

Ashley's
Letter from the Mission Field
September 2013



When I open my eyes smoke was filling the car. The sour smell burns my nose and I try not to breath it in. I watch as cars fly past me.

Oh my god! I've been in a terrible accident. I release my seatbelt and stumble out of the Mustang.

Tears well up in my eyes. I reach into the car and pull out my phone with trembling hands.

"Daddy..." I pause to wipe away tears.

"Baby, what's wrong?"

"I've just had an accident."

"Where are you. I'm coming."

It happened as I was driving home from a back to school block party at the mission.

I took the curve that I'd taken a hundred times. But this time there was a nail in my back tire. When I applied the brakes, the back tires were unbalanced and I began to fishtail out of control.

The backend whipped left and right. I pushed the brakes to regain control but this only made it worse, slamming me into the guard rail and coming to a stop on the shoulder facing in the opposite direction of traffic.

The airbags exploded towards me burning my arms and face. The Mustang was totaled.

Why do bad things happen to good people? So that we can relate to each other and tell others, you know what? I was in that same situation and this is how the Lord helped me.

If I had made it five hundred more feet I would have been on 285. The five lane highway that circles Atlanta. Who knows what would have happened if I'd lost control and had cars rushing by at seventy mph on every side?

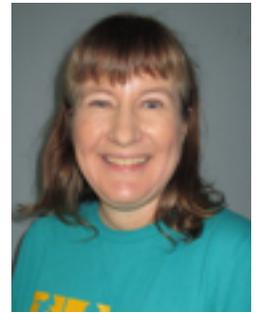
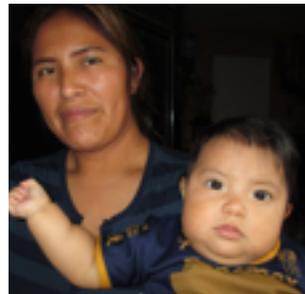
The Lord protected me. Even though my little red pony has been put in the graveyard, I'm NOT!

Praise the LORD. Thank you for your prayers. YOU kept me safe.

Please pray that the Lord will provide



Ashley + Miles





Please support Ashley! Make checks out to North American Mission Board, Designate to Ashley Kendall Acct# 9064