

# Whirlwind Missions

## Outreach Update

November 2001

Tim Cummins Family, 1735 Pitty Pat Ct., Lilburn, GA 30047  
770-805-1565 timcummins@mediaone.net



Hello, my friends!

I knew I was in trouble when Joe first started towards me. Some people are always in a crisis. "Well they're throwing me out," he stated matter-of-factly.

"Why, bro?"

"Cats."

"What do you mean, 'Cats?'"

"They're complaining of the smell."

"Who?"

"Neighbors. Come check it out."

I followed Joe across the street and up the stairs to his apartment. He opened the door and beckoned me to come in.

"See. It doesn't smell at all."

I gagged at the incredibly foul odor of cat pee. "Bro, this is awful." He looked at me as if he didn't understand.

"Come here, Tim." He motioned for me to come back towards his bedroom. Cats scrambled in every direction.

"How many cats do you have in here, man?"

"Just a couple."

"A couple?! I counted eight just then. Hey, Joe. I gotta get out of here. It's terrible." I headed for the door without turning back.

A few minutes later Joe showed up at the mission. "I know what I need to do Tim. I'll just get a new filter for the air conditioner."

"Bro, you could get three new filters and that wouldn't help that smell." Joe shook his head. He just couldn't figure out what the big deal was.

Three months later Joe was evicted. He had lived there for thirteen years.

Sunday night I saw him again.

"Hey, Tim. You need to check this out." He beckoned me back up to his infamous apartment. All his stuff was gone. But that smell . . . it was still there. I grimaced suppressing a gag.

"See how nice it is now?"

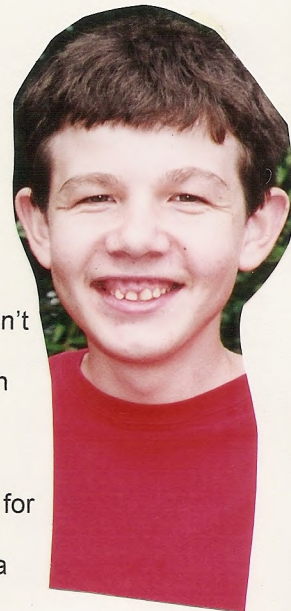
I looked at him like he must be from another planet. "Yeah, it's better, but it still stinks."

"Come back here." He pointed towards his bedroom.

"Hey man, I don't have permission to be in this apartment. And from what I understand, neither do you."

"It'll be ok. Come back here and take a look."

I walked tentatively to the back. I was in the back hall with him and I looked down at his right hand. Joe had a knife! Oh, Lordy. This is it! In my mind I'm thinking of all the different karate moves I know to block a knife thrust. I'm trying to be cool, at the same time analyzing my options. I figure if he kills me it'll be a couple of weeks before someone finds me. They'd just figure the bad smell was just more cats. I glance back down at the knife and see that it has a rounded edge. Can't hurt me that bad. I breathe a little easier and back away slowly, still thinking how I can block a sudden thrust.



*Please support our ministry!*

Make checks to the **North American Mission Board** designated to **Tim A. Cummins #5993**



Check out our web site at [www.whirlwindmissions.org](http://www.whirlwindmissions.org).



"See how nice the walls look."  
"Yes, Joe, they're very nice. Now I think we'd better go." I quickly backed out towards the door. Once I'm outside, in plain view of others, I feel much better.  
"So Joe, where are you staying now? Did you move into that room you were going to rent?"  
"No. Couldn't afford it. I'm sleeping in my truck." He points to the truck that is loaded with boxes.  
"I take a shower at the truck stop."  
"Sorry to hear that, bro." I shake my head feeling truly sorry for the guy. I wanted to tell him, "Yo, man. If you would've gotten rid of all those stupid cats, you'd never be in this mess," but since I felt I just missed a stabbing I figured, why push my luck.

Pray for Joe. Give thanks to God that you have a bed to sleep on.

888

I've learned some things from this incident. It is amazing what we can get used to. I was absolutely overwhelmed by the smell of those cats. Joe didn't notice it at all.

I think the same is true for sin. Those little things that I do that I don't even think are bad any more, like getting mad at idiot drivers. Do you have secret sins that you don't think are *that* bad? How do you think that sin smells to God?

I also learned how well the heavenly Father takes care of his children. I could have been killed that night and wouldn't have been found for weeks. They certainly wouldn't have checked a vacant apartment.

I have more fear of getting killed by a car driving in Atlanta than of anthrax or terrorist bombs.

There is no safe place---except in the Father's hands.

Perhaps that's why I feel such an urgency to share the Gospel. Who knows what tomorrow will bring to me, my friends or my neighbors?

Thank you SO much for supporting our ministry. We cannot survive without your help.

Love,

Tim

