



# Holding This End

Daryl Martin, Director

## The Beauty of Caring

As we care for those we support we are reminded of the beauty of the Body of Christ. As one part suffers, which will surely come, the rest suffer with them and when one part rejoices, also a reality, we all rejoice together. However, I have seen a trend both here and in other countries toward walking through the valleys alone, not sharing with others the pain of our path, thus not allowing them to bear our burdens with us. Surely this is a trick of Satan to isolate God's children so that they do not partake of the power afforded by the Body of Christ.



So come, let's journey together through good times and bad, caring for and being cared for by other parts of the body, thus building each other up into a radiant bride of Christ. 🍷

[www.secondtunic.org](http://www.secondtunic.org)

### Board of Directors

Nelson Zimmerman, Chairman	738-0184
Nelson Weaver, Vice Chairman	627-3003
Linda Dueck, Treasurer	626-4985
Wendy Zimmerman, Secretary	656-4824
David Wenrich	656-9357
Daryl Mast	
Daryl Martin	314-2477

Daryl Martin, Director 717-314-2477  
Judy Zimmerman, Administrator 717-738-0184

**The Second Tunic - 314 Clay Road, Lititz, PA 17543**

[www.secondtunic.org](http://www.secondtunic.org)

e-mail: [inquiries@secondtunic.org](mailto:inquiries@secondtunic.org)

# The Second Tunic

\_\_\_\_\_ sending \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ serving \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ sharing \_\_\_\_\_

*The man with two tunics should share with him who has none. Luke 3:11*

May 2009

## Floods of Blessings

### Finding Blessing in the Storm

by Laura Hess

For the past nine months, I have been living and teaching English at a YWAM base in the city of St. Marc, Haiti. In all of those months, the most difficult thing I experienced was, by far, living through (and trying to come out the other side of) the winds, rains, and floods brought on by Hurricane Hanna. Thankfully, at this point in the year, the images of mud-filled apartments and destroyed school roofs had pretty much faded from my memory. Until last weekend. I took a short trip to Gonaives, a city just to our north, to visit some fellow missionaries there. I knew that this city was hardest hit by the four hurricanes that swept through Haiti this past fall, but I was shocked to see the effects of the flooding that are still so evident all around the city.

We saw streets that were still impassible, due to the three plus feet of dried mud. We saw a large lake that only appeared in Gonaives this fall – leftover floodwater that has added an additional 45 minutes to the already long and bumpy journey into town. We saw buckled security walls and destroyed homes. We saw houses sitting empty as families struggled to make do in the roof-metal shanties they had constructed on their rooftops during the flood. We visited one such home, not more than 15 feet square, where 16 people sleep at night.



*continued on next page*

## Blessings cont.

But what amazed me most of all, in the midst of such destruction and hopelessness, was the resiliency of the people we met. Missionaries and locals alike. Somehow, through the devastating experiences of the hurricanes and ensuing floods, a strong determination and sense of hope had been born in these people. And their positive attitudes, in the face of such loss, was a real challenge to me.

I don't know about you, but I find it so easy to complain about life. The little things and the big things. But after my weekend in Gonaives, I don't think I will be so quick to let these negative thoughts have free reign in my mind. Don't the scriptures tell us that we will be made perfect through our sufferings? As James

tells us in the opening verses of his letter, "Consider it pure joy, my brothers, whenever you face trials of many kinds, because you know that the testing of your faith develops perseverance. Perseverance must finish its work so that you may be mature and complete, not lacking anything."

When I visited Gonaives, I saw a lot of destruction along the city

streets and in the mountainside homes. But in the people (those who had built their lives upon the Rock), I saw life. And it was life abundant! The next time you face trials of any kind, I encourage you to look for the blessing in the storm. For it is there. And as Christ promised in his Sermon on the Mount, "Seek, and you will find." 🍷

*Laura serves at Liberty Academy in St. Marc, Haiti. Liberty academy is a ministry of Youth With A Mission. Laura teaches English. Visit her blog at: [www.laurajeainhaiti.blogspot.com](http://www.laurajeainhaiti.blogspot.com)*

### ***Vision of The Second Tunic:***

The Second Tunic desires to be a bridge,

allowing those with plenty to share with those who have need;

A link, allowing those who have skills and abilities to use them for the good of others;

A shoelace, interconnecting those who send to those who are sent.



## Ninety-Nine Finding the Lost One by Andrea Zimmerman

As I headed out of the house - on a mission to make photocopies of the quizzes for English class the next day - I stopped short when I heard the sound of tears coming from a group of young children. As I approached I realized the sounds were coming from Melany, a three year old who had just arrived here at the Finca the day before. She was crying for "mami" and I was hesitant to approach her, knowing that she was missing her mother. I reached out timidly to give her a hug, and when she didn't pull away, I picked her up into my lap and held her as she cried. As I sat on the cement holding this precious child my mind started to reel. What must it be like to be three years old and abandoned by your mother to a home with ninety-nine other children? What kind of emotional effect does that have on someone so young?

I have no idea what kind of a situation Melany comes from. Many children are brought to La Finca de los Niños because of poverty, abuse, or the inability of their families to care for them.

After a few minutes Melany's tears subsided and she relaxed in my arms. I felt torn between staying with her, and running off to the store to make those copies I needed for the next day. My original mission now seemed of lesser importance. Various times throughout the day I am faced with this choice - the choice to spend time with the kids, or to go plan that English lesson for first grade for tomorrow. I pray that God may give me the wisdom to make those choices, and His love and His heart to reach out to children like Melany who need God's love so much. 🍷



*Andrea serves at La Finca de los Niños, a home for children in Honduras. Visit her blog at: [www.andreazimmy.blogspot.com](http://www.andreazimmy.blogspot.com)*