

Greg's Testimonial Story



As I came around the corner she was standing there. Her brightly colored blouse stood out in contrast to the old, unpainted rough-cut wood of her home. Her tiny smile was beautiful.

I do not know her name, but to me she represents all the children of her Latin America nation of Honduras. Despite their economic situation these little ones are still able to smile and affect the heart of a middle-aged stranger from North America.

In 2006 my wife Patti and I had the opportunity to lead our first construction team to Rancho Ebenezer to work with our good friends Eric and Kymm Schultz and Ron Langejans. It wasn't until my second trip in 2007 that the Rancho Ebenezer construction team supplemented the Medical Brigade in Tegucigalpa.

Individuals had the choice of working with the Medical Brigade or going to the home of a local Honduran family to give them a new concrete floor. The later was my choice. The floor was for an eleven member family living high on a hill overlooking the capital city. Our team was made up of members of the WGO staff (Hondurans and North Americas), as well as representatives from both the Medical Brigade and Construction Team.

Standing on the hill looking down on the city was an awesome sight – one many mission teams may not get the chance to enjoy. As for the house: well it was a one room wooden structure, maybe 20' by 20', with a dirt floor, a single bare light bulb, and an old refrigerator, with no front door, serving as the pantry. An outhouse was located on the corner of the property.

Unfortunately, since the house was on top of a hill and the road to the family's home was not the best, our sand and gravel was delivered on the road below the house. It was an easy solution – carry it up in buckets. Okay, the solution was easy but the execution was not. We had to work our way through the yards of the homes below us, with the "steps" between the properties being several feet high and the ground a consistently wet mud due to recent rains. It took us awhile to get these materials up to the work site before we could begin.





The cement was hand-mixed in the “road” in front of the house, and then carried in buckets to be poured. We worked in shifts - except for Eduardo, who had been in the Honduran Special Forces and was a human cement mixer.

In the afternoon, as the work started leveling off, I took the occasion to get some pictures of the cement finishing taking place inside the house. There were two doors: one from the street and other from the backyard. I snapped several pictures through the front door, but realized the back door would give me a better view of the floor

that had already been poured and finished. Most of the team was still in the front of the house where the cement was being mixed.

As I came around the side of the house one of the family’s younger daughters was standing by the door watching the work inside. When she heard me she turned and shared with me her wonderfully innocent smile.

For me, this picture gives the ministry a face. Though this young girl is blessed to be a part of a Christian family, many other children her same age are the abandoned children being served by World Gospel Outreach and Rancho Ebenezer.

But Jesus said, "*Let the little children come to me and do not hinder them, for to such belongs the kingdom of heaven.*" Matthew 19:14
ESV

