

I have to say that I didn't know what to expect when I arrived in Palestine. I thought we were just going in to work and move on. I didn't expect to see how oppressed the people are and how desperate they were for some kind of miracle. Driving around and seeing the Wall that separates them from Israel and from quality health care. To know that they are only allowed to drive on certain roads or go to hospitals only if they get permission. To hear that it takes maybe 90 minutes for an ambulance to even reach some of them. Or the story we were told on the day we arrived about a 19 month old child that was hit by a car that morning and had died simply because that clinic didn't have any equipment to help him. It was an eye opening experience.

I worked as the triage nurse so I was the first person they came to when they arrived and I took down information and sent them to the doctor or possibly to the physical therapist...depending on their situations. The first clinic we worked was so packed full of people that it was overwhelming. The people were trying to push to the front of the crowd because they wanted to make sure they would be seen by the doctor and get the medicine they needed. They were afraid that we would leave before they made it through the line and unfortunately that was true for many of them.

What I realized most was that the people came with so many health issues that were out of our ability to help them...they were looking for a miracle. Yet, they were just so happy that we foreigners were there, helping them. It seemed to give them hope...hope that they haven't been forgotten, or that their story has been heard.

The Palestinians were nothing but kind to us and very, very hospitable. They had so little but they shared what they had with us... I wish I could have stayed longer...I wish I could have done more for them.....the physical needs are overwhelming, but the spiritual needs are even greater. They were so desperate for hope and healing and only God can provide for their deepest needs....but we are his hands and we are his feet and if only for a moment I was happy to be used to share his hope with them.

I will continue to pray for the people of Palestine...especially the friends we made.

God Bless, Lilly