda Valkerie! Yesterday morning, Pastor Abner sent three students to school in Pwent a Raket in a small fishing boat, the captain planning to stay near the shoreline. They somehow took a nightmare trip across 40 miles of churning sea to Marigone rather than the anticipated six mile trip. Tell the people here, Jesus doesn't ride in boats anymore, and you want to be moving on.

It's strange to close doors in Haiti but today everything that can fly, crawl or walk has come in the front or back door to get away from the wind. We were visited with every fly, Haiti's versions of bumble bees and wasps (huge), dogs (in heat), chickens, kids (human) and kids (goats), but the most surprising was to look up and have a burro standing on the steps looking in! And I'm told this wind can blow for a week or more! I closed the front door.

Joe has been running a fever and had something going in his chest since we lifted all the UMCOR stuff a few dozen times to get it across the bay. Generally, a cool shower with wind blowing through the holes in the wall feels pretty refreshing. Tonight it was "fresh" and I offered some boiled water in a pan for Joe to bathe. I dug out a long sleeve T and Joe's boxer jammies and socks I'd forgotten I brought along to warm my bod.

There has to be some sort of jester at the creation controls for Haiti. The old boat captain died yesterday and we needed water to make a concrete crypt, and for everyone to wash clothing to go to church for service. It just happened the generator technician got the thing working and everyone in town purchased a few buckets of water for washing and "washing". Today, the generator broke again, just after we got our cloths wet. No more water until the committee comes up with another \$282.50!

Guess there won't be any repair until the wind goes down, anyway, as the technician isn't about to ride a small fishing boat intentionally to Miragone. An email last night said the north bay is breaking boats coming from Acheyra and the ferry would be like riding a whale!

In the scripture for Sunday, Paul says in 1 Corinthians 9, we should not stop running. To win, or to reach a goal, or to accomplish a journey we just gotta keep on, keeping on. Read Haitian history and note these folks have been "running" for more than two centuries!

Today, President Preval met with financial leaders and Madam Hillary, and asked for 72 million in aid for Haiti to provide work. If you're drunken uncle is into politics, tell him, support for Haiti is a great idea and even more money might reach remote mountain villages and windy islands in the bay!!

I'm only doing this to you because I sent 3 blogs to cyberspace today, with photos! and battled this new computer for 2 hours to convince it adobe reader is necessary to send documents on Vista operating systems. Besides, this sure ain't Kansas, even when I close my eyes and listen to the wind. We will only be able to "run" here for a few more months and I'm offering the opportunity of unbelievable experiences to any who would like a visit one of God's "hiding places."

Shirley, La Gonave, Haiti, Feb 6th 2009....land of howling winds and white seas.

