

# **Whirlwind Missions**

## Outreach Update

April 2008

Tim Cummins Family, 1735 Pitty Pat Ct., Lilburn, GA  
770-490-1668 whirlwindtim@gmail.com



Hello, my friends!

In my One Year Bible during this part of the year there's a lot of talk in Leviticus about sacrifices. Most of them deal with fire. On February 20, the day after our fire, while I was in the hospital I circled the word "fire," "burnt sacrifice" or charred bodies FIFTEEN times. I know, because I just got up from the computer, went to my Bible and counted them. I was the burnt sacrifice! And I thought my son was dead. The horror and the sorrow I felt . . . and still feel when I think of my son in that cell, all by himself with no one to talk to. It breaks my heart.

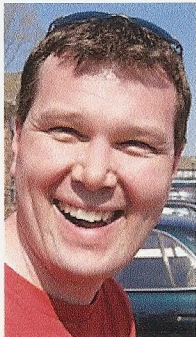
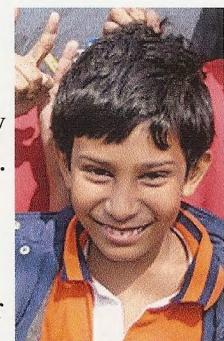
I'm not sure why all this had to happen. But I believe one thing, "In whirlwind and storm is His way." My son had wandered from the path. I talked with a friend of mine who is a chaplain at the Detention Center. David was the first person to see my son after he was put in prison. I called him today and begged him to go by and visit Jesse again. He asked me, "Do you think Jesse is at the end of his rope?" "I think so, David. He seems broken and forlorn." "That's when God can raise him up to the heights." Pray that this will be a prophecy that will be fulfilled.

When I was in church today, during the music, I felt His spirit. Waves of love poured down from the Father. He loves us so much. And then I thought back on Leviticus. "What he demands of us is not burnt bodies of bullocks, but a true sacrifice of praise." Although I couldn't sing, the muscles in my throat were clenched, as I raised my hand in adoration, I had a true sacrifice of praise.

Paul talked about being a living sacrifice. I've thought about that a lot in the last month. I think about the Father, sending His only son, a living sacrifice. . . the pain He must have suffered to watch his little boy die. When I thought my son was dead, and I knew in my heart nothing could survive the heat of that blaze, when I rode in that ambulance on the way to Grady. . . the complete sorrow I felt was a pain much more severe than my charred flesh.

I never really understood the depth of the Father's love for me, until I realized what He did. He sacrificed his Son, for me. Life is so fragile. I covered news for years. I've seen SO much sudden death. We are but a wisp of smoke and we are gone. Make your life count for something more than what can be burned up in a single moment!

I don't know if you've ever experienced really severe grief. Try and call up those emotions again. Re-experience them. Now transfer those feelings onto the Father and get a glimpse of what He gave up for us! He only had one little boy. That is great love, my friend. He is RISEN! Rise up and stand for the LORD!



# Take the Church, To the People!



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Make checks to the **North American Mission Board** designated to  
**Tim A. Cummins #5993 Ashley Cummins #9064**



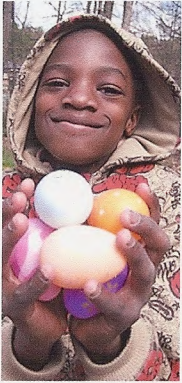
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## Ashley's Dispatch

April 2008

5935 New Peachtree Road, Doraville, GA, 30340

ashleycummins@gmail.com



Today at Kensington I helped KK read paragraphs. She's 6 years old and has to read the stories then answer questions. KK can't read. I read and she follows along repeating the words. Today we learned the words I, a, the and then. She's missing her two front teeth so it makes it hard for her to pronounce TH. She gets frustrated and starts sucking her thumb and pouting. "Alright let's take a break." I say.

KK pops her thumb out of her mouth and asks about how Jesse is and I say he's still in jail and she can pray for him.

"My daddy is in jail, too. I pray for him."

"What do you say?"

"God help my Daddy get out of jail."

"That's a good prayer. I pray for God to protect Jesse."

"Ashley, am I going to die when I turn 100?"

"Hmm.. I don't know I might die tomorrow in a car crash and I'm only 19!"

Ernesto came over and handed me an orange crayon for me to draw with. I drew him a one cross with Jesus on it.

KK asked, "What if the devil come and gets God."

"Nah. God is so powerful it's not even a fight between God and the devil."

"Ash, if I lie to God will I go to hell?"

"Well lying to God is called a sin." I write SIN on the paper in front of us. "Stealing, cheating, and doing things naughty against God are also called sins."

"Yeah and cussing!" She bursts out laughing.

"Yep, cussing isn't good either. Remember when I drew Jesus on the cross?"

She nods her head.

"God knew you weren't going to be perfect but He wants you to come live in heaven with Him so He sent Jesus to die for your sins on the cross. We can pray right now and ask Jesus to come live in your heart so He can help you be a good girl. Do you want to pray for Jesus to come and live in your heart? All you have to say is, God thank you for sending you son, Jesus, to die for my sins. Thank you for forgiving me. Amen."

"I can do that!" She closes her eyes and I say the prayer again to help her along.

"I'm so proud of you KK! I'm going to be praying for you."

With that the moment was over and she began trying to read her homework. Please pray for KK as she becomes a new Christian.

