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- Sharing the Love of Christ with the least, the lost, and the left out... immigrants, displaced peoples, the lonely, the abandoned, those who need a friend.
- Nurturing and developing people to be healthy spiritually, physically, emotionally, and relationally - because "care" is not just an emotional feeling word, "care" is a verb - an action. That's who we are... the care-givers!



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Dear Billy and Laurie,

- I will pray for you.
 As God provides, I plan to partner with you by giving
\$_____ Per month / quarter / year for _____ years.



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JANUARY
2017

Monthly
News and Updates
for Partners of
The Drum Family

Transform



this issue

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A New Name



We're still using the acronym TMS, but we are no longer The Mission Society. We have moved to TMS Global. This name change was an important and strategic move for many reasons. One of the biggest ones being security. In this ever-changing world with rapidly changing views, using the word "mission" or "missionary" is actually quite damaging and dangerous for us. In many countries, this is reason enough to be arrested or to have your visa revoked and be deported, or worse. In our case in Spain, the term "missionary" carries a lot of baggage... from the Inquisition to the Conquest of the New World. It's not really a term that carries warm and fuzzy feelings to people! So, to keep it safe and simple, The Mission Society is now called TMS Global (Training, Mobilization, and Service). No worries... we're still the same people doing the same work, just under a better name for all of us. To learn more about the name change, go to the [Unfinished Magazine page 2](#)

Transforming Lives in the New Year

Welcome to 2017! Happy New Year!

This time of year is always a little exciting and a little frightening all at the same time. I love that it feels like a fresh start. The Christmas tree is down and the decorations are put away and my house feels clean and organized. The holiday foods are gone (Thank Goodness!) and the crazy schedules that always accompany the end of the year events are all slowly falling away. It's back to the 'normal routines' (whatever that means!). Back to the gym. Back to eating right. Back to regular work days and school hours.

But, at the same time, it's a bit scary. It's time to make new goals. In the church we work with in Spain, the leadership team has taken on some pretty hefty plans and a focus for the year that will definitely require a God-sized intervention and open hearts. Our focus this year is GROW. We're focusing on three growth areas - personal growth in individuals, growth in community, and growth for The Kingdom. The church has had a few years of pain and healing from a division, and because of it there has been little to no growth. But it feels like now is the time. It feels like people are ready and like God is saying, "NOW!" So we launched the first of the new focus plans last week. It's something like giving birth... the anticipation and expectation and possibilities for the future are exciting, but at the same time it is terrifying! And growth can be accompanied by change, and pain. So we are hopeful and excited, and also praying! Please join us in that!

As we continue to plan and work with Centro Cristiano in Spain, we also continue our coaching and counseling and care work with TMS Global. We continue to engage with refugees. We continue to embody all of the aspects of Training, Mobilization, and Service that make up the new name (see left) and work to live those out in Spain and Europe and around the globe. Just last month, we helped to train and mobilize 28 workers for another agency. It's an exciting time, making new goals and focusing on growth. Thank you for joining with us as partners in the journey. You're helping to transform lives!

Transformed by memories and war

The following is one of the many stories of my refugee friends that I listened to and recorded while working in refugee camps in Greece.

This is the story of Ammar (name changed for Ammar's security).*

“What do you miss the most about home?”, I ask.

“Lots of things”, he says, looking down at his feet and thinking, remembering. Then a smile starts to break across his face. “I miss my mother’s sweet cakes. There is nothing that tastes like that!” The smile shows a love that radiates from his face, a smile almost too big to contain. “When I was young, before university, I didn’t like my mother’s cooking. I complained about her food a lot. Every day I complained. But when I got to university, I only knew how to cook rice and pasta. McDonalds became my favorite meals, because it was fast and I didn’t know how to cook anything. McDonalds all the time. When I went home from university for a visit, I LOVED my mother’s cooking!”, he laughs and shifts his weight back and forth and looks down. I’m struck at how much he looks like a little boy right now, embarrassed and shy in this moment of transparency.

“What are your favorite foods from Syria?”, I divert the question a little bit to give him some space, to allow him to pull out of the memory of his mom, if it’s too tough, but he dives right back in and stays with her memory.

“I miss everything! Too many things. No one in the world cooks like your mom!” He stops what he is doing and quickly turns to my 13-year old daughter, Sarah, and puts on his best big brother face. “Sarah, one day, you too, will go away to university. And you will miss your mom. And you will miss your mom’s food! You must always respect your mom and all that she does for you. You will miss her. You will dream of her cooking and of everything about her.” He continues to talk of his mother.

“My mom, she is a teacher in Syria. I used to go in to her classroom to help her students. She would ask me to come and teach about computers. Oh my! It was so frustrating!” He gets very animated. “I have no patience. None! I don’t know how she does that every day! I cannot teach. I don’t understand why it is so hard for them to understand! And I don’t understand why it is so hard to teach them. No. I have no patience with that.”

All of this makes me laugh, because all I have seen from Ammar * is extreme patience and an uncanny ability to remain calm and help others to understand.

In his animated state, he is physically acting out his frustration with teaching young children, but also laughing hysterically. I point out that he is saying one thing with his words and body language, but he is laughing. It seems incongruent. “Ah. That’s because I am imagining my mother and remembering. She has zero ability to use technology. My father is a computer expert. That was his job. My brother was in technology. I was studying IT in university before I had to escape. But my mom? She cannot even use her smart phone! She stabs at it – the touch pad on the phone. She stabs at it so hard,” he says, laughing and acting out his mother’s finger stabbing in to his palm. “I tell her that she is trying to kill it. ‘Stop stabbing it! Stop killing the phone!’ But she just can’t understand.” By now, he is belly laughing and tears are rolling down his face. “My mom says that she sometimes wishes she was a computer so that all of her boys would pay attention to her like they do their technology.”

And just like that, he is brought back to reality. The idea of his mother wishing that her boys would pay attention to her. A switch is flipped in his head, and in his heart, and he is back. Back to his current situation. He is a refugee, living in a refugee camp, far from home. Far from his world of university studies. Far from his girlfriend that he would like to marry. Far from his mom, and her cooking. Far from the sweet cakes that he loves.

And I am haunted by his words earlier, “I miss everything! Too many things. No one in the world cooks like your mom! ...one day, you too, will go away. And you will miss your mom. And you will miss your mom’s food! You must always respect your mom and all that she does for you. You will miss her. You will dream of her cooking and of everything about her.”

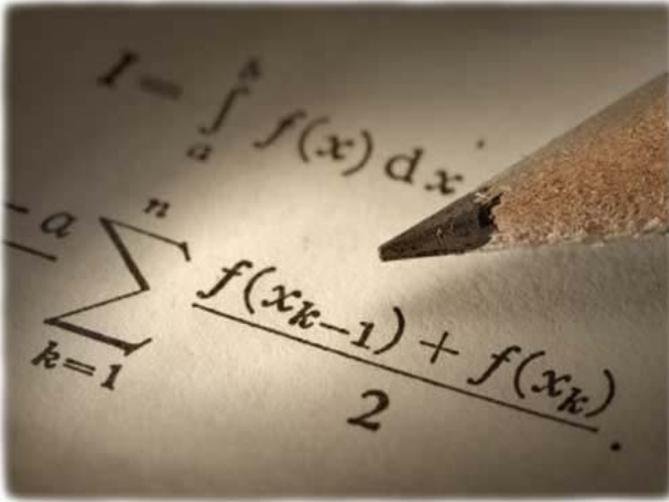


Food lines in a refugee camp in Greece.

Transforming lives via Tutoring

We have been concerned by the numbers of youth that we know who are struggling in school. Struggling to the point of failing subjects and at risk of repeating the school year. The school system is quite different here. The subject load is rigorous and the pressure is extreme. In many ways, I really like the system. I feel that our own daughter is getting a great education and the level of competence is high. But in others, I am saddened as a teacher. It is very much a system of 'cans and cannots', and if you cannot... you're pretty much

sunk. There is no real system for helping students who are failing. Outside of school, there are 'academies' where you can go to pay for outside tutoring, but it isn't cheap. And best practices for teaching and learning styles are not the norm. Every year, several of Sarah's classmates fail and are held back. Every



year, there are fewer and fewer students in her class.

Over the past few months, Billy has been putting his teacher face back on and helping out youth who are in danger of being left behind by the system. He has been dusting off those Algebra books, pulling the Physics formulas out of hiding, and throwing his hat in the Chemistry ring. He has even been doing a little English tutoring.

Why does this matter?

How does this transform lives? One of Billy's students is an immigrant, working in his second language, and has already repeated a year. He is one of the thousands in Spain who are at high risk of dropping out and becoming part of the 30+% unemployment rate for young

adults. He lives in the region of Spain with the highest rate of young male suicide. He has very few male role models in his life. Time with Billy is not only time for tutoring, but time for connection and relationship and a loving father-figure. It's time invested in a young life, time giving hope.



Transformed Sight

We have done so many medical campaigns over the years where we gave glasses to precious Quechua women and men and watched their faces light up with excitement when they could see... it never gets old! Watching someone find sight again. I just somehow never thought it would be my own child who would say those words. But it was.

Sarah was coming home from school with headaches every day, but we chalked it up to dehydration and stress... she doesn't ever drink water during the day, and school has been so stressful lately. But we began noticing the squinting. And then she made some errors on schoolwork that were caused by her copying down the material incorrectly from the board. Lo and behold, we went to the eye doctor and he said, "no wonder you have headaches...". When the final prescription was reached, there it was - that face! The face of excitement and realization. And those famous words, "I CAN SEE!"

This Month's Prayer Requests

Prayers for 2017. As we head in to a new year, it seems that every role we play and every aspect of our work is revamping and retooling. Please [pray with Centro Cristiano](#) (the church we work with in Spain) as they set out with new goals and a focus on GROWTH... personal growth, growth in community, and growth as The Kingdom. Please [pray for TMS Global](#) as the agency and individual CCWs work toward training, mobilizing, and service around the world. We ask you to [pray for our refugee friends](#) and family who are facing the challenges of the snow and extreme temperatures while they continue to wait on the next step in their journey. Pray that we can continue to find ways to love them and serve well in that situation. [Pray for Sarah](#) as she heads in to the next semester of school. Pray that she thrives in her studies as well as in her relationships. And pray that she is Light in places where there are not believers. And [pray for our boys, Ryan and Miles](#), as they continue to grow and mature in their lives and in their relationships back in Texas.