

Whirlwind Missions

Outreach Update August 2002

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Hello, my friends!

It had been a long and satisfying summer day at the missions when my son Jesse asked the question, "What we going to do now, Daddy ?"

"Well, son, looks like it's SWIMMING TIME!"

Jesse erupted in a cheer, "YAAY!!"

Then I felt the familiar vibration of my pager. "Uh oh," I thought to myself. I called and heard Nick's plaintive voice.

"Mr. Tim, we have an emergency. Stacy has fallen. She is very sick. The ambulance took her away but we have no way to get to the hospital. Please help us."

I immediately made a U-turn in the road.

"What's the matter, Dad?"

"Nick's sister is in the hospital. We've got to go help them."

"Oh," was Jesse's reply. The disappointment was clear in his eyes.

We pulled up to Azalea Place apartments, I rushed up the flight of stairs and knocked urgently on the door. "Nick!"

The door flew open and Nick hugged me. "What's wrong with Stacy, bro?"

"She got dehydrated. She passed out and we had to call the ambulance," Nick stated. His mother Tania then appeared.

"We have no way to get to Stacy, Mr. Tim. Can you help us?"

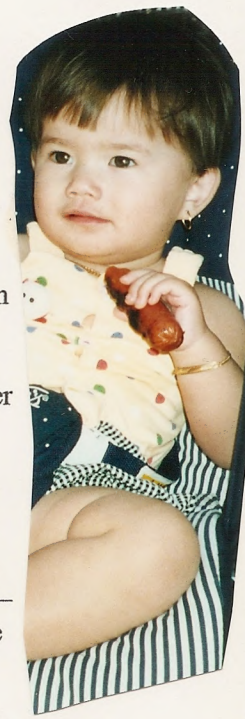
It was nearly 5 p.m. The hospital they needed to go to was right down town. I thought of the traffic and winced. "Well, OK. Come on!" I looked down at my van and realized that I had taken all of the seats out so I could transport the moonwalk for an Outreach Event. The thought then crossed my mind, "It wouldn't be safe to transport them---just let them find their own way---it's for their own good." I shook my head and said, "Jesse, you and Nick jump in the back of the van and hold on!"

We raced down town until we hit the solid wall of traffic that is Atlanta at rush hour. I looked over to Tania and said, "I thought it might be like this. Don't worry, we'll get there soon," I said, although I didn't really believe it.

We inched our way to the hospital and finally pulled up near the emergency room. "Do you need me to come in and translate for you?" I asked.

"No, Nick is here. He can do that," Tania replied. Most immigrant parents use their children as interpreters. "We can just get out here." She piled out of the car and said, "Thank you SO much Mr. Tim." She shook my hand firmly her love and gratitude easy to see.

You have heard me say "Take the Church, To the People!" many times. Real evangelism is meeting people's needs in the name of Christ. Our love draws them to the Savior. Rarely is serving others convenient. Resolve to get involved!



Please support our ministry!

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

www.whirlwindmissions.org





"Take the Church, to the People!"

