

# Whirlwind Missions

## Outreach Update

### August 2003

Tim Cummins Family, 1735 Pitty Pat Ct., Lilburn, GA 30047  
770-332-0784 timcummins@attbi.com

Hello, my friends!

Graffiti, hand signs, colored bandanas---they're all a part of the gang culture. In Chamblee there are two main gangs: Brown Side Locos and 18<sup>th</sup> Street. For many young Latinos they are the only family they know.

As I pulled into the parking lot of Azalea Place apartments, my car was surrounded by kids from the mission.

"Mr. Tim, Estuardo has started a gang. Look! They're wearing bandanas!" Miguel, one of my assistant Directors at the mission pointed down the hill at Estuardo and three friends---all middle schoolers. "And you won't believe what Daniel is wearing!" The kids looked at each other, smirked and nudged each other with their elbows. Daniel sauntered up with an old T-shirt that said "I hate this F\*\*\*\*\*g job." (Of course his shirt had ALL the letters!) I was aghast.

"Sup, bro." I shook Daniel's hand firmly and looked him in the eye. "What are you trying to prove wearing a t-shirt like this? We have a team here to help you guys and you walk around wearing THAT?" The other kids began chanting "I hate this F\*\*\*\*\*g job," over and over. "That's enough from you guys, too."

"Sorry, Mr. Tim," they intoned in unison.

"Daniel, I want you to go home and take that shirt off, and if I ever see it on you again, I'm going to take it off you and tear it up. You feel me?" He looked at me, frustration on his face, and walked away. Soon Miguel came back up to me.

"They're talking bad about you, Mr. Tim. Waddya want me to do?" He sounded like he was ready to rumble.

"Ignore it, bro. Give 'em time to cool off." Miguel nodded in agreement and ran back to participate with the youth group from New York who was leading the Bible story time.

Two days later I went to Estuardo's house to talk to him man to man. I climbed upstairs to his apartment and called in through the open sliding glass door, "Yo! Estuardo! It's Mr. Tim." Strains of "I'm the real Slim Shady" a rap song by Eminem, blared out through the door. Estuardo, Alan and Mauricio hustled over to the door. "Sup, Mr. Tim?"

"You up, pup." I pumped their hands firmly. "Hey, bro. We need to talk about this gang thing you got goin' on." Immediately the boys yanked their bandanas off their heads, forgetting they even had them on.

"We just playin', Mr. Tim. Nothin' to it, man," Estuardo explained.

"Listen, Estuardo. We been friends for years. You're one of the leaders in the youth group." Estuardo nodded in agreement. "We all know that Alan and Mauricio will do anything that you tell them." The two brother looked at each other sheepishly. "Yo, man. If you get these guys going down the wrong path it'll be on YOUR head. I've seen these stupid gang-bangers get capped right in front of me when I worked in TV. You want to see your little posse get capped?" Estuardo shook his head firmly. "Then I expect you to lead your bros back to the mission first thing Monday morning, participate with the team, and be on your best behavior. You feel me?"

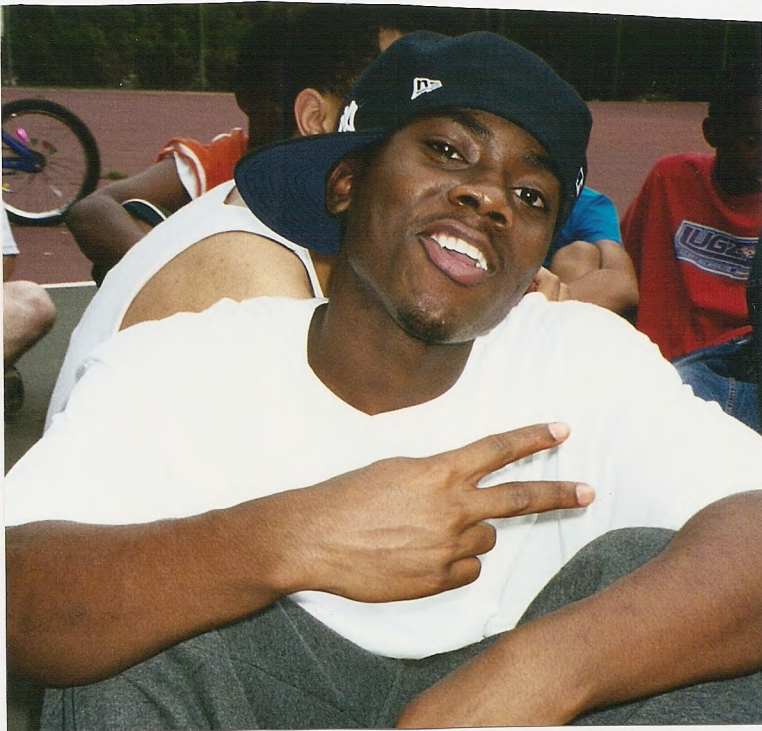
"Yes, Mr. Tim," the three boys said in unison. I gave each of them a hug and said, "I love you guys and I appreciate your good attitude." Monday morning they blessed the mission, without the bandanas. Thank you, Jesus! And Thank YOU for your prayers for my kids.

*Please support our ministry!*

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



Outreach Event at  
Southern Pines with Westside BC



"Take the Church, to the People!"



## Intern's Outlook—Jan North

I scanned the fenced in basketball court and playground at Southern Pines Apartments. The smell of roasting hot dogs filled the air. About one hundred feet away from me stood pastor Ben Lehmann of Westside Baptist in Snellville. He wore Nike shoes, shorts, and a sweaty t-shirt and shot a basketball over and over. As he threw, he barked out directions on how to effectively get a ball from the hand into the basket. "The secret to Basketball is BEEF! 'B' is for Balance!" Surrounding him and listening intently was a group of about 60 young Bosnians, Somalis, Afganis and African-Americans. . I looked at the back of the audience and grinned as two Bosnian girls wearing matching pink bicycle helmets counted his shots aloud.

I glanced over to the adults sitting outside of the fence. The women wore head coverings and long modest dresses. They looked like Gypsies that had just gotten down from their covered wagon. The men stood in groups of two or three, chatting and watching their children play basketball as they puffed on cigarettes. I heard the pastor congratulate someone and turned to see him handing a brand new basketball to a lanky African-American teenager.

"See?! He got a free basketball! Does anyone know why?" pastor Ben Lehmann shouted, looking around at the swarm of hands that shot up. He spun around and pointed to a young Somalian in the center of a cluster of middle school boys. There was a moment of silence as the crowd waited for the answer, but none came.

"Why did he get the basketball?" the pastor asked again.

"Because he listened!" the boy shouted back.

"That's exactly right!" the pastor said, picking up a basketball and throwing it in the air. It sailed up in a perfect arc and fell through the hoop without touching the rim. Pastor Ben shared his faith like a rapid fire machine gun, asking questions and relating with the eagerly listening kids. As he neared the climax of his talk, explaining the promise of salvation, an ice cream truck rounded the corner it's inane melody luring children to come, and a truck backed up. . . its warning tone screaming in the distance. At the same time, two children on bicycles skidded loudly and shouted at each other as rap from a souped up Honda boomed over the court.

"Father, please speak to these kids. In the name of Jesus, don't let anything keep them from hearing your word," I prayed, pointing to the two cyclists and signaling them with my hand to get quiet. The truck rolled on by and not a single child looked. The pastor now had a Bible open and was shouting the name that had given him life. "Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ!" he said it with such passion and conviction I felt goose bumps forming on my arms. I looked at the faces of the children and saw that the Holy Spirit was at work as the light of understanding swept over the crowd. The Gospel was taking root in young hearts in the middle of a crowded basketball court in an international apartment complex outside of Atlanta. Twenty-six people changed their eternities that afternoon---half were Muslims from Bosnia!

For the past two months, I have been involved in international missions around Atlanta. I have seen the Father's hand work in unbelievable ways, from something as simple as a car starting to moving clouds and storms. All of these things were directly connected with the prayers and efforts of His people following His lead. The Lord is working mightily through his people who are willing to step out of the safe walls of their Church buildings and bring the gospel into a needy world. Thank you for your prayers, support, and involvement in this amazing ministry.

