

*Reflection from MHI Supporter*

**The Unwanted Questions**

by Cathy Smith

HOW IS IT

that you live in destitution, homes made of rusty corrugated steel, lacking sanitation, running water, and electricity,  
while I visit you, sleeping within the protected walls of a “gated” community, enjoying a swimming pool, daily showers, fine meals and Wi-Fi access?

HOW IS IT

that Haitian men and women are grateful for care, despite the long wait on wooden benches at the Wound Clinic,  
while I’m irritable or angry because of a 10-minute wait in the check-out line at the store?

HOW IS IT

that babies get a bowl of “gravied” rice and Ladies of the Village gratefully drink a cup of water, while eating a bowl of vegetable hot dish,  
while I eat at a fancy hotel in Port au Prince and drink Prestige at a lovely Caribbean resort?

HOW IS IT

that I can barter for a piece of handcrafted Haitian art, looking for a good deal  
while knowing this is their food and clothing money?

HOW IS IT

that a mere stick of gum, painted finger nails and a simple back rub bring so much joy to our Haitian friends,  
while my over-abundance leaves me empty and searching for inner peace?

HOW IS IT

that Haitian churches are packed for Sunday Eucharist,  
while ours are often barely half full?

HOW IS IT

that when a destitute woman with her small child beg for food outside the church after Mass, we walk on by,  
then we get into our vans and eat the pastries our driver has so graciously purchased, laughing and chattering as we drive up the mountain to Jane Wynn Farm?

HOW IS IT

that a Haitian’s daily income is \$2 (\$.28 for a rural Haitian)  
while when I’m finished giving, my bank account still has more than enough money for unnecessary pleasures?

What lies hidden beyond your city markets, Oh, Haiti?

What lives within the walls of my heart?

The message is clear to this traveler: I need Haiti more than Haiti needs me.