

SUMMER 2010

CATCH THE VISION UPDATE

Helping Our Own



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Now, we realize that there is millions tonight without food, without clothing, and we would love to be able to help the whole group of them, to do everything we could; but financially we cannot do that, we can't support all the world. But we are duty bound to our own.

63-1226 CHURCH ORDER

I was teaching at school at the moment of the quake. I left the room for a short period of time and I was in the corridor when I felt the shaking, but did not have time to react. The only thing I was aware of, was that I was already being crushed beneath the rubble. The upper level pinned me down, and I could not move my head. The roof on top of me continued to collapse from minute to minute. I was on my knees until the last moment, when they managed to move me a little ways from where I was.

And then, still trapped there, I thought to call my wife. I told her I was buried under the rubble and I asked her to take care of my mother. I did not weep, but I cried out loud to Jesus. I asked for grace from God and mercy, and I said that if it was His will, I must accept it.

The others were screaming and crying. I told the students, there were many about ten meters from me, to be patient, not to cry, to keep their energy until the first rescue would arrive. I also told them to pray, to pray to God, to ask for forgiveness for their sins. They did that, they prayed to God and I prayed from where I was, trapped beneath the wreckage.

But all I was thinking about was my mother and my wife, what they went through. Where I was, I did not think I would be able to survive. I can say that God sent His Angel to deliver me because I was hopelessly trapped where I was.
- Brother Réginal, Port au Prince, Haiti

Sister Guylana (Brother Réginal's wife) – On that day, I was just leaving work and was on my way home when the earthquake hit. After a few minutes, my husband called me and told me he was trapped under the rubble at his work. He said he could not breathe and there was a lot of dust. He told me to take care of his mother, who was



living with us because he was her only son and her condition did not allow her to live on her own.

At that moment, I cried out to God, and told my husband to stay alive. Then I took one of his friends, a neighbor, with me and went to where he was. We started to dig

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through the debris. We worked for the next six hours, until 2 o'clock in the morning. Then God gave us back my husband. His skull was fractured, as was his left foot, but that's it. By the grace of God, he is alive and well today.

On Tuesday, January 12, 2010, the earth beneath Haiti trembled with a violence not seen by that island in modern history. The poorly-built buildings in Port-au-Prince quickly crumbled to the ground, killing hundreds of thousands of people, severely injuring even more, and leaving thousands buried beneath the wreckage that was once their homes or work. The city was devastated, but there was a glimmer of hope shining through the dusty air.

During the chaos and aftermath of the quake, the Haitian Bride of Christ turned their eyes towards Heaven just as God's children have done so many times through history. The Lord heard their prayers.

As millions aimlessly wandered the devastated streets of Port-au-Prince, we were desperately trying to call any contacts we had in that country. Over the years, we had seen the population of believers grow to more than 15,000, and we knew that many of them would be in great need. After what seemed like an eternity, we established contact with Brother Guy Cantave and Brother Yvenel Tanis (VGR Representatives in Haiti). Our suspicions were correct: Thousands of believers were homeless and many perished in the quake. There was a physical need among the Bride of Christ that had not been seen in modern times. It was clear that it would be a massive and long-term work to help these people get back on their feet.

Like Brother Branham set in order, Brother Joseph has always stood on the premise that VGR never asks for money. If the Lord is in the work, then He will provide. I Cor 12:26 says, "And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it..." The deep feeling of despair that was being felt in Haiti struck believers all over the world. Phone calls and emails began to pour in to our Jeffersonville headquarters, asking if there were believers on the island and how they could be helped. As we have said many times before, the gears of *God's Great Machine* were again turning in perfect time.

The first step was to get a team on the ground in Haiti and set up a method of distributing relief supplies. From past experiences, we knew that the humanitarian organizations would quickly be there and start distributing food and water. Our main concern was that the believers were receiving this aid. As usual, our people were the last in line. Their humble spirits did not fit in with the mob mentality of quarrelling for scraps of food like animals. It was clear that they needed help right away.

Since there was food, although expensive, available at the markets, the most efficient plan was to purchase supplies there, and use the distribution team to dispense relief to the believers. Two VGR representatives from Montreal quickly flew to Haiti, and at the direction of Brother Joseph, set up an efficient team to organize the effort. This team consisted of local pastors, who knew their people's needs well. The wheels began to turn, and today this same team is still delivering food and supplies to about 5,000 believers.

As efforts were continuing to efficiently get relief to Haiti, and we were exploring ways to get shipments from Jeffersonville, one of the most powerful earthquakes ever recorded rocked Central Chile in the darkness of the early morning hours on February 27.

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Penco, Chile: I was sound asleep, and the first thing I can remember is the voice of my wife crying in fear as I got up in complete darkness. As soon as I got off the bed, I fell flat to the floor and could not move. The earth moved as I had never felt it before. I thought I was dreaming because it seemed impossible that everything around me could move like that; up and down, side to side and in waves, shaking everything. The ground that always is a foundation and a harbor of security and firmness was swaying and swinging like water under us.

I could only think about my children sleeping in their bedrooms and my wife on top of the bed crying and praying. I tried to stand up, but I could not do it. It shook me as if a giant was tossing me through the floor. The earthquake still did not stop. It seemed to last for an eternity. The furniture and home appliances fell all over the place until finally, little by little, the earth stopped shaking. The quake itself may have only last for four or five minutes, but the shaking did not completely stop for hours after that.

I managed to crawl through blackness and take my family to the backyard of my house. Then, I opened the back fence to get out to a soccer field. When we got out, I could hear one of the four noises that I will never forget in that night. The first one was the roar of the earth as the earthquake continued shaking the ground. I remembered the testimonies I heard from the believers in Pisco, Peru who told me of these things. Now I was experiencing it first hand.

As I gathered and embraced my family, I could hear the second unforgettable noise. I live on a hill overlooking the city of Penco, and I could hear the screams of 50,000 people down in the city. It was screaming full of fear and despair, something I cannot even begin to describe. I could only stand and think of the old cities in Genesis as they were destroyed.

Trembling in the cold night air, we started to pray as we looked at the almost full moon that shone over us and gave us some relief in the middle of the desperation. In spite of the destruction, the starred sky seemed as calm and clear as the sweetest night on earth. More people came to this field, and we started looking at the moonlit sea that was moving strangely, forming something like whirlpools and leaving the seashore dry and foamy. The people started screaming, "Tsunami!" while others said this was not possible because the radio said there was no danger of tsunami. We tried to calm down and then, a few minutes after that, I could hear the third

ominous noise that gave us all goose bumps. It was like a strong wind sweeping over a thick forest. Then it sounded like a train coming at full speed. It was the tsunami entering the city and destroying everything in its path. We saw the houses being ripped from their foundations, the waves covering everything. It was something unreal to behold and certainly made us feel as if we were in a horrible nightmare.

About an hour after this, the first lights of the morning brought a horrible scenario before us: Houses were drifting in the sea and there was debris in the middle of the bay. These were sucked by the waves as they retired from the city. It was a perfect destruction. No wonder Brother Branham calls an earthquake, a monster with a tail. We were looking at the destruction of its tail. Waves of people were climbing the hills towards us and we helped them.

The electricity, water, telephone, and cell phone service were immediately interrupted the first seconds after the earthquake. The communication was lost and all we could hear was the news from the local radio station in Concepcion. Even they did not know much about anything as they did not have any telephone or internet service.

As the morning passed the first reports came that this had been a magnitude 8.8 earthquake. They called it a "megaequake" and that its epicenter was in Cauquenes, about 100 miles north of Concepcion and Penco. Later in the week, we learned through the U.S. Geological Survey that this earthquake was the fifth worst in the world's recorded history, and hundreds of times more intense than the Haiti quake. It had such an impact on the earth that even the days were shortened by a fraction of a second.

During the same day of the big quake, we visited the devastated downtown in Penco. Mud and seawater was still covering all the streets. There was seaweed hanging from the front fences of the houses and trees.

In the afternoon of the same day we heard of the first acts of vandalism in the city of Concepcion; first the supermarkets and food stores. Hordes of people started breaking into those places to get food and supplies for the days to come. Some people were desperately trying to find food while others seized the opportunity to sack the stores, stealing home appliances and luxurious items. After the stores were emptied they set fire to those buildings. With horror, we heard the news that caravans of thieves on trucks were sacking houses in different areas of Concepcion. They came with guns and rifles terrorizing complete villas and towns.

In the neighborhood, where I live, all the neighbors called for a meeting to organize and create a line of defense for our families. The police force was not enough to protect all the population and the army still did not have the authorization to take control of the streets.

On Monday afternoon we heard that the outlaws' caravan was coming to our neighborhood. Again, it was unreal to take a sword and say a prayer with the family, ready to defend them to the last consequences, but that is what we did. My children were horrified to know that dad was going to a fight against the "bad people." They embraced me and cried bitterly. We set barricades in the street corners and waited for the thieves. At about midnight, and in the middle of a dark cloudy night, we





heard them coming as they started shouting and shooting their guns. This is the fourth noise I will never forget. We stayed low to the ground and heard the bullets zipping over our heads. They advanced and we grouped to resist in combat. They shot again and we decided to confront them. As we advanced, another group of a neighboring villa came with guns in our aid and a real shooting started. I stopped counting the shots at 100 as we stayed low beneath the bullets. It was a horrible night. The words of David in the Book of Psalms takes a whole new meaning after living through this. Ten people died in Penco that night.

and buckets were the usual sight on the streets. That day, the water truck was stationed by the city cemetery, and we all went there with our buckets. One wall, full of niches with dead people in their caskets, had collapsed during the big earthquake and left all the bodies completely exposed in the street. The stench was horrible while the wife and I had to climb over the caskets and bodies to get to the place where the water was being distributed. We had to cross this place again on our way back with our buckets full of water.

Brother Jefe

On Tuesday, more army forces came to the city but we still felt to stay outside of our houses, ready to fight. Martial law was decreed in the region and we heard the tanks and machine guns through the night.

On Wednesday, March 3, still there was no water or food available to purchase. We managed to go to a nearby river to get some, and the fire fighters came with their cars bringing water for the people. Long lines of people with bottles

The lack of communication was a real problem. I had the chance to see the believers of the local church and two other churches. They were okay, but struggling just like we were, in their own neighborhoods.

Only on Wednesday afternoon, we received the news that the believers in Talca and Constitucion were fine and were helping the people in the town of Cobquecura that was almost wiped out from the map.

Just like the Bible says, the food and water have not been absent from our tables. He has provided for us and we still have food for a couple of days. We are waiting for some help from the government tomorrow. Indeed, praying and thanking the Lord for the daily meals has taken a whole new meaning for all of us too. This experience has certainly changed our lives and we can praise the Lord for His mercy for sparing all of us. As far as I know, no believer was harmed in this great earthquake...

"Some through the waters, some through the flood, some through deep trials, but all through the Blood."





Brother Jefte, VGR Office Manager in Penco, Chile, was able to make contact with VGR Headquarters in Jeffersonville from a radio station a few days after the quake. He sent us this report, and it was not long before his role changed from providing for his family to delivering food and supplies to his fellow believers who were in dire need.

The earth continued to shake for months after, but the chaotic situation eventually calmed. The Chilean army took control from armed bands of marauders, and Brother Jefte began to safely travel the area, meeting the needs of the believers and encouraging them to stay the course.

The relief work in Chile is relatively small compared to that in Haiti, however there is still work being done. We are still delivering food to a couple families in the area, and there are many whose homes were destroyed in the quake. Building authorities condemned our office in Penco, so Brother Jefte is working out of his house for the time being.

As we look back on the experiences of these believers, there is one common bond that each of them have: *The Word*. Brother Réginal knew Who to look to in the most desperate of times. Brother Jefte's wife immediately called out to the Lord from the darkness when the earth seemed to be crumbling beneath her feet. They knew from the Message of the hour that God has sent a Comforter, and no matter where we are, or what catastrophic event may befall us, *He will be with us, and even in us, until the end of the world*. In the most desperate of times, this Comforter will bring all things to our remembrance.

Those believers are probably going through the most difficult time of their lives. Each of us has trials and cares, but the Haitian people may not have meals tomorrow or shelter from the



One of the families in Chile

monsoons. Yet, they are trusting that the Comforter will be there with them, and that He will provide.

That same Holy Spirit has led many believers around the world to band together in support of their loved ones, whom they have never met. Through their sacrifice, we are continuing to support those who are in need in Haiti and Chile. As you read this article, a 20-ft container from VGR headquarters is en route to Haiti containing 80 large, heavy-duty tents and rainflies that will provide shelter through the rainy season.

Voice Of God Recordings' number one function is to provide the Bride of Christ with Brother Branham's Message. Whatever work we are doing, that will always be our focus. What if these believers did not know their Comforter? They may have been among the bands of thieves, or squabbling for extra rations in the food lines. Instead, while staring death in the face, they had the peace of mind that the Great Comforter was there with them. Today, they are still trusting in Him.

The most important item in this 20-foot container is the Word. Over three thousand new French COD sets are included in the container and will be a special blessing to the believers. Along with these and many other sermon books are thousands of French and Haitian Creole tracts. We don't know where these tracts will end up, but we are trusting that many people will receive their first introduction to the Comforter from these precious golden nuggets. There are predestinated souls crying out for God from the despair that is so prevalent on the streets of Port-au-Prince. We can only imagine the comfort that will come when their eyes read across the Eternal Words that are written inside these little books.

Them little babies in India. See, it's the most pitiful sight, their little belly swelled up from hunger, the little mother laying there dying. Her little baby's gums, just lean-like, you see his gums through its lips, all the meat's gone. Their little skull, where it goes together, you can see it laying there. It can't cry no more, it's so hungry. Mother, reaching to you, her baby, "Take it." Well, if you take this one, look at the thousands more laying here.

And we Pentecostals build millions of dollars of buildings, and, Oh, sure, see... "We're real Christians." I don't see it myself. No. Raking out enough to feed them. Now, that's not what somebody else told me. That's what I know myself. I--I been there. That's what the--the money that the people gives me in love offerings: What do I do with it? I go there to feed them and give them food, and tell them about Jesus. That's exactly. Nothing... We ain't got nothing here. Jesus, I believe is coming soon; I ain't got no time for great big things and these kind of things here.

Let's get the message to the dying. That's what He's waiting on us to do. That's what the message is, "Go. Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."

61-0317 ABRAHAM'S GRACE COVENANT



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"But in the days of the voice of the seventh angel, when he shall begin to sound, the mystery of God should be finished, as he hath declared to his servants the prophets." REVELATION 10:7

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