A call to action came to my husband Gary and me just days after Hurricane Matthew ripped across the southern coast of Haiti. We had no idea what we were going to find — as a matter of fact, we thought a few days of flying medical personnel in and out of the remote areas would be all that was needed — things would return to normal...or so we thought.

Well, the reality of the untold situation quickly popped our optimistic bubble!

To this day the mainstream media has still not reported an accurate depiction of the total devastation. The only source of truth comes from the people on the ground—the faith-based WARRIORS and the social media truth tellers.

Images from the past three weeks are imprinted on my mind—some that I will treasure and others that I hope not to see.

LET ME SHARE...

My husband, Gary, and his team of courageous pilots—Dan, Sam, Al, Paul, Elliot, Gary—were commissioned to rescue critically injured patients and take them to get medical help. Nobody else was willing and/or capable of getting them out.

A young boy with a spinal chord injury, dehydrated premature twin babies, a woman who we thought was in her last days of pregnancy, an older gentleman with his tibia protruding through his skin and blood spewing from the wound, numerous gangrenous wounded men and women, a little girl (about the same age as my precious grandbaby) with 30 percent of her body burned...

The young boy didn’t make it, the babies are doing well, the woman wasn’t pregnant but rather suffering liver failure (her days are numbered), the older gentleman lost his leg, wounds are healing, and the sweet young girl is on the road to recovery!
We brought food, water, and supplies, one small plane-load at a time (talk about a lesson in patience).

A small city atop a hill with a lighthouse that served as the visual to locate the landing area. I remember the first time flying in with Gary we could barely see the lighthouse, but the other day (the 100+ flight), our experience was very different. Let’s just say, I think my husband could have landed the plane with his eyes shut.

All of us enjoy great satisfaction knowing that the 50-pound bags of rice, beans, cornmeal, other food, and the bottles of clean water are feeding thousands. Our inner spirits are changed forever.

A week or so into our outreach, we got word that a plane carrying a group of like-minded missionaries went down. They were headed home after giving aid to the cause. The crash was too violent to survive. Three beautiful people passed. Here is the final Instagram post of one of the missionaries:

This kind of mission on all counts brings obvious sadness, but this news made us stop in our tracks and pray even harder for His protection.

The REWARD...

Days of “in-your face” confusion, anger, despair, and yes, even behind-the-scene stealing of our food; then God presents Himself and stifles the ugliness. He brings two different cultures of people together—different skin color, different value systems, different ways of life—and we became one under His covering!

CHURCH UNDER THE WING

We're not finished.

One event after another every few days continues to validate that the needs out there are still very real and still very necessary. It’s been an awesome privilege to serve in this capacity. Gary and I both know it’s taken a team! We are forever grateful to everyone who has contributed—our fearless pilots, our ground logistics, ground support, our friends and donors!

This mission isn’t over. Our efforts will continue. Please continue to support this mission—
A Hand-up to Haiti!
Gary and Diane Heavin Community Fund
P.O. Box 195
Gatesville, TX. 76528

“I know God’s protection and direction were present.”

# LOVE