

Whirlwind Missions

Outreach Update

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The Error of My Weighs

Every year or so I have the delight of getting my cholesterol checked. I hate needles, especially when they're going into me. My doctor says I have "challenging veins." Basically that means the nurse plays pin the tail on the donkey in my forearm. One thing I've learned about living here in the States is people get fat. Food is available 24/7 and it's all delicious. Bottom line, my cholesterol was up and my weight has to come down.

I've been reading a lot about nutrition lately. Did you know that 50% of Americans are now considered overweight? I once heard that the easiest way to feel thin is to hang out with fat people. There's something to that. We all have to have a perspective on things, and if the people around us are bad we feel better. One of the hardest things about being around fat people is I tend to adopt their eating habits. That Krispy Kreme donut isn't really THAT bad. . . .after all it's just one. So it goes.

So I'm back on a diet. Have you noticed how good stuff looks when you're not supposed to have it? Row after row of goodies tempt me. Did you hear the Federal government is getting involved with lowering the fat in fast foods? There's something kind of un-American about that somehow. If we want to be fat, shouldn't we have the RIGHT to get fat? If we have freedom of speech shouldn't we have freedom of fat grams? Maybe not.

It seems Americans as a whole are obsessed with their weight. Shouldn't we all be skinny? Doesn't being overweight somehow show a lack of will-power, and just maybe a lack of morals? It's easy to tell how fat you are, just climb up on a scale, read 'em, and weep.

The more I think about all this diet stuff the more I wonder about being spiritually overweight. It's easier to cut down on donuts than those sins I habitually encounter. I have a problem with people cutting me off in traffic. Atlanta is now tied with Los Angeles as having the worst traffic in America, and I believe it. We have a lot of rude drivers in this town. Sometimes I think I have a target on my car that attracts these bozos. I wish I could say I handle bad drivers well, but I don't. If something little like that can get me upset what does that say about my spiritual life?

When I want to know how my diet is going I look at a scale. For my spiritual life I look to Jesus. We talked about Biblical heroes in Sunday School and you know what? There weren't too many that didn't have serious character flaws: Moses & David were both murderers. Peter was a liar and turned on his Lord when He needed him most.

Jesus is our scale. He's the standard. If we look to people in our community, even in our church, we might feel like we're really pretty good. But that's like hanging around fat people. Step on the Sin-o-meter of Jesus and see how you stack up. I've learned two things about dieting: stick with it for the long haul and do it "poco a poco"—or a little at a time. Don't put yourself in an environment where you know you're going to be tempted. Attack one sin at a time. So now when I drive I shout "Blessings to you!" You know what? I get there about the same time.

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

Outreach Event at
Concept 21 with Mt. Pisgah UMC

