



Whirlwind Missions

Ashley's Dispatch
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"This is the final boarding call for Delta flight number 688." I'd just gotten through security at the Austin airport and was running full speed, in my heels, down to Gate 6. After ten days of support raising in Texas and twelve speaking opportunities, I was finally headed home to see my parents.



Support raising is sort of the unseen side of mission work but it never takes a back seat. Without financial support I wouldn't be able to do the job I love or pay the bills to keep the missions running or buy food for the kids or supply the poor with school supplies. Like my Daddy always says, "We live by faith but we live on money."

So I'd gone to Texas to visit with some of our supporters and to raise support for our ministry. "Nana" (Peggy Cummins, my Dad's mom), helped me set up speaking engagements. I'd only been in Texas one day and I was already on to my first assignment: speaking at Main Street Baptist Church's Vacation Bible School.

"Hello! My name is Ashley Cummins and I'm YOUR missionary. Let me tell you a little background about me. My parents meet and fell in love overseas in Kenya. They travelled back here to the States to get married and had two kids, Jesse, my younger brother, and me. Then they heard God's voice calling them back to the mission field so we packed everything we owned into a huge crate and shipped off to Africa. I lived in Kenya, South Africa, Zimbabwe, and France."

"In France, we studied French so we could minister to the people of Rwanda which is where we were headed next. But then war broke out so we were reassigned to Madagascar, the island off the coast of Africa that's shaped like your left foot. I loved living in Madagascar but then something bad happened. Jesse, who was born with an aural atresia, which means his left eardrum and canal wasn't fully developed, started running really high fevers. We couldn't take him to the doctor because a lot of times people get sicker from visiting the hospital. We got our visas and flew back to America where Jesse got five surgeries."

"I grew up Georgia and when I was a junior in high school I decided it was time for me to get a job. I went around to Kroger, Subways, the dry cleaners and came home with a stack of applications but an empty feeling. I want to do more with my life than bag people's groceries. I talked to my Dad about it and he said, 'If you had your dream job what would it be?' I wanted to do something like it did over the summer working with kids in the apartment complex."

We prayed about it and the NEXT day Oakbrook opened up and invited us to come work. I started immediately and really loved it. But the owners got greedy and kicked us out so they could rent out the area we'd used as our tutoring center.





I then moved to Spring Chase apartments which was primarily Muslim. I remember walking around the complex inviting children to come to the program when this mother dressed in all black, I could only see her eyes, shook her finger at me and said, 'Leave! We don't want you Christians here.' I said, 'sorry Mama but we're here to help your children.'



Every parent wants their child to succeed so the mothers started bringing them to the program and we were able to develop that one-on-one relationship. Then dooms day came again and we were forced to leave.

I ran out to the mothers and cried, 'They're kicking us out!' The mothers jumped up and said, 'NO! Let the Christians stay.' But it wasn't meant to be and I moved to Kensington Station Apartments where I serve now." I went on to tell the VBS group stories about the kids I work with.

This is what it's all about, inspiring people to join me on the mission field whether it's through prayer, financial support or time we need help spreading hope and expanding the kingdom of God. We can't do it without YOU! Thanks for YOUR support!

Take the Church, To the People!

