



Whirlwind Missions

Outreach Update

July 2005

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Hello, my friends!

This has been one of the hardest months of my life. About a month ago, my father-in-law Bill Doverspike tripped on the way into S & S Cafeteria. He was rushed to the ER where they discovered he'd broken his shoulder. He was admitted into the hospital and later contracted pneumonia. One Tuesday afternoon, before going to the mission, I stopped by to see Bill in the hospital. His condition had worsened and he had been moved to the ICU section. I opened the door and slowly walked into the hospital room. What I saw shocked me.

Bill was connected to a plethora of tubes. He looked so frail. Then I glanced into his eyes and my blood ran cold. I'd seen that look before. Emerson. My Grandfather. Death. As I wept beside the bed, stroking his hair, I prayed to the Lord, "Father, this soldier is so weak. I just ask you'll give him comfort, and if it's time, let his passing be easy." I dried my eyes and strode out the door with a determined stride—I didn't want to talk with anyone. I crossed the parking lot to my car and just broke down weeping. Waves of emotion just clobbered me. I really couldn't believe how strong a reaction I was having. He was a very special man. I went home and told Kathy, "Daddy's dead. I've seen that look. Those eyes. . . ."

But you know what happened? He recovered! I couldn't believe it. It was like Lazarus coming up from the grave. In Swahili we have this word "Stajabu" (stah jah boo). It means being completely shocked and amazed. I was stajabud.

Bill was moved into a nursing home for continued therapy on his shoulder. He wasn't happy. You could tell he was barely tolerating it. The spark that was always so bright, wasn't there. His breathing became labored and he was moved back into the hospital for several days. Perhaps this was it? He got better and again to the nursing home. Now we didn't know what to think. Would he last for months and start to walk again?

It wasn't to be. Kathy had spent the afternoon with her Dad, trying to make him comfortable. Later that day, he passed into eternity. And you know what? I hardly cried. It was as if I had experienced his death in all its fullness two weeks beforehand. Now, I was just happy for him. I'm not sure what you think heaven is like. If it's one long church service, I know a bunch of folks that may not have that great a time there. Bill Doverspike will be the happiest person in heaven! I can just imagine him talking with the apostle Paul and to Jesus Christ Himself! Allelujah! We miss you Bill, and love you! And a big THANK YOU to the many loved ones who gave money to support our ministry in memory of that great soldier!





www.whirlwindmissions.org

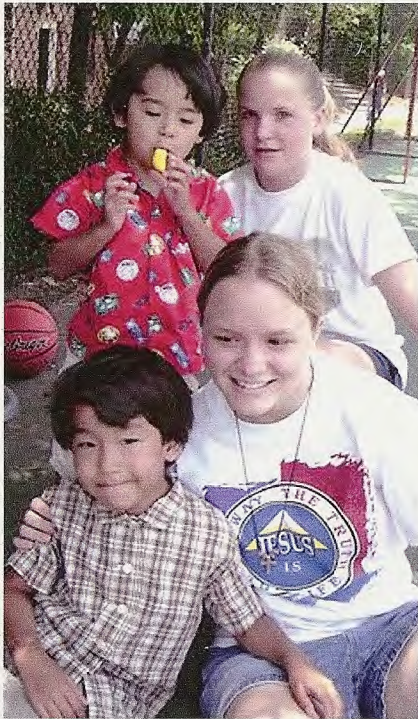


Cruz 2005



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