



Whirlwind Missions

Outreach Update

July 2007



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Hello, my friends!

The last two months I have endured the worst pain of my life. Right before I went to Niger I broke a tiny piece of a tooth off. It didn't seem bad at all. Both my wife and my mother in law had had similar issues and never had a problem with it. So I figured, "neither would I." Wrong! In the late evening the area around my temple would start to throb. For hours I would wonder what was wrong with me and take one Tylenol after another. Could it be the chipped tooth? It didn't even hurt near my tooth.

The next morning all the pain would go away. Zero. A complete healing! Until the evening hours, then the side of my head would start to hurt. This pattern went on for months. I'm sure many of you reading this think, "Why didn't Tim go to the doctor?" Why go to the doctor when it *doesn't hurt*? And who wants to go to the doctor at midnight? I did finally go to see my doctor. It didn't hurt one bit when I went. I explained where it had hurt in the evening and we thought it was probably ear related—it was right beside my ear so it made sense. I got on antibiotics and the pain went away for several nights. Fixed! A week later the pain was back with a vengeance. My doctor put me on another type of antibiotic plus some pain pills. The pain pills did nothing.

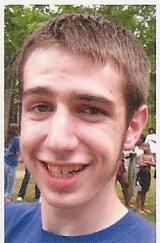
I made an appointment with the dentist. If it's not a doctor thing, maybe it's a dentist thing. When you're in pain you look forward to seeing the dentist! The dentist took x-rays of that side of my mouth. "You have a problem here, Mr. Cummins," he said as he pointed towards my left rear molar on the x-ray. "See this black spot? That's an infection." "So you think that's what's causing the pain up here?" I pointed near my jaw and temple area. "The nerve that is being attacked runs all along this area. You'll experience pain all through here," he drew a line down the side of my face. Four days later after the diagnosis I went in for a root canal. That procedure took less than an hour and the pain went away!

All those weeks of suffering—cured in an hour. I've thought a lot about this. You learn about yourself in hard times. Why did I wait so long? Because every morning I felt just great! The communities where we work are a lot like my rear molar. During the day they seem just fine. But at night the bad guys come out. "We should do something about crime!" residents demand. But where are they to help make this change?

Our team are spiritual dentists. This week we had an Outreach Event at Kensington Station—where Ashley works. The team sang some songs, did some skits and shared the Gospel. As the youth director led the prayer, I heard the crowd around me pray the words under their breath. At least fourteen people accepted Christ that afternoon! Praise the Lord! The Gospel penetrated down to the roots. Now that's pain relief! Keep praying for us!!

Please support our ministry!

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





Whirlwind Missions

Ashley's Dispatch

July 2007



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“The crates are here!” I yelled excitedly. Two huge crates from France had finally arrived. They contained all the things that we hadn’t been able to take with us on the airplane. I snuck inside and found a cardboard box with my name scribbled on it. I carried the box to the front porch where Hari (Ha-ree) our Malagasy house keeper was sweeping. I laid out my treasures to examine them. I remember thinking, “Books! I don’t like to read. What am I going to do with these?” Hmm. Sweep. Sweep. I looked up from my thoughts as an idea swept over me. I’m going to teach Hari how to read!

Hari spoke very little English so I would use sign language to communicate. I would start with an easy classic, Cat in the Hat. Each morning I would go over to Hari’s little house on the other side of ours. I walked in and sat down on the dusty floor. She was busy throwing carrot scraps and rice into her white speckled pot that roasted in a fire on the floor. Together we turned the pages of the book and I would enunciate each word as she repeated it. I always enjoyed sitting in her house among the smell of cooking food and smoke trying to communicate what each word meant by pointing it out. We did this for many days until one morning she came over early and rapped on the kitchen door. She had the book in her hands and an excited look on her face. She brought me close to her and then she read the book to me! The whole book. Including the title! I was so excited! I couldn’t believe what we had accomplished.

Since the beginning of Summer I’ve started doing the same thing with Preschoolers who have come from different countries. I go into the family’s home and teach the children their colors, shapes, how to cut and glue and then show them a new book which we read together. During this “school time” I also show the mother how she can teach her child. I have two families that I visit. The first family is from Honduras. The mother’s name is Delores and she has two beautiful daughters. Azul is the oldest and is about to start second grade. Then there’s Lidia who is four. The first day I went to teach Lidia she wouldn’t talk to me. She was very shy and acted as though I didn’t interest her. Four weeks later I can definitely see improvements and know she will do well in school. To wrap up each lesson I give out stickers that have something to do with what we’d just learned. Today though I had grabbed the wrong pack and instead of circus stickers I’d grabbed Easter stamps. They have flowers on them she’ll still like them. I thought to myself. When the end of the lesson came I passed out the stickers. Bertalidia looked at it and then snatched it and showed it to her mom. Delores look at it and read, “Easter?” I started to talk to her about who Jesus was and what Easter is all about. Moments like these make me so excited and remind me that God has a plan for this family!

My other family is from Afghanistan. I teach two boys who are in kinder garden and first grade and their sister who hasn't started school yet. When it was time for them to get stickers I let them reach in and pull out what they wanted. To my amusement they pulled out Easter crosses and each one of the kids wanted to keep them. Please keep praying for my families

Love,

Ashley



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Take the Church, To the People!

