

Whirlwind Missions

Outreach Update March 2002

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Hello, my friends!

I'd never seen them quite this upset. The Property Manager's Association was in an uproar. "I'm telling you, it's gotta stop!" George slammed his fist on the table. "This is costin' me thousands."
"They've spray painted eleven different spots at Azalea. If repairs cost over \$500 it's a felony. These guys could be looking at serious time in juve, (juvenile detention)," another manager stated. "We cover it up, but it doesn't do much good," another added.
"We need to throw them out if we catch them," Marie said.
"I know some of these gang bangers," I mentioned. The room went quiet. "Most of them are only 15 years old. They're not really violent, just wannabees."
"I don't care. If we know who they are we should throw the parents out," George insisted.

"Most of the time the parents don't even know what's going on."
"Well they should!"
"I agree, but they don't. I hate the idea of giving this kid a felony record at 15."
"They deserve it."
"George, you're telling me you NEVER did anything a little bit destructive when you were 15?" I looked him in the eye. He paused and looked away. "I'm trying to get these guys trust. I want them to clean up their mess themselves. That way it'll stay clean."
"We need to know who they are."
"Sorry, can't tell you. But I will talk to them."
"Fair enough."

88

There are two main gangs in Chamblee: SUR 13, and Brown Side Locos. They are primarily made up of 15-17 year old Latinos from Mexico. I knew several of the older boys in the mission were involved.
"Yo, Pedro."
"Sup, Mr. Tim?"
"I've been talking to 50 (five-oh—the cops) and the managers and they are really upset about all the taggin'. (spray painting their logos.)
"I'm not with them, Mr. Tim."
"I'm not sayin' you are, bro. But I know who is. You need to let Jonathon know that he is heading for serious trouble with the man. His painting is costing thousands of dollars. They're gonna put that boy in juve. I've tried to keep the heat off him but this is wrong."
"I'll tell him what you said, Mr. Tim."

Two days later Pedro was back.
"Sup, Mr. Tim."
"Yo, Pedro."
"Jonathon's been back. He tagged the whole back wall."
"That's it. He's been warned. What's his apartment number?" One of the other gang members told me.
I took his name and number to my manager friend. "Here you go."



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