

HEARTBEAT

A NEWSLETTER OF HEARTS OF THE FATHER OUTREACH



A Sacrifice of Love



In memory of my Mother, Cathalene Moritz

Libby and I recently traveled to India to visit our children and houseparents. Even as I write this newsletter article we are flying home to be with our daughter Lily Joy, and our family. It will be a bittersweet reunion though, because while we were in India sharing the Father's Love, and ours, with the children, my Mother Cathalene Moritz passed away. She had suffered a stroke in the fall and now a second stroke had taken her life.

My Mom was a beautiful woman. Her warm smile and the bright sparkle in her eyes, made everyone feel welcome and alive. She opened her heart and home to friends and strangers alike, with a grace that only comes from above. She lived her Christian Faith in deeds rather than in words. She was always helping and encouraging others, even in her later years when she was in great physical pain. Her life was lived as a sacrifice of Love. Love for her Husband, her four boys, her grandchildren, and for others. My Mom was the best Mom in the world to me.

When our three children left this earth to go home to Heaven, part of the sparkle in my Mom's eyes went with them. I believe that now she is reunited with them and has come into the presence of God, her joy is complete. The sparkle has returned to her eyes and she is praying for us who are left behind.

My Mom left me living examples to follow. Now as I go to serve others, my Mom goes with me, because she imparted the ability for me to open my heart and to love and encourage others.

Thank you Mom for years of sacrifice and love. I look forward to the day when we will be united again, I love you forever...John.

For This Reason We Go

By John Moritz

Little Alex held my hand as we tried to hold our ground against the clashing waves. Alex is 8 years old and does not know how to swim, but he felt safe and secure in my presence. His "brothers" and "sisters," the other children from the Home, were being rolled by the waves, laughing and sputtering. The two white people playing in the ocean with 13 Indian children certainly gave people reason to stare and wonder, but we were enjoying the moment. We had traveled thousands of miles to reconnect with these children and to assure them of our love and commitment.

We laughed and cried and sang and had a wonderful reunion. We gave gifts and letters from our sponsors. Every child received a special package of toys, pencils, pencil sharpeners, and school items, along with some coloring books and candy. The most important thing to the children however, was our presence. All children need Love and Assurance more than anything else. When we arrived in Trivandrum, the children had great fear because they had heard rumors that the Home was going to be closed. It had been almost four years since they had last seen us. We nearly cancelled this trip because my mother was very ill. The doctors said she possibly had only a few months to live.

We shared with the children the scripture verse from Hebrews that says, "Fear not for I will never leave you nor forsake you!" It was then that we noticed they had this very verse in English on the wall. Since the children don't speak English, it was up to us to remind them of this truth. And that is why we go...enduring the hardship, the separation, and even the death of a loved one...so these children can be assured of the Father's love.

About to hit the surf with our kids for the home in Trivandrum.





Operation Christmas Child 2004

In February, Hearts of the Father took its seventh team trip to Ghana for an Operation Christmas Child distribution. As a national partner with Samaritan's Purse for the OCC program in Ghana and Burkina Faso, we distribute donated gifts packed in shoeboxes to children. It is an opportunity to share with young and old alike, the story of the Greatest Gift, the love of God and eternal life through His Son Jesus Christ.

This year took us to Wa and Jirapa in the Upper West Region of Ghana, a 14 hour bus ride from



USA and Ghanaian team members at St. Joseph's Orphanage in Jirapa, Upper West Region, Ghana.

our base near the port city of Tema. There were 16 from the states: Pam Butler (FL); Autumn Davis (CA); Jeff, Jayne, & Lizzie Fairchild (CT); Jeannie Gladson (OR); Hampton and Casey Lee Leary (SC); Dave, Teresa, Giordanne, & Tiernae Salley (OH); John Street (NJ); and, John, Libby, and Lily Joy Moritz (MA). They joined a team of Ghanaians and worked together on the distributions. In addition, this year, Grace, a 17 year old girl from our JoshKrisDan home in Old Ningo also traveled with us.

Highlights from West Africa

Donna Loudermilk, *mother of Casey Lee*

"It was amazing. Casey and Hampton (lower left, team photo) were planning their wedding, working and going to college. When the opportunity arose, remarkably, their bosses said yes to time off, teachers said yes to missed classes, and co-workers volunteered to fill in their time. And what a trip for a young couple. They started their life together fulfilling a dream, not only committing themselves to each other, but to a life of service to their Lord."

HFO Note: Thanks for honeymooning with us!



Jeannie Gladson, *wife of Jess, Grandmother and retiree*

"I know that I will never be the same as I was before I went to Ghana with your team. It was truly a highlight in my walk with Jesus. I will keep the children of Ghana in my prayers for all the years to come. I got to know Agnes (13 year old from the JoshKrisDan Home) when we

took the children to the beach. She is a precious child of God. My heart was deeply touched when she prayed for me and afterward told me she would be praying for my daughter, Lili. What a dear girl!"

Francis Agyemfra, *HFO-Ghana Board member, ret. Brigadier General and former Ghanaian Ambassador to Liberia*

"I've learned a few lessons that I'd like to share with you..."

- First, I believe that the greatest gift of all (Jesus Christ) is a real force that can change the world and the destiny of my people in Africa.
- Second, I am convinced that we all have a hidden treasure within us that can bring joy to the needy in this world, and this is something which we should not keep to ourselves.
- Third, I have observed that through Christ there is nothing we cannot do. I myself saw with my own eyes Muslims proclaiming Jesus Christ as their Savior.
- Fourth, I have observed that God doesn't make nobodies, even the blind and the deaf are important too."

"I thank each and every one of you for accepting me as a member of the team and making me feel that I'm an integral part of you. Thank you to Libby and John for looking after me so well. I feel I've gained some weight.

"I thank the Almighty God for giving me this opportunity to see His power at work. I have seen the immediate results of our operation. The seed that has been sown in Jirappa and Wa started growing as soon as it was put in the ground and it's just a matter of time before we see the results of our labor."





Lizzie and Lily resting before the next big distribution.

Giordane Salley, 17 year old from Ohio

“I became more compassionate. I learned to treat the children as if they were just like me and love them as Jesus does. I enjoyed the deaf school. I couldn’t speak their language but it wasn’t difficult explaining their gifts with hand signals that I made up. They understood. I enjoyed getting to know Grace from the JoshKrisDan home. “I learned that when you act, God helps you make things happen... but you have to act.”



Teresa Salley, wife, mother, registered nurse

“The Lord prepared me ahead of time for this big adventure. Even on the flight over, He gave me a guiding scripture verse, Isaiah 30:15. This trip was a taking a risk, going in faith, and quite a change for me by leaving the details to others. I found total rest and peace in Him in Ghana and fell in love with God’s children there. I want to do more and more for needy children and their mothers. I would like to go on other trips with HFO, back to Ghana, to India, and elsewhere.”

Highlights continued on page 5

Before You Were Formed I Knew You (Psalm 139 and Isaiah 44)

By Libby Moritz

Sister Sabina arranged for us to visit the hospital across the street from the St. Joseph’s Orphanage. The children at the orphanage usually come from there. As we entered the hospital, we felt an atmosphere of oppression and hopelessness, but there was also a sense of expectancy. As we came in we felt the atmosphere change. The nurses were encouraged by our presence and compassion. Hope seemed to spring forth.

Quietly and gently the team fanned out to pray for and bless the children and adults, most of whom were mothers. We were told there were two rooms in the back that were quarantined. The children in these rooms were not given much chance of survival.

A few of the team volunteered to go to these children. John and I went into one of the rooms. We were not prepared for what we saw. A tiny little girl, three months old but only 14 inches long and limbs like sticks, lay limp and expressionless in a crib. She simply stared ahead blankly. I wanted to pick her up but dared not, she was too fragile. We wept inside. Her mother had died in childbirth. Her father too was gone. She didn’t look like she could possibly live much longer.

I sensed the whisper of God say that she didn’t have a name. I asked, “Is there anyone here who is related to this child?” The man at the foot of the bed said he


was brother to the child’s mother. I asked, “Does the child have a name?” He said, “No.” At that point we knew we should pray. We gently placed our hands on her little hands and began to declare scripture over her. “You will live and not die...you will proclaim the works of God (Psalm 118:17) ... the Lord has plans to prosper you to give you a hope and a future (Jer 29:11) ... nothing will by any means hurt you.” To our rational minds this did not seem plausible, but we were not responding from our minds. Over all these years trusting in God, we have seen Him do the impossible.

God impressed upon me the importance of naming this little girl. As seemingly insignificant as she was, she was not a “thing.” She was a fact. She was a real person. To God, she was not insignificant. She was His creation. She was known by Him. He wanted to name her.

In that moment, a name leapt into my heart. We leaned down and gently spoke so she could hear us. “Little one, God is giving you your name. You are Mary Elizabeth, and you are loved by God.” At this point we felt it was done. We turned to the uncle, looking into his tear-filled eyes. We said, “This is her name given from God.” He responded, “When she is better, we will baptize her with this name.”

We embraced him and whispered, “God is faithful.”

This happy and healthy little girl is being released from St. Joseph’s Hospital. We pray the same for Mary Elizabeth.







INDIA ~ A Land Faraway

Madurai, Tamil Nadu

By Elizabeth Moritz



“Okay, you said you wanted to evangelize,” John said, “They set up the meeting. Now here’s your opportunity, sweetheart.” There I was staring out at fifty, bright eyed children, all splendidly attired in their “Sunday” best, sitting on mats on the concrete floor. Half as many adults sat behind them on their mats.

John and Libby traveled to southern India in March, 2004, to visit both HFO homes there, one in Trivandrum, Kerala State (est.1999), and the other in Madurai, in the neighboring State of Tamil Nadu (est. 2002).

This was our first night in India. I gulped and looked at John. I wasn’t prepared, I didn’t have a message ready. I only had a silk scarf, the scarf my friend Jane had given me for Christmas. It was beautifully arrayed with gold applique, a dove and the word ‘Peace.’ I felt the Lord leading me to bring it on the trip to give as a gift. I wrestled with that. I was n’t sure I could let it go. But I relented and brought it.

Now, I had it with me this evening. I felt impressed to bring it for Vasantha, our administrator’s wife and helpmate in the work. Looking out at all the expectant faces, I prayed silently for direction and help. I suddenly remembered a story that I had written shortly after our

three children had gone to heaven: The King and His Bride. Then I asked these children, “Who likes stories?” Everyone eagerly raised their hands, even the adults.

I sat down and immediately knew what to do. I took the scarf and a book sized binder John happened to bring. Then, so the kids could see what I was doing, I slowly wrapped the scarf around the book, pretending it to be the cover of the book. I let the balance of the scarf drape to the floor. In the open air atmosphere of the church building the scarf swayed with the breeze. Its beautiful aquamarine color got their attention. I began,

“Once upon time in the Kingdom of Forever, there lived a King. His name was called the King of Love ...”

Forty minutes later, no one had moved or made a sound. Little children and adults alike were all still. Each one waited to hear the ending.

“...He came riding on his steed, swept up His Bride to be, and rode back to His Kingdom, where they lived happily ever after in Heaven.”

The children all clapped enthusiastically. I knew this was the time to give the scarf to Vasantha. I put the scarf on her. Her silk sari was green. The scarf complemented it perfectly. She had been translating the story, reflecting every animated gesture and inflection. The story had personal impact for her as well. This trip was the first time we had met her. Despite early years that had been harsh and difficult, she had come to a vibrant faith, however she reconciled herself to a life alone with God. A few years ago the Lord surprised her by bringing Mahesh into her life as a partner in marriage and ministry.

In that emotional moment, John stepped forward. He asked the enraptured audience questions and shared with them the truth the story represented. Together, we shared who the King was, how he sent His Son, who the Bride was, and that His Kingdom was Heaven. Then we asked, “Who wants to go to heaven?” All the children raised their hands. So did many of the adults. Some were Hindus who had recently started coming to this little church. We led them in prayer. After prayer, as we always do, we blessed the children. They formed two lines, boys and girls, then men and women. As each one came forward, John and administrator Mahesh prayed for the boys and men, and Vasantha and I prayed for the girls and women. Many of the women wept in our arms as the Holy Spirit cradled them in His love and filled them with his hope and peace.

It was a remarkable event showered by the Lord’s mercy. When prayer was over, we found ourselves whisked away with surprising quickness. Once again, our hearts were touched, not only by God’s wonderful help and faithfulness, but by the love of God in His precious children.



“At home”
in Madurai.



“Yea! Spinners!”

Thank You Tom’s Toys and Bob and Linda Norris



“Happy Feet!”

Thank You Barrington Outfitters





Sponsorship: A New Life



By John Moritz

I saw a billboard recently with a child standing alone, head down and a look of despair on his face. The words on the sign jumped out at me. It read, "Every 14 seconds another child becomes an orphan because of a.i.d.s." Every 14 seconds! Before you finish reading this sentence, there will be another orphan. The weight of that thought became overwhelming to me, but then I was

reminded of the words that were spoken to my heart years ago when we began this ministry, Hearts of the Father Outreach. "One by one," I heard, "each child is important to Me."

Sponsorship helps support an orphan and it does give them a new life. For less than the cost of a cup of coffee a day, or a bottle of water, we can help a child. We all have the opportunity to bring hope and a future, in place of despair.

We need more sponsors and more supporters. In Uganda and Burkina Faso we have been asked to help more children and we have accepted the challenge. We are intimately aware that when we face great suffering, if we turn away and give into despair, we have lost all hope.

We at Hearts of the Father Outreach have chosen to help: one child at a time, like a candle of hope flickering in the dark. May our candles be joined together with many of you out there, to bring a ray of light. Maybe even a whole sea of sunshine.

Highlights continued from page 3

Grace Kao, *the 17 year old from the JoshKrisDan Home Her parents died when she was 6 years old*

"Thank you, Mommy (Libby) and Daddy (John) for allowing me the opportunity to come and be a part of your team trip to Jirapa and Lambussie. Words cannot express how much your love and help in taking me in your home has meant. My life has changed and I have hope for my future. I have a lot that I want to achieve, helping children here and on the streets. I want to be a doctor and help others.

"Mommy, always remember even when many thing go wrong, 'Don't ever give up,' remember, 'Don't ever give up. Because we all love you and Daddy.' "



Grace leading the children from JoshKrisDan Home



"Mommy" Libby Moritz



Updates on Mexico, Uganda, Mozambique, Burkino Faso, Kenya, Israel in later issues.



Sponsorship

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Glimmer of Light

by Jayne Fairchild

This has been my third year traveling to Ghana with the Moritz's to help orphaned and abandoned children. In that time I've been able to see how God has blessed this country. I've been privileged to meet and hear about a few more people who have heard God's call of service.

One such person was a woman named Sister Beatrice. She settled in a remote village outside the town of Wa, in the far northwest of Ghana. There, the religious beliefs were such that if a mother died during childbirth, they believed the baby was cursed, and they would leave the baby to die.

At risk to herself she went against the tribal belief system. Guided by God, Sister Beatrice rescued these children, one by one, and took them into her own home.

After a while some of the family members would come by to see if the children had died. Instead, they were surprised to see that these children were flourishing. God had blessed these children, He did not curse them. Because of Sister Beatrice's courage some of these children have actually been accepted back into their families and are doing well.

Sister Beatrice's work became the St. Joseph's Orphanage. It is now headed by Sister Sabina. Over the years the beliefs of some of the community have turned around. Doing so has saved the lives of many children. Sister Beatrice and those who have followed her are truly witnesses of God's unconditional love. Their truth is a light piercing the darkness.

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