



Whirlwind Missions

Outreach Update

October 2007

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Hello, my friends!

How well do we know the people around us? What tragedies lie behind the eyes that we have no nothing about?

Last weekend I was part of a Missions Conference at Midway Macedonia Baptist Church in W. Georgia. One of my partners had set up two outreach events in the area and I came down to help the team. The group gathered together to listen as I shared the game plan for reaching the community. We had a brief prayer time and then went out knocking on doors and inviting the residents to the block party. I believe that true leaders lead from the front. People usually learn from examples better than just telling them what to do. I went from person to person shaking hands, telling them who I was and sharing how glad we were that they were there. I saw an elderly lady sitting by herself at one of the picnic tables. I came over to her and said, "Hi, my name's Tim, what's yours?"

"Anna," her blue eyes sparkled in the sunshine. A little boy ran up to her. "And this is my grandson Stephen."

"Howdy, Steven," I said shaking his hand. "Want a hot dog?"

"Thanks!"

"Is he your grandson?"

"Yes," she smiled radiantly.

"He sure is cute. Have you lived here a long time?"

"About a year now. I came from Lilburn," she explained.

"Wow! I live in Lilburn too. Cool."

"I was taking care of my mother. She died last year."

"My mother in law just passed away two months ago. She lived at our house for about a year. It's a challenge taking care of the elderly."

"Indeed it is," Anna agreed. "I cared for my brother too. He was sick."

"So sorry to hear that. Is he better now?" I asked.

"No. He died about six months ago. He worked on computers and would stay up really late. One night he went out to go to the store. . . ." she paused, as if thinking how to explain what had happened. "Apparently, he had a stroke in the car. He crashed into a neighbor's house, his foot stomped down on the gas. The car caught on fire. . . . My neighbor called 911 and ran to wake me up. I rushed out of the house and saw him burning alive. I managed to open the door and drag him out of the front seat before the car exploded. The paramedics raced him to the hospital, but it was too late. He died from the fumes. He was born at Grady Hospital, and he died at Grady Hospital." She shook her head slowly thinking about the irony.

"I sure am sorry to hear about that, Anna. Was he a believer?"

"Oh, yes. We were both raised in the Baptist Church. I know he's with the Lord."

I squeezed her hand and nodded sympathetically. It was all I knew to do. Sometimes we're called to be heroes. Sometimes we're just called to listen. Pray for those around you. We don't know what they might have just been through.



Please support our ministry!

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



Take the Church, To the People!





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Ashley's Dispatch

October 2007

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Life is a journey! As a little girl, I grew up in five different countries, Kenya, Zimbabwe, S. Africa, Madagascar and France. Some of my best friends didn't speak English! Being a Missionary Kid, I learned to love other cultures and people groups. My "Uncles and Aunts" were missionaries. Seeing others serve Christ was an important part of my childhood.

This year I came on board with the best missionary group in the world—Whirlwind! The last few months have been some of the most exciting and rewarding of my life. YOU have helped make that happen. Dreams do come true! Mike Riggins, the director of Mission Service Corps (the faith supporting arm of the North American Mission Board) encouraged my Dad to talk to me about becoming an official MSC missionary too! Wow! I was excited about that!

In May I filled out the Missionary application for Mission Service Corps. The process was really pretty simple—anyone can do it. 43% of the 5,200 missionaries with NAMB raise their own support. Most of them are retired folks! I sent in my forms, prayed and waited.

Six months later I anxiously checked the mail. I opened the box. What's this? My acceptance letter! I ripped open the white and blue envelope. I scanned for the words I'd been waiting to see, "You've been approved by the North American Mission Board as a Mission Service Corps Missionary!" Woo hoo! I'm now the youngest missionary on the NAMB team!

Unlike most high school graduates, I didn't get a letter from my dream school. I got one from my dream job! I'm revving up and getting serious about what I'm passionate about: sharing Christ with kids and getting the church into their community! In the future I will probably continue with more education, but right now I'm going to UT—University of Tim! There really isn't any substitution for actual field experience. I am now the director of the largest apartment complex in the county—nearly 1,200 units! My first mission field is a small city within a metro area of over 5 MILLION people and 761 language groups!

Thanks for your continued financial support. Feel free to write one check and designate part of your support to my account #9064! Whirlwind is supporting me 100%!!

 Ashley

