



FEED A CHILD
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Dear Larry,

The excitement mounts ... then the door bell rings!!! You grab the knob and fling the door open ... suddenly, the air is filled with squeals, hugs and laughter!!! YES, IT'S THANKSGIVING, and the kids, cousins, grandchildren, aunts and uncles have arrived for this very happy and thankful occasion amid the aroma of turkey, dressing and pumpkin pie floating from the kitchen!

After all the joyful greetings, and the whole family is finally seated around the Thanksgiving table, you bow your head and begin to thank God for all His blessings ... YOU HAVE ABUNDANT FOOD ON THE TABLE, PLENTY OF CLOTHES TO WEAR, A JOB, YOUR HEALTH AND A BED TO SLEEP IN ... these are some of the things you are thankful for!!!



Meanwhile, over in the country of Haiti (just an hour and a half from the shores of our beloved United States) a little Haitian Grandma sits on a tiny, broken, wooden chair, just outside a dilapidated, mud and stick hut in the **very small village of Ti Fond Parisien**. Dressed in her rags, she lifts her eyes to say, "Mesi, Segne," (Thank you, Lord). She too, is counting her blessings, but in a much different way!

You see, "**Grandma Louis**" (an old widow woman), was hit by a big truck nearly four months ago. The truck backed into her, nearly severing her right foot. Since she had no money, she was taken to the "poor hospital" here in Haiti, and was there for three months. When she was finally released, someone drove her back to her home ... a tiny stick hut village. But as the truck approached the little village Grandma Louis began to cry uncontrollably. There in front of her, **THE ONLY POSSESSION SHE HAD IN THE WHOLE WORLD WAS GONE** ... her little mud and stick hut had been blown down by a fierce storm while she had been in the hospital. Now all she had in the whole world was a pile of sticks!



An elderly lady from the next hut took Grandma Louis in to live with her in her hut. The neighbor's hut was less than six feet square, with a dirt floor, a very tiny table, and a small "make-shift" bed, which consists of a sagging mattress made of old rags and pieces of banana leaves, propped up on rocks. Yet this was only the beginning of Grandma's problems.



The **open wound** in Grandma Louis' foot began to get badly infected, due to the mud, and goat and pig feces that she hobbled through ... the filth in the village! Soon, that old foot began to swell and the **flesh rotted**. The stench was unbearable! Then to make matters even worse, Grandma had taken responsibility of raising her little grandbaby, Kashna, who was only three years old! Little Kashna was the only one to help her grandmother.



CAN YOU IMAGINE DEPENDING ON A THREE YEAR OLD FOR SURVIVAL ... HAVING HER PUT STICKS ON AN OPEN FIRE TO COOK A LITTLE POT OF RICE FOR YOU?

Here is a poor, old lady, with one swollen, infected foot, hobbling around on a long stick for a cane, trying to care for a three year old ... can you imagine the unbearable pain she must have felt, when her only possession in life had now become a pile of sticks?

Yes, here Grandma Louis sat all alone, on her little, wooden chair staring at her grandbaby, arranging the sticks in the fire! With tears in her eyes, she glanced over at the pile of sticks that used to be her "home" ... now flat on the ground! Sometimes she would glance down at her foot, oozing with rotting flesh ... swollen with pain. She used to have two good feet, but now she was hobbling around on a crooked cane on one foot! She remembered good times in the past, when Kashna's mother was well enough to take care of her, but now ... **Kashna (pictured)** was left with Grandma Louis!

"Oui" (Yes), Grandma Louis said, "Mesi Segne" (Thank you, Jesus) ... she was thanking God for a place to lay her head ... even though it was a borrowed hut. She was thanking God for good health, even though **she almost lost her foot to gangrene** ... she was thanking God for her grandbaby, even though this was another mouth to feed.



THIS WAS GRANDMA LOUIS' THANKSGIVING!!

However, this Thanksgiving, God doesn't want YOU to feel guilty ... just grateful! Feel grateful that you have a bed to sleep in, clothes to wear, food to eat and a house to call your own! And now that God has blessed you, you have the opportunity to bless someone less fortunate ... someone just like Grandma Louis ... and here's how you can do this.

Your gift amount, \$500, \$100, \$50, or the widow's mite of \$10 ... any amount that the Lord lays on your heart, will help us buy medicines, food, etc. And yes, surely there is someone who would give Grandma Louis a brand new concrete house ... a new house, with a real bed and table and chairs in it. We can do this for her with a gift of \$4,500. What better way can you be a missionary than to help someone like Grandma Louis, who used to be a devil worshiper, and now is thanking God for her very life, by giving her a beautiful little furnished house to raise her grandbaby in. **THERE'S NO WAY TO FATHOM HOW GOD WILL BLESS YOU!**

We love you. Thank you for helping Grandma Louis and Kashna!

Elden & Denise

The next time you write — Please return this coupon

**Here's my gift to help
Grandma Louis.**

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