

HAITI SUSTAINED BY FAITH

Each day in Haiti, people are dying—from disease spread in Port-au-Prince's slums where sewage and garbage are thick in the streets, from hunger worsened by a United Nations embargo, from bullets fired in the night by the military attaché.

The nation's problems seem insurmountable. Its president, Jean-Bertrand Aristide, has been in exile since September 1991, replaced by a military junta. Thousands of his supporters wait for his return, a return many say will never come.

There are those, though, who do return.

For the past three years, a group from St. Thomas Aquinas Church in West Lafayette has traveled to the Caribbean nation each spring, bringing medical supplies, food, a commitment to caring. Hundreds of other Americans offer their time, skills and money to help Haiti's needy.

Haiti has thousands of needy. Each day, they somehow are sustained—by a slice of bread, a scoop of powdered milk or bulgur wheat.

They are sustained by the care of Americans and others working hard to make their lives bearable, by the belief that next month, next year, change will come.

They are sustained by faith.

**STORIES BY JOHN NORBERG
PHOTOS BY FRANK OLIVER**

FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1994 • JOURNAL AND COURIER • LAFAYETTE-WEST LAFAYETTE, IN

ON THE COVER

A young girl cries for the attention of an adult — any adult — at the Santel hospital in Port-au-Prince. The hospice shelters sick and dying children, some of them abandoned.

INSIDE

THE NURSE
Diane Wagner, a registered nurse, works in a Port-au-Prince slum to educate and care for people in need. Page 4

THE HOSPICES
With few medical facilities available, hospices are islands of caring in Port-au-Prince slums. Page 5

THE POVERTY
Poverty and misery dominate the lives of thousands of Haitians. Pages 6-7

THE MASS
With makeshift churches filled beyond capacity, a gunshot rings out. It's another Sunday morning in Haiti. Page 8

THE PARISH
A rural parish outside of Port-au-Prince binds a Lafayette church with a Caribbean nation. Page 10

COMMENTARY
Reporter John Norberg shares his impressions of Haiti. Page 11

STAFF

JOHN NORBERG

STAFF REPORTER
John Norberg has been a newspaper reporter for 23 years, nearly 22 of them at the Journal and Courier. While in Haiti, he questioned many people on many topics. Their question to him was always the same: "What are people in the United States saying about 'conditions here'?"

He told them most people in the U.S. are only vaguely aware of what's happening, and it's not a subject most Americans talk about or think about much at all. It was an honest statement that left them speechless.

FRANK OLIVER

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER
A photographer at the Journal and Courier for 12 years, Frank Oliver says chronicling life in Haiti was one of the greatest professional challenges he's faced.

"The poverty was almost overwhelming. The challenge was to try to capture the immensity of the problem. The people who live under these horrible conditions, though, still have tremendous faith, a faith that was reflected in their eyes."

SHELLEY COCCA

SECTION EDITOR

JAMES JACKSON

DESIGN EDITOR

THE PARADOX

Of suffering and hope

Human spirit endures amid poverty, filth and violence

An orange sun dominates the evening sky, dropping behind the point of the bay, shining on the mountains, shimmering over the blue-and-aqua Caribbean water.

It's reflected in open sewers that run through the broken streets. It shines on fields of rotting garbage and the hulks of ships rusting in the polluted harbor.

Haiti is a country of paradoxes. There is great wealth in large, lovely homes built high into the hillsides and mountains, and great poverty in the garbage and sewage and mud that mucks into slime in the slums below.

There is great beauty in the Caribbean waters that surround the land and in the mountains that rise above it, full of rich red-brown soil, quaint stone walls and gardens fresh with green lettuce and cabbage.

But the mountains of trees are being stripped for cooking fuel, the Caribbean waters are polluted by sewage, and the vistas from above the city are of rusting metal rooftops and crowded, barren masses of white concrete buildings.

In the lightless dark of the night are a million stars to dream on while cracks of military and police guns shatter hopes and lives.

Cause and effect

A one-hour-and-40-minute plane ride south of Miami on an island discovered by Christopher Columbus, this oldest black republic in the world and second-oldest independent nation in the Western Hemisphere has been stressed to what some believe is the breaking point:

► Jean-Bertrand Aristide, the Catholic priest elected president by 67 percent of the voters in 1990 and ousted in a military coup seven months into his term, is exiled in the United States awaiting a return many say will never come.

► The New York Times has reported that key members of Haiti's military regime were paid informants working for the CIA. More than 2,000 people were killed during and immediately after the Sept. 30, 1991, coup. Human rights monitors estimate that another 1,000 people have been killed

since then. ► The 6.8 million people of Haiti live under a tight military control that they call terrorism. They speak of nightly political murders by police and military operatives. Periodic gun blasts break the quiet darkness from sunset to dawn in this capital city.

► A United Nations-imposed oil embargo has closed the country's gas stations and doubled or tripled the price of goods that people could not afford even before. Yet a morning shroud of smog hangs over the city as cars and trucks jam the broken streets running on black market, leaded fuel that's for sale by the gallon from men and boys on every corner.

If you want to understand what's happening in Haiti, says Sister Ann Weller of Tipton, Ind., who runs a Catholic Church hospice here, look into the faces of people today as you pass them on the street.

"Their faces are drawn. They used to be always happy," Joe Dank of Rock Island, Ill., says. "Some of my friends in the democracy movement say this is the year — 1994," Dank does volunteer work with the poor here.

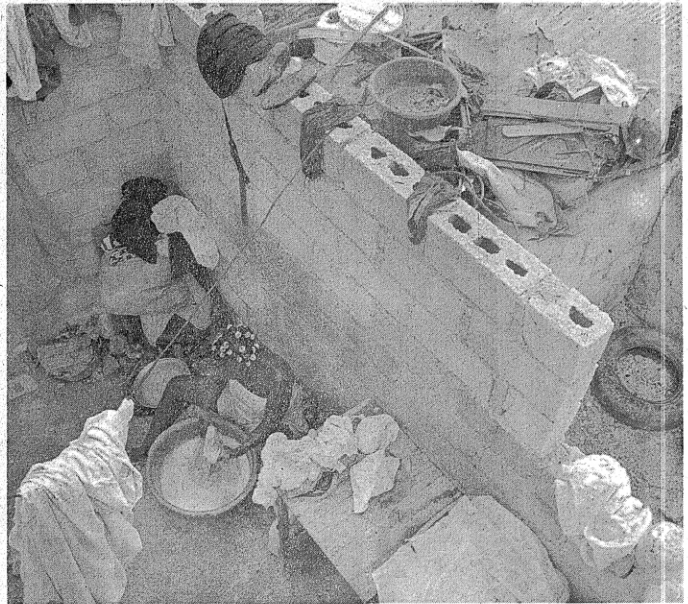
"The people are going to rise up against the military. And I don't know how they're going to do it because they don't have any guns," Dank says. "I can understand why they would want to do it, but I don't want to see it happen because many people are going to die."

Twelve people from the Lafayette area visited Haiti in March during Purdue University's spring break on a trip sponsored by St. Thomas Aquinas Catholic Church. The church has been aiding a Haitian rural parish for several years.

Some of those on the trip this year were returning for the fourth time, and reported that conditions are rapidly getting worse under the military junta:

► Garbage is piling up in vacant lots, gutters and streets. Goats and pigs and bony cows join men, women and children picking through the rotting mess.

► Once-paved streets on steep slopes have eroded, broken, collapsed and worn away



A woman washes clothes in scarce water scooped from gutters or purchased from a truck in a middle-class home in Port-au-Prince, where water, electricity and other public utilities are unavailable or unreliable.

into a series of holes and crevices that cars dodge, swinging left and right, narrowly missing each other.

► In massive slums that rise out of the bay at Port-au-Prince and stretch for miles like infected wounds, hundreds of thousands of people live jammed together with open sewers and garbage.

► Electricity from run-down power facilities is off more often than it's on, and water is bought at a high price from trucks that run through the city or is scooped from dirty, garbage-strewn gutters after rainfalls.

Pushed to extremes

The people here say nothing is being done about conditions.

"My country has a government," says the Rev. Jean Theodule Domond, a Haitian Catholic priest. "It just doesn't do anything."

Eddie, a young Haitian man who speaks in broken English, says, "What do I do all day? I don't have a job. I do nothing all day. I am bored."

Sally Scholz of West Lafayette, making her second trip to Haiti with the group, was surprised last year when Haitians walked up to her on the streets and offered her their children to take to the United States. That happened more often this year.

Tom Reichert, social concerns minister at St. Thomas Aquinas, says, "It's overwhelming to see all this suffering, and so much of it is needless. The situation here

is much worse. There's a great sense of despair on the part of the people." He was making his fourth trip.

Still, many visitors here see a people whose spirit will never dissipate, who can smile and laugh amid the despair and remain deeply religious.

Everywhere people are scavenging, trying to find metal they can pound into a pot, searching for dropped money or a bit of food. People beg with their outstretched hands every time one of the few visitors to this country passes. Children tug at visitors' sleeves and rub their distended bellies.

Opinions on how to deal with the problems come from all sides. Some people want Aristide returned to power. Others say he'll take the country to communism and class war.

Some want a tighter U.N. embargo on all goods going into Haiti — not the lax, riddled embargo now in effect with gasoline pouring in from the Dominican Republic, which shares the island with Haiti.

That would bring down the military in two weeks, some say.

Others say a tighter embargo would kill the country. "I need job in Haiti," shouts Alex Gules, a Haitian standing outside the gates to a hospital where U.S. volunteers are working. He's begging money from the volunteers. He doesn't like to do this.

"We need change in Haiti," he says. "I need job in Haiti. If I had job, I could help myself."

It's overwhelming to see all this suffering. ... When God sees what these people have been through and the love they still have — I guess that's why Jesus said, 'Blessed are the poor.'"



Tom Reichert, social concerns minister, St. Thomas Aquinas Church

Brother Tony, from France, of the Missionaries of Charity Brothers, recently returned to Haiti to help the poor.

"I was here last year, and I can tell you, now the situation is much worse," he says, sitting on a bench, talking in a soft voice, looking from behind brown-rimmed glasses. "We are in the middle of a slump. People don't have anything to eat all day. I have been to India. The poverty here in Haiti is probably even worse than it is in Calcutta."

When the huge orange sun drops behind the point, Port-au-Prince is mostly in darkness, broken only here and there by car headlights coming over a distant hill or the flicker of a gas lantern.

Sometimes in this night of their lives, Haitians come dancing down the streets in long lines behind torches and horns and tambour drums, joyfully singing in Lenten carnival, festive parades

that authorities allow. "It's a triumph of the human spirit," Reichert says. "When God sees what these people have been through and the love they still have — I guess that's why Jesus said, 'Blessed are the poor.'"

The group from West Lafayette brought some medical and school supplies, and they did volunteer work in hospitals and clinics. They helped unload supplies sent from U.S. churches. All help is important, even if it saves only one.

But the heroes in Haiti, Reichert says, are the people who live here, day in, day out, helping one another.

"It's easy to be moral when we have our human dignity and basic human rights respected," he says. "But to keep that dignity in an area where there's so much violence is unbelievable."

"It's a triumph of the human spirit."



On the edge of a Port-au-Prince street, a woman sifts through rotting garbage in search of food. Such scenes are common. Often, Haitians are forced to compete with pigs, dogs and goats in foraging for scraps of food.

Haiti at a glance. About 650 miles southeast of Florida, Haiti is the poorest nation in the Western Hemisphere. Includes map and statistics: Population: 6.8 million (27% urban, 73% rural); Language: Creole and French; Religion: 90% Catholic; Voodoo widely practiced; Economy: 90% of population earns less than \$150 a year; 70% jobless; per capita income about \$3 a day; Education: 80% literacy rate. Infant mortality rate: 123 per 1,000 births; Life expectancy: 54; 27% of children die before age 5; One doctor for every 50,000 people.

THE SLUM



At the gates of the Church of St. Joseph in La Saline, an infant lies alone — perhaps abandoned — wrapped in a pink blanket, her face covered with flies. Earlier in the day, a woman was sleeping on the church steps near the child.

A balm for the wounded

Sea of patients rises from chaotic society

SPORT-AU-PRINCE, Haiti Separated from the hot, dirty confusion of the street by a high metal fence, the Church of St. Joseph courtyard is almost empty.

Three nuns in clean white veils with blue stripes end their prayers and step from a four-wheel-drive vehicle into the courtyard.

During the 10-minute drive here, they've been saying prayers, counting on rosaries, unwilling to let any time slip by unmissed.

The cream-colored church steps rise above the street and nearby buildings like a mountain peak above a storm. Inside the church a choir rehearses. But the music is eclipsed by the screams of the street.

"Just follow the sisters," says Joe Danek, a tall, blond 23-year-old man from Rock Island, Ill., as a group from West Lafayette steps into line.

He opens the churchyard gate to La Saline, a slum next to another slum with another name, next to another slum with another name in this city of 1.2 million people.

The hot afternoon sun bakes the shadeless, narrow street, squeezed between concrete buildings and open-air markets where sweating people sell onions and lettuce and fried bananas covered with flies. In the midst of it all, a man is urinating in the street.

The surface of the street is gone, replaced by a confusion of mud and garbage and rotting food and sewage as people walk chaotically in all directions.

In the noise and the heat and the stench, thousands of voices are shouting. Above it all is the sound of a man shouting into a loudspeaker, droning in Creole, selling medicine, stop-

ping only to take a breath.

The three sisters of Missionnaires de la Charite — not one of them taller than 5 feet — step into the pandemonium of the street and the people move out of their way like a sea parting. But the mass of people closes behind them and pleading hands and arms reach out to the passing Americans, begging for help, any help, anything.

Island in the slum

The sisters walk quickly through the slime of the street, knowing exactly where they're going, although there's little that can be seen beyond the faces pushing toward them beneath the blinding sun.

When they come to a metal door, they open it and step quickly inside. The door closes. The noise and the chaos stop. There's no one inside. It's an oasis of peace in the slum, and everyone breathes more freely in the coolness of shade.

The sisters open the door again and let the street inside.

People file in, an endless stream with open skin ulcers and shingles and burns and wounds. A woman comes in with a towel held to cover her breasts, and large pink-and-red wounds across the black skin on her hip. A man's arm is an open sore from his thumb to his elbow — stinking, rotting flesh, yellow and red against the black skin of his arm.

The people here are dressed simply, some in American clothes. One young woman wears a T-shirt that says, "Just once I'd like to reach my ultimate goal and actually weigh what it says on my driver's license." The T-shirt hangs from the woman's shoulders over her shapeless,

emaciated figure.

More and more people come in, and Danek leads the group of Americans to a treatment room with a single table full of pans, cotton balls and medicine.

"Here's what you're going to do," he says, explaining how to treat the wounds and sores.

"We don't know what we're doing," one of the American volunteers says.

"Neither do I," Danek says. "But somebody has to do this."

The sisters lead the people needing help to a long concrete ledge. They sit. A sister smiles and speaks with them in Creole. She leads them in song. At first, the words are mumbled, the music without heart. But gradually the sound becomes distinct — music from people whose hurt is stronger than their voices.

"They're singing 'Ave Maria.'"

Political wounds

Danek has the volunteers ready to give treatment.

"Are you a doctor or a nurse?" he's asked.

"I'm nobody," he says.

Danek is a college student from Eastern Illinois University who started coming here in 1991 with a group from school. Last September, he entered the country for a one-year program, volunteering his help to various Catholic charity groups. His expenses here are paid by people back home. He has taken a year off from school.

"I do whatever I can to help," he says.

This day he's at the wound clinic in La Saline, which is open Monday, Thursday and Saturday.

Danek's blue eyes are intense while he talks. He constantly looks like he might lose his

temper about the situation around him. There's tension in his voice.

"There's a lot of oppression in this city and in the countryside," he says, sitting down during a slow moment in the afternoon. "These people have nothing. They have the bare minimum to survive. They're being oppressed day and night. They're being terrorized. They have no clean drinking water, they have no access to medical care and a lot of them can't send their children to school."

He doesn't need to be asked many questions. The words flow out of him like a river bursting through a dam.

"This is what happens when a military takes over," he says.

"They've thrown out the legitimately elected president; everything has collapsed. They're shooting these people and killing them and burning down their houses. These people running this country are terrorists."

Danek is a strong supporter of President Jean-Bertrand Aristide, who was ousted in a 1991 military coup after seven months in office.

Danek is critical of the United States' position, which he believes has tried to make Aristide compromise with the military. To compromise with the

"I'll have a hard time when I leave here. These people are my life."

— Joe Danek, volunteer in Haiti



military, he says, is to compromise with murderers.

"I don't know how much longer this can go on here."

Danek wears blue shorts and a T-shirt emblazoned with a message about the ecology.

"There aren't many doctors or nurses here," he says, his eyes snapping. "We get a lot of people coming in here with their skin ulcers because they live in this filth. We get cuts and burns and we pull teeth. ... These people can't find treatment anywhere. But they find us."

"Last Thursday we had a boy brought in here who the military had just released. He was beaten to mush, to mush. And I'm not exaggerating."

Danek is shouting.

"He couldn't walk, he couldn't move his arms. The only thing

he could move a little was his neck, he was beaten so bad. This was a street boy. They just decided to pick him up off the street and beat him for the hell of it. About a month ago they shot and killed twelve 18-year-old boys on the outskirts of Port-au-Prince. They said they were making bombs. Where are poor kids like this going to find stuff to make bombs? They don't have money for food."

Danek is leaving in August. He'll go back to Eastern Illinois University and finish his degree. He'll work for the Haitian people in the United States trying to form public opinion in their support.

"I'll have a hard time when I leave here," he says. "This is my life. These people are my life."

In the clinic's treatment area, Danek cuts a cyst out of a screaming man's arm. The little anesthetic available is ineffectual in quieting the man's pain.

Peace returns to the courtyard when the last person needing treatment leaves — a quiet and a coolness untroubled by the mass of warm, suffering bodies.

The sisters drop to their knees and scrub the floor.

When they finish, they open the door and step back into the steamy, screaming chaos of La Saline.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

The following individuals and organizations are featured in this section.

The work of these volunteer groups in Haiti is supported primarily through financial contributions:

HAITI SCHOLARSHIP FUND

St. Thomas Aquinas Center 535 W. State Street West Lafayette, IN 47906

MISSIONARIES OF CHARITY

Delmas 31 Box 13107 Port-au-Prince, Haiti (West Indies)

HOSPICE ST. JOSEPH

Sr. Ann Weller c/o Lynx Air P.O. Box 407139 Fort Lauderdale, FL 33340

HAITI MIND BODY BREAD, INC.

1821 N. 16th St. Milwaukee, WI 53205

DIANE WAGNER

c/o Lynx Air P.O. Box 407139 Fort Lauderdale, FL 33340

RON VOSS

c/o Lynx Air P.O. Box 407139 Fort Lauderdale, FL 33340

HAITI PARISH TWINNING PROGRAM

208 Leake Ave. Nashville, TN 37205

GLOSSARY

Here some names and terms that relate to Haiti:

JEAN-BERTRAND ARISTIDE

President of Haiti, elected in December 1990, and overthrown in a coup Sept. 30, 1991. He's in exile in the United States.

LT. GEN. RAOUL CEDRAS

Military leader of Haiti, he led the coup that ousted Aristide.

COL. MICHEL FRANÇOIS

Haitian police chief

ATTACHÉ

Armed but non-uniformed men who work with the police and military, the attaché has been accused by many people of committing political murders.

FRAPH

An armed group calling for social change, the Front for Advancement and Progress in Haiti is widely believed to side with the leaders of the military coup. Members are accused of political murders in Haiti.

CITÉ SOLEIL

A Port-au-Prince slum, its name means "City of Sun."

LA SALINE

A Port-au-Prince slum, its name means "The Salt Marsh."



Waiting for medical treatment at a clinic in the slum La Saline, Haitian men and women sing "Ave Maria" and pray before getting help for skin problems such as this man's shingles.

HAITI'S HISTORY

1492
Christopher Columbus discovers Haiti, an island which he names Hispaniola.

1697
French colonists import thousands of slaves to raise sugar and coffee.

1791
Slaves and mulattos overthrow French colonial rule.

1804
Haiti becomes the first independent republic in Latin America.

1915
U.S. Marines are sent to Haiti to restore order. U.S. occupation lasts until 1935.

1957
François "Papa Doc" Duvalier gains control of the government.

APRIL 21, 1971
"Papa Doc" Duvalier dies. His son, Jean-Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier, takes control of the government.

FEB. 7, 1986
"Baby Doc" Duvalier is ousted. Lt. Gen. Henri Namphy, commander of Haiti's armed forces, becomes head of the government.

MARCH 1987
Haiti adopts a constitution.

NOVEMBER 1987
Haiti's first civilian elections are canceled after polling places are attacked by terrorists and more than 30 people are killed.

JANUARY 1988
Leslie F. Manigat is elected president.

JUNE 1988
Namphy overthrows Manigat, declaring himself president of a military government.

SEPTEMBER 1988
Officers of Haiti's Presidential Guard overthrow Namphy. Lt. Gen. Prosper Avril declares himself president. Jean-Bertrand Aristide, a Roman Catholic priest, escapes an assassination attempt while celebrating Mass. Twelve are shot or hacked to death, 70 others are injured and the church is burned.

MARCH 1990
Avril resigns. Supreme Court Justice Ertha Pascal-Trouillot becomes temporary president.

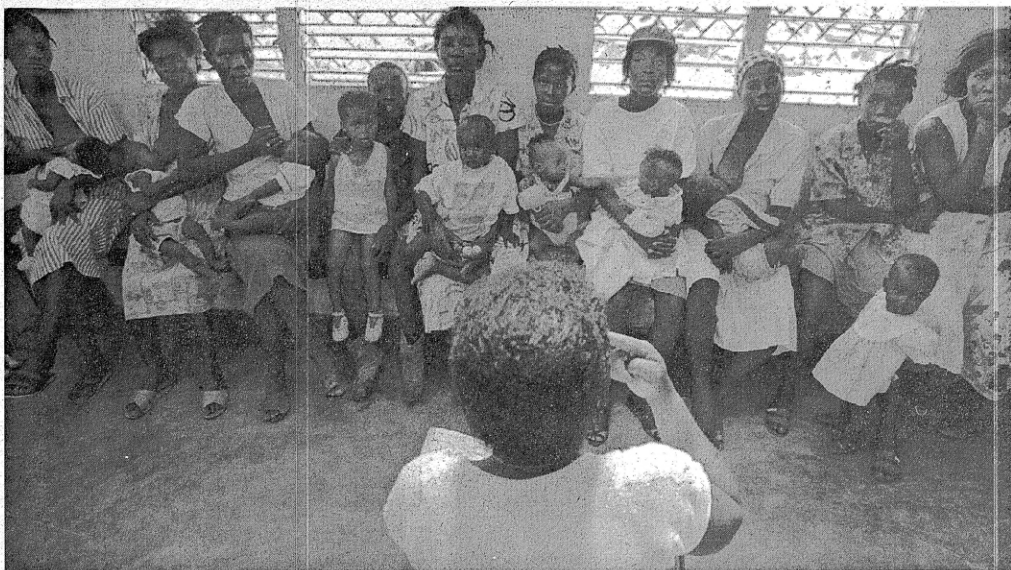
DEC. 16, 1990
Aristide is elected president by 67 percent of the vote.

SEPT. 30, 1991
Overthrown by a military coup, Aristide is exiled in the United States. About 150 Haitians die in the first day's fighting; 150 more die the next week.

OCT. 19, 1991
The first Haitian refugees are picked up at sea by the U.S. Coast Guard.

NOV. 5, 1991
Organization of American States embargo takes effect against Haiti.

THE NURSE



Breast feeding is the class of the day at a clinic in Cité Soleil where volunteers work to teach people to stay healthy and care for the sick.

A lamp unto the darkness

Clinic treats, teaches 100 people each day

DIANE WAGNER is a tall, pretty woman who misses the snow in her native Rochester, Minn., after seven years in Haiti.

But she can't leave. She would miss the people here even more.

Good people are pulled to bad situations. And in the middle of one of the worst slums of the world, Diane, 37 and a registered nurse, is working to educate and care for people who otherwise would go without.

Her clinic is in Cité Soleil, a name that means City of Sun.

The sun here beats down on metal roofs, baking the inside of the small concrete-block homes, bringing sweat to the bodies of people inside.

Diane, dressed in a simple jumper, has an energy in her step as she strides down narrow walkways, her eyes shining, her face smiling.

Brown dogs lie in gutters, breathing deeply, their ribs showing each time they exhale. Exhausted, they don't flinch as people approach.

The rows of dwellings are separated by three- or five-foot walkways. An 18-inch open sewer line runs down the middle or along the edge, near where children play games and attend schools close to where women wash clothes — wringing them in soapy buckets.

Those open sewers connect to larger open sewers.

The streets, the schools

Small children dressed in rags call out to those who pass, or poke at the arms of white people they call in Creole "blan," white. They hold out their empty hands, look with big empty white eyes, pull up their shirts and rub their empty bellies.

But the people walk on. They learn quickly that they can't feed all of Haiti, that around every corner more children will rub their bellies, more people will pick through garbage, more

people will use puddles in the street to wash their feet. They learn very quickly not to meet the children's eyes. It's too much to see.

Today, few children are in the streets of Cité Soleil. Instead, the streets are filled with a muffled hum filtering out of community-operated schools in homes. Children recite French

“We need to see the materialism of our lives. ... The lives we live in the United States have a direct impact on these people.”

— Diane Wagner, registered nurse who operates a clinic in Cité Soleil

language lessons over and over, a rote learning system.

A man stops at the door to look inside one school and blocks the only light shining on the students. They sit five to every two desks, grinning as they speak, their eyes filled with challenge, unlike the vacant eyes of children on the street.

The teacher rattles out an instruction and they rise in unison.

"Bonjour, monsieur," they say in one high-pitched voice. "Bonjour," he answers, and smiles and laughs in the joy of the moment.

The night rain has left large puddles in the walkway. The Haitians walk right through them, but Diane and a group of Americans following her step around the muddy water, picking their way through, sometimes having to grip at the block homes for balance in the narrow dry spots on the path. Diane doesn't know how many people live in these 8- and 10-foot square one-room dwellings.

"How many people in a fam-

ily — eight, 10?" she says. "Actually, this is the nice part of Cité Soleil."

A maze of pathways ends at Diane's clinic where a group of people have already gathered near the red metal door. She sees about 100 people each day the clinic is open.

Steep concrete steps lead to Diane's second-floor office and its two green doors — one leading to storage, one leading to a treatment area. The clinic overlooks the metal roofs of the slum.

How did she get involved with this? How does anyone? It just happens. It just grows.

"A group from my hometown had been working with the Catholic sisters here and they did a presentation," she says. "I saw it. I made a commitment and I've been here ever since."

She gets home once or twice a year.

Committed to caring

Some mornings Diane works with the sisters — a group under Mother Teresa — at a hospital for children, giving shots and other medication.

And then she goes to her clinic in the middle of Cité Soleil to dispense medicine and oversee programs such as nutrition for pregnant women and children. A breast-feeding class is being given at the clinic on this day. Women with babies at their breasts sit along a wall closely following the talk of an instructor.

Diane's program is supported by contributions, many from Rochester and her Catholic church there. People in the United States enable her financially to continue work in Haiti. But the Haitians are the reason she stays.

"What else would it be? It's their need," she says. "Very often they go with diseases that are treatable because they don't know what to do."

Food prices have doubled and tripled since the U.N. oil embargo began, she says. That

makes it difficult for the Haitians and for those trying to help feed and care for them.

"They can't afford the food or medicine to keep themselves in good health," Diane says. "The price of everything has gone up — even the charcoal we cook with has gone up."

"We see a lot of infections here because of the lack of cleanliness, a lot of bacteria. We see all the childhood diseases — measles, mumps. People would have to come here and see for themselves to understand it."

But even those who see for themselves have trouble believing their eyes, much less understanding it.

"The lives we live in the United States have a direct impact on these people," Diane says.

She's not lecturing. This is a very gentle talk. She's a gentle woman.

"We need to see the materialism of our lives," she says. "Our American businesses come here to assemble products cheaply and they don't even pay a sustainable wage. That's so the products can be brought back home so peo-

ple in the United States can afford to buy them."

But now, since the coup and the oil embargo, most of those foreign businesses have left and people have dropped from a wage that wouldn't sustain them to no wage at all.

Good days and bad

The emotional drain is great on people doing volunteer work here.

"We have good days and bad days," Diane says. "But we have more good days than bad days."

Inside her clinic are posters of snow scenes. Another pictures a rose with the words, "Violence ends where love begins."

Over her treatment table hangs a cross with the inscription, "God bless you, love Diane." She won't give up hope.

"If we look at these people's lives and what they're doing without — how can we give up hope?" Diane says. "It's these people whose lives are directly affected by all this. They live without the basic necessities of life."

"We keep saying here every year that it can't get worse. But every year it does. I don't

know how much worse it can get or how much more these people can take. How do these people survive day by day unless they have some kind of faith and hope that keeps them functioning? They have a faith in God. That's what sustains them."

Diane has a faith in God that sustains her, too.

And she gains strength from the very people she hopes to give strength.

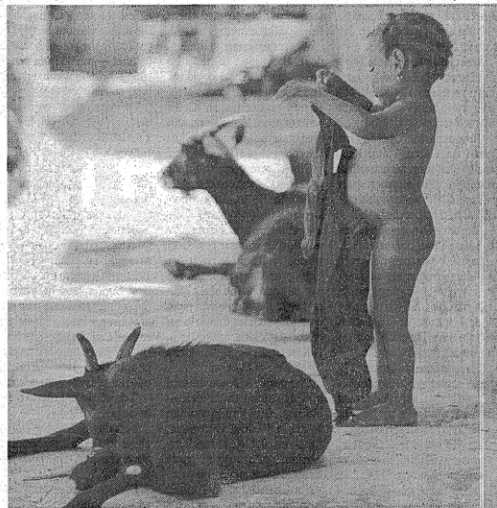
"What really gives us hope," she says, "is that all these people believe there is hope."

A line of people has formed outside the clinic, a line in the narrow pathway alongside the narrow sewer alongside the narrow homes.

Above that line, above the metal clinic door, the people of Cité Soleil have painted an American eagle with the inscription, "In God We Trust."

They trust in God. And they have written one other inscription there in bold letters. It isn't something for the world to see, because the world doesn't come to a place like this. It's a statement of love that simply says:

"Diane is a mother to us."



Her stomach distended from malnutrition, a young girl dresses on a slum street.