



# Whirlwind Missions

## Outreach Update

### May 2004



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Hello, my Friends!

We had just finished the after-school program at the mission and I was headed to my car when I heard Jimmy scream, "Brandon's fallen and he's hurt real bad!"

"Oh, no," I muttered and ran over to his apartment. The scene was shocking. Six police cars jammed the parking lot with a fire truck up on the hill. It looked like WWII had just started. I raced up the stairs to Brandon's apartment, shoving my way through the police who had gathered there. The lieutenant held a compress to the three year old's head. His mother was completely out of control, sobbing, "My baby, my baby." I squatted down beside her and asked, "What happened Tuyet?"

"My baby, fall. He caught foot on step and fall down," she made tumbling motions with her hands. "My baby, my baby," she wept hysterically.

"Somebody get this woman out of here, she's making the situation worse," the lieutenant ordered.

"Got it," I stated, grabbed Tuyet's hand and helped her off the porch into the living room.

"My baby, my baby!" she sobbed.

"Ok, sister. Settle down. Brandon's just fine. He's got a cut, but the bleeding is under control.

Now take a deep breath," I inhaled dramatically "and let it out slowly." She followed my lead

and began to settle down slightly. "Listen to me. Your baby is ok, but you need to stop

screaming. You're making him worse." This seemed to get through to her. A few minutes later I

went outside to check on the situation. "Will they transport the child, LT?"

"No. They need someone to drive them. There's no way she can drive." The crowd glanced at

Tuyet and nodded in agreement. Who will take them to the hospital?" We looked at the

Vietnamese families that had gathered there.

"I sorry. I can't I have two children. No me."

"No car. So sorry."

I thought to myself, "ER visit equals at least three hours. . . how much trouble am I going to get

in for being late—again? Oh, well. . . " "I'll take them LT. I'll go get my car." Tuyet and the

two kids looked visibly relieved. "THANK YOU, Mr. Tim." "No worries, mate," I replied on

the way to my car.

Soon I had the little family bundled up and headed to Egleston Children's Hospital. We arrived

without incident and made our way into the ER. "I need to have this child checked out. He has

had a severe laceration on his forehead." The nurse took a look under the gauze and said, "Oh,

nasty." "Yes, Ma'am," I replied.

Three hours and more Vietnamese than I have ever heard later the doctor slowly stitched up

Brandon's little head. He only spoke a few words of English, most of the translation being done

by his brother Kevin—one of the wildest kids at the mission. Brandon started singing at the top

of his lungs, "Ol' McDonald had a farm, EE I EE I OO." The doctor and I looked at each other

and broke out laughing. We'd seen it all now.

Later, I drove the family back to their little apartment and dropped them off. Tuyet hugged my

neck. "Thank you, Mr. Tim. You veddy good person." I shrugged and said, "Thanks."



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I wasn't really all that good. You know why I took them? Because I remembered when I was in Madagascar and Jesse was so sick. We took him to the hospital in Antanarivo with a fever of nearly 104 degrees. I couldn't understand that much Malagasy. Norbert, one of the men who worked for me translated and helped us through that crisis. I've never forgotten that. That was real Christianity to me. I wanted to be that kind of Christian to someone else. We have opportunities to share Christ's love regularly. Take them!



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