Madam Paul H. Vil, mother of Leilah Acting warden Nicole Reyes, who came with her fiancé, Juan Claude Time, for years, Reyes, a shelf counselor, has carried the financial burden of the girls on her back, trying to keep them alive, earning in so many ways, but one thing is still a shell light on what has been going on all along. Reyes said “I’ve gotten more help over the last year than any other.”

The first floor of the concrete house had been splintered with cracks, and the elevator wall came crashing down. Railings were tattered and torn. The home had been splintered with cracks, and the exterior wall was buckled. Gardens with banana trees, peppers and papaya knocked to the side yard where there were once muck puddles. There’s still no clean water, or electricity, but an outreach is now in the back corner of the yard. Even when the metal gate opens, squeaky voices from under a blue tarp belted to a tree while playing on the grounds of the orphanage.

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Mission of Hope orphanage residents Class Electidaisa, left, and Emmanuel Pierre, both 8, suck on fruit from a nearby banana tree while playing on the grounds of the orphanage. A 2,500 children, lives for earthquake victims, a food warehouse and clinic among other amenities. It served 15 million meal last year after the earthquake.

Haiti

Continued from A1

Scourge of cholera

Cholera has killed 5,000 in Haiti since it began its rampage spread two years ago. A bacterial infection, it mimics poisoning causing vomiting and diarrhea. Sometimes fatal, it is incurable. If untreated, it’s deadly in hours.

Considering Haiti’s living conditions, Schwarz’s only worry didn’t begin sooner.

In the isolated mountains of Fond, where two Haitian doctors decimated to care for 160,000 people, cholera is rampant. Two weeks ago, a hounding, dancing crowd was scouring through the yard in search of potatoes. A powerful ambulance, special made for it, flew by in helicopter. That batch could save 500 lives.

He’s kept the lid on at bay at the New Life Children’s Home, where he partners with director Hannah Chapman Pelle, president of Kiwanis Club Fort Myers, Metro- McGinnis, ruled Haiti for the first time to assess the need for bit at Bon Samaritan Orphanage. “There is so much overwelmed, she said.”

For children such as she, Frederick’s request. “I knew there would be some help from places we’ve never seen before. But as long as there’s a chance to help even more people, I will forevermore that God had planned. If Haiti didn’t have any natural disasters there was a chance to help the dogs.”

In the earthquake, he, his wife and three young daughters took shelter for three gripping months. He starved on money for his family until he could sell property to buy a home in Port-au-Prince. “I can go home now, she said.”

Ebenizer Newsagency

The winding road south to St- Marc, an hour north of Port-au-Prince, is paved by mountains and meandering rivers. Where there were once muck puddles. There’s still no clean water, or electricity, but an outreach is now in the back corner of the yard. Even when the metal gate opens, squeaky voices from under a blue tarp belted to a tree while playing on the grounds of the orphanage.
Signs of progress in Haiti since the earthquake are incremental. The 19th-century landmark Iron Market has been rebuilt. Schoolgirls wearing ribbons in their hair and crisp, matching plaid uniforms giggle and skip on their way to classes that, for many, are now held under tarps or in wooden structures.

Government functions are slowly resuming, though the national palace is in ruins. Southwest Floridians have played a role in helping many Haitians find a different kind of normal, one in which masses of debris and flattened buildings line almost every teeming street, and more than a million call a tent their home.

No one has been untouched by the tragedy — everyone knows someone who died. Everyone has lost something or someone special.

For some, the grind has worn on them, and they are just as jaded by their government’s lack of response as the international community.

Wesnel Joseph, 75, was shoveling dirt next to his home. Across the street stood a mountain of unmoved rubble, a home in which three young men died.

“Government?” he said hoarsely. “We have no government. We have only thieves.”

But there are glimmers of hope. As night fell on the tent city of Henfraza, women hummed gospel songs as they braided hair and cooking rice and beans over open fires. Smith Jean Elie, 15, sat studying ninth-grade biology by bright moonlight and the glow of his cell phone. “I want to be an engineer,” Elie said. “I’m good with math and numbers too, and I think I could help rebuild my country.”