

A Good, Good Father

“You’re a good, good Father, it’s who You are...” So thankful that our good, good Father tenderly watches over the children at the orphanage, Hogar de Niños, in Santa Barbara, Honduras. Twenty-three of us recently returned from a week-long medical mission trip to Santa Barbara, where we worked and played with precious children at the orphanage; took part in 28 surgeries at the local hospital; saw hundreds of patients in outlying villages and a high school; and helped with the construction of an imaging center in the lower part of Casa de David, our guest house.

We left chilly Asheville early Thursday morning and arrived in hot San Pedro Sula, Honduras later that day. We all loaded up into several rental vans along with the medical supplies and our luggage and drove two and a half hours to Santa Barbara. In spite of the recent political turmoil in the country, we all felt safe and secure. Casa de David is surrounded by a wall with razor wire and has a guard at the gate 24-7. Later that evening, we went to eat supper at the Hogar de Niños, where we were greeted by the children with hugs and laughter. After a long day, we thankfully returned to rest in our air-conditioned rooms at Casa de David.

Each morning started with breakfast, devotions and reviewing the day’s assignments. Those on the surgical teams had clinics the first three days at the local hospital where they met with patients to decide who would receive surgery later in the week. A highlight was when several of us got to visit with the patients in the outdoor waiting area, sing with them, pray for them, and pass out “*baleadas*” (a Honduran burrito, more or less). We saw their countenances change from worry and fear to peace and hope.

The medical team took medicines, vitamins and first aid items (many of them donated) to remote villages that rarely see a doctor. Saturday, on our way to the village, we had to cross a rushing river by means of a swinging suspension bridge. We prayed fervently that our filled-to-capacity van would safely make it across! As we drove into the village, children ran alongside us yelling, “**¡Ahí vienen los Americanos!**” “Here come the Americans!” We saw over 150 patients. As the medicine was handed out and explained, we prayed with many patients. One sweet lady in her eighties had tears running down her cheeks while we prayed, then she began to pray for us, thanking *Dios* for sending medical help to her village.

The construction team worked tirelessly on the imaging center. The imaging equipment, long-stored in the upstairs lobby, found new homes down into the freshly-painted imaging center rooms. Some of the boys from the orphanage came over to help the crew. On one occasion, little Hector got a splinter in his thumb. Three people from our medical team worked to finally get the splinter out. Hector’s tears soon dried up with the enticement of a bowl of ice cream!

For three days we had afternoon Vacation Bible School at the Hogar de Niños. The story of David and Goliath took center stage. The children sang songs, memorized scripture, made crafts and played games. The children herded white balloon “sheep” with flyswatters. They colored a nine-foot-tall drawing of Goliath, then shot mini marshmallow “stones” at him with a homemade sling shots-great fun!

Our two surgery teams worked alongside Honduran hospital staff to perform twenty-eight surgeries in three days. One patient needed a mastectomy and was in tears before the surgery. I reassured her that her doctor was my doctor almost eleven years ago. We prayed and she was at peace.

Donations of soccer balls, dolls, teddy bears and clothing brought smiles to many kids’ faces. Thank you for giving and praying. At the orphanage, Carlita sleeps with her new doll, Marlon with his teddy bear, and Jorge with his soccer ball. “You’re a good, good Father, it’s who You are.”

Anita Lovejoy, March 1, 2018