

Whirlwind Missions

Outreach Update November 2002

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



"Zdrasti!" Dobrina, my friend from Bulgaria, greeted me warmly.

"Zdrasti!" I replied. "How can I help you?"

"I have problem." At this point Dobrina pointed to her friend and said, "Ana."

"Zdrasti, Ana!"

"Bon Jour, Monsieur," she responded in perfect French.

"Bon Jour, Madame." I felt like we'd just changed channels. "How can I help?" I asked in French. (The rest of this conversation was in French into Bulgarian.)

"Dobrina has been working for a staffing service for six weeks and her boss won't pay her," Ana stated. "Now her family has so many problems. Can you call her boss for her?"

"No problem. What's his number?" I have been an advocate for my friends who speak little or no English many times.

"His name is Leni. But there's a problem. He's with the Russian Mafia."

"Excuse me?" I thought I must not have understood her French.

"Mafia. He brings people from Bulgaria or Russia. They live in his apartments and he takes all their money."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "Give me his number and I'll call him." I got the number and called Leni.

"Hello?"

"Yes, my name is Pastor Tim I am a friend of Dobrina . . ."

The line went dead. Not a good sign. I tried the number again.

"Hello?"

"Yes. Hello, my name is Tim, I am a Pastor in Chamblee and Dobrina is a friend of mine."

"What do you want?"

"Dobrina tells me she hasn't been paid in six weeks."

"She hasn't paid me rent. She owes me money."

"She doesn't live at your apartment. I know where she lives and the owner is a friend of mine."

"I don't have time for this." CLICK.

I tried again. "Hello, Leni, this is Pastor Tim again."

"Why are you bothering me?"

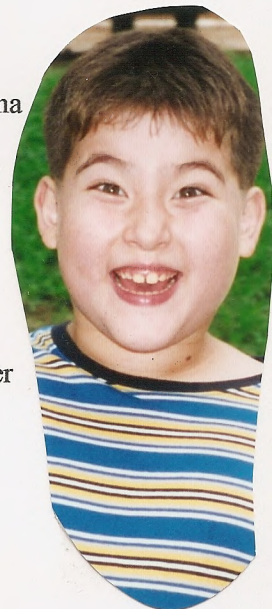
"Because my friend needs her money."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"My friend worked for you. Now you won't pay her. She says you tell her that the hotel has not paid you. I called the hotel they told me they gave you the money for your workers." (In between calls I had spoken with the human resources director for the hotel. She was very pleasant and knew all about the problem.)

"Listen, if you want to sue. Go ahead. I don't have time for this." CLICK.

I tried the number again. No answer. I talked to Ana and Dobrina in French—Bulgarian. "Tell me what you want to do. I can call my contacts in the government."





“Please, Mr. Tim. We know you are holy man. We know you can help us. That’s why we come to you.”

I didn’t know about the “holy man” part but I did want to help. “I’d be glad to try.” Thus began a series of calls to our wonderful federal government. I peeled back layers and layers of bureaucracy. I must admit all the people I dealt with were very polite and tried to be helpful. Eventually after a few hours on the phone I got the number that was sure to help me. I’m still calling it. The mystery phone rings with no answer or puts me on hold for 30 minutes before I have to deal with some other crisis and hang up.

Pray that the people in the Labor department will help Dobrina. Pray for my patience as I work with situations like these.

A special THANK YOU!! goes out to Shelda and Georgia, two sisters all the way from San Francisco, who came to our mission just to help our ladies learn new skills so they don’t have to be dependent on rogues like Leni. With help from friends on our team, seven sewing machines and nearly \$2,000 of fabric were donated. Our ladies are excited about this new way to help their family make a living. Three ladies from Bangladesh, several from Bulgaria and a group from Honduras and Mexico have made the mission their new home as the whirl of sewing machines fills the air. As relationships are made, families are drawn to Jesus.



Please support our ministry!
Make checks to the North American Mission Board designated to **Tim A. Cummins #5993**

"Take the Church, to the People!"



www.whirlwindmissions.org