



The Drum Family

October / November 2015

Dreaming of Going Home

“So, I had this weird dream last night.” My husband and I were walking down the street this morning, taking a short stroll together before a coffee meeting with our local Spanish pastor. I began to recount the dream to Billy:

You know those dreams that seem so real that they don’t feel like dreams? Yet, they seem so confusing and you can’t figure them out?

I was waiting to pick up Sarah from school. I was waiting on the street outside the gym. It was twilight, which is weird since she usually gets out of school at 3:00. Anyway, I was getting anxious because lots of other children were coming out of the building and streaming down the street to meet their parents, but Sarah wasn’t coming out. You know that moment when your mom-sense kicks in and you just know that the worst has happened and your kid has somehow been kidnapped or disappeared in to thin air. You’re already in crisis mode and your head is already going through your crisis response plan. Call the local police. Call the embassy. Call the agency. Pray. Freak out. It happens in a split second. One second you’re just standing there waiting for your kid, and in a fraction of a second you are crazy with fear that the worst has happened, which 99.9% of the time is NOT true. So, I get that awful fear that this is that moment. But then, of course, she walks out of the building and she’s ready to go home. Crisis averted. Move along.

I give her a hug and remind her that we are in a hurry because I don’t have a car today, so we have to take a boat home. (*What on earth? When have we ever taken a boat home?*) So we run down to the pier only to find that the boat is already gone. And, of course, it was the last one today. Now what?

We start to try to find a taxi to get us home. When we finally find one and get in to the car, the taxi driver turns around and says, “Where to?”

That’s a problem, because I can’t figure out how to tell him where my home is. I can see it in my mind. And I can picture the general area. But I can’t remember the name of the town or the streets or even how to get there. It is just a weird memory that seems like it is only half-real. When I try to picture the inside of the house, it is empty. When I try to picture the street signs, they are blurry. Mostly, I can only see houses and big trees and nice yards in my mind. But I have no words to describe it or to explain where home is. I don’t know any phone numbers. I don’t have any familiar landmarks or names. It’s just all a strange out-of-focus image in my head. I know it’s real, but I know I can’t find it. So now, I’m just sitting in the taxi and feeling confused and realizing that I don’t know how to go home.

It was a dream. I woke up stressed and confused. But as I was retelling it this morning, I realized how it was also true.



...Dreaming of Going Home

I am confused and stressed. I can't picture home. I don't know where home is anymore. I want to know it, but I don't. It all seems strangely out of focus. I know it is supposed to be Texas, but it feels like it is also Peru, and it is also Spain. It has all changed since we left the Brazos Valley many years ago. I no longer have a house. The last time I saw my Texas house, it was empty. And to some extent, I haven't ever really grieved the loss of my beautiful Victorian farmhouse. Going home now means going to another person's home as a guest. When I try to remember street names, they are sadly a blur in my mind. When I try to remember where friends live, I can see their faces and their houses, but I can't remember what street they live on. Add to that the fact that new things have been built and new roads made, and some friends have actually moved. I feel lost, and I'm not even there yet.

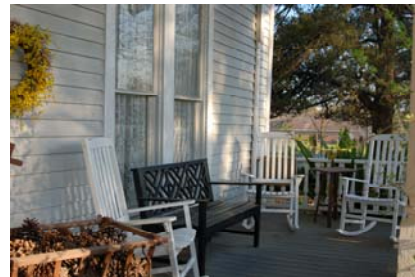
I know that our upcoming homeland assignment / furlough is causing this confusion and stress. I don't so much 'feel' the confusion during my waking hours, but I know it is there. It is coming out in my physical health and in my dreams.

I am worried about how to dress. Missionaries are notorious for being out of style when they return home. I fear getting home and looking like a character from Little House on the Prairie in a sea of Barbie dolls and perfect hair.

I'm worried about how to interact. My daily cultural norms have changed often depending on the culture I have been living in. Just last week, I gave the traditional Spanish greeting of two kisses to a woman I was introduced to from Kosovo. It was just my instinct, but she looked at me like I was nuts. The week before, I greeted a South American woman with one kiss (traditional to Peru and to her native Brazil), but we were in Spain so she went for the double kiss... which ended in an awkward nose smash. And when I was introduced to a new colleague in our mission agency during a conference this month, I was momentarily stunned by the coldness and distance that comes in the traditional USA handshake greeting. I wanted to grab him and give him a cheek kiss and a hug, because that feels right to me now.

I'm afraid I don't know how to relate to my own children. I haven't seen my adult sons in over two years. I feel lost as a mother and I feel like I'm walking in to a self-confrontation of my own inadequacy as a mom. I fear this will not go well, since I know that the greatest determination of stress in a situation is the difference between expectations and reality. What I want and hope for is a family that is reunited and who can spend some happy holidays together, maybe take a family photo or two. What I fear is that our reality will be a family that has grown so distant that we are just awkward and confused as to how to be family anymore, that physical distance is now intertwined with emotional distance, and that connection will be difficult, at best.

I want to enjoy my short time in the States and reconnect with family and friends, but I also know that there is much planned for us and there are many people to see and the schedule is already looking stressful to me. My daydreams of cooking Thanksgiving dishes and making Christmas crafts and going to see Christmas lights, of evenings curled up with family watching Christmas movies and drinking hot chocolate... is it even possible? Does anyone else even care to do those things? How will I carve out time and set boundaries so I can make the necessary meetings and speak in places I need to speak, but also have some enjoyable holiday times that I have missed over the years? In many ways, I feel out of control and confused by all of the unknowns. I don't even know how to have realistic expectations because I can't seem to put my head around what is real.



In many ways, my dreams of being lost and not being able to figure out how to get home are very real. I'm excited and looking forward to this time in The States, and I'm also daunted by the journey and what awaits me 'back home'.

Life takes you to unexpected places. **Love** brings you home.

Prayer Requests -

- **Pray for the global regions of Europe, the Middle East, and the Balkans...** we work as Care Coordinators for workers in these regions. Pray for the work that each of those cross-cultural workers is doing in their areas. Pray for political issues in each region. Pray for the refugee and immigrant situation that continues to move vast numbers of people across the continent. Pray for people who suddenly find themselves with no home, no job, no family connections, and no options. Pray that our workers can be a light in the darkness and love all people well as we continue to live out Jesus' love in our own lives.
- **Praises for our travel to Albania** and our teaching and training with other cross-cultural workers. We had a great conference with lots of reconnecting with other workers, lots of important discussions and strategy talks, and lots of learning... and laughter!
- **Pray for the disciple groups, bible studies, and relationships that we have here in Spain...** pray that they stay strong in our absence as we travel to the States for a time or rest and reconnection with our families and with our churches and friends.
- As always, please **pray for our boys (Ryan and Miles)** in Texas and far away from us during these young adult years. Pray for us to be able to reconnect with them in special ways when we get back to Texas. We haven't seen them in 2+ years.
- **Pray for Sarah** as she leaves school for a couple of months to travel to Texas. She will still need to maintain her studies from long-distance and be prepared to take exams upon her return in January. She is nervous about this, as well as the stressors of leaving friends behind for a long period and leaving what she perceives as her home... Texas does not feel like home to Sarah, so in many ways, this is like traveling to a foreign place for her that happens to have family and familiar faces in it.
- **Pray for our travel back to Texas.** We will have a couple of weeks of no internet service as we travel and make a few stops before arriving in Texas before Thanksgiving. Pray for smooth transitions and travel mercies... and rest!

A Short Visit during the Holidays

It's hard to believe that we have been away from Texas for so long! We left for the field in 2007! We have been 'home' only a couple of times since then. Our last Christmas in Texas was in 2012. Holidays away from family and friends and traditions and customs are HARD! **So, we are SUPER EXCITED to be coming home to Texas for Thanksgiving and Christmas this year!!!** Looking forward to seeing as many of you as we possibly can. We are especially looking forward to seeing our boys... it has been over 2 years since we have hugged those precious necks! Maybe, just maybe, we will find a way to update a family photo???

We are also looking forward to Thanksgiving with all the trimmings, Christmas trees, holiday music sung in our native language, church services in English with music and candlelight and lots of friendly faces, nighttime drives to see Christmas lights, a Christmas party or two... I'm getting more and more excited as I write this!

We want to see YOU!!! We want to find ways to see and talk to as many people as we can, to reconnect and to hug your necks. See the flyer at right for one place you can catch us. We will be adding more as they confirm scheduling. And, of course, we are more than willing to go grab a cup of coffee or catch a lunch with you or a small group of you! (PS... Billy is so excited to get home to some Blue Bell—if ice cream is involved, he'll meet you anywhere on earth!)

Looking forward to seeing you soon
IN TEXAS!!!

An Evening with the Drums

Join us for an evening of fellowship and an Italian dinner as we spend time with Billy, Laurie and Sarah Drum, Missionaries to Spain.

Wednesday, December 2, 5:30 pm -7:00 pm

Christ United Methodist Church,
Fellowship Hall

An Italian dinner (with dessert!) for \$7 per person (maximum of \$20 per family).
Children under 8 years old eat free.
(Pay at the door)
** All proceeds go to the Drums







IN SPAIN, THE DRUMS SERVE BY:

- *Loving the least, the lost, and the left out:* helping them learn about themselves and how to better live life in another culture, as well as how to live out God's calling in their lives.
- *Ministering to other missionary colleagues:* specifically in The Middle East and Europe via member care and leadership development.
- Listening, coaching, counseling, mentoring, praying, loving, caring, and *speaking into the lives of those who need them.*





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.

Name (PLEASE PRINT) _____

Address _____

City _____ St _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ Home Church _____

Email Address: _____



TAX DEDUCTIBLE GIFTS MAY BE SENT TO:
The Mission Society
 PO Box 922637
 Norcross, GA 30010-2637 USA
DESIGNATE GIFTS: "DRUM-0321SUP"

The Mission Society
Laurie & Billy Drum
3907 Old Oaks
Bryan, Texas 77802 USA
E-mail: billy@drumsforchrist.org
laurie@drumsforchrist.org

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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!

Contact The Drums!
We love to Skype,
chat, email, or receive
mail at the post office!

You can contact them:

billy@drumsforchrist.org

Ph # 979-985-5238 (Texas phone
that will route to our computer in
Spain)

Skype: [billy.drum](https://www.skype.com/name/billy.drum)

Or find us on Facebook!

Mailing address:

Billy y Laurie Drum
Apdo. Correos #46
29200 Antequera, Malaga, España



Sarah entered middle school this year (hard to believe!). She has a tough course load of 11 classes in a block schedule. She is in the top class in her school. This class has a multilingual curriculum. Students study 3 languages concurrently = Spanish, English, and French. Spanish and English are both considered Sarah's 'first languages' (she is equally fluent in both), and French is her second/third language. All sciences are taught in 50% English, 50% Spanish. Sarah's biggest challenge right now is our travel schedule. She must keep up with her studies and take exams upon return. While we are in Texas in November and December, she will have all assignments given to her and she will be responsible for doing them and then testing upon her return in January.