



Whirlwind Missions

Ashley's Dispatch

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ashleycummins.com

ashleycummins@gmail.com



Knock, knock, knock! I pounded on the black wood door of apartment B1. I heard people shuffling inside behind the door and then an eye flashed through the peephole.

“Si? Que quieres?” (Yes, what do you want?) Came the Hispanic woman’s voice from within.

“Hola! Como esta, Mama?” I said standing in the hallway.

The door opened slowly revealing the heavysset mother with her two young daughters by her side.

“Una grande fiesta! Todo es gratis por sus ninos y usted! Bienvenidos!” (There’s a big, free party for you and the kids. Welcome!)

I smiled like I was giving away free money. The mother looked down at her daughters for an explanation. There was some fast talking between them before the older daughter said, “My Mom says we can go. Let me get my shoes.”

I waited outside of the apartment building until Maria and her little sister came out. Even though we’d just met, Maria slipped her tender, brown hand in mine as we walked the complex inviting people to the block party.

Maria laughed at my attempts at Spanish, “Haha you’re funny, gringa.”

Maria and I hung out the whole block party, jumping jump rope, drawing with sidewalk chalk and eating hot dogs together under the sun. We talked about her family moving here from Mexico when she was little and how she really liked school but was glad summer was just around the corner.

At the end of the party, we sat down on the concrete with our backs against the brick apartment and prayed together that she’d do well the last week of school and that her family would have a shield of protection around them.

Leaving that day, I felt like I’d really made a difference in her life. Thank you for your support. It makes it possible for us to reach out to people like Maria. And thanks to Foothills Community Church for making this party possible.

