



Whirlwind Missions

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Dad and I pulled into Highland Gardens with the team behind us. This was going to be the last week the apartment complex would be standing. In the next few weeks it will be torn down to make room for the new high school building.

Immediately, I jumped out of the car and started knocking on the doors. Empty. Vacant. Only my knock could be heard echoing around in the abandoned apartments.



Until I got to one door. Knock, knock, knock. The door cracked open about six inches and a Bengali woman, dressed in red and tan, looked out.

"Asalaam alikum." (An Islamic greeting meaning, "peace be upon you.") I nodded to her respectfully. "We have a big party for the kids. Can you come?" I asked the mother.

I could hear the kids just inside saying, "Yes! Yes! We can come!"

"No. I have headache. Children with me." She touched her forehead, smudging her red dot with her middle finger.

I began to turn away. Then a sense of urgency flooded me and I turned back and said, "Can I pray for you?"

I lifted both my hands to the Heavens to indicate praying to God. I turned to her and said, "God, please help Mama feel better. No sick. Lord, heal her." I laid my hands on her shoulders and said, "Amen."

She looked shocked, raised her eyebrows in anger and closed the door!

I shook it off and was about to climb the stairs when I heard her door open again. She stepped out barefoot towards me and said, "Thank you. Yes, thank you."

She shook her head and threw her scarf over her shoulder in one fluid motion. I smiled and nodded back.

Sometimes it's scary to step outside of our own comfort, but when we do we can really make others feel loved. This week I pray that you will be aware of that feeling to turn back and pray with a stranger.

