

Groggs in, not Dominica

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Answered Prayers God's Way.

Looking back at last month's newsletter, there are SO many answered prayers! Praise the Lord! And now I laugh, as I realize the answers to these prayers came about in a way that I certainly hadn't planned for.

God is good though, and He is faithful. His timing and His plan are always perfect. So here I sit, in frigid Logansport, Indiana, typing out March's newsletter. I'm wearing socks, pants, and two shirts while Elijah, next to me on the couch, is wrapped in a warm blanket.

For those who receive our emailed newsletters, you know how we came to be here. For those that don't, I'll recap very briefly.

March 6th, at 5:12 am found us woken up by the police task force banging on our door. Shortly after, we were being whisked across the island to the airport. By lunchtime, we found ourselves in San Juan, Puerto Rico, having been kicked out of Dominica.

We still don't know who gave the order, but we do now know it was **illegal**. Our lawyer has searched high and low for the required paperwork when a deportation has occurred and she can't find any. Nor is anyone in the realms of "justice" giving her any or even commenting about what happened to our family.

That same day, the Director of Public Prosecution dropped all the customs charges against Jason. After a public outcry regarding our "deportation," she then went on state-owned radio to declare

that what happened to us was completely just and legal. (Jason and Hannah made a spoof of the "legal" proceedings. You can take a listen [here](#).) By the way, there's no paperwork for the customs charges being dropped either, and our lawyer has requested them.

This all seems so crazy. I'm not sure I've processed it but here I am, here we all are. For that, I'm thankful! God is SO good! I had been praying for Him to make it very clear if we were to stay in Dominica or to go. He definitely made it clear. Jason says I need to pray that these answers come between 8 am and 8 pm though.

So, no more rent to pay, currently, since we're living with family. Although we still have back rent to pay. No more bail to sign 3x a week. No more Customs charges, or so they say. We are able to visit lots of family and friends, we'll get to see the solar eclipse (weather pending), meet Hannah's boyfriend in person, and see her off to Idaho. All answers to prayer!

On a side note, this shouldn't affect the lawsuit for the kids since that High Court appointment was going to be via Zoom anyway.

God will Provide All Your Needs.

Once again, I find myself thanking the Lord for a roof over our heads, a mattress under our bodies, our family together, and food in our bellies. All this, while we have even less than we did before.

Everything we own is still in Dominica. All our clothes but

... PRAISE ...

- We are all safe.
- We are being provided for.
- Jason already has a job, and a flexible one at that so we can visit family and friends.
- The "deportation" was not legal, possibly allowing us a way to get back to Dominica.
- God is still on His throne and always will be.

... PRAYER ...

- To make sure we're taking care (emotional, mental & spiritual) of ourselves and our kids after all we've been through.
- For us to continue the work of God's Kingdom, no matter where we find ourselves.

"If you challenge the ways of this world, people are not going to think you're wonderful. And you're going to need to know how to respond."

~ Doug Wilson "Psalm 149: Songs of Triumph"

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what we had on when taken to the airport. All our books but our Bibles and one I grabbed on the way out the door. All our food, school curriculum, kitchen supplies, the “pet” chickens, BB and Ozy, Eliyah’s cat, Mango... you get the idea.

I am thankful they let us grab our laptops and the girls’ lovies. I am even more thankful for how the church family pulled together for us and lavished us with love once we arrived.

We weren’t even in Indiana yet when money donations started being given. By our first weekend here, we’d received gift cards, and cash and were overflowing with clothing and shoe donations. One man was able to refill Jason’s whole wardrobe since they are the same size. Two families brought over very tasty meals.

I don’t think I’ve written this many thank you cards since my wedding. I know I’m not done yet either. To be able to thank people in person has been even more of a blessing than sending cards. That’s what we were able to do on Easter weekend when we visited Jason’s sister’s church.

On our first weekend in Indiana, she drove three hours to deliver gift cards from people we’d never met and a van full of clothing and shoes.

That church alone provided about 75% of the clothing we now have. It was a pleasure meeting the people who donated to us and hearing from them how much they had been praying for us. The hugs were so welcoming!

God is providing financially as well via immediate work for Jason. He has been offered jobs by two self-employed people and a couple of others who have small projects he can help with.

What’s Next?

What does the future look like?

I have no idea other than my prayer has now been reversed. I’m

asking God to show us again, very clearly, if we are to stay in the States or return to Dominica.

As I mentioned earlier, all our belongings are still there. The apartment hasn’t been touched although somehow, we have to move everything soon so the landlord can have his apartment back and we don’t have to keep paying rent to store our things. Mango is still hanging around, being fed by the landlord’s wife so we’re thankful for that.

The shipping container and truck are still at the port, not having been released as of yet (where’s that paperwork?). Our cargo trailer still sits on a friend’s property.

Jesus is King!

Until next time, the *Groggs*



P.S. If anyone has a keyboard we could borrow for a while, I’d be appreciative. 😊



Jason and Hannah, working on a house for a relative.

Below: Some of Jason’s family over Easter weekend when we made our first stop at hick Fil A since being back.

Bottom Pic: Walking a trail along the Wabash River in Logansport.

