

# THE ODYSSEY

A PUBLICATION OF THE KRUL FAMILY

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**WE WOULD LOVE TO  
HEAR FROM YOU**



**MISSION AVIATION  
FELLOWSHIP**

## Crossing the Continent . . .

After countless hours of packing, the day finally arrived to move all of our belongings across the continent from Chilliwack, BC down to Fort Pierce Florida! Dad and I left bright and early in the 26 foot Penske truck uncertain how it would go at the border. As we approached the US border crossing, we silently

prayed that we would have no problems, and praise the Lord – He answers prayer! After a 12 hour drive through Washington, Oregon and Idaho, we finally arrived at our first stop in Nampa, Idaho. The following day I dropped Dad off at the Boise airport, and continued on



ward with Todd Edgerton toward Florida. We drove through Salt Lake, the Aspen Mountains, the rolling hills of Wyoming, the endless cornfields of Iowa, the Ozark Moun-

tains of Arkansas, across the Mississippi River into Alabama, through Georgia and finally arrived in Fort Pierce Florida! A grand total of 6500 KM, 65 hours across 17 states! I sure don't plan on doing that again any time soon! Thanks to your ongoing prayer and financial support we were finally able to make the move to Haiti!

## First Impressions

I lean forward in my seat as my eyes search excitedly for its first glimpse of the tropical Island that we will soon be calling home. I hug Jayden's small body closer and glance down at his sleeping form. Completely oblivious to the importance of the moment, he rubs his eyes with one tiny hand and smiles in his sleep. Anxiously I gaze outside again. Yes, there it is, Haiti! Turquoise waters hug the sand coloured earth, where tree covered mountain ranges rise and fall. It's beautiful. I press my forehead against the glass and emotions course through me. Excitement, wonder,

fear, and awe fill my heart as I gaze at the Island that is growing closer by the minute. As our airplane circles to land, I get a closer look at the



city. So in contrast to the beauty is the obvious poverty of the people who live here. Tin shacks line the mountain sides haphazardly and garbage litters a nearby stream. In the same stream, women

are doing laundry and gaunt dogs scavenge for scraps to fill their hungry bellies. A minute later the plane touches down with a hard thump, thump, bringing me back to the present. I gather my bags in one hand and Jayden in the other and make my way to the front of the plane. As we exit the doors a wave of humid heat hits us like a blast from a fiery furnace. Jayden bursts into tears and buries his head in my shirt. I gently soothe him, while absorbing the sights and sounds around me. As we enter the airport we are greeted by strains of Caribbean music. The musicians smile and wave, as our program manager welcomes us. Here at last.

# PRAISE

Those who share our calling and have partnered with us through prayer and financial support enabling us to serve in Haiti!

Our safe arrival in Haiti

That MAF was able to find a house for us in Port au Prince!

That Jason is over his malaria

# PRAYER

For help as we continue in language school in Pignon for the next 3 months and then return to our home in Port au Prince.

For continued health and safety as we minister in Haiti.

That the Lord will continue to incline more hearts to financially support this ministry.

The sun peaks over Mount Pignon, casting her golden glow over the slumbering village. The yellow rays twinkle in the early morning, waking the roosters high up in the exotic trees. They greet the morning with crows of joy, waking up the rest of the animal kingdom. Birds begin to chirp, dogs bark happily, the tarantulas peek out from under their rock caves and the goats sleepily blink their eyes. Mothers wake their sleepy children, and get them ready for school. The Baker prepares his dough and places it outside in stone ovens. Women prepare their goods for market and men prepare to work in the sugar fields. I close my eyes for a few more minutes, listening to the sounds around me, and then carefully push open the mosquito net and slip out of bed. I quickly dress Jayden, and together we head outside. As I open the door, all thoughts of returning to bed leave me. The blue sky beckons, the sun kisses my cheeks and the breeze gently pushes the hair out of my face. I smile and look at Jayden and as I hold his precious little hand and walk side by side to the meadow. The goats are excited to see us and Jayden picks a hand full of grass which he holds carefully to their mouths. Every now and then a tugging contest ensues and I smile. Then together we hike to the river down a small path. Jayden walks in

# A Day in Pignon

front of me and touches the plants that are leaning onto the trail. We carefully make our way down to the river and stare into the fast flowing water. Half an hour later we make our way back - our stomachs rumbling.

We finally have a propane stove we can use but we don't have any pans. After breakfast we feed the chickens and then look for one of the camp guards. In broken Creole and sign language we explain we need a pan, he finally understands and brings them to us.

At 9:00 Jayden is back in bed for a nap and we are studying Creole. We are learning body parts today and are having a lot of fun. Who knew that your tongue was actually your lung? And your chest your stomach? And your neck was a koe (dutch for cow)?

Today is my first day to hand wash since there are no wash machines here. So after lunch I heat some water, throw in some bleach and detergent and let the clothes soak in a rubbermaid for awhile. Then I grab a little stool and sit outside by a water faucet. I swirl the clothes and then rub them together to get the dirt off. Minutes later, Jean Claude,

one of the camp guards, comes walking up the trail. In one hand he holds his machete and a couple of grapefruits, and in the other hand he holds his Bible. He watches me for a moment and then puts them down and comes to "test the water". "Pa Bon" (not good) he says, and shakes his head. "Dlo fret" the water should be cold. I shrug sheepishly and then point to the tap. Dlo fret I ask, he nods so I add cold water. He watches as I swirl my clothes in the now cold water. Pa bon, he says again. He drops down to his haunches and begins to scrub. He started with Jayden's black socks which once were white and I am amazed how white they become. They looked brand new by the time he is done. I watch him and try to imitate him. In the meantime another one of the camp workers comes along, an older man with a friendly smile, and he picks up the Bible. Then very slowly, he begins to read out loud. Every now and then Jean Claude helps him sound out a word, that he has difficulty with. Although I couldn't understand any of the reading because it was in Creole, the actions of John Claude touched me. Here we had come to Haiti to help others, but instead, other people were time and again helping us.



# Solar Project



Since electricity in our village is mostly non-existent, and diesel (when available) has hit over \$1.85/litre we have decided to primarily power our house with solar energy. Not only is the sun free, but it is almost always shining here in Haiti! This will greatly help us in cutting down in our monthly expenditure! We therefore need to raise additional funds for the panels. MAF has set up a 'project fund' for the needed ministry items. If you would like to make a tax-deductible donation to this, you can do that by mailing a cheque to MAF and indicating on the memo line that it is for V72- Equipment Fund.

Thanks to your support, we have finally arrived in Haiti! God has truly helped us through our training, kept us safe on the journey here and opened the hearts of people like you to support this ministry. Even throughout language school we have enjoyed

the opportunities to witness to local Haitian kids. If you feel the Lord inclining your heart to financially support this work, you can contact MAF (address below) or visit our website at [www.mafkrul.com](http://www.mafkrul.com) where you will find a link to the MAF website where you can complete a secure online donation.

Check out our weekly BLOG at: [www.mafkrul.blogspot.com](http://www.mafkrul.blogspot.com)

