



Saved By Grace in the here and now

On January 12th, 2010 in Carrefour, Haiti I was sleeping at 4:30 pm after an amazing lunch cooked by Pastor Eddy's Francois wife. (In Haiti or Creole she would be referred to as "Madame Eddy. That is a little culture for you.") It was a normal day. I was awakened to a deep "boom". I have never heard a sound like this before. I looked up at the wall, it was slit at the speed I could rip a piece of paper. I didn't stop to grab any of my material possessions; I only wanted to live. I paused for a split second at the threshold of the door, popped my head into the hallway and ran for Christina Stewart's room yelling "Christina, Christina"! She was there and totally un-harmed, by the grace of God. We ran out the hallway to a hole in the house that the earthquake caused a few seconds earlier. The amazing young men who lived with Pastor Eddy were very instrumental in us getting down a 10-foot brick wall safely. We were so grateful to God to be alive. When we got down to the ground we were too thankful to be fearful. There was a young man who we thought was dead under the rubble. However about 14 hours later he was taken out by the same heroes who helped Christina and I out and down the 10 foot wall. None of the heroes would be heroes without Jesus because it was Him that empowered them with the courage to love. There was a man name Jordan who helped us, I will never forget what he did for us.

Christina managed to get out with her computer and passport. I just popped up on instinct and ran. I believe this was with Angelic assistance. I don't remember thinking through this until I stated screaming, "Christina, Christina". This story was similar to Peter coming back to his right mind after the Angel of the Lord had let him out of prison. As I write this I am overwhelmed with gratitude, I am so thankful to God for saving my life, and Christina's. So there are three supernatural things that happened, the first was the earthquake ripped a hole in the house so we could get out quickly without being crushed alive. The second supernatural thing is that after we got out of the house we saw that Christina

was alive because of the big crusade speakers that were below her room. As the room collapsed the speakers below stopped the floor from collapsing, which stopped the ceiling from imploding and collapsing. As I am writing this, a small quake came and caused a structure in the distance to collapse and all we heard was the boom. Sorry for that brief interruption, but the Testimony and horror story is still unfolding before our very eyes. Also we heard rocks being thrown at the gate, which caused us to re-locate, and so the story continues. Now I am writing from my new net book that I got for Christmas from my parents-in-law. The stunning thing is this little computer survived an earthquake, and all kinds of rubble that landed on top of it. So the testimony of Jesus is what privileges me to write this very true, still unfolding story. The young men who serve in Pastor Eddie's ministry were brave enough to go back into the house that was in ruins. They recovered my suitcase, briefcase, laptop and my new Bible my amazing wife recently bought for me for a special occasion that has been postponed, so it can be just a bit more special. My passport and wallet was recovered also, so this was a real blessing so that I can get out of Haiti hassle free. One of the things that were taken out of the house that was lying in ruins was a hot pot of coffee. So the next morning Christina and I were drinking coffee as I looked into one of the very many large holes in the house. As I am writing this, a small quake happens with a few tiny tremors to follow, and the several thousand people in Pastor Eddie's back yard start to scream. So back to our episode of, "God's saving grace now". As I was drinking my strong Haitian Coffee that still managed to be hot, I looked deeper into the room I was sleeping in when the quake hit. There was a 5 to 7 foot cinderblock wall that was lying on the bed. That was the very bed I was sleeping on when the quake hit. If I would have been there several seconds longer, I probably would not be testifying of God's saving grace in the person of Jesus Christ.

I stopped to clear up my typing mistakes to hear the Haitians singing a beautiful song to Jesus in Creole. I will be back in a minute, now they are praying to Jesus; their hearts un-offended even in this catastrophe. They are my heroes and God sent me to preach to them? I am begging to understand more

and more why the writer of Hebrews said we have been given an unshakable Kingdom. When the earth shook in Haiti the church did not. Words cannot do justice to this experience. Let's go back in time a bit to last night. We were packed in the back of a flat bed truck. It was then when a good thought came to my mind, that's one in a row. So we left the flat bed to go across the street to a SUV, where we slept. Then we were woken, to a warning that a tidal wave is coming! So we got up and fled to higher ground at a slower speed because we had sandals on and our tour guides were barefoot. We later found out that there was no tidal wave coming, thanks be to God! So we slept in the truck, and we pick back up early in the morning after our Haitian coffee experience. We go out to see what is happening outside Pastor Eddy's property to find out that there is a house of fifty rooms that collapsed and everyone in it was killed. Then across the street there was a dead body right there on the sidewalk. So we stopped to video and take pictures of our surroundings, so we can raise some funds to send for relief. The picture and videos are on weseejesusministries.com and on impactnations.com, please check them out. So then we wait out the rest of the day into the night. We begin to hear screams of the dying, cries of the praying, even voodoo priests began to call on the name of Jesus to save them. Then we hear the people of God singing to Jesus, just so grateful to be alive, their songs brought me to tears. So I got out my mp3 recorder and recorded some of them so that I would never forget the people I spent this time with. They were the most loving, tenderhearted people I ever had the privilege of spending time with. I am weeping as I write this from the plane on the way home today at 5:41 pm on the 14th of January 2010. So Christina and I fell asleep in a flatbed truck with at least 20 other people. We went to sleep hearing screaming, crying, people calling out the name of their loved ones that they could not find; and many of them will never find them because they were smothered under brick buildings. Around 2:00 am Pastor Eddy Francois begins to preach Jesus, he tells the people that Mary cannot save them, he tells the voodoo priests their voodoo has no power and he leads over 2,500 people in a prayer of salvation. Many were saved, but those 2,500 people sounded like 25,000 people calling upon the name of the Lord. In the time of the greatest pressure this man of God and the church of the Lord Jesus Christ rose up and

shined like a Bride adorned for her bridegroom. Thousands of people were saying “come, Lord Jesus, come.” They wanted him to return, but the time is not yet but soon. Jesus said, “there will be earthquakes in diverse places”, and I know it’s true experientially. By God’s grace I am alive to tell you about it. I had the privilege of experiencing the words of Jesus Christ, which is so amazing. So while this pandemonium is going on the earth continues to tremble and we feel tremors often and it causes a great big “aah”. I am learning that “aah” is for every language, tribe and tongue, hahaha. Also during the process of all this it gets very dark, and begins to drizzle. So the church lifts their voice in prayer and the rain stops and then we hear them cheer and thank God for responding to them. So eventually we get back to sleep. We woke up around 4:45 am to a loud Haitian man praying. Maybe when the church in the west wakes up it will start fasting and praying again? He is demanding the people of God fast until lunchtime! Not too hard when you have almost nothing, anyway. This earthquake shook all the religion out of me. God shook the hell out of Haiti and the religion out of me. This experience has rearranged my priorities. In the Pastor’s house there was some demonized young women, after the earthquake the girls were free and were no longer manifesting demons.

Later that morning we were taken to the airport. They took the sick, elderly and those with children out first. Then later that afternoon, I got on a “Vision Airlines flight 902”. Previously the majority of people who left Haiti were black folks. Later in the afternoon a Haitian Police yelled, I need 52 white people. One of the black guys started screaming and cursing saying “ I am a _____ing U.S citizen to, what the _____?” So a black man wearing a Yankees hat looked at me and in a deep voice said, “I will help you.” He grabbed my suitcase and he and I pushed through the crowd with all the strength we had. He stopped me and asked me to tell the guards that he was with me. At that moment I grabbed his forearm and as we pushed through the crowd I pulled him through the gate with me. I then began to run to the other side of the airport, by the time I was going to my plane I no longer saw this man. I am not sure if he was an angel wearing a baseball cap, if he was we know that God is a Yankee

fan, if not God sent him to me to help. This man's love and compassion transcended the color of my skin. I was weeping thinking about this. One of my goals is to be a bridge from the inner city to the suburbs and work together for the honor and glory of King Jesus. If you are interested in giving to a reputable organization visit: www.haiticharity.org. If you have any further questions or are interested in my ministry visit: www.weseejesusministries.com or contact us via e-mail at: info@weseejesusministries.com.

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