

# Aftermath

Text and Photography by Alan Staats



Mwen se Ayiti  
I am Haiti

Feed me. Inoculate me. Educate me.  
...and one day I will rule my world.

The young man at left is Ely Lubin, and he is an extraordinary young man. He's smart, funny, compassionate hard working and one of the best reasons to be optimistic about Haiti's future. This book is dedicated to all of Haiti's Elys.

Ely Lubin

Ely was ten when I made this photograph... if you go by his birthdate. His eyes belong in the face of someone far beyond his years and you can't help wondering what he has seen in his short time. The home he grew up in is located in one of the most dangerous cities on earth: Cite' Soleil, a "suburb" of Port au Prince.

In Cite Soleil, as in much of Haiti, 85 percent unemployment, rape, murder, theft, slavery and violence of all stripes were the facts of life in the years before the earthquake.

After the quake life certainly didn't get better for most, but in Ely's case, it was just the opposite, one of those serendipitous combinations of utterly bad and incredibly good strokes of fortune. For two years after he'd watched as his entire world vaporized in an instant, he wandered around for weeks seeing things no one should.

By simple dumb luck he met two people, Paul Waggoner and Paul Sebring, who took him in. The Pauls and their Haitian crew put a roof over his head, fed him, taught him, and got good medical help for his mother. One of his teachers is a Harvard Med School graduate who did post-doctorate research at Oxford. He has met and worked with people from more than twenty countries and nearly every state of the Union. He has thrived and will excel in whatever he does.





Ely Lubin and his Mother. Injured in the quake, Sebring and Waggoner made sure she had followup care for her injuries.



Ely at rest. Like most kids, any (almost) flat surface will do for a quick nap.

Buddy Shipp  
The American Samaritan



If anyone gives even a cup of cold water to one of these little ones because he is my disciple, I tell you the truth, he will certainly not lose his reward.

Matthew 10:42





## “Buddy” Shipp The American Samaritan

I first met Owen “Buddy” Shipp while I was covering the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina, having been embedded with Customs and Border Protection flight crews at the airport in Hammond, Louisiana. A couple days after the storm Buddy showed up in a pickup truck towing a 40-plus foot, bright red home-made contraption and announced to the gate guards that he was there to feed the first responders.

CBP Scene commander William “Bill” Hefflefinger had one of his aides look through the vendor list while Buddy waited; a few minutes later the aide walked over and told Buddy he wasn’t an “approved” vendor, to which Buddy answered “I ain’t here to sell you food, I’m here to feed you.” Hefflefinger and the aide shook their heads and let him in.

Buddy parked and proceeded to unpack the red trailer, which contained a 25 foot long barbecue grill, 400 pounds of raw meat and hundreds of pounds of mesquite wood. For the next 24 hours he smoked that brisket, brewed up some barbecue sauce, cooked beans and baked cornbread. Up until then we’d all been living on MREs, the military’s ubiquitous source of nourishment for soldiers in the field, and the smell of that brisket, beans and cornbread was absolutely maddening.

When he served it all the next day, the crews literally lined up around the hangar; it was one of the best meals I have ever had in my life. It turned out that before he became a full-time humanitarian, Buddy (in one of his many career incarnations) sold what was considered the best barbecue in Texas through the Neiman-Marcus catalogs. He fed us for two weeks, and when he was done he just packed up and drove his rig back to Texas.

Buddy’s gone now. After nine post-quake trips to Haiti, his huge heart gave out and, borrowing a phrase from Pat Conroy’s wonderful book “The Great Santini”, the world became a much less colorful place.

Rest in peace, Buddy. You’ve earned it.

Buddy Shipp  
The American Samaritan

Buddy found this young man at the top of a hill overlooking the Lamartiniere tent camp making a kite out of bits of garbage.  
Buddy spoke no Creole and the boy spoke no English but each understood the language of play.





Air Tito

Buddy Shipp  
The American Samaritan



Buddy and Pastor Tina Leslie of the Northwest Haiti Christian Children's Mission standing near the Super DC-3 that was used to ferry supplies both had collected to Haiti.

While the DC-3 is rugged and generally reliable, questions were raised regarding engine maintenance and the aircraft was grounded until those questions were answered. When it finally got off the ground, literally, the aircraft made half a dozen trips to both Port au Prince and Cap Haitien carrying thousands of pounds of desperately needed medical supplies, food and water purification equipment.

## Buddy Shipp The American Samaritan



A 60 year old aircraft that has worked hard all its life is, to put it mildly, a flying maintenance lesson. This old girl started out in the Navy, spent 20 years on display at the Naval Air History Museum in Pensacola, sat unused and abandoned in the corner of an airport for another while until she was bought by her latest taskmasters who flew her around the Caribbean bringing everything from the mail to baby chickens into the Out Islands.

The trick to “old aircraft” maintenance, I’m told, is that when something breaks you fix it, but while you’re doing that you should also keep your eye out for something that is going to break (and something is ALWAYS going to break) soon. Hence, while Tito’s men were swapping out the left engine mount, he and Buddy hung a new radome to replace its cracked and leaking predecessor. At the other end of the aircraft another team of technicians was replacing a tail cone, several lights, a tail wheel uplock and a rudder spring. The bottom line is that working airplanes do not like to sit still, so when they absolutely have to a smart owner will swarm it and get as much done as fast as he can, get them back in the air and start trying to make money again.

That last brings to mind the oldest joke in aviation, which Tito recounted to me: “How do you make a small fortune in aviation? You start with a large one...”

His “large” fortune ran out shortly after these photos were taken. His company closed in late 2010.

## Buddy Shipp The American Samaritan



Over the course of several days, Buddy and Pastor Leslie attempted to sort through the warehouse full of donated medical supplies, gifts from several Florida hospitals. Unfortunately, much of what had been donated was hurriedly thrown into boxes and cans by the donors without being identified, sorted or manifested - something that would later cause problems with Haitian Customs.

Around this time (and for no apparent reason other than pure greed) a certain Haitian finance minister convinced then-president Preval to impose an across-the-board fourteen percent import duty on all donated relief supplies. Needless to say no-one paid much attention to this shakedown attempt, much less to the duty itself.

## Buddy Shipp The American Samaritan



The question “how many people can you fit into a 5 passenger Nissan Patrol (safely or otherwise)” was answered during Buddy’s stay at the airport. The answer is ten.

He had joined forces with a group of nurses and churchmen (whose church in Oklahoma City had sponsored their trip) when he arrived in the country; they were camped next to Buddy directly off the end of the runway at Toussaint l’Oeuvre, Port au Prince’s international airport. The nurses were great, but the churchmen were useless, to put it bluntly.

Apparently they thought that sitting comfortably in the front seats while singing Kum Bye Yah made stuffing the nurses in the back seat (and worse, making 63 year-old Buddy and three other older gentlemen sit in the hot, airless baggage area) all OK. It didn’t, but that never stopped them from racing to jump into the front seats every single time they drove somewhere. Their excuse was that “we know where we’re going” which, given the number of times the Nissan driver got lost following their directions, was absolute nonsense. They were just inconsiderate, selfish and lazy with an overinflated sense of their own worth. They knew nothing about Haiti and did even less for the people they were there to “help” however they did manage to get the photographer sent by the church to document their efforts and shoot a bunch of photographs of them “working.”

On the job at a small church, Iglese du Dieu, the nurses worked hard, seeing patients and packing up supplies to take with them to a small tent camp nearby where they would see and treat survivors. Meanwhile the men stood around and tried to look important. Buddy sat in on an outdoor prayer service and prayed with several people who had lost everything in the quake.

After an hour at the church Buddy and the group drove off to the tent camp on Avenue Lamartiniere and the real work began.

Buddy Shipp  
The American Samaritan



Buddy met Sgt. Roosevelt Batiste of the Haitian National Police in the Lamartiniere tent camp. Batiste spent two days buried up to his neck in the rubble of his home and spoke of being “born again” when he was finally freed by his neighbors and fellow policemen. Buddy and I had a long discussion on what being “born again” might (or might not) have meant to Batiste.

In the end, it didn’t really matter. Roosevelt and his family survived and found some space in the tent camp.





Buddy Shipp  
The American Samaritan



For Buddy, most of the work he did in Haiti during this and his subsequent trips was about children and, judging from the way they flocked to him when he arrived, they knew that he cared deeply about them.

Both of the children in the photos to the left were at the tent camp clinic for checkups and inoculations; the young lady in the upper photograph had never seen a doctor or nurse in her entire life, according to her grandmother. Their thinning hair belies a serious vitamin deficiency that was addressed during their exams and both were given multivitamins to take.

Buddy Shipp  
The American Samaritan



Mother and child, Lamartiniere Tent Camp, January 2010. They were alone in the world as her husband, children and parents all died within seconds of one another when the earthquake struck.

Although she was burned slightly in the aftermath her daughter was unharmed. When we visited the tent camp again, a week later, she had moved on to rebuild their lives in the north.

Buddy Shipp  
The American Samaritan



According to what one of the translators at the Avenue LaMatiniere Tent Camp related to me, this father had been sitting in his front yard singing to his daughter when the quake struck. His wife and two sons were inside their home and died instantly when it collapsed.

He knew about the World Vision tent clinic at this camp and carried his daughter, who has cerebral palsy, to the facility in the hope that they might be able to help her, having heard of a “miracle drug.”

When one of the Oklahoma nurses told him that there was no such cure for what she had, he began to cry.

(As an aside, I was told by one of the nurses that Botox can be injected into the muscles which cause a CP patient's hands to clench and thereby relax them. This then allows damage done by fingernails pressing into the palms the time to heal.)

Buddy Shipp  
The American Samaritan

As the day wore on, more parents brought their children to the camp, many for their first-ever visit to a doctor (or nurse). Although the infant in the right hand photo was well dressed, cared for and clean her mother had neither sought nor received pre- or post-natal care. When her mother brought her to the World Vision clinic, she had a fever of 105-plus and was unresponsive to stimulae. The nurses gave the girl vitamins and an NSAID fever reducer, and told the mother to return to the clinic the next day. She didn't.





Young Ladies  
LaMartiniere Tent Camp  
World Vision Clinic  
January 2010



Young Men  
LaMartiniere Tent Camp  
World Vision Clinic  
January 2010

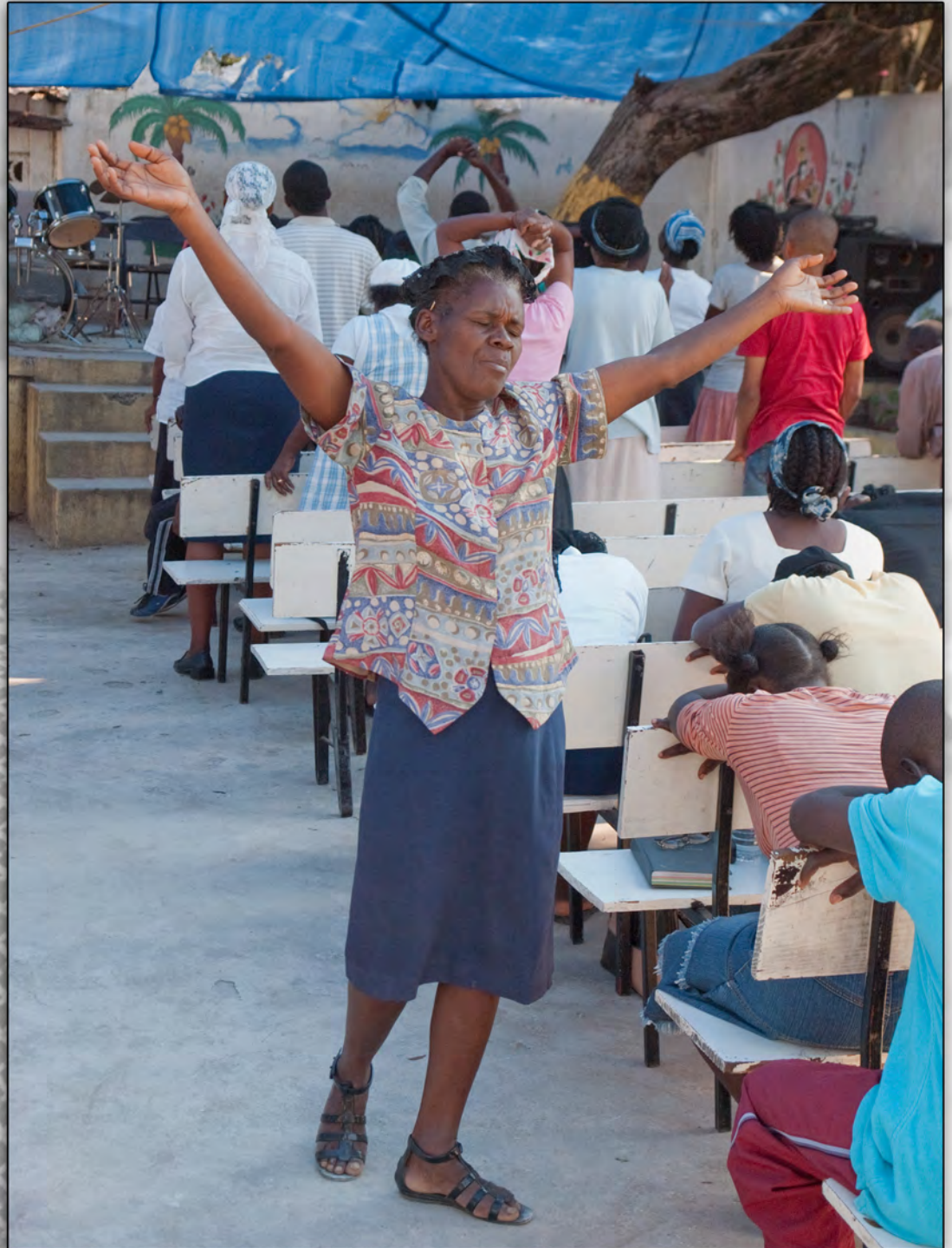


Buddy Shipp  
The American Samaritan



l'Eglise de Dieu, Delmas 60, Port au Prince.

Buddy Shipp  
The American Samaritan



l'Eglise de Dieu, Delmas 60, Port au Prince.





Family Portrait  
LaMaritiniere Tent Camp  
Delmas, Port au Prince, January 2010



Family Portrait  
LaMaritiniere Tent Camp  
Delmas, Port au Prince, January 2010

“Buddy” Shipp  
The American Samaritan



When the earthquake struck, the Archbishop of Haiti was celebrating Evening Mass at the beautiful “Rose Cathedral” in downtown Port au Prince. By the time it was all over, little was left of the building and over 200 people, including the Archbishop and his staff, had been killed. A woman who lived nearby spoke of a young priest who spent the next two days shooting the dogs, pigs and goats feasting on the bodies.

More than that, we rejoice in our sufferings, knowing that suffering produces endurance, and endurance produces character, and character produces hope, and hope does not put us to shame, because God's love has been poured into our hearts through the Holy Spirit who has been given to us.

Romans 5:3-5



And he said to them, "Go into all the world and proclaim the gospel to the whole creation."

Mark 16:15



On a sweltering mid-July morning, Pastor Gerald Bataille, Jr. delivered a sermon that was part scripture, part civics lesson and total inspiration.

Born in Haiti and raised, for much of his youth, in the U.S. Junior (as he's known) is not above holding the congregation to task, peppering his sermon with questions about personal sanitation habits.

He is also fond of pointing out that many people live in Haiti but far too few are sincerely proud of it.

Perhaps the best compliment paid to Junior was related to me over breakfast a few days after this photograph was taken. I asked a long-time worker at one of the NGOs based in Port au Prince for an opinion of Junior and the work he does; she paused for a moment before answering.

“Junior's the real deal. He's smart as a whip, committed to his country and people and is a truly nice guy. I hope he runs for president one of these days... if he does, I'm going to become a Haitian citizen just so I can say I voted for him.”

## Bataille Ministries

Each Sunday, beginning at 6 AM a steady stream of parishioners, carrying lawn chairs and blankets, begins filing into the church built by Pastor Gerald Bataille, a charismatic bible scholar who spent years exiled from his country under threat of death. When he and his family finally returned to Haiti, they began to work on what slowly became a 3000 seat tabernacle. Services begin at 8 AM and are followed by the small group meetings, individual bible studies, choir sessions, and socializing found in many churches.

Although the churches was slightly damaged in the earthquake, Sunday attendance never wavered; in fact more people than ever came. In a country described as “150 percent Catholic, 90 percent Voodoo” a growing Pentecostal congregation is a testimonial to the faith and compassion of the Bataille family and their staff.







For those who didn't have a spare lawn chair, cement blocks served as pews. In 2011, a church in the United States donated hundreds of chairs and the congregations was a bit more comfortable for the four hours or so that they spent in worship.



Although children are drawn to Pastor Bataille, at times some things (and people) are more interesting.

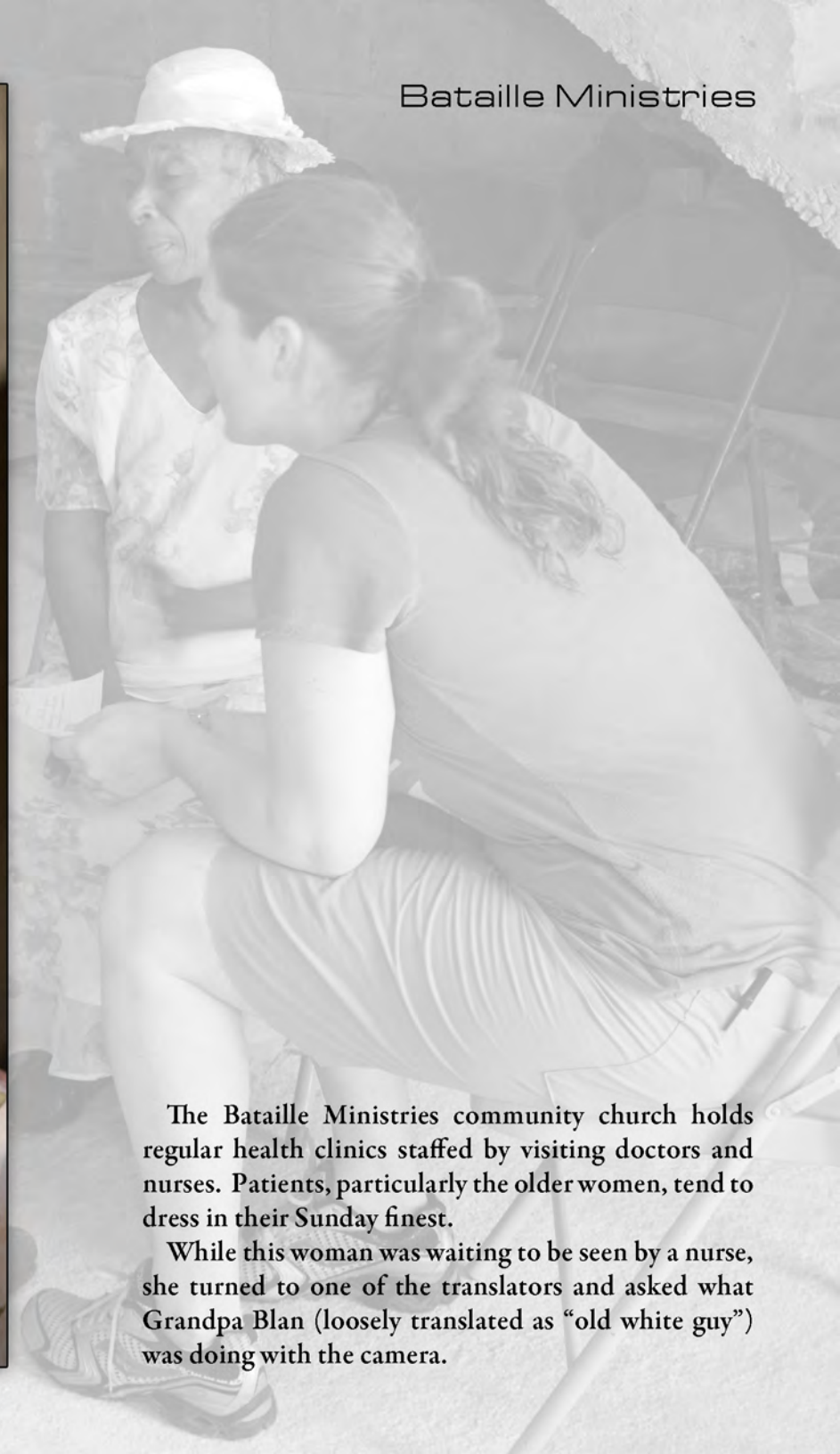


Wearing her Sunday best, a young lady waits for her family after services.



Sometimes, the only thing worse than having to hold your sister's hand in public is having your picture taken while you're doing it.

For the sake of masculine pride and credibility, he is actually holding on to his sister's glasses.



The Bataille Ministries community church holds regular health clinics staffed by visiting doctors and nurses. Patients, particularly the older women, tend to dress in their Sunday finest.

While this woman was waiting to be seen by a nurse, she turned to one of the translators and asked what Grandpa Blan (loosely translated as “old white guy”) was doing with the camera.

Far too often, the doctors and nurses who came to Haiti after the earthquake were the first health care providers their Haitian patients had ever seen. As a result, many received treatment for illnesses and injuries that had progressed beyond any hope of cure or at the least mitigation of their symptoms.

This woman, in her 60s, came to a small “pop-up” clinic at the Bataille Ministries combined facility, housing a church/school/orphanage, for a wide range of symptoms; it was the first time she had seen a doctor or nurse in over 30 years.

Still, the NGOs and small, independent teams of doctors and nurses come to Haiti to work with groups like the Batailles, do the best they can with whatever they can scrounge up and pack in the way of supplies and medicine, train and educate as many as they’re able to while in country and, sadly, leave.

Many will be back, many will not.





Junior has a way with children... they flock to him at church, on the street, wherever he goes. Little ones vie for a hug while teenage girls giggle as they try to attract his attention. It's a gift that he seems to understand and cherish as he returns their attentions every time.

Even the ever-present "gimme dollah" kids waiting at every stop sign, stop light and intersection in Port au Prince seem more interested in a greeting from Junior than getting some of his cash.



Junior, with two of the Glorious Cross orphans. (More on this later.) Both girls along with many of their fellow orphans received medical care for injuries and illnesses and two badly needed childhood vaccinations.

Their caretakers (a group of "unaffiliated" nuns) in the meantime, helped themselves to baked chicken, rice and barbecue sauce. The girls had corn gruel and salt fish... with barbecue sauce left over from their caretakers' lunch.





The services at Tabernacle de Gloire begin early, and last for hours before breaking into individual Bible study groups and choir practices. It is a testament to Jumior's virtually boundless energy that he is never too busy to speak (and pray) with his flock.

Therefore, since we are surrounded by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us also lay aside every weight, and sin which clings so closely, and let us run with endurance the race that is set before us.

Hebrews 12:1

l'Orphelinat en Croix Glorieux - Glorious Cross Orphanage



But Jesus said, suffer the little children, and forbid them not to come unto me: for to such belongeth the Kingdom of Heaven

Matthew 19:14

## Glorious Cross Orphanage



This beautiful young lady surely does not deserve her fate. She is an orphan in one of the poorest countries on earth, to begin with, and that's bad enough. But somehow she was cast into the clutches of Catholic nuns who brought to mind Dickens characters at their worst.

There was ample evidence of neglect and abuse, given the cigarette burn scars, untreated cuts and unexplained bruises many of the girls had. There were also dark rumors of girls being sold to both voodoo priests and pimps.

When we first started working with Israeli Flying Aid to get the girls out of Glorious Cross and into an orphanage run by people who actually cared about them, there were 65 girls living at the facility. After fourteen long months of meetings, conferences, reports, files, applications, certifications, phone calls and visits, the 54 surviving girls were removed from the orphanage.

The thing that bothered me about this photograph is that it is one of a half dozen I made over the course of five minutes or so. The fly never moved and the young lady found nothing wrong with its presence.

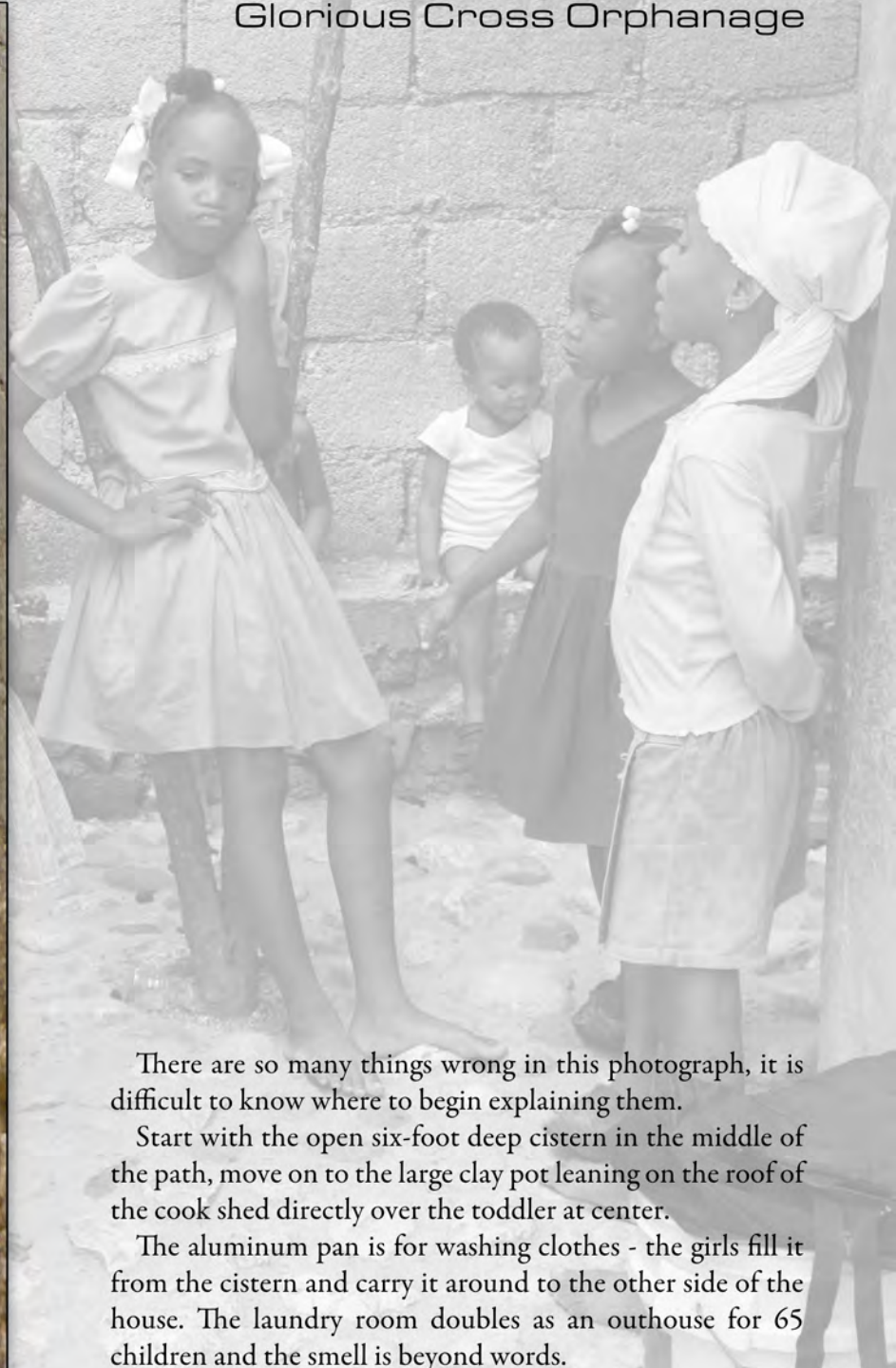
## Glorious Cross Orphanage



This young girl's navel has been distended since birth. Until the IFA and Bataille Ministries medical teams arrived, she had never received medical attention for the condition and was among the girls the teams transported to the Bernard Mevs/Medishare hospital.

She was four years old when this photo was taken.

## Glorious Cross Orphanage



There are so many things wrong in this photograph, it is difficult to know where to begin explaining them.

Start with the open six-foot deep cistern in the middle of the path, move on to the large clay pot leaning on the roof of the cook shed directly over the toddler at center.

The aluminum pan is for washing clothes - the girls fill it from the cistern and carry it around to the other side of the house. The laundry room doubles as an outhouse for 65 children and the smell is beyond words.

## Glorious Cross Orphanage



Before they would let us take several of the girls to the hospital to be treated for various ailments and injuries, the nuns insisted on giving them all cold showers.

Just what a sick, feverish kid needs, to be hosed down with cold water. The utter lack of compassion and simple decency on the part of the the nuns was astonishing.



## Glorious Cross Orphanage



It was anybody's guess as to what this young girl was suffering from. The most plausible explanations were either impatago or chicken pox, but she had whatever it was long enough for healing and scarring. She also had what appeared to be cigar burn scars on her back.

She was incredibly sweet.



Not many things scare a child more than a hospital.

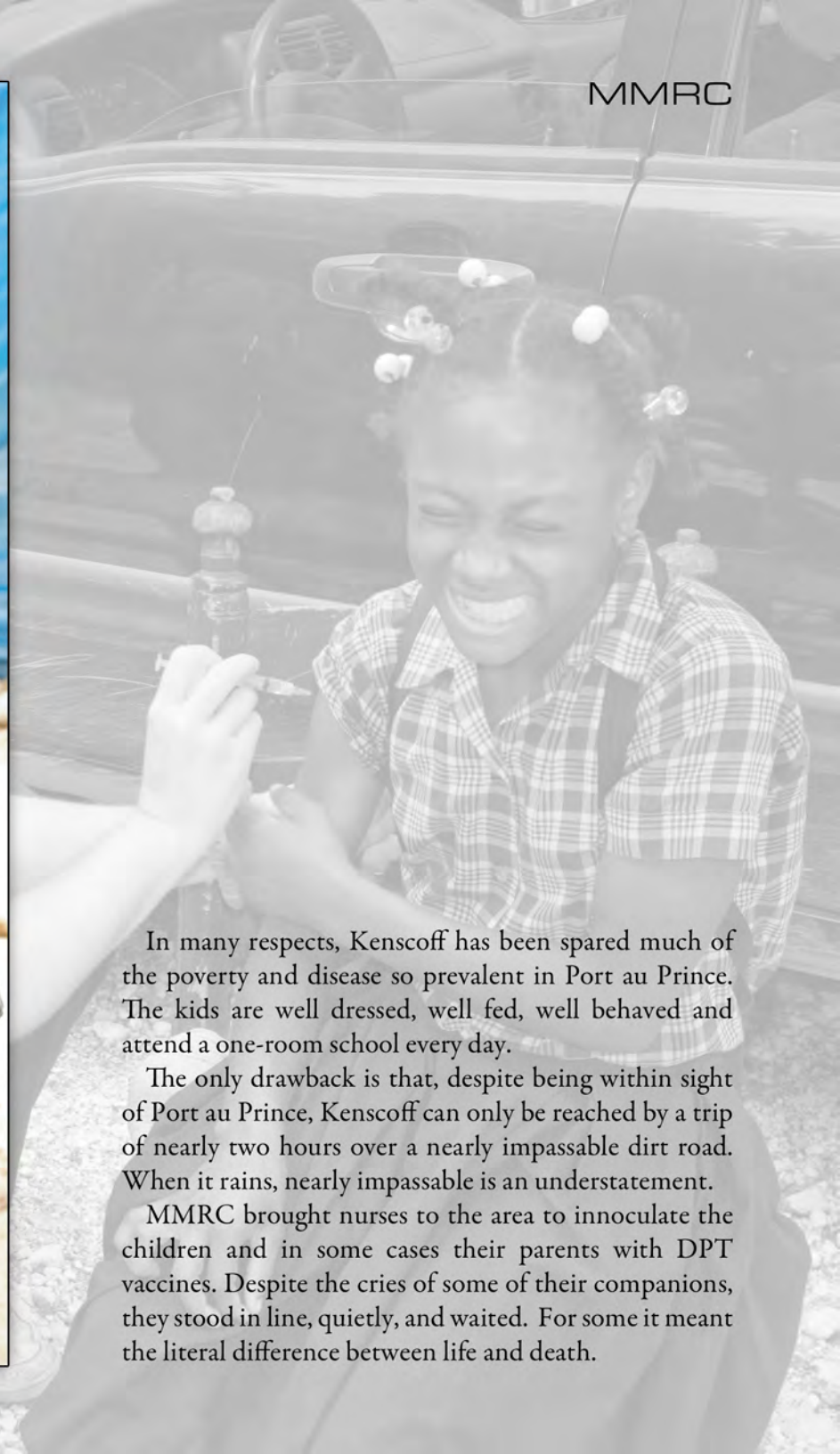




Haiti had more than its share of medical nightmares prior to the quake. Malaria, Dengue Fever, Dysentary and Tuberculosis have taken tens of thousand of lives annually since before Haiti was Haiti. What was so horribly surprising and disheartening to witness, in light of all the other illnesses and injuries that could ruin or take a life in Haiti, was the final day of the young man in the lower photograph.

He died from a cut on his foot. It wasn't a huge gash, just a little cut, about an inch long, from stepping on a piece of glass. The wound was never cleaned... no bandaids were applied, no neosporin rubbed on, he was just a kid with a little cut on his foot. As he lived in Haiti, it took no time at all before the cut was infected by microbes grown in one of the most toxic environments imaginable. Within a short time his leg was infected, then the infection spread to his bones and he went septic. Five weeks after he stepped on the glass, he was gone.

What is infuriating about this boy's death is the ease with which it could have been prevented.



In many respects, Kenscoff has been spared much of the poverty and disease so prevalent in Port au Prince. The kids are well dressed, well fed, well behaved and attend a one-room school every day.

The only drawback is that, despite being within sight of Port au Prince, Kenscoff can only be reached by a trip of nearly two hours over a nearly impassable dirt road. When it rains, nearly impassable is an understatement.

MMRC brought nurses to the area to innoculate the children and in some cases their parents with DPT vaccines. Despite the cries of some of their companions, they stood in line, quietly, and waited. For some it meant the literal difference between life and death.



Nurse Kelly Suter gives Hubert Batiste, one of the teachers at the Kenscoff school, an inoculation as MMRC staffer Ralph Santilius looks on.

Suter came down as a volunteer for IMC in the early days of the disaster response and stayed for three months before returning home to Michigan. As she puts it “I was home for maybe thirty minutes before I was plotting my return to Haiti. Two weeks later, I was back.”

She worked for IMC for another few months and rather than go home to the States, started working with MMRC. After another two months she returned home and plotted yet another “escape” from Michigan which, this time, took her to rural Panama.



Big sister, little brother walking home from school. After a day in school (and getting inoculations) these two walked a mile back to their home.

Their uniforms are spotless if somewhat worn and somehow “logo” merchandise made its way into the hills where they live.



“Little” Paul Waggoner (LP) was working as a supervisory custom carpenter in Nantucket, MA when the earthquake struck. He wanted to help where he could, and contacted the American Red Cross and other NGOs and offered to volunteer, but none of the organizations he spoke with were interested. A week after the quake he went on his own, finding his way through the Dominican Republic to Port au Prince and, finally, Haitian Community Hospital, or HCH.

When he speaks of his time at HCH it is difficult to suspend a sense of disbelief given what one hears but time and conversation with others who shared the ordeal have borne out much, if not all, of what he related.

The most bizarre incident would come to haunt him (and change his life) months later when a young couple brought their baby in to HCH. Documents filed on LP’s behalf months later told of an impossible medical condition - the child had a fever of over 105 degrees, and had been unresponsive for days... it died within minutes of arrival and the parents, having no money for a proper burial, left the child at the hospital.

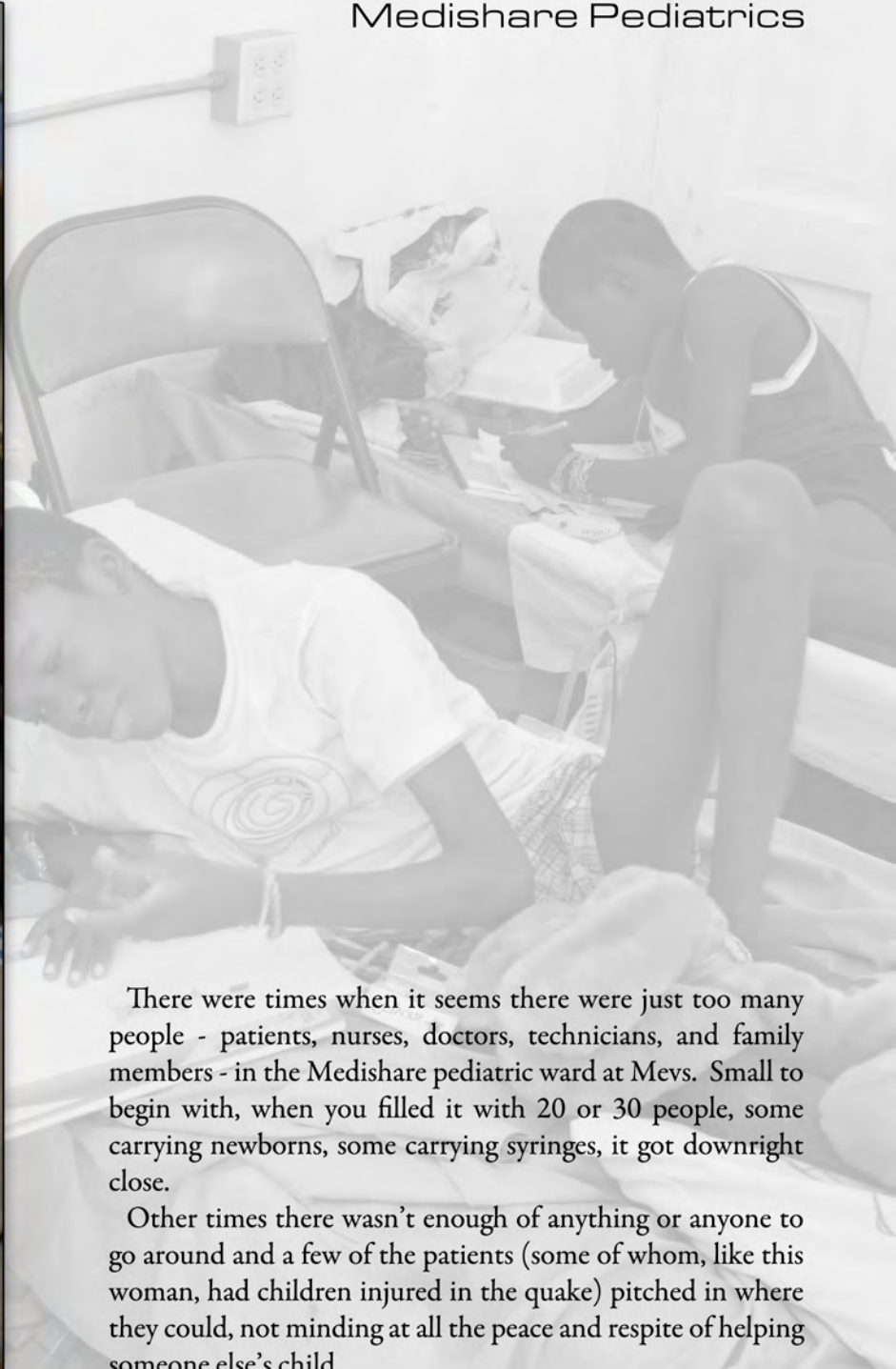
Subsequently, the couple consulted a Voodoo priest who told them that LP had turned the child into a zombie slave for the purpose of harvesting its organs. The couple believed the priest and came to see the child’s body again. They decided the priest was right, and a full-scale riot was orchestrated shortly thereafter to “get the blan” who had kidnapped the baby zombie, but LP managed to slip away before they got to him. He would have been torn to pieces by the crowd, in all likelihood.

LP left the country, hired a Haitian attorney, and after a while some money exchanged hands and it looked like all was forgiven and forgotten. Back in the country two months later, LP was arrested at a pizza parlor and charged, quite literally with kidnapping the baby and turning it into a zombie slave. It took two months to get him out of prison.



“Little” Paul Waggoner greeting a friend who lives in Kenscoff overlooking Port au Prince. The buildings suffered little or no damage during the quake but much of their livelihood, which depends on tourists purchasing artwork done by locals, disappeared.





There were times when it seems there were just too many people - patients, nurses, doctors, technicians, and family members - in the Medishare pediatric ward at Mevs. Small to begin with, when you filled it with 20 or 30 people, some carrying newborns, some carrying syringes, it got downright close.

Other times there wasn't enough of anything or anyone to go around and a few of the patients (some of whom, like this woman, had children injured in the quake) pitched in where they could, not minding at all the peace and respite of helping someone else's child.



This exhausted nurse is one of the hundreds of medical professionals who were cycled in to and out of Port au Prince since the earthquake by the University of Miami's incredibly effective Medishare program.

Originally housed in tents erected the day after the quake on an airport ramp, the program has since moved to l'Hopital Bernard Mevs, a small facility located on a side street a mile distant. This particular photograph was made in Mevs' tiny, overcrowded pediatric ward.

Generally working a two-week shift with little time off (and little or nothing to do with it anyway) the staff puts in 12-to-16 hour work days before collapsing onto cots with a tray of "street food" - or worse, leftover patient food - in an airless room with other exhausted nurses and doctors.

It's not a life for everyone, and some who choose it do so for a short time and never return. Some return many times, but all pay a heavy price. During my time in Haiti I saw far too many "thousand yard stares" in the faces of doctors and nurses. Watching them waiting for their ride home at the airport was a study in both commitment and its price.



Spend enough time in Port au Prince and eventually you will ride in or on a tap tap. Some, like this one, are large and nearly comfortable. Some are built around 20 to 30 year old small bed pickup trucks onto which seats, handrails, steps, and a roof have been grafted. While nearly all are decorated (and in some cases overdecorated) I've learned several things about the realities of Haitian motor vehicles.

One, there are only two things that really need to work on a tap tap (or any car/truck/bus for that matter) and they are the horn and the brakes. Everything else is optional.

Two, there is no "learner's permit" or for that matter a knowledge or skill test involved in getting a driver's license. You pay a guy, who pays a guy, who pays another guy and the last guy prints your licence and sends it back up the "gimme dollah" pipeline to you.

An acquaintance described what he thought would be a great drivers test: Two potential tap-tap drivers line up at opposite ends of a street and drive straight towards one another in a real life game of chicken; the first one to blink (and swerve) doesn't get his license.