

# Groggs in Dominica

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## *March Madness*

*Believe it. This ain't April Fools*

This is gonna be a tough newsletter to digest (and to write). I won't blame you if you're left in utter disbelief. Realization hasn't completely sunk in for me as of yet. I'm not even sure how best to share this...

Jason suggested a timeline, so let me try that. We'll start with the owner of our rental, Miss Sandra Prince. I wrote about how we met her when we were walking around Belfast with Deborah. (Keep in mind that Deborah is the VP of Feed My Sheep. She and the ministry are the ones who got us here and she was our lifeline.)

You might remember how Sandra agreed to rent her house to use while she was in Holland and how she took off before handing over the keys. We spent 2 or 3 nights in the home of one of Deborah's very gracious friends until Deborah got things smoothed out.

Ever since then, Sandra had been apologetic about what happened and very gracious to us. She and I have kept in communication since that time, texting at least once a week. She was always supportive and encouraging, sending Scripture and words of wisdom.

She seemed very concerned about us as a family, the kids, and myself. She knew it would be hard to find a decent place for us to live as a family of six. She made it

clear, there was no rush for us to get out and when she came, she had a room at her brother's she could stay in if we still hadn't found anything.

This happened a couple of times as she was planning on coming back and then changed her plans due to family matters in Holland. All this left us (ok, maybe just me) on a bit of a roller coaster and longing for a place I wouldn't have to move out of based on someone else's schedule.

And then came the day Sandra asked if we'd fix up the lower so she could stay there when she came to visit and we could stay in the upper house. While she just asked for a bedroom and a bathroom, we knew we couldn't give her just that. We wanted to give her more. Even with the small amount she wanted, it still would have required a decent amount of demolition and rework since the plumbing didn't work and the electrical was a complete mess.

This is when Jason suggested we start with a clean slate down there. Sandra readily agreed with his decision and the work began in earnest. (Vol#2\_Issue#14)

As with most construction projects, they take more time, money, and effort than anticipated. This was no different. We finally had to let Sandra know it would not be ready for her to move into when she came. She acknowledged it wasn't what she'd planned but it is what happened

and she continued to thank Jason for the work he was putting in, saying she would be forever thankful.

Jason, for his part, kept Sandra in the loop all the time. He sent her pictures, videos, voice, and text chats. He would ask what she thought of his ideas and she was always in agreement with him, still thanking him for his work.

Fast forward to her arrival on island (for the time since December 2021). Jason and I made the hour trip (Jan. 28) across the island to greet her at the airport and take her to her brother's. We stopped by our place, gave her a loaf of homemade bread, and a real quick view of the lower's progress.

The next day she picked up her transport (which Jason and Jamie had fixed for her, free of labor costs) and she got a better view of the lower. She was still excited and pleased at how it was turning out and how nice it was going to be. We had her over at least twice more, for lunch and to discuss ideas. Not once, did she express any displeasure or disappointment.

So imagine our surprise, when she asked us to meet her at Deborah's (Fri. Mar. 10<sup>th</sup>) and told us to stop all work on the lower apartment and to move out by June. She told us to make a list of all the expenses incurred and reparations would be made. She cried, we cried, we hugged, we

talked. We were all disappointed but left on good terms. She's the owner, what could we do? (Deborah kept pretty quiet this whole time.)

Jason did ask permission to work until March 31<sup>st</sup> and see if he could get the bathroom going and enclose one room. If he could do that, and she would be willing, she could still move in (she'd extended her stay until April 19<sup>th</sup>) and maybe change her mind about stopping the work. We went home, got her the expenses list in detail, and went about work in the lower again.

### *Back Up a Week or So* *Let's talk about the truck.*

Back in July 2022, agreements were made between Jason and Feed My Sheep regarding us purchasing a truck and donating it to their ministry. The purpose was two-fold. They would have a vehicle that would help with all their projects and then some, without paying a cent. We would buy it, insure it, maintain and maintenance it, and be able to use it for our family's ministry transportation.

The truck arrived on island March 4<sup>th</sup>. Jason and Sister Marietta (Feed My Sheep worker) spent roughly two days working together on all the paperwork needed to clear it. It took about a week longer for all that to be approved and on March 10<sup>th</sup>, Jason drove the truck off the dock. (This was shortly after our meeting with Sandra and Deborah.)

### *Hold onto Your Hats* *This is where it gets crazy.*

The next day, March 11<sup>th</sup>, Sandra texts, very upset. She's had time to look over our expenses sheet and

she didn't like what she saw. There was also a misunderstanding. In asking to have until the end of March to get her a working bathroom and bedroom, Jason had told her on the 10<sup>th</sup> that no more money (out of pocket) would be needed, and that we had all the materials required. What he should have specified though, is that it didn't include added labor. Sandra lost it. Jason called her, trying to explain but it was no good.

Later that same day, she tells us to be out no later than March 31<sup>st</sup>. That only gave us three weeks to find another place to live and move our family plus belongings (keep in mind we've been here almost a year and a half.) On top of that, our funds are depleted because of the lower apartment project and now Sandra is also refusing to reimburse us any of it or pay Jason for his labor.

We tried to arrange a meeting with her and her pastor to civilly discuss the matter Biblically. Not only did she flat refuse but that made her even more angry. She threatens to call a lawyer. We said we'd meet with her lawyer too, that'd be fine as a third party, and that we're packing and will be out by the end of May as long as a financial agreement could be reached.

Four days later, on March 15<sup>th</sup>, Deborah texts Jason saying he needs to be at an emergency Feed My Sheep meeting. She also asked him to bring all the paperwork for the truck so they could get it cleared (even though she knew it was already cleared).

At this meeting, Jason was given a 3-page dismissal letter. It was full of lies and accusations. She listed him as a probationary volunteer even though he'd been

working with them for almost a year and a half. In addition, about 6 months ago, he'd been told by Deborah that he was now a Board member.

Jason was not allowed to defend himself, nor answer any of the questions thrown at him. Part of the reason for his dismissal, as listed in the letter, was his "lack of respect towards (Sandra's) ownership of her property and transparency in relation to your business dealings with her," having "escalated into a serious legal matter."

This was followed by more lies saying that Feed My Sheep is who got us Sandra's house to live in in the first place. They reiterated that since we're no longer FMS volunteers, we leave Sandra's property by the end of the month, peacefully.

In that letter, we were also told to remove all of our personal possessions from the Feed My Sheep property, including the shipping container, by the end of April. However, we can only be on their property to move our things out, under the supervision of Namond, one of the Board members and a pastor. He sat quietly by while Deborah berated Jason at the meeting on the 15<sup>th</sup>. He as well wasn't allowed to speak. (He's also Deborah's cousin and rents his apartment from her.)

### *Can it get more Insane?* *Yes. Yes, it can.*

March 16<sup>th</sup>, Jason wisely sought out a lawyer. They had a phone interview and he was given good news, based on the evidence he told her. We slept a little easier that night after she told us a landlord cannot kick out a tenet

without proper legal notice (minimum, one clear month).

March 17<sup>th</sup>, Jason received a call from CID (Criminal Investigations Division) wanting him to come in and talk about the truck. Jason referred him to our lawyer.

March 17<sup>th</sup>, the Inspector of Police for Mahaut showed up at our gate, wanting to talk with Jason, saying “certain actions will be taken.” Jason wasn’t home at the time, and he didn’t specify why he wanted to talk with him. Jason called him back and referred him to our lawyer as well. (She was actually on the phone with the Mahaut station during this time, Jason having given her a head’s up.)

March 20<sup>th</sup>, while Jason and Jamie were trying to find a crying chick, only feet away from the gate, Deborah, Sandra, and two other people pull up and enter the property, unannounced. As a landlord, Sandra is allowed on the property as long as she gives us notice. She did not.

Jason tried to verbally stop them but he was too far away. I know it was no coincidence that there was an abandoned chick outside the fence and that the gate had been momentarily left open. The timing was too perfect.

This group proceeded to “investigate” the lower apartment while the kids locked all the upper house doors and Jason and myself videoed the encounter. The other two individuals were a contractor and supposedly an engineer. They were looking for reasons to make a fuss. Nasty things were said by Sandra, including calling me a scam artist (since I informed her I had all the

records needed to show we’ve done nothing outside of her will.)

March 21<sup>st</sup>, (Jason’s not home during any of this) Deborah, Sandra, the engineer, someone from CID, and the local Mahaut Sergeant show up. I was told Sandra had filed a police report for “malicious property damage” and he needed to take pictures and investigate. I told him since he did not have a search warrant, I would not allow any of them onto the property. They left.

Only a handful of minutes later, they all return (minus Deborah) and they added to their number. This time, they were accompanied by the Task Force, a van full of men, all in black, wearing tactical vests and bearing a mini battering ram.

They wouldn’t answer my question regarding a search warrant, only demanding I open the gate. They said since they had the property owner with them, they didn’t need anything else. (Turns out even the property owner has to give the tenant notice of them coming.)

Needless to say, I let them in. I wasn’t willing for the gate, chain,



and lock to be damaged. Nor was I willing for things to escalate further.

The CID guy walked around, taking pictures, and placing numbered markers around, the

kind you’d see by bullet casing in a crime scene. The head of the Task Force said he had to make sure Jason wasn’t actually on the property and proceeded to search the house with another task force member. This also was illegal.

And if we weren’t shaken up enough, Deborah sent me a message through a mutual friend that I needed to have a bag packed because the police were taking this very seriously and Immigration could come at any time to deport me and she wanted me to be able to take my valuables and any keepsakes with me. I slept terribly that night. I also did NOT pack a bag.

March 22<sup>nd</sup>, the local Sergeant shows up, asking Jason to come talk with him down at the station. Jason gave him our lawyer's card and they all met on the 23<sup>rd</sup>. Finally, something went well, very well actually, with Jason laying out our most convincing evidence that left the police shame-faced. Our lawyer proceeded to shame them even more by saying their actions pretty much amounted to an assault on me and the children.

*Good Record Keeping  
The Truth Will Set You Free.*

Here’s where I’m very grateful for having kept meticulous records. (You know, the records that got me called a scam artist.) Shortly after Sandra gave us her handwritten eviction notice, Jason contacted a lawyer. He had a phone interview with her but had made no payments yet. After the brute squad showed up, Jason drove straight from where he was to the lawyer and paid her retaining fee. We went to work.

I sent her almost all the documents I had. Everything from



complete WhatsApp texts going back to 2021, emails, voice chats, videos, excel sheets with expenses, materials receipts, paid rent receipts, and a timeline I wrote up based on all that. As things continued to heat up, security camera and phone videos were also sent.

Miss Jilane went to work fighting for us and she's done amazing! She mailed cease and desist letters to the Commissioner of Police and Sandra, went to the meeting at the police station with Jason, encouraged me, and filled me in on what the police are and are not allowed to do. She even came to our house after the police meeting to meet us all in person, talk with the kids, and in general, get to know us a bit.

While she was here, I asked her if she had any thoughts on motives behind this explosion against us. She said she's pretty sure it has to do with jealousy, Sandra knowing she can't pay us back (even though that was never the plan) and her thinking she could get out of the financial obligations by cheating us white foreigners. Miss Jilane does seem to think race and nationality has something to do with it.

She and Jason are currently working together to figure things out with the truck, customs, and how to go about addressing the issues with Feed My Sheep.

We're in a waiting game with Sandra. We have yet to hear from her or her lawyer (if she has one). Tuesday, she sent someone to "lightly" harass us. Jason says it was more like a fishing expedition, testing the waters.

*His Love Endures Forever  
He knows, He Sees, He Cares*

I still remember those three phrases from a VBS so many years ago. They seem almost childish, but when you are going through the fire, "childish" is easy to remember.

I don't know how many times I read through multiple Psalms, walked the front porch and read them out loud, played them on the piano, sang them and hymns. On the night of the greatest oppression, we stood on the porch together and sang Psalm 4 out to the valley as loudly as we could. I spent about an hour after that singing hymn after hymn until it was past dark.

During all this, God is still faithful, compassionate, abounding in love and mercy. While He did send a chick that left our front gate open, the next morning, Nathan found FIVE more abandoned chicks. Hannah said it was God's way of saying He was sorry for all the trauma. They certainly provided an extremely cute distraction for the kids, and I



would say they brought hope too. God brought us tiny lives to take care of, He wasn't kicking us out, at least not this way.

I've watched the kids and Jason grow during this trial. We're not out of it yet and we need prayers for wisdom, guidance, protection, and healing. At one point, Hannah brought up how God won't give us more than we can handle and then

said she thinks God gave us a promotion since this seems WAY more than we handle. I'm thankful for her optimism.

We're all so sad though. To be stabbed in the back by not one, but two people, one that we had known the whole time we have been here and trusted implicitly, has left open wounds. We're still shaking our heads. There is anger and sadness. Some have forgiven, and some are still struggling, like really struggling. Emotions are hard to let go and let God handle them, anger one of the hardest. Some of us still "jump" inside at the sound of a vehicle or someone walking down our road.

The areas we need to grow in have been made very plain during this trial. Instead of bonding and coming together after each event, I found the kids being even more short-tempered with each other than normal. I would say Nathan has been struggling the most. He's mad and acting out. He wants vengeance and I understand. Pray for him, along with the rest of us, for our hearts to heal.

### *Wrapping Up What's Next?*

I honestly have no idea. It seems things have settled for a bit. I'm still a bit anxious, as Sandra's March 31<sup>st</sup> eviction deadline is tomorrow. I know she's been told she needs to get a lawyer to get us out legally. I don't know if she will though. Where does that put us getting our money from her? Again, I don't know.

We're pretty sure Deborah has been reprimanded for her illegal use of the police force since she's gone quiet. Jason has a police report to check up on that he filed when the four civilians trespassed.

Feed My Sheep as a ministry is going to be receiving a letter from Jason via our lawyer to make sure the FMS Board knows all about Deborah's actions and her wielding of the ministry in her effort to defame Jason's name and help Sandra get us out of her house.

One other interesting thing that happened during this timeframe was a couple that showed up at our gate with a flier in their hands. Do you remember, near the end of 2021, when I spoke of the "Red-roofed house?" and how we had started praying that God would allow us to meet the owners and maybe buy or rent the property.



It was at that time we created a flier with our picture, phone number, and our interest in it and slid it under the door. It was that flier this couple had with them when they showed up at our gate on the 18<sup>th</sup>.

We sat on the porch and talked for a while then took a walk with them down to the house and were able to walk through it. Obviously, this is all in God's hands, as with everything. We don't know what will happen with the red-roofed house if anything. But we couldn't help but wonder, considering the timing.

## *Onward Christain Soldiers Marching as to war....*

I must remember that if you're actively fighting in the battle, you'll be getting shot at. However, we go in the name of Christ and that gives us strength, courage and power.

Jason's making contact with more and more pastors. Two, out of the blue, got ahold of him just last week.

The Christian Fellowship Club had 22 college students present for Jason's talk. He made a loaf of French round bread, gave God thanks for their time together, broke the bread then taught on Biblical submission and what it means to live under the authority of Christ. Hannah went with him this time and really enjoyed the interactions.

Jason met with the Canefield Gospel pastor and at the end of April he will lead a panel teaching of Pastors from a view point of Partial-preterist in reference to Revelation and Eschatology.

## *Update: Feed My Sheep Wednesday, March 29th*

I've had my newsletter "done" for about 2 days now. I knew it was going to take a lot of checking and rereading since there's so much here. But I really thought the big news part was done, at least for anytime soon. Wrong.

Jason, Hannah, Gracia, and Jamie went to FMS this morning to start removing our personal belongings from the den. Namond had told Jason he'd meet him there, since we're not allowed on the property without his presence.

Namond took over 10 minutes to get to the door and unbolt it, leaving our group outside waiting.

## *... PRAISE ...*

- Prayers of the Saints on our behalf.
- Six new chicks!
- For the friends that have come straight to us when they heard the lies.
- Having kept such good documentation that we were able to easily prove our innocence regarding the lower apartment false charges.
- The College's Christian Fellowship Club is growing rapidly. Jason isn't just a mentor now but also teaching when asked.

## *... PRAYER ...*

- Many odd jobs to get us back on track financially, help pay our lawyer and cover any other legal fees that may come up.
- Quick resolution to the issue with the truck.
- Repentance from Sandra and Deborah. Reconciliation too?
- Wisdom and great discernment moving forward.
- Peace, healing and safety for all of us.
- Finances to send the girls to "Called" this summer at New Saint Andrews in Idaho.

When Jason sent Hannah and Gracia around the building to unlock a different door so that they could unbolt the other door themselves (we still have a key but

the bolt was inside), Namond accused him of breaking and entering, amongst other things. Jason finally had to just switch out the FMS lock with a personal lock and they started to leave.

A plain-clothed Officer was there (two days prior, Namond had asked him to come) and asked them to wait. During this time Lena (head of Feed My Sheep and pastor of Mahaut Gospel Tabernacle) continued to slander Jason. He kept recording all of it until Namond came at him forcefully and Jason's phone fell. Jason and Namond ended up on the ground with Jason restraining Namond. At this point, Gracia is screaming "Get off my Father!" while she and Hannah each grab one of Namond's arms, trying to pull him off. The officer was ready to arrest Jason at one word from Namond, which he didn't utter. Again, no one asked Jason or the girls any questions or for their side of the story.

Word is being spread by those involved, slanderous and malicious lies, to the people we know and those we don't know. Some have come to us (Ok, only two), saying they heard something about Jason that just didn't seem right, and they want to know what's going on. Unfortunately, most will just believe what they're told.

We are receiving harassing and slanderous accusations via WhatsApps from previous acquaintances and last night someone wrote an anonymous letter to the editor of Dominica Breaking News on FB all about white American visitors taking advantage of small NGOs on the island. A plea was made to help this anonymous person kick these con artists out of Dominica.

One thing we know, this is weeding out those who aren't true followers of Christ and those who aren't true friends.

We sit in desperate need of prayer and support. Malicious lies are spreading like wildfires. We feel attacked on every side. We don't know what's coming next and some of us, yes me, are really struggling to trust and keep God's peace in my heart. We have never experienced such persecution, however...

### *Jesus is King!*

Until next time,  
the *Groggs*

*Our God is in heaven;  
He does whatever pleases Him.  
~ Psalm 115:3*

*"Show me Your ways, Lord, teach me Your paths. Guide me in Your Truth and teach me, for You are God my Savior, and my hope is in You all day long."  
~ Psalm 25:5*

*"We are hard pressed on every side, but not crushed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not abandoned; struck down, but not destroyed.  
~ 2 Corinthians 4:8-9*

### *Psalm 27*

*The LORD is my light and my salvation - whom shall I fear?  
The LORD is the stronghold of my life - of whom shall I be afraid?*

*<sup>2</sup> When the wicked advance against me to devour me, it is my enemies and my foes who will stumble and fall.*

*<sup>3</sup> Though an army besiege me, my heart will not fear; though war break out against me, even then I will be confident.*

*<sup>4</sup> One thing I ask from the LORD, this only do I seek: that I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life, to gaze on the beauty of the LORD and to seek him in his temple.*

*<sup>5</sup> For in the day of trouble he will keep me safe in his dwelling; he will hide me in the shelter of his sacred tent and set me high upon a rock.*

*<sup>6</sup> Then my head will be exalted above the enemies who surround me; at his sacred tent I will sacrifice with shouts of joy; I will sing and make music to the LORD.*

*<sup>7</sup> Hear my voice when I call, LORD; be merciful to me and answer me.*

*<sup>8</sup> My heart says of you, "Seek his face!" Your face, LORD, I will seek.*

*<sup>9</sup> Do not hide your face from me, do not turn your servant away in anger; you have been my helper. Do not reject me or forsake me, God my Savior.*

*<sup>10</sup> Though my father and mother forsake me, the LORD will receive me.*

*<sup>11</sup> Teach me your way, LORD; lead me in a straight path because of my oppressors.*

*<sup>12</sup> Do not turn me over to the desire of my foes, for false witnesses rise up against me, spouting malicious accusations.*

*<sup>13</sup> I remain confident of this: I will see the goodness of the LORD in the land of the living.*

*<sup>14</sup> Wait for the LORD; be strong and take heart and wait for the LORD.*