

"Take the Church, to the People!"

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Hello, my friends!

"All you inhabitants of the world and dwellers on the Earth, as soon as a standard is raised on the mountain you will see it, and as soon as the trumpet is blown you will hear it."

Isaiah 18:3

The Lord led me to have a prayer meeting on top of Stone Mountain—the largest single rock in the world. I picked a day: Saturday, September 22nd. Later I found out the 22nd was holy in the Jewish calendar—a day of fasting and repentance unto God. In fact it was between the Festival of Trumpets (19th) and Yom Kippur—the Day of Atonement (26th) After September 11th I understood why we all needed to pray.

I asked my friends at Clarkston Baptist Church if I could borrow their banner, "Mighty God." It was white with gold fringe and had a big silver sword in the middle. They said, "Sure!"

Now we needed a rabbi to blow the Shofar—the ram's horn trumpet the text in Isaiah referred to. I mentioned this to a friend of mine, he said, "Did you know I'm Jewish?" I had no idea. He continued, "I know a Messianic Rabbi who would be glad to do that for you." Fantastic!

I faxed the Christian radio stations and the newspapers with the information. I posted flyers at every church in the area. I had no idea who, if anyone would come. But I knew I was going to be there.

Saturday dawned bright and beautiful. I loaded up the kids in the van with the banner in the back seat. Jesse carried the base, Ashley the pole and I carried the banner. We started up the mountain, the big silver sword and the words MIGHTY GOD across my back. It takes about forty-five minutes to climb Stone Mountain. People would read the banner and say, "Amen!" or "You got that right!"

Towards the top I was drenched in sweat. One lady said, "Looks like it's heavy." "Yep," I replied. "Lighter than a cross," she stated. What could I say to that?

The summit was in sight. A group of believers had gathered. Baptists, Messianic Jews, Pentecostals . . . and people that just wandered in to pray with us.

The Rabbi blew the shofar. The sound blasted across that rock, impossible to ignore. Everyone stopped and listened. The banner with the silver sword and words MIGHTY GOD glittered in the sunlight. The sky was cloudy, but directly above the mountain it was clear blue. We prayed for our city and country to come to the Lord. And I imagined the Father looked down on us and smiled.

Prayer is not a strategy, prayer is THE strategy!! We are in a spiritual battle. Get involved!





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