



Whirlwind Missions

Outreach Update

June 2007

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Hello, my friends!

Wednesday evening Kathy and I went to Parkview High School to watch our “little” girl graduate! Where did the years go? I remember when Ashley was born. Kathy had gone through over thirty six hours of labor. One time her blood pressure got so low that doctors swarmed in the room trying to keep her alive. Towards the end of the process the doctors finally told us, “Kathy you’re running a fever. The labor has gone on too long. We have to get the baby out.” The doctor looked at me and said, “We need to put your wife to sleep.” “Can I come?” I asked.

“No, that’s not possible.” The doctors wheeled my wife down the hall and into the elevator, going down. My mind reeled with what had just happened.

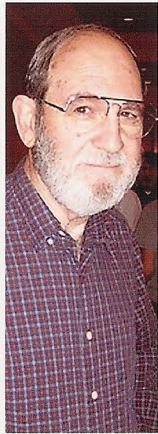
Kathy had been through such travail and now they were going to put her to sleep. I’d only had dogs put to sleep—and they never came back. I stumbled down the halls of the hospital alone and shattered. I found the room where Kathy was supposed to come back to. The nurse told me, “Sorry, you can’t go in there, the room’s not ready.” I looked at her, collapsed on the floor and wept. I was convinced that I would never see my wife again nor my baby girl. I was totally alone in my grief.

Two hours later my wife was rolled down the hall with a little baby beside her! I was overjoyed! My girls were alive! And now, 18 years later she’s all grown up!

Life is full of chapters. Ashley has just completed the High School chapter. I’m so excited that she’s on our Whirlwind team. She is one of the best missionaries I’ve ever worked with! It’s great to see her at work with her kids, sharing her faith and making them smile. It’s exciting to watch her lead teams into action and order them into the field. Awesome!

I remember the shortest piece of poetry I ever wrote: “A birth, a breath, and death.” It reminds me of the brevity of life. This month I have had two friends, both my age, deal with life threatening cancer. It’s hard to understand why these two great missionaries might have their lives cut short when my mother in law at 81 wants nothing more to be with her husband in heaven. Every day when I walk into my living room I see Kathy’s sweet mother asleep in her chair watching “7th Heaven,” and I wonder if she’s gone to be with the husband. She takes a shallow breath and I realize that she’s still with us.

I spent a week with my parents in Texas. I asked my Dad, “Do you think that people would act differently if they knew when they would die?” He told me, “I’ve known many that were told they had six months to live. Can’t say they lived any differently.” What about you? Would there be things left undone? People that you should have shared with? There’s still time!

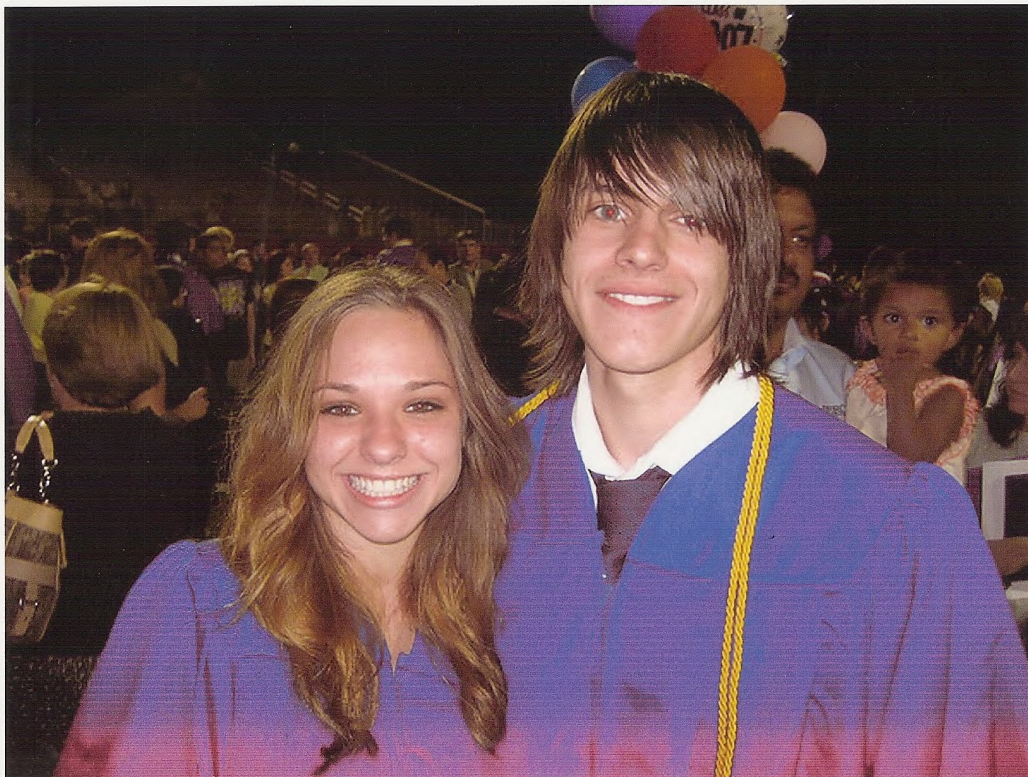


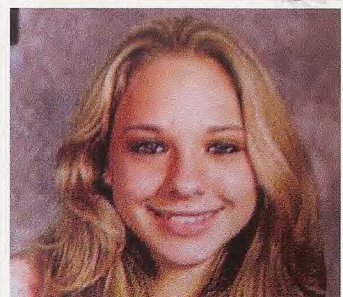
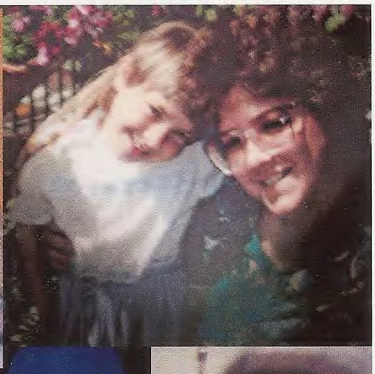
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Ashley's Dispatch June 2007

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It's Friday! The last day of school!

I'm headed down to the tennis court with a bright orange 5 gallon bucket in my hand. Milique and Divine run up to me. I try to hide the contents of the bucket from them, but it's too heavy to lift above their heads. They steal a glimpse. "WOO!! OH YEAH!" They yell wildly. "Give me one now! Please! Please!" They beg.

"No, you have to wait until we get down to the court," I say trying to rush around them. I walk a little further but the buckets weighing me down. I stop for a break. Out of the bushes more of my kids run toward me. They plunge their hands into the bucket full of water and about 16 water guns. The scene is chaotic. Water shooting everywhere, kids running and squirting each other, kids sliding down the grass and a melody of laughter.

I stand away from the attack zone and fill Caca's and Asia's water guns when a cold wave of water splashes over me. Drenched to the bone I turn to see my kids laughing as they rush away. I run towards them with my milk jug full of water trying to get them wet.

When the water's all dried up and the kids have gone home I think back to when my kids dumped the bucket over me. It reminds me of when players soak their coach after a winning game. This is what we at Kensington Station have become. A winning team. I'm their coach teaching them the rules of life. Like a coach I'm dedicated to touching each one of their lives.

I want to make this first summer at Kensington an experience they won't forget. I can't do it without your help. Please pray that I will be able to get volunteers mobilized so my kids can have a blast this summer.

This past Wednesday I graduated from Parkview High School. I am being called to do missions full time this coming year and will then be taking college courses later. I'm so EXCITED and can't wait to learn all I can from my Dad! Please pray that God will continue to lead and mold me into the person He wants me to be.

Love,
Ashley

