

Ministering to Migrant Workers in South Florida:

Barnabas Project in action

By David Patten

Anyone wondering why our Father in Heaven would wish to be continually surrounded by the joyful faces of little children need only examine the recent photographs taken by Jim and Stephen Craig, during the Craighouse outreach for the Barnabas Project.

Who can say what that special thing is that shines in the eyes of children who have just received a gift?



■ Mary poses with some of the children.

Their expressions testified fittingly to the Lord's perfect wisdom, proven by His selection of such innocent and joyous companions. A happy child overflowing with joy is surely one of God's most awesome creations.



■ Kroy, David, Betty, Gustavo, Marcia, Mary, Joanna, Steve, and Jim (photographer) prepare to head south to Homestead.

On Sunday, August 24, nine of us rendezvoused at Craighouse, prayed for the Lord's protection and guidance, and then piled into three gift-filled vehicles to head south to visit migrant



■ Two girls made a good find.

farm workers in the Homestead-Florida City-area. Prayers for good weather and safe travel were answered. We trekked about an hour and a half south on the Turnpike extension, and then made our way to a large park and soccer field that lies at the doorstep of one of God's most amazing natural wonders, The Everglades.



■ David and Betty give Bibles in Spanish.

This is where migrant workers, who work sunrise to sundown six days a week for low wages, spend their one day of rest playing soccer. Heads turned as we pulled into the parking lot. Spectators

could sense immediately we were not part of the normal crowd.

We parked and I accompanied Jim to find the leader of the soccer field, the major domo of the park's Sunday activities. It had been suggested that he probably wielded more unquestioned power within his domain than, say, Gulf War General Tommy Franks did within his. We prayed for God to soften his heart toward our cause.

The first problem, however, was to find him. Accompanying us, thankfully, was Gustavo, who served effectively and with dedication as our group's translator throughout the day's events. But whom should we approach? "Gustavo, ask him," I said,



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