Service Reflection (Haiti)

A few months ago, I made a trip to Haiti to prepare for the Young Adult Workcamp there. Going into Haiti as a young white female, I knew I looked privileged. Even though it was only for a site visit, I wanted to serve the Haitians as much as possible. While these were my thoughts going into this country, they were completely changed by the end of my trip.

Coming home after the trip I was often asked, “What was the most exciting thing that happened?” Seeing a truly impoverished population is in no way exciting, but there was a moment that I saw God.

The paths that lead throughout the island of La Tortue are very rocky and exceptionally muddy. I was wearing sandals with a thick tread on the bottom. They were the only shoe that I had brought and they would pick up an immense amount of mud, no matter how short the walk.

One morning I was walking to the Brethren Evangelical School on the island, which the workcamp will serve, and there was a young Haitian girl walking behind me. She noticed that I was picking up so much mud with my sandals that my sandals were growing heavy and mud was getting splattered on the back of my legs. The young girl walked up to me and stopped me. I had no idea what she was doing and we couldn’t speak to each other because of our language barrier. But she bent over and picked up my foot, grabbed a stick, and began to pick the mud out of my sandals. Not only did she do this for me once, but twice. It was in those moments that I realized that the Haitians were serving me more than I could ever serve them. I saw God in that Haitian girl. She showed me humility and love. I realized that even though this young girl lived in such poverty, she was able to show me that there are no limits to serving or even following God. God’s people are not limited to a race, class, or age. God is everywhere and the opportunity to serve is everywhere. Service does not have to be a grand act. It could be as simple as picking the mud out of a stranger’s shoes.

-Jenna Stacy