



The Atkins Family

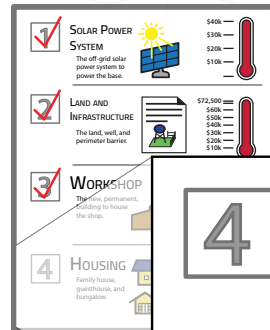
Jason, Emily, Savannah,
Nathaniel, and Miriam

Serving in Guinea-Bissau,
West Africa

May / June 2021

Our new community tap
has given 10,430 gallons of
clean drinking water from
our well to our neighbors
since February!

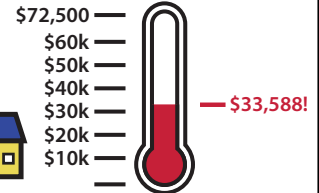
New Base Fundraising Progress



4

HOUSING

Family house,
guesthouse, and
bungalow.



In Memory of Linda by Emily

When Savannah was 6 she and I went into a crowded, open-air market in the capitol, Bissau. On our way there, I had been talking to her about the importance of staying right with me and being aware of her surroundings. As we got out of the car I wanted to make sure she wasn't bringing her toy with us, so I asked if she had anything in her hands. I will never forget the set of her chin and the flinty gleam in her eye as she boldly proclaimed, "The only thing I have in my hands is determination, and that's something you can never lose!" (Still one of the most "classic Savannah" moments ever.)



In so many ways, Savannah is just like my mom. In mom's almost 3-year battle with ovarian and breast cancer, determination was one of the things she rarely lost, and even then, only for a moment. Over the last few months, as she grew weaker and the cancer and the treatment side effects took so much away from her, she intentionally

chose joy, peace, connection with others, and faith that God was at work for her good. (cont'd)



Rice In The Ground! by Jason

During the short, five and a half weeks my dad and I had in Canchungo, I had hoped to minimize the time I spent on smaller projects so that we could devote the lion's share of our attention to the primary goals of finishing the garage / construction storage building and pouring the shop foundation. We did spend the bulk of our time on those two things, but there were a few "unscheduled" projects that I just couldn't say "no" to.

It's a regular occurrence for small repair jobs to be brought in by people in the community who don't have a replacement part available for a machine, generator, or vehicle. Often, I'm able to spend an hour or an afternoon to tune it up for them by fixing a chewed-up thread or turning a new part. These kinds of repairs add some unpredictability to my schedule, but I enjoy the challenge and we want the shop to be a blessing to the community.

In this case, however, the repair was significant both in scale and in importance! Down the block from the vocational school where my shop is hosted there is an agricultural non-profit that does a lot of work helping multiply the community's farming efforts. One of the big things they do is to operate a nice Massey Ferguson tractor which they hire out to prepare fields for planting—fields larger than could be done by hand. (cont'd)



In Memory of My Mom (cont'd) by Emily

She passed away in the end of April. It was peaceful and my dad and the four of us kids were with her. I know that the void that I feel and the tears that I cry are for me as I figure out how to navigate this life without her; because she is fully healed, completely whole, forever in the presence of the Lord she devoted her life to.

I am so grateful that I could help my Dad care for her over the past seven months. My siblings were here frequently and it was so nice to see them so often, and to have time with my nieces and nephews. Of all of the things about Guinea-Bissau that can often be difficult, missing my family is the hardest, and this time together has been a blessing.

Jason and his dad had a trip to Guinea-Bissau planned from mid-May to the end of June, so they decided to go ahead and take that trip. The kids and I stayed with my dad in Little Rock. Now that Jason is back, in a few weeks we will head to Michigan for a bit to see the Atkins side of the family, go to Simpson Park Camp, and then get ready to travel back to Guinea-Bissau near the end of the rainy season (early September).

Thank you for your prayers for my family. In so many ways the pain of this loss marks everything. God has been kind to us in the season, providing comfort in so many ways and continuing to show us how to love each other well.

Rice In The Ground! (cont'd) by Jason

A large casting from the front of the tractor had broken and wasn't weldable because part of the casting had been lost in the field. I was really hopeful they'd be able to find a replacement part from a broken-down tractor somewhere, but in the end, if I didn't fix it, a bunch of rice fields wouldn't be planted this year. So, I set my construction crew up with a job they could do for a couple of days without my involvement and got to work.

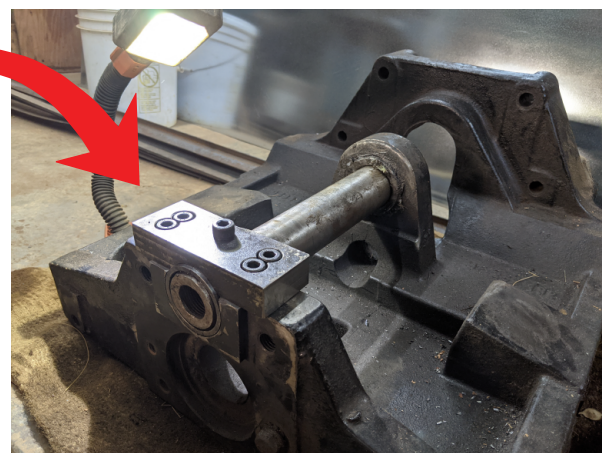
To be honest, I wasn't actually sure I'd be able to fix it. The casting is the biggest part I've had on the vertical mill, and in the end, just barely fit. Another couple of inches would've been too big!

Fortunately, it did, and I was able to clean up the broken casting and

make a new part to replace the piece that was lost. I saw the director of the agricultural project a couple weeks later and he told me the tractor was working great and staying busy helping get the rice planted!

Thank you again to all who have contributed expertise, encouragement, and finances to allow the shop to be well enough equipped with machines, tooling, and metal stock to be able to handle such a job with no advance warning!

Right: Before and after: I cleaned up the jagged edges of the broken casting, tapped bolt holes, and made a new piece to take the place of the lost part.



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with "Atkins" in the memo.