

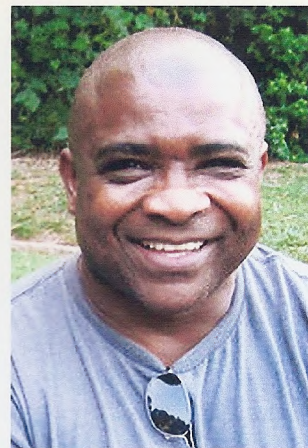


# Whirlwind Missions

## Outreach Update

### September 2007

Tim Cummins Family, 1735 Pitty Pat Ct., Lilburn, GA  
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Hello, my friends!

This month Kathy, Ashley and I went to New York City! I was chosen to present a seminar on how to do Outreach Events for the National Association of Multi-Housing Ministries and Congregations.

The final night of the conference, I led our outreach team into the neighborhoods of Brooklyn. We made our way through the park to the first group of men. We handed each of the men a balloon animal. They looked at these balloon dogs and swords, laughed and took one.

"Howdy! My name's Tim, what's yours?"

"Spidey," he said and shook my hand. Spidey was about 6'6" and had the body of a finely tuned athlete.

"Where do you go to church, Spidey?" I asked.

"Don't much go to church," he said, shaking his head.

"Never?"

"Nope."

"Do you know anything about Jesus?"

"Nope."

"At one time God and man were close friends and could talk to each other, just like we're talking now. But man does bad stuff and that separates us from God. Know anybody that ever did anything wrong, Spidey?"

He looked around to his buddies, "Sure do!"

We all laughed. "That bad stuff puts up a wall. God sent his son Jesus to build a bridge between us. He was the only person who never did anything wrong. Jesus came to take away all the bad things that we do. He did that by dying on the cross."

"Huh," he said surprised.

"Spidey, if I gave you a hundred dollar bill and laid it right here," I pointed towards his feet, "and you don't pick it up, is it yours?"

"Reckon not."

"Salvation is a free gift. But we must accept that gift. Do you ever pray, Spidey?"

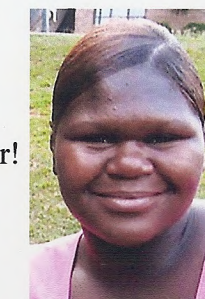
"Nah, not really."

"When I talk to you, I'm just talking. But when I talk to God, you know what they call that? Prayer. Prayer is just talking to God. Christians believe you must talk to God and say something like, "God, I know I've done bad things. Thanks for sending your son to die for me and take away my sins. Come into my heart. Amen." Would you like to pray that prayer with me?"

Spidey looked around at his friends who were staring at him. "Nah. Not right now."

"Maybe tonight when you go home, when you're all alone," I offered.

"Maybe I will." Pray for Spidey and for the over a hundred new believers from this summer!



Please support our ministry!

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





Take the Church, To the People!







# Whirlwind Missions

## Ashley's Dispatch September 2007

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Hello everyone! Last week my family and I took a trip up to New York to attend the National Association of Multihousing Ministry conference. We had a lot of fun having a block party, learning what other ministries were doing and I even got to shop a little! What could be better than that?



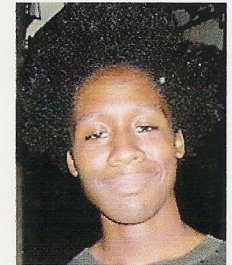
The clouds began to darken and tiny drops started to fall. We wrapped the block party up and headed back towards the church. Although I meet a lot of people during our prayer walk time I was soon to meet a woman who would change my life...



It was nighttime in the City. We were all stuffed with cheesecake and heading for the subway. While we were in the stuffy terminal waiting for the arrival of our train, a tiny, frail woman in ragged clothes rushed down the cement stairs crying her eyes out. She pushed through our group and hid in the corner, tears still streaming down her dirty face. I watched her. Was I the only one who had seen this woman? Should I go talk to her?



Mr. Bill, a man from our group, approached her. Then he looked in my direction and motioned for me to come. I walked over to her and Mr. Bill asked the wreck of a woman, "What's your name? Why are you crying?"



Between snuffles she coughed out, "Janice. Someone on the subway grabbed my money and ran off! I made that money drawing!" She held up her paper bag that had pencil sketches on it. "It was a lot! At least 20 dollars!" She yelped. The memory of her bad luck jolted her and she started to sob again.



Mr. Bill shushed her. "You don't do drugs do you?" He asked as he handed her a dollar.



"No, I'm in a program tryin' to get off herion. I only take 50mg of Methadon now." She sniffled.

I felt in my pockets for anything I could give. All I had were some sermon notes from the night before. I shrugged as I handed them to her, "Maybe this will help..."



We prayed with her and as we finished a whoosh of air came pulling the train behind it. We all boarded the train and sat down, never to see Janice again.



How did she change my life you're wondering? I realized that God will reveal people to me that I'm supposed to help. It made me feel like my presence and what I could offer was the most important at that moment for that person.

I hope that wherever Janice is she has read the sermon notes I left with her titled, "Crisis, The Breaking Point When ONLY Jesus Is With You."

Ashley  
xo xo

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