

Whirlwind Missions

Ashley's Dispatch

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"Mrs. Kathy, please pray for me so I can get a job." Selina told my Mom as they sat at her kitchen table, the room filled with smells of the yellow curry bubbled on the stove stove. "My family, we need money."

About three months later, Selina got a job working with her husband cooking hamburgers and selling lotto tickets. She worked long hours and was gone all day from 5 p.m. until midnight. Although it was great she was helping bring in more money, her family was still suffering; especially her ten year old son Joy.

Joy was left alone to cook for himself, get cleaned up and tuck himself in at night. Although he would never tell any of the other boys you could tell he missed his Mom, one of his best friends.

Just this month, Selina's hours changed so my Mama went over there to talk with her. Selina told my Mom how much she appreciated Mama coming to help work one-on-one with her son.

"Of course. I love to." Mama replied smiling up at her Bengali friend.

Mama looked over at Joy and asked, "How do you say 'love' in Bengali?"

"I don't know. And she doesn't love me." Joy said with a pouty face. All the time his Mom had no clue what was going on since this was all in English.

"Yes, she does love you. She prayed me into your life. I'm your American mother and I love you and I love her and I know she loves being able to be home to spend time with you," my Mama said reassuring him.

Joy looked back down at his homework then up at his Mom who was smiling down at him and nodded as if giving her another chance to be his best friend again.

We live on money but we need the love of our families to keep us living. THANK YOU for giving to our ministry so that we can keep on loving the people who need it the most.

Love, Ashley

