



# Whirlwind Missions

## Outreach Update September 2003

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Hello, my friends!

The familiar vibration on my hip alerted me to a message on my pager. Unfortunately, I was in the middle of chopping down trees in my yard and couldn't check who had called. Late that evening I grabbed my phone and called my service. My Mom's sweet voice rang in my ear, "Hi, Tim! Just wanted to let you know that Daddy is doing well after his heart attack. They've put in a stint and he is feeling better than ever." I nearly dropped the phone. Of all the messages I should have checked when it came through!

The next morning I called my brother Jim and got the direct line to the hospital. "Hey, Daddy! How you feeling?!"

"Tim, you wouldn't believe it. I feel better than I have in years. The doctors tell me that I was living on only about 25% of the oxygen I needed for who knows how long. I knew I felt tired all the time, but I had no idea why," my Dad explained.

"What happened?"

"I had just finished riding my stationary bike and sat down. I started feeling pain in my chest and sweating profusely. Your Mother asked me, 'Al, do you want me to call 911, or can you get dressed and go to the hospital?' I tried to get her to give it some time, but you know your mother! We got to the hospital and they put me on beta blockers and then sent me to the Heart Hospital in Austin. They immediately scheduled me for an angiogram and possible heart bypass."

"Sounds serious. I'm glad Mom got you on in to the hospital."

"No kidding, son. They checked my heart out and sure enough there was 100% blockage in my front aorta in my heart. They were able to get a wire through it and put a stint in and now I feel like a whole new man. It's like being reborn."

I was flooded with emotions on hearing this report. One was frustration that I couldn't be there with them as they went through this experience. I was also so relieved and grateful to the Lord for taking care of my Dad!

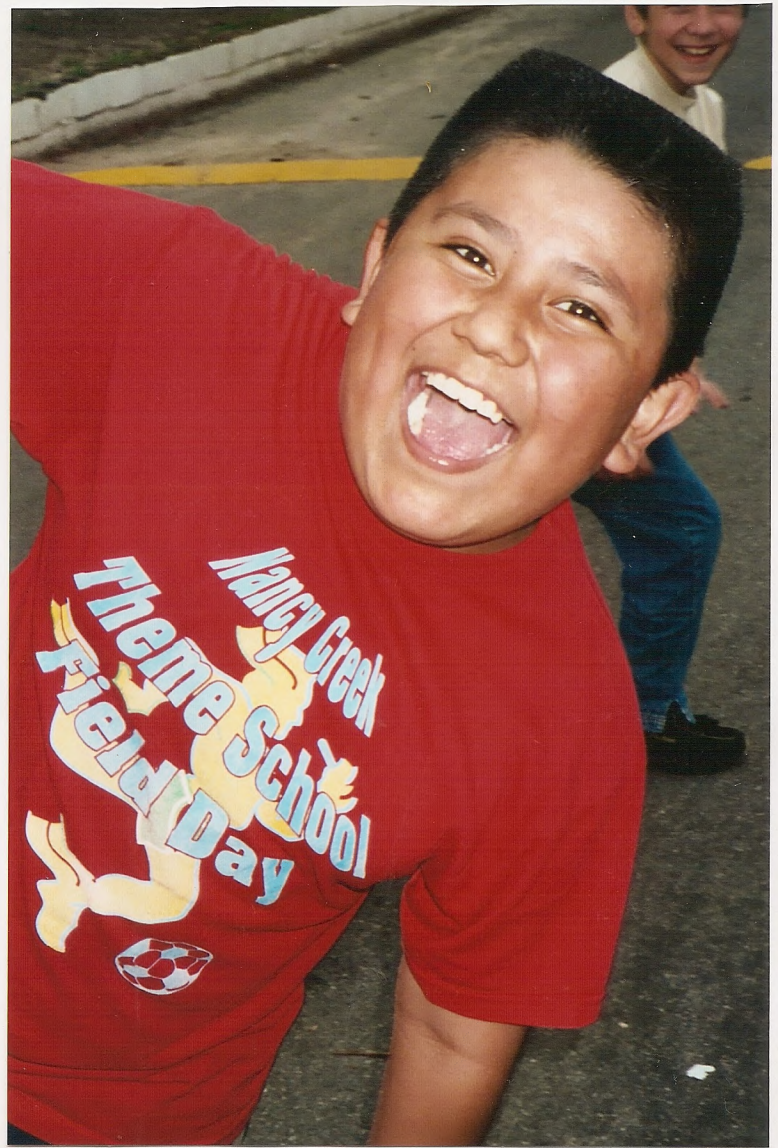
I guess it's the preacher in me, but while I was hearing my Daddy talk, I couldn't help but think about the spiritual aspects of the experience my Dad had just gone through. My dad had been living on a quarter of the oxygen he needed to survive. Over time that aorta had been slowly clogging up. It happened so gradually that he really didn't even notice it.

Our spiritual lives can get so clogged up with the worries of the world that we no longer feel the Holy Spirit moving in us. I am convinced that what chokes my spiritual vigor is pride. I become so sure that my way is THE way and that MY will is His will that I become desensitized to the reality of what God really wants. Pray for me as I seek to put Him first in my life and the good of the Kingdom above all!

Thanks for your continued support! Ninety two people came to Christ this Summer and over 2,200 volunteers came through thirty of our missions! Take the Church, To the People!!







[www.whirlwindmissions.org](http://www.whirlwindmissions.org)



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





"Take the Church, to the People!"

