She sat across from me at the restaurant in Los Esclavos, Santa Rosa. She had been preparing for months for this day, the first day of our very first medical clinic in Santa Rosa, so I took the opportunity to ask her why. What would make someone volunteer to undertake such a clinic, all the responsibility, all the patient follow-up. It was the first time I met Floridalma Quintanilla, and it was January 2009.

Her answer so struck me that I can still see the room. The plastic checkered tablecloth, the plastic laced curtains. And, I can see her face as she returned to the places that pierced her heart. And then to the places that brought her back to life.
She spoke plainly, almost thoughtfully, of the murder of her eleven-year-old daughter, Andrea de Jesús. Of violence upon violence against her family in retaliation, because Flory testified against the murderer. Of loss of family and place and future. Of stabbing fear for her remaining three children and her husband, shot, who was struggling for his life. Of dull depression and defeat.

She spoke of how the Obras took her in when she could no longer stand. And of how God’s light had reached into her darkness through one person, then another, holding out to her a lifeline. It was then, when she was under the gentle care of the Obras, that she met Faith In Practice volunteers. She told me how it was through them—it was through you—that she found herself returning to life.

As she wandered through the past, there were times when a cloud would fall across her face, or a sharp pain made her flinch. But more than this, in her face there was awe. There was such wonder in her face.

I remember being struck by her honesty, her willingness to share her story. And how, while there was sadness, pain, as she spoke, there was no bitterness. No desire for sympathy. Rather it was clear to me that she was telling me her story so that I would understand how God had saved her.

That week, I watched Flory’s infectious energy and spirit. How she put her three little ones Antonio, Jonathan, and Javier (11, 10, and 8 at the time) to work in the clinic. That week, we found Luís Alexander and José Antonio, in the hamlet of Oratorio. Flory became their second mother. She shepherded Luís Alexander over two years until he was well enough for open heart surgery, saving his life. She watched over and assisted us with José Antonio for the next four years, until the day that she carried his little casket, wearing her Faith In Practice hat, as she did so. There are too many patients to count. Too many stories to tell. Too many lives changed because of how Flory has chosen to live her life in the deep understanding of how God has a purpose for her life. Her God who saved her. Her God who
Flory speaks of how God has used all of her pain, all of what has happened in her past, to prepare her so she might uniquely serve others. How she can uniquely understand what it means to have lost what is most precious in life. What it means to have lost hope. What it means to have someone reach out a hand and say, let me help, even when the ability to ask for help has been lost. But Flory never stops there. It is not only about what she can do for others. She always returns to how God continues to save her through this work. Her deep gratitude to her God who saved her. Her God who saves her.

Florialma’s name can be read to mean “Blooms from the Soul” and that is what I saw that day twelve years ago when she sat before me. And, that is what I see today. As we spoke over the phone this week, I kept having to interrupt her, for she was giving me the particulars of her patients, rattling off what their particular ailments were, how long they had been waiting for surgery, how some now are starting to receive surgeries. Those of you who know Flory will not be surprised that she was first in line with her ‘pacientitos’ as the Obras opened for very limited surgeries.

Flory’s dream for the future? A standalone clinic in her community to serve as a surgical referral center, to provide follow-up care. Nothing big, to start, she says. I always know any time I speak with Flory, she will have another idea of how together we can do more. Who am I to say what may or may not be possible in the face of this woman?

Flory sends her love and is waiting for your return. You, who God used to bring her back to life all those years ago.

Rev. Linda L. McCarty
President & CEO

PS: Flory’s children are nearly grown. Antonio, married and a father of two, shepherds patients in his mother’s footsteps as he finishes his degree.
Jonathan was an intern with Faith In Practice and is pursuing his public accounting degree. And, little Javier wants to become a physician.

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