



Dear loved one of ours,

We hope that this message finds you blessed, healthy, and joyful. If you are receiving this, then you hold a special place in Ashlee's and my heart. We are truly honored to have the family, friends, and Christian brothers and sisters that we have. Thank you for being a part of our lives. You are so amazing and special to us and we are always thinking about you and praying for you.

If there was ever a year that had both elements of contentment and catastrophe for our family, 2008 was that year. In February, we found out that we were pregnant again. We could not have been given a bigger blessing. In June, we found out that we were having another boy. "No Way!" we exclaimed. To say that we were elated would be a huge understatement. Ashlee was going to be so far outnumbered now. It was going to be boy heaven in the Proffitt home. In August we decided to name our second son Aaden Sage Proffitt. That name made both Ashlee and I so happy. And finally, on October 8th at 4:45 in the afternoon, our little Aaden was born. It only took about 10 minutes of pushing to get him out. Ashlee was once again my hero. He was so big and healthy; 8 pounds 5 ounces and 20 inches long. He was beautiful. Two days later we took him home. Aaden was already sleeping through the night at four weeks old. He was the best baby. We were so proud of our newest addition. He was perfect. Life was perfect...

That was until the morning of November 15, when my alarm woke me up at 6am like it did every morning so that I could begin my daily prayer time. But something was different. Aaden didn't wake Ashlee up at 5 that morning like he had done every morning the previous 6 days. 3 minutes after my alarm went off I was startled by the horrific scream of my wife. Aaden was not breathing. I ran in to see my perfect little boy lying on the bed. His body was purple, cold, and lifeless. Ashlee called 911. We performed CPR on him. The medics came and rushed him to the emergency room all the while trying to save him. At the hospital, 15 doctors and nurses tried to revive him. Their attempts were unsuccessful. Our little Aaden had gone to be with Jesus and we were left with the harsh reality of moving on with our lives without our little boy.

How were we ever going to find answers for this? How were we ever going to be normal after this great tragedy? What were we going to do now? Why did it have to be our little Aaden? These questions have haunted me since that dark, rainy November morning.

Let's rewind now back to March of 2008 when life was so perfect. I felt a tug from God that month to plant another church. The notion of planting churches has always been in my head. I left everything that was comfortable in California 7 years ago to start Aletheia Church in Harrisonburg, Virginia. Since then, we have started two other collegiate churches in Virginia, as well as helped to start a work in Bormujos, Spain. I love to plant churches. It is in my blood. I guess I have to blame my dad for that.

Upon seeing the success of Aletheia Harrisonburg, I was ready to take the model that God had allowed us to develop and experiment on a larger University with an even larger city than Harrisonburg, Richmond, and Norfolk, where our current church plants are located.

I began praying in March for God to lead me to the particular location that He would want my family to go next to continue His work. I also prayed for a team to be developed to assist with this endeavor. By early April, a team of 20 people had been gathered and were meeting weekly to pray about the future church plant without even having a set location to go to. Then in August, God laid Tampa, Florida on my heart where the University of South Florida is located. USF is the 9th largest school in the nation with over 45,000 students attending. The greater Tampa area has nearly 3 million people living in its proximity. This was to be the place where God was sending me to start the next Aletheia Church. This was to be the place where God wanted my ministry to expand its borders to. I could not fight God on this. I knew I wouldn't win. Consequently, the team of 20 people continued to get together every Sunday night and pray in unity that God would use us to impact Tampa and USF for his name's sake.

But then I lost my son. And the question begged, “Was I to continue to pursue God’s desire for my life?” Were Ashlee, Drew, and I still supposed to give up everything that was comfortable to us in Harrisonburg and move to an unfamiliar place? After Aaden’s passing, it took me 24 hours to answer these questions. And the answer was an overwhelming YES! We were still supposed to seek God’s plan for us. We were supposed to leave what was comfortable. Aaden’s death was not going to be in vain. The sacrifice of our second born son was not going to happen without anything less than everything that Ashlee and I could give.

So that brings us back to the present. Ashlee and I will be making the biggest transition of our lives during the darkest hour of our lives. Because we love God and we love Aaden. And we will not stop until thousands of lives are transformed because of the great sacrifice that has been given. This is our calling. This is our hope. We have nothing to live for but our Savior. He has shown us that.

But we need your help to accomplish this. Like I said, we are leaving our comfortable lives to go accomplish the task of seeing people reached for Christ. We are leaving our home, our secure job, and our set-in-stone salary to further the gospel in Tampa. We are trusting in God to supply all of our needs in order that we might fulfill His desires for us. And he wants to use you to help us realize this. Please pray for us and please help to support us financially.

The sacrifice has already been given. We lost our son. That’s what happened to God the Father. He lost His son. And look what transpired as a result? Humanity was saved. Just like my father said a few weeks ago; “Great things happen when a son is lost.” We are ready for what those great things may be. Please consider being a part of something that none of us could have ever dreamed of happening; thousands coming to Christ, churches started all over the nation and possibly the world, and people all over the world having purpose and meaning for their life.

Ashlee and I will be embarking upon this arduous journey sometime within the next few months. Like I said, we need your assistance to do this. Will you help us? Will you pray for us? We are broken people who now know what God’s purpose for our life is. It is to live every day to make sure that the death of our son will not be in vain. Please join us in this calling.

If you are interested in helping us out financially, you can do so by sending tax free donations to Aletheia Church, PO Box 2637, Harrisonburg, VA 22801. In the memo just write “In Aaden’s Honor.” Any gift great or small will be helpful.

We are truly grateful for anything you can do for us. Thanks for your prayer, support, and consideration. We love you!

Love,  
Aaron, Ashlee, and Andrew.

