

## Outreach Update

### April 2005

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Hello, my friends!

How do you describe Tabias? I've known him for nearly eight years. I've seen him grow from a little ragamuffin to a fine, young man. Tabias is one of those naughty kids that you just can't help but love. He's always wears a goofy grin and looks like he's just done something sinful and hopes to hide it. He's like a son to me. Tabias became a Christian just after I started working at Azalea. He was the first kid into the mission and the last to leave. He loved to eat. Tabias was like a human vacuum cleaner. He could engulf two whole pizzas by himself. I'm glad to say that he's taken a healthier interest in his diet recently and looks fit and trim. His picture has graced the pages of Outreach Updates like this probably fifty times over the years. Tabias LOVES having his picture taken and can strike poses one after another for a hour and come up with some hilarious stuff.

His mother lives in California. The couple that are raising him are actually his grandparents. Mr. Avery reminded me of Fred Sanford. He was always laughing really loudly and slapped his leg with gusto. Mr. Avery was cool to be around. Tabias had a good role model in his granddad.

One of the best things has been seeing Tabias grow in the Lord. I'm not trying to say that he's a "good" all the time, even as a high schooler he's naughty, but he just has a calmer, more well adjusted attitude now. He has a very bright mind and can memorize scriptures almost instantaneously. He had all the Romans Road verses down in less than a month—and can still tell them to you after 8 years! I taught the kids how to share their faith. I wish I could say they do that, but I have seen them stop fights, that says something.

It was a sad day at the Mission when Tabias announced, "I'm moving." Man, I was seriously bummed. This kid was part of my family.

"So where are you moving?" I asked.

"Near Oglethorpe University," he explained.

"Cool. That will be a step up, moving into a house."

"Yep. But there's not many kids there, and there's some crack dealers in the neighborhood that are pretty bad." (He used MUCH more colorful adjectives.)

The last Sunday before Tabias was to move from Azalea Place apartments, we had a party for him. We ate cake and ice cream and shared favorite stories from our friendship in the past. Then I had all the kids gather round in a circle. "Ok, guys. We know that Tabias is leaving us and I want to commission him as our first missionary." They all thought that was cool. "Lord, we want to thank you for Tabias. He's been a blessing to us for many years. We ask that You will protect him while he is away from us. Help him to be your missionary. AMEN." The kids erupted in applause.

Two weekends later Tabias ran up to my car as I pulled into the mission.

"Mr. Tim, Mr. Tim!" Tabias yelled, beating on the glass of my door.



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I stepped out of the car and said, "Sup, dog?"

"That Roman Road stuff works! I went through it just like you showed us, and my Grandfather asked Jesus into his heart!"

I have never seen a happier kid in all my born days.

Six years later, Tabias is a Sophomore in High School. He's pretty much grown up and is definitely bigger than me. He still comes to the missions on Sunday nights when he can. I'm always glad to see him.

I missed last Sunday night at the mission. I was driving home from the Alabama/Florida state line where I had preached at a mission conference. I arrived at the Mission the next day.

"Mr. Tim!" Jouvens called out to me. "Got some bad news. Tabias' dad died." I was shocked. "What are they going to do now?" I asked

"They're moving into an apartment," Jouvens explained.

"Bummer."

"Yeah."

The more I think about the situation, the more I want to say Thank YOU! If it wasn't for you, supporting what we do, day in and day out, year after year. . . . Mr. Avery wouldn't have heard the Gospel, from a kid that heard the good news, at a mission YOU supported! There are so many happy stories to tell! But the world is suffering so much, they are lost, like sheep gone astray. Take them to the Shepherd!



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





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