



Letters from the Mission Field October 2017



I sat in my car outside the hospital tears streaming down my face. Penelope sits in her carseat in the back asking, "You otay? Otay?"

I wipe the tears away and look in the rearview mirror, "Yes, baby. Mama's OK."

I've just walked out of Everly's 40 weeks appointment. She's 4 days overdue and the doctor has just explained to me the need for a c-section. Because of my past labor and delivery history, (Penelope got stuck and her arm was broken) Everly has a 1 in 4 chance of shoulder dysplasia as well.

I'm rocked by this news. I've tried so hard working out and eating healthy, all to keep my weight down and lead up to a healthy vaginal delivery. Now I'm told that I should consider getting cut open. I have a night to sleep on the decision.

After I leave the office, I drive home as my cramps and back pain start to get more intense.

Dad comes and picks up Penelope. She was hardly in the car before saying, "Bye Bye!" and "Toot toots!" That helped knowing she was excited to go on an adventure with her Grandpapi.

Miles is home early and sits on the couch with me. We talk a long time about what we want to do. Even though I'm scared to have major surgery tomorrow. Scared about only being numbed and feeling the tugging and pulling. Frightened and emotional about what lies ahead, I feel at peace now with the decision I've made.

I feel that having a planned c-section will be the safest delivery method especially after such a traumatic delivery with Penelope two years ago.

Miles took me back to the doctor this evening and I'm only dilated 2 cm. We scheduled a c-section surgery for 11:30, Tuesday, September 26th.

So by the time you're reading this our newest little missionary, Everly Islay Kendall will be here!

Please be praying for a quick recovery. I'm not good at letting people take care of me. It's hard for me to ask for help.

Thank you for your encouraging words and for supporting my family.

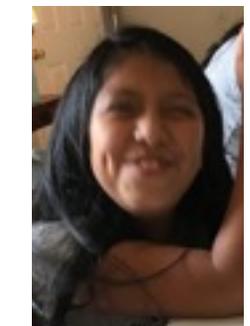
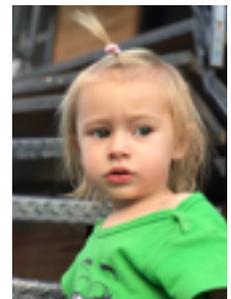
Whirlwind is still struggling financially, but Dad and I are both working hard calling churches, talking to youth leaders (we've got 5 teams signed up for 2018) and individuals and we've both cut back our salaries.

We LOVE what we do but we can't do it without you.

Thank you, truly from the bottom of my heart, for supporting us.



Ashley, Miles, Penelope & Everly





Miles teaching the Bengali boys guitar chords. One boy asked, "Should I call you Uncle Miles or Bro Milo?"

I LOVE YOU so much and can not thank you enough for allowing me to live my dream job.

We have lived at Azalea mission for two weeks now and are constantly saying, "This was the best decision ever!"

