



## Outreach Update October 2004

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Hello, my friends!

Gangs are a real problem in our communities. There are three main groups: LRZ—"La Raza", SR13—Sur 13, and MS13. For most of the kids I work with there are only two options: gang life or Jesus! Last Sunday evening I saw Pedro. I've worked with him since '97 and have literally seen him grow up. I led him to the Lord when he was in 6<sup>th</sup> grade. Now he is a Senior in the Open Campus system. He wants to be an electrician and is in tech school. He has a great heart, but is a pretty rough customer. "Hey, Pedro, what's up dog?" I asked.

"S'all cool, Mr. Tim!" Pedro gave me a firm handshake.

"I hear your brother got shot at by some Sur 13 guys. Sup with that?"

"My brother was just chillin' with his home boys, drinkin' some cool ones, when these vatos come in wavin' a piece around."

"Were they looking for your brother?"

"Not really, but they started cussin' at my brother anyways. The car turned around to leave and my brother, he don't take no sh\*\* offa nobody, throws a beer bottle at their car and smashes their windshield. Then they backed up and started shootin' at my brother. Man, he was so low he was like eatin' the dirt." Pedro started laughing at the image. "My brother was ok, but they shot up his friend's car pretty bad." We walked around the car and looked at the bullet holes. "He already dug the bullets out of the seat. He don't wanna drive it around now."

"I can see why," I put my finger where the 9mm slug had torn through the metal. "Bad business, bro."

"Yep. I was at the flea market last week with my home boys, and this Sur 13 guy comes by and says, 'Who you claim, vato?' I told him, 'I ain't in a gang.' He kept trying to lift my shirt up to see my belt."

"Each gang wears a certain kind of belt, right?"

"Yep. Sur 13 wears a navy blue belt. Anyways, this dude starts putting his hands on me like he's gonna pull up my shirt, so I smacked him in the face. The other guy that was with him ran off to get his other friends, so me and my home boys messed up that guy pretty bad. I ain't been back to the flea market since then." Pedro scratched his adolescent goatee absentmindedly.

"Listen, Pedro. You gotta take care of your self. Come on by the mission. It's safe, yo."

"Yeah, thanks, Mr. Tim. That's cool." He gave me another series of handshakes and waved.

Jouvens was with me during the whole conversation. "That gang stuff is messed up, Mr. Tim."

"Got that right." I replied.

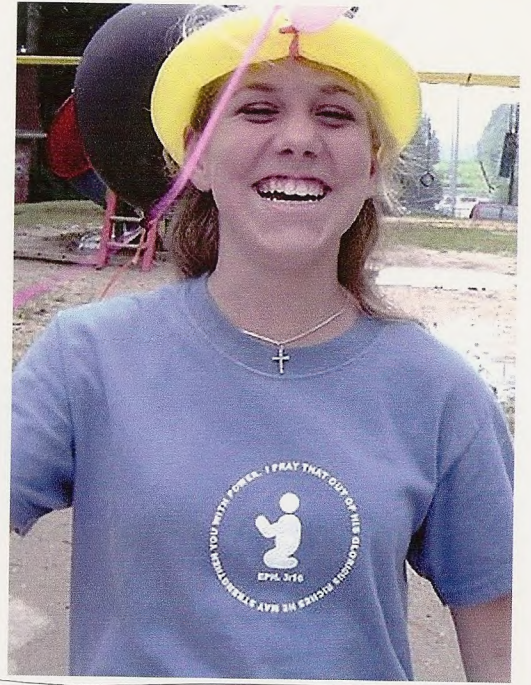
The mission is their only hope. Thanks for supporting our ministry to Pedro!



*Please support our ministry!*

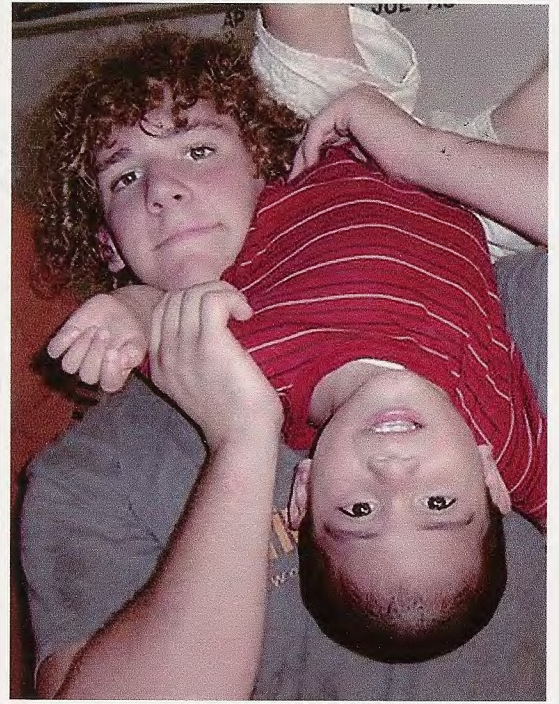
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