

Heaven's Reach Ministries

News Letter March 2008

Mission Honduras

Showing, Teaching, and Releasing Gods Love

What a whirlwind of a month.

We started the month off returning to Yamaranguila from Spanish school. Dean headed back to the states for a missionary/pastors conference in Houston and I began to prepare for a team that would be arriving the 2nd week of March. The month was full of enlightenment, hard work, joy, blessings, and sorrow.

I experienced so many new things the week the team arrived I am not even sure if I can put it into words or not.



Cindy had returned to the states to attend a retreat with her sister so I was in charge of the kitchen for the team. I never doubted the work that Henry and Cindy put into their ministry, however until this week I never realized just how much work and time they do put into it. They make it look so easy when you are there for a short-term mission trip, but behind the scenes and the week or

two before the team gets there are anything but easy.

During the week, my days began between 5-6am and ended between 9-10pm. Julia and I cooked for 30-36 people per meal. It was exhausting and at the same time very rewarding. Although I was not able to go out with the team, I was blessed by the work they were doing. You all know my passion for the hospital and the needs they have, well the team that was here built another portion of the roof over the hospital. The project is very large and expensive so we have been able to break it down in sections so that teams can not only afford to do it, but are also able to see the results of their hard work.



On Saturday, I led my first medical clinic. It was very exciting. We saw approximately 150 people. We had areas set up for check in, evangelism, dental, medical screening, pharmacy, lice treatment, haircuts, and clothes give away.



Dean was suppose to return the day the team left, however, he lost his passport during his travel and had to reapply for another one. While waiting in Houston to obtain the new passport he met a pastor from Belize who was in the process of purchasing a car to take back to Belize and Dean felt led to assist him with the travel. It would put him back in Honduras before Easter. Meanwhile, I received a call from my family that my grandfather was not

expected to make it through the week, so Haley and I returned to the states. Because of the late notice and it

being spring break for many it took us two days to get back to Arkansas.

On our drive from the airport to my grandparents' the weather was very stormy with tornado warnings all around us. We prayed for safety. We drove behind a semi-truck for 30 minutes or so and it began to pour rain so I pulled off the road for about 5 minutes and when we got back on the road the semi-truck we had been following had been lifted up by the wind and thrown down across the road. The cab of the truck was sideways in the ditch and the man could not get out. I climbed under the cab and could talk to him through the broken windshield. He was able to talk to me and he had a head injury that he was able to put pressure on. Haley called 911 and others were already there. I talked to the man and prayed with him until the police, paramedics, and firefighters could get there. We knew that God had allowed us to pull off the road just long enough to keep from being involved in the accident. The man suffered only minor injuries considering the extent of the accident and that they had to cut him out with the Jaws of Life.



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Due to it being Holy week (the week before Easter), Dean and the pastor were unable to get the necessary paperwork needed to travel through Mexico to Belize and they were forced to stay on the border until the Monday following Easter. He was blessed to meet a variety of people and I believe God used the time for His glory.



Haley and I were able to return to my family two days before my grandpa passed away. I was able to stay both the nights with him and be there when he went home to be with Jesus. I was also able to be there for my mother and grandmother. He passed on Good Friday and we buried him the Monday after Easter. He was 87 years old and I truly believe that because of his decision to follow Christ it opened the doors for his family to know and follow Christ including myself. We are blessed to have been his family!

Dean made it to Honduras a week later and back to us on April 1st. We are now traveling to raise the money to return to Honduras. We have lots to do and have teams almost every week starting May 11th. We cannot thank those of you who give, encourage, and pray for our us and our ministry, you are a mighty blessing. Pray for all God has in store, His kingdom come, His will be done!

God bless you all,

Dean, Melissa, and Haley

