



Outreach Update September 2004

Cummins Family, 1735 Pitty Pat Ct., Lilburn, GA
770-490-1668 timcummins@comcast.net



This summer we hosted nearly 50 teams from all over America to help us Take the Church, To the People! We worked in 31 different complexes with Muslims, Buddhists, Hindus and Catholics. In the last two months over 146 men, women and children accepted Christ into their lives. Many of these teams have now started similar ministries in their communities based on our model for evangelism! One of our new ministries is called "Frontliners." It allows young college graduates the chance to hone their skills in real life environments—the Missions! I am proud to have Arturo Castaneda on board with us as one of our Mission Directors. Here is his testimony!

Hola Amigos!

I was born in the Rio Grande Valley of South Texas, raised in both the United States and Mexico. Growing up in a multicultural setting prepared me for ministry today! I am one of six children raised by a 'Warrior Mom' who fought against all odds to support her children. My father abandoned my family when I was only twelve years old. I worked as a field hand in the blistering sun picking onions and tomatoes making only \$20 a day so my brothers and sister would have something to eat.

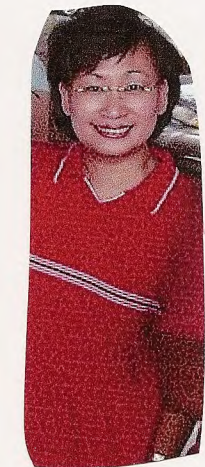
After graduation from Mercedes High School, I enrolled at the University of Texas Pan American. While at UT, the Lord called me into ministry and I became heavily involved with Special Olympics. Later, I enrolled at Crown College and was accepted to their Pastoral Program. I graduated from Crown in May of 2004.

I feel a strong call to plant a church within the Hispanic community of Atlanta. I am partnering with the Christian Missionary Alliance. I wake up each morning and ask myself, 'How Can I Change The World Today'?

Part of my calling has been fulfilled by working with Whirlwind Missions. I currently serve as Tim's Regional Director for Northeast Atlanta in his "Frontliners" program. I live on site at the Mission at Southern Trace Apartments and coordinate the work at Sierra Creek apartments. I share the Gospel with day laborers, tutor at risk kids, teach the Bible in the evenings, hold English as a Second Language and computer classes, and coach a variety of sports. Approximately 98% of the residents in my apartment complex are from Mexico and Guatemala. Spanish is my mother tongue and is essential to my ministry.

I believe we must Take the Church, To the People! Whirlwind Missions has given me the opportunity to fulfill my calling within the International Community of Atlanta. I want to THANK YOU for helping me start my ministry. Two weeks ago there was a shooting in my complex and a man was killed. I live in a dangerous place. That's a risk I'm willing to take for Jesus. It breaks my heart that that man died without knowing Christ. I am at Southern Trace as YOUR missionary! I cannot survive without your prayers and financial support. Please give generously to Whirlwind Missions so we can reach even more communities for Christ!

LOVE, ARTURO



"Take the Church, to the People!"

Hello, my Friends!

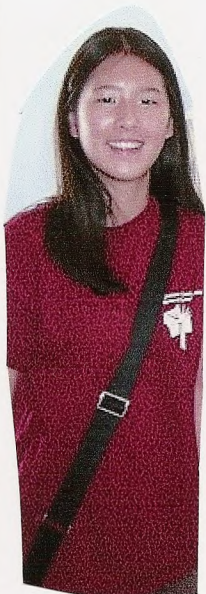
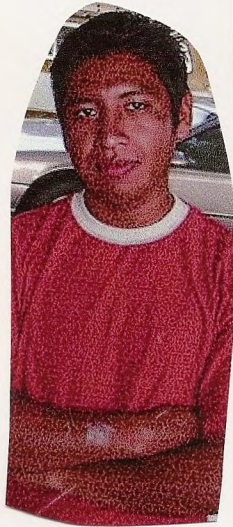
I had a terrific time with my family this weekend at Lake Okonee. We enjoyed the bright sunshine and had fun with Bruce and Susan Coker at their lake house. Ashley and her boyfriend Nick had been excited to go out on the Coker's jet ski. I got on board first and gingerly squeezed the handle. I couldn't believe the surge of power that went through that machine. After a few minutes I went back to the dock to get the rest of the kids. We hooked up "Big Bertha" (a huge inflatable tire tube) to the back of the jet ski and off we went into the wild blue yonder! It was great. The kids laughed hysterically. They hit a big wave and OOPS! They fell off. We circled back around to get them back on. Ashley and Jesse climbed aboard and we revved the engine. . . nothing happened. I glanced down and noticed—oh, no! The rope we used to pull the tube was stuck under the boat. Bummer.

Nick dove under the jet ski and came back up with bad news, "Looks like it's tangled underneath." I jumped in and snaked under the boat—sure enough the rope had gone through the protective grid and was tightly wrapped around the rod. I slipped my fingers through the grid and tried desperately to loosen the rope. Nothing. I broke the surface, took a huge gulp of air and tried again. No way. I looked at the shore—that's a long way to push a jet ski. Ashley said, "My hands are smaller, I'll try. She went under. Seemed like a long time . . . then she broke the surface, gasping for air. "I couldn't get it either." I shook my head in frustration. I glanced towards the shore and HOORAY! Here came the cavalry—in the form of Bruce, Susan and Kathy in the pontoon boat. We tied the jet ski onto the back of the boat and towed it in.

Once out of the water we removed the grate and loosened the rope. Bruce said, "Hey, what's this!?" He pulled out a ring, then another, then a third! "Those are Ashley's," I stated. My sweet daughter ran over and put them gingerly back on her hand. Later that evening I talked to Ashley about the incident. "Well, Daddy, I got under the boat and stuck my fingers through the grate and thought to myself, 'It sure would be awful if my hand got stuck.' I couldn't budge the rope so I started to pull my fingers back through. They GOT STUCK! I got so scared that I blew out all my air in my panic. I thought I was going to die and decided I'd better pull really hard. My rings pulled off my fingers and did this." She pointed to a cut on her knuckle. "I just barely made it to the surface." I just stared at her. My legs felt like jelly. I physically shuddered with the thought that I had nearly lost my daughter out there in the middle of Lake Okonee. I just kept saying, "Thank you, Jesus for protecting Ashley. Thank you." I grabbed her, and hugged her like I was never going to let go. Even now, when I think about it my eyes tear up. I can just imagine her guardian angel under the boat with her yanking on her hand to get it free!

That evening, as I was going to sleep, I imagined a funeral service where I was having to plant my daughter in the ground. I thought about her work at the missions this summer. She is my favorite missionary! I knew that one day I would see Ashley again in Heaven. Then I thought about my other "kids," not Jesse, but my mission family. I thought about two weeks ago when a rival gang roared through Azalea shooting up the car of rival gang member. I remember Jouvens telling me about his little brother Jimmy who wanted to see what all the shooting was about. "Get down on the ground!" Jouvens shouted as bullets whizzed by.

We are on a mission of life and death. Literally. I knew I would see Ashley again, but I wondered about Pedro and his brother who were targets for the MS13 gang. I left the lake more focused than ever to reach the lost with the Gospel. Your support of our team is SO important. There are over 700 apartment complexes within three miles of my mission. Thank you for helping us make a difference in someone's eternity!

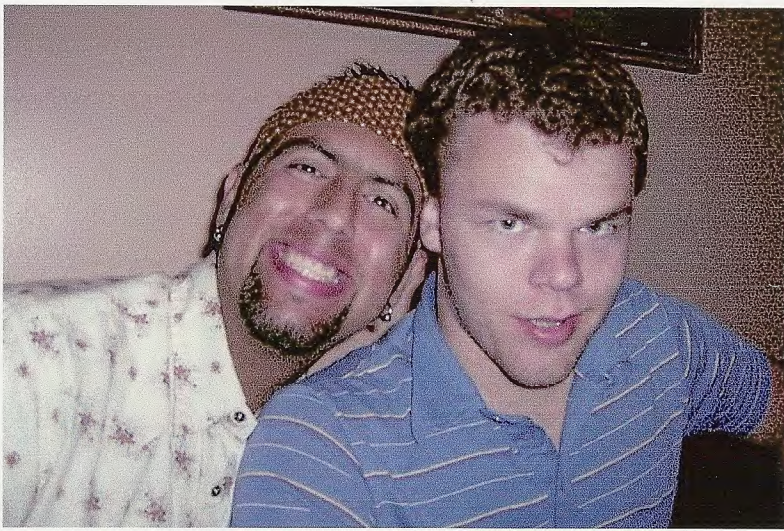


Please support our ministry!

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



Our family with Bruce and Susan Coker



Arturo and Ian

