

The market for goats was outside the city of Port au Prince.

**Goats in Haiti Deanna Scroggs
Missionary to Haiti November 2009**

Background information: Pastor Yvon and his wife care for 10 orphans plus 2 of their own children, who since the earthquake have been left homeless and are currently sleeping in the yard of an acquaintance. Petitions to government and homeland security are being made to try and bring them here until they have new shelter to live in. Reports of sickness in the children, due to lack of food, water, and shelter, are now being reported by Pastor Yvon.

Prior to the earthquake HIS mission was trying to build a new orphanage. Now that the old rented orphanage is no longer habitable, it is more urgent than ever that our fundraising efforts work swiftly toward helping them.

Read below, a story from SUMC's last trip to Haiti in November:

My favorite day in Haiti was Friday, November 6th, goat day! We woke up early in the morning to Yvon's voice singing, "Get up! Now is the time to go buy goats!" After a breakfast of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and coffee, we got into the car to go to the marketplace.

The marketplace turned out to be several acres of land away from the city . It was mostly bare earth filled with the ruts from years of trucks and tap-taps hauling animals in and out. As far as our eyes could see, there were cows, pigs, and goats . The cows were sometimes contained in makeshift pens while all the goats and pigs were hog-tied (all 4 feet tied together.)

Yvon told us to stay in the car away from the action because the price would go up if the sellers saw white women. As we waited for Yvon to find us 8 healthy goats for a good price, we watched trucks filled with livestock being loaded and unloaded beside us. One cow in particular did not want to be pulled out of the truck. His handler had put a rope around his neck and was trying to pull him off the back of the truck. Finally, someone improvised a ramp of old wooden boards that finally gave the cow something to walk on getting out of the truck.

Animals that were treated roughly were to be slaughtered and sold for food. I hated to think of the fate of that cow. Finally, Yvon came back to our car and said that he had found goats for a good price (\$60 apiece) and we could get out of the car now and walk around the market.

Several women in the market were sitting behind large , black kettles of a brownish, thick stew. The stew looked to contain beans, onions, and stringy meat of some sort. Every now and then a man would walk up to the kettles and be handed a plate of the stew.

This was their concession stand! When we got to the goat section, we notice that all the goats were lying on the ground with their feet tied together. When a goat was sold or moved, it was lifted up by the rope binding the feet. As we expressed dismay to Yvon at the rough treatment of the goats in general, he said, "Don't worry. They are going to be food soon!"

He showed us the goats we had purchased and they looked healthy and blemish free. No open sores or broken legs. I felt as though we were saving their lives! We walked back to our car amid the stares of everyone. A tap- tap pulled up beside us to carry the goats and after they were carefully loaded in, we proceeded to Pastor Lionel's church.

The church was a small roughly constructed building made of irregular wooden beams for the ceiling/roof and metal sheets tied together for the walls. (We would find out on Sunday just how hot those walls could become in the daytime heat!) There were crude wooden benches , some wooden chairs and a small podium.

The people who had gathered there to receive a goat sang songs and prayed. It was a happy celebration and we all felt very overjoyed to be a part of it. They couldn't seem to say "Merci ! merci !" enough.

Then contracts were handed out to the 8 new goat owners. The contracts , signed by the new owner and witnessed by Pastor Lionel, said that the first born goat must be given away to someone without a goat. Only then would the goat truly belong to them.

As each person was given a goat, Lynn took pictures . They seemed so proud of them. I tried to get a goat to drink some water from my hand . I think they got a few drops!

It was a rewarding day!