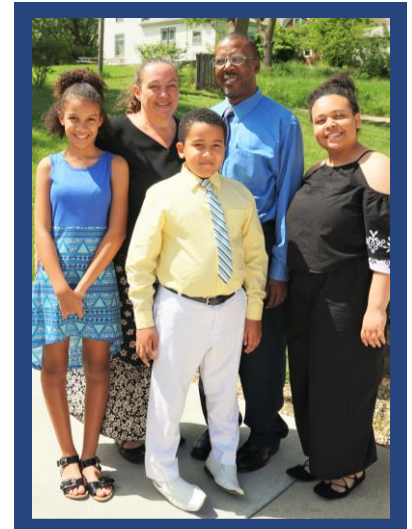




Dorcé Family

Wilckly, Dee, Ashley, Kelsey, Josiah
March 2022



***“Precious in the sight of the Lord is
the death of his faithful servants.”
Psalm 116:15***

Even after almost two weeks of hearing the horrific news that my very dear close friend, mentor, mother and sister in Christ had passed away after having a stroke and being hospitalized for a week, the tears won't stop flowing. When I first went to Haiti back in 1991, I asked God to give me a friend who would guide me spiritually, who would teach me the language and help me understand the culture. I always felt God blessed me by giving me two instead of one, Wilckly and Bioude.

Blessing Hearts
MINISTRIES

Bioude did all of that and so much more. From the get-go, I thought she was too harsh when she spoke to the children. Wanda Orr soon informed me that if Wilckly had chosen her to look after the children he knew what he was doing, and she trusted him. I later learned a lot can be lost in translation or easily misunderstood as I muddled along trying to learn the language. I couldn't understand what she said but I knew she always had my back. She spent hours listening to me after I came home from language school. Asking her questions. Trying to make conversations in the dark little kitchen with the strong smell of burning charcoal wafting up my nose as she made sure lunch was ready for the Berea kids that we cared for. Day after day, she listened, explained and repeated until I could understand the conversation around me. Patience. Kindness. Hospitality. A shoulder to cry on. Hard working. A real team player in everything from raising the Berea kids, running the popsicle business, church, J.A.M. club, to marrying Wilckly and raising my own kids to which she affectionately became known as Gran, the Haitian word for Grandmother. We were inseparable. People knew not to come to me and ask me for something without going through her first. We received groups of Americans who came to visit our ministry together. We planned daily meals for the compound but also meals to feed 300 people or more for our Tas Café Cho party, revivals and seminars. She was the reason my family and I were healthy. She was a very clean person and demanded it from everyone around her from food preparation and where we slept, to the grounds around our compound.

She initialized the morning prayer meeting at 4 am and kept it going every morning for ten years. It wasn't a question of would you like to come, if you slept in the house, you better be there. She became the alarm clock for the whole neighborhood. She would grab her bull horn and blast whatever music was programmed in it full tilt at 4 a.m. She did everything with gusto. She knew hospitality, enemy or friend, she would treat them the same. She taught me it was never too late for someone to stop by. There was always enough food for one more. After a meal some food was always saved back in case someone came by to visit Wilckly or came from the country and needed to be bedded down for the night. She was always ready at a moment's notice to make up a bed for someone to sleep. Whatever she had and however little it might be she would share it in a grand way and include as many as possible.

She taught me so much about life, about myself about other people. No one can ever take her place. Our only consolation is how much she loved the Lord and how faithful she was to serve Him. Even though this hurt, this void won't go away, I pray that each day in remembering her and sharing memories of her with smiles, laughter and tears with those who love her so much and those who have never met her, we will honor her life, and we would find some consolation and God would be glorified because of her impact on people.

Love you,
Mdme Kiki, Maren ou

Gran was very important to me. She taught me to be respectful because she didn't take disrespect from anyone. She was always there to talk to, I can't stand that she's gone. She's one of those people that have always been there for me ever since I can remember. I thought she'd never die but I guess no one stays with forever. - Josiah



This it truly going to be to hard for me to write because there are simply too many good things that I could write about a woman that I loved very much and still do. Recently one of the most important people in my life has passed away, her name was Bioude Dorce. Most people called her Mdme Francois, but I and my siblings called her Gran, which is one of the Haitian Creole terms for grandma. Even though she was really our cousin and not our grandma, I was very close to her growing up. I never liked to be separated from her for more than two days because if she was gone for too long, I would start to be like, oh, what's going on right now? She very much felt like my grandma, for a while, I did not even know that she was not. In fact, there were lots of times where I felt like she was even my second mom because of how much I trusted her and believed in her.

She was the one that I usually went to when I was sad, mad or even happy because while lots of other people did not care about how I was feeling at the moment, she did. She made sure that I knew that. She would let me rant to her and get things off my chest whether she agreed with me or not, just to let me know that I was seen and heard. It is not just me. I am sure that there are lots of other people who felt the same way about her because that was just the kind of person she was.

She was so warm and motherly but at the same time not afraid to tell you what to do. If she told you to do something, well, then you better do just that. Anyway, she had a big heart and she was always feeling for other people.

Not too long ago, I want to say about 2 weeks before she died, I was pretty sick with the flu for about 5 days and as soon as she found out that I was sick she called me just to check up on me and she could not stand to hear how I was hurting because she always felt other people's pain. When she called me, since I was not feeling so good, it really lifted my spirits just to talk to her and I wanted nothing more than to be there with her and of course, me, Gran, Josiah, Tite and Se Nana were all just laughing and cracking ourselves up on the phone to the point where they made me almost forget I was even sick. She just kept on calling me, morning and night, to check up on me, until I was no longer sick. It kind-of brought memories back to when I was with her and growing up. I would get sick and she would always be there for me, nursing me back to health, making me all sorts of nasty stuff that I did not want to drink but she made me drink any way because it was medicine.

She was always making me my favorite food. She was always trying her best to make me happy when really all she needed to do was just be with me and I would be happy. She always was supporting me no matter what and no matter what I wanted to do before she died. I would usually talk to her about every week and every time we talked she wanted to remind me to not get so overwhelmed with things as I am an anxious person. She reminded me not to let things get to me and to remain positive and to continue living my best life. Then she gave me a Bible verse like she always did. In fact, that is one of the last things that she said to me. We both told each other that we loved each other and I am so glad we got to have that moment before she left this earth.

- Kelsey

From Wilckly:

In 1990, Bioude, my mom's cousin, asked to work for me because her husband had just died. I told her I wasn't hiring people who are related to me because they will not pull their weight well. She said, "Try me and you will see how much difference I make." I said, "Come and we'll see." She came and it was a HUGE difference she made. I used to eat the food made for the Berea kids but she prepared me a special meal. She treated the kids like a mother. We ended up having all four of her girls come and live with us. For more than thirty years she was loyal to working with me. She truly cared about everything. She was a very clean person. She was good to everyone she knew in the neighborhood. I feel her leaving this earth even more than I felt the loss of my own mom who died not long ago. Things are changing in her absence because she is not there to play her role. She was a very important person that I had. I miss her.



From Shaina:

Though I knew I was where I was supposed to be when I moved to Haiti and my heart was at peace, it was still very difficult for me to be so far away from my family, with whom I had always been very close. God showed me so much grace by bringing me a Haitian family, not to replace my physical family, but to increase and enlarge my community. In the beginning one of the Haitian grandmas, Bioude Dorcé, actually scared me a bit. Her domineering and no-nonsense personality was rather daunting, and she was a born leader. Everyone listened to her, children and adults alike. I soon noticed that though she was extremely particular about cleanliness and order and the proper way to do things, she deeply cared and felt a strong sense of responsibility for all those around her. She was very protective of her “children” (biological and spiritual) and always wanted what was best for them.

“Mdme. François”, or “Grann”, as we affectionately called her, was also one of the greatest prayer warriors I have ever known, barring possibly my biological grandmother. She founded and led “Tas Kafé Cho”, a 4:00 a.m. daily prayer service that started in the mission yard and grew so large it had to move to the church in the village. She prayed believing God heard her. For her there was no other reason or motivation to pray. Her response to everything was prayer.

Grann also served with Wilckly and Dee from the beginning of Wilckly taking over directorship of the children’s home. She was their “right-hand-man” for over 30 years. She was mother to them and grandmother to their kids.

Grann went to be with Jesus on March 4th, 2022. We are so glad she is no longer suffering, and we know we haven’t *lost* her, but while we remain on this earth we’ll feel deeply the hole her absence leaves.

“Bioude was a saint of saints. She mothered us when we visited, she was a four-star general in the prayer world. Haiti has sent forward a precious jewel and if it is possible, heaven is a brighter place! She now knows that yesterday is her eternal birthday. Bless the Lord, who cares for His children.”

- David Dukes, Blessing Hearts Ministries Chair

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Do you want a live update?



Wilcky and Dee or Shaina are all available to come visit you and give an in-person update on the ministry!

Contact Shaina Ascone at
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