

YOUTH WITH A MISSION



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Winter 2018

*"Thus I make it my ambition to preach the gospel,
not where Christ has already been named"*

Romans 15:20

Puerto Rico

On December 6th I left for Puerto Rico with a small team of three to help with Hurricane Relief. Prior to leaving I had a conversation with my Aunt where we discussed and prayed for the opportunity for her to travel with me on a mission's trip in 2018. I had no idea the implications that would come from that prayer.

The day we arrived marked 100 days since Hurricane Maria swept through destroying all in its path. Most reporting agencies are estimating the **death toll** to be **over 1000**, and as of last week **1.3 million** were still **without electricity**, four months after Maria hit land. Driving from the airport I was shocked to find power lines lying across roads, and see powerless traffic lights. Once arriving to our host home it was sobering to hear that most people are still boiling water on stoves powered by generators, and that her neighborhood, minutes from the San Juan airport, was told not to expect electricity until May. It quickly sunk in that the devastation was far worse than I anticipated. Fortunately, we were teaming with **YWAM San Juan** (picture below). They have been there throughout, evaluating needs, and looking for opportunities that would be most **efficient** for our



team to focus on during the week. It was determined that we would spend the first four days removing fallen trees from the roof's of homes-**owned by non-believers**. The *conversations* were remarkable; the *gratitude* was felt, and the *relationship* genuine. All of whom we are hoping to see in March.



Prayer Needs

I cannot accomplish all God has put on my heart without you. This trip we have agreed to provide the materials for the two houses we will be rebuilding. Below are our immediate needs. Please pray about your role in this plan.

Airfare: \$550

Building Materials: \$7500

Rental Van: \$630

Housing: \$200

You can use the return envelope, or as always, the *Support Me* page on my blog. I am an open book and want to share all God is doing, please do not hesitate to reach out!



“My happiness seeing pure joy on the faces getting painted immediately turned to dread, watching those same faces playing on the edge of a cliff.”

The day before leaving, we drove up a mountain that lies in the center of the island. There is a village named Corozal, which God has put on the heart of YWAM San Juan. This day we took tarps, medicine, solar powered lights, food, and toys to the small village. The plan was to go door-to-door administering supplies, offering prayer, and evaluating needs for upcoming teams. A few girls from the team were figuring how many children were coming to a Christmas event they were hosting, alongside YWAM Denver the following week. Shortly after lunch we arrived to a row of houses suspended on the side of the mountain.



The size of the structures weren't much bigger than a mattress, and it was obvious Maria compounded the

poor living conditions. Three mothers met us. The first was 25, with 5 kids under the age of 8. The second was 22 years old with 2 young girls under the age of 3. The third mother was 20 years old, and had a single 9-year-old son. The contrast with the capital, just 40 miles down the mountain was like leaving a modern, devastated country, and stepping into a lawless, developing nation. *They were babies, having babies.*

That day each moment had a different emotion. My happiness seeing pure joy on the faces getting painted immediately turned to

dread, watching those same faces playing on the edge of a cliff. From optimism, hearing the hope of many survivors', to anger, meeting a man that refuses to help until the government acknowledges his situation.

It was very overwhelming, and much like it



happens every time, I did not hear God until I was alone with Him. We began our hour and a half drive down the mountain and

I was listening to music while praying for the girl in the photo. Terrified, I prayed that God would give her a different future than what was on that mountain. Immediately, God said, “Are you available?”

The very next instant, I remembered the words I prayed for my aunt, prior to leaving. That was all I needed. We now have an outreach scheduled for

March 11th-17th that my Aunt, Father, four Shiloh graduates, and a few college student's I met during my last outreach to Lubbock will join, where **we will be rebuilding two houses** that were destroyed in Corozal. I believe God allowed me to experience this for a reason, and this is the answer *HE is scripting.*

