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Outreach Update May 2002

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Hello, my friends!

I knew something was up as soon as I pulled into the mission. Jouvens ran up to me. "Mr. Tim, Rose got in big trouble with the cops." A sinking feeling came over me. "Where is she?" "She's on her way to see you."

My life on the mission field has strange contrasts: violence, love, beauty and horror all within moments of each other. This afternoon we were making paper mache models. I'd been helping Rose make a European Badger. It was worth half her grade for that semester. I had just finished mixing the flour and water when Rose arrived.

"Hey Mr. Tim, ready to finish the Badger?" She was all smiles---not a care in the world.

"Yep. Let's put more strips of paper on."

Soon we were elbow deep in sticky paste and strips of newspaper.

"I heard you had some trouble with the Man this weekend."

"Yeah."

"What happened?"

"Victoria and me needed a ride to the mall and a friend of hers said they'd take us."

"So you just got in the car with them?"

"Yep. We sat in the back seat and everything was cool until he went through a stop sign."

"Not good."

"A cop pulled up behind us and put on his lights, that's when Jaz flipped out."

"He didn't pull over?"

"Nope, instead he floors it. We yelled at him to let us out, but it was too late. We raced around town for about thirty minutes before another cop car blocked us in. Jaz jumped out and ran off. Didn't get too far before they caught him."

"Why didn't he stop the car?"

"Cuz it wasn't his car, it was his uncle's and he didn't have a license."

"What happened to you?"

"Big ol' ugly cop stuck a gun in my face and told me to get out of the car and lay on the ground with my hands out. Then they looked around the car and found some dope. It wasn't ours Mr. Tim, I swear!"

I just shook my head in disbelief.

We continued to slap paper onto the badger's body. "Were you arrested?"

"No, but we still have to go to court."

"I can't believe this has happened, Rose. Let me know when you have to go before the judge. Maybe I can help."

She smiled at me gratefully as we finished the badger's head. "Sorry, Mr. Tim."

"Me too, Rose."

Pray for the safety of the kids I work with. Pray for patience and wisdom in knowing how to deal with situations like these. This month I include a letter from a parent to help you see my world from their eyes. Thank you SO much for continuing to pray for our work! Invest in their eternities!

Please support our ministry!

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



"Take the Church, to the People!"

