



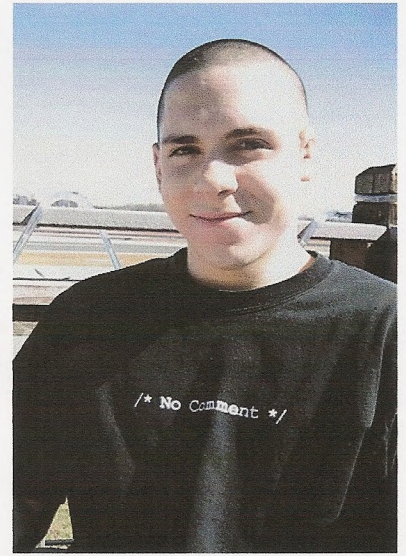
Whirlwind Missions

Ashley's Dispatch

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3:43 A.M. It's still dark outside.

CRACK!

I get shaken awake by a loud noise nearby. Is that thunder? What's that smell? Ugh.. I hear Jesse in the bathroom which shares a wall with mine. He'll take care of it.

There's that smell again. I decide to get up and check it out. I open my door and see the smoke sneaking from under Jesse's door and collecting in huge clouds on the ceiling. I'm struck with fear. My eyes are wide. I can't believe what I'm seeing.

OH NO! My body goes into emergency mode. I rush to the basement door. I try to get a breathe of fresh air in order to yell down. DADDY! DADDY! FIRE! He must have heard the urgency in my voice because he was up the stairs in a minute. He fights to open Jesse's door in search of him, burning his hands and shoulder in the struggle. The flames are eating up Jesse's walls. The smoke is unbearable. The heat is excruciating.

CALL 911! Daddy yells. His voice is hoarse. I'm scared. Mama hands me a fire extinguisher but I can't figure it out. Pull the pin and then what?! If Daddy can't take care of it something must be wrong. Where's Jesse? Where's Jesse? Is he in his room still? Daddy can't see through the thick smoke.

It's hard to breathe. Chemicals enter the air. Billows of smoke take over our house.

Mama has called the police and they tell us to move our cars and get out of the house.

Mama says, "I think Jesse left... I think I heard him leave." I run to the top of the hill, barefoot and in my shorts and short sleeve pajamas. "JESSE! JESSE!" I yell! What's going on? Didn't I just hear him in the bathroom? What's happening?

I move my car and can hear the ambulances coming. They seem far away. WOOO WOOO. Why aren't they here yet!?

Finally they arrive. My Dad's still in the house searching for Jesse. Has he passed out? Will we find his body?

I collapse in my car and pray over and over again. LORD! Put a shield of protection around this house. LORD! Keep us safe! Help us Lord!

I see the fire trucks coming down the road. Red and white lights flashing. They pull down the street and start unrolling the hose. No water. NO WATER! The fire's blazing from inside the house. Windows are breaking. Crackling! My Dad's on the outside of the house hanging out the window trying to spray down Jesse's room with our garden hose. The police pull him down from the ladder. He hits his head on the way down and slices his foot on a piece of glass. My mom's yelling. The police are yelling. The scene is chaotic. I sit in the van shaking from the cold and pray. "LORD! Hear my prayers. Keep us safe. Help us find Jesse." My mind won't let me stop praying.

The fire department's anaconda hose is stretched up the street and hooked to another hydrant. It fills and water shoots into our home.

Daddy is strapped to a stretcher and pushed up the street to the waiting ambulance. Our neighbours arrive and help us figure out where they're taking him.

Mama and I drive with Sugar, our dog, to Gwinnett Medical. We wait...and wait. I wash the black soot off my face in the hospital bathroom.

Finally the nurse comes out. "Hi, my name's Christy I'm taking care of Tim." She tells us that he has 2nd degree burns on both his palms and digits, right arm and ears. He's also inhaled soot into his lungs which is the most concerning.

The fingertips have the most nerves so the pain is intense. All the soot covering his body must be scrubbed off.

They tell us that he's going to be moved to Grady Hospital's Burn Unit. We'll meet them there.

While outside at our car we get a call from Kathy's sister that Jesse has been picked up at the elementary school near our house. He's been arrested and being held in the jail. I don't want to believe it.

Mama and I are at Grady with Dad when Miles arrives. I leave to go with him and Mom stays with Dad at the hospital. His wounds are wrapped and he had a gash in his left foot that's been stitched up.

ONE WEEK LATER

My Mom and Dad and I are living with the Lamb family near our house. My Dad calls them the "Lambs of God." They are a great family. Mr. Lamb has helped my Dad with construction projects a lot at the missions. Dad is doing much better. His hands are almost completely healed! He was an emotional wreck. He'd shake his head and cry and say, "My little boy," over and over. We hope to see Jesse tonight. Our neighbour is a nurse and saw my Dad before they took him to the hospital. She told him, "Where there's life, there's hope." My Dad keeps saying that and I believe him. Jesse is alive, so there's hope! Thank you so much for your prayers and financial support during this tragedy. We really appreciate all you've done to help us! We need your prayers now more than ever!!



Hello, my friends!

I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for the enormous numbers of prayers, phone calls and generous gifts you have made in our behalf. This has been the most difficult experience of my life. My wounds are healing nicely and I'm already able to type and have tried to get back to work as best I can. I've also been battling a cold since in the fire so I'm still feeling weak.

My main concern is for my son. The evil one always attacks us at our weakest link. My son had some type of break with reality. He said he heard voices telling him to burn his computer. He is so sorry for what he did and had no intention of anyone getting hurt. He just wasn't in his right mind. He felt like he was receiving revelations from God and that he no longer needed sleep. He had gone at least 48 hours without rest. Jesse's not sure how long he had been awake. He is resting now and said that the medicine that they are giving him is helping him think more clearly. I'm not sure why all this had to happen, but I am confident that the Father will work it out for good somehow, He always does!

It's been my experience that we encounter the most attacks just before breakthroughs. I realize that the evil one raised the bar against me with this attack on Jesse. The devil and his spirits are real. Paul said he's like a "roaring lion seeking to destroy." That verse is more real to me than ever. I can assure you that I will step up my efforts against this spiritual darkness. If the devil thinks he has taken me out of this battle he is sorely mistaken! I have been so proud of our team, our work has continued full speed ahead.

We are in a rebuilding process on our house. There was extensive smoke damage and most of the sheet rock will have to be replaced. Pray for the construction! Love you guys so much!