



Whirlwind Missions

Outreach Update

October 2008

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Hello, my friends!

Mothers love their children! Daisy is one of my “second generation” kids. I’ve worked with her at the Azalea mission for nearly twelve years. She is a sophomore in high school with a three month old baby. Her mother was also with her as they came to the door in the mission. In rapid fire Spanish (which I’ll translate) Maria explained the problem.

“Last night, the police came to our home. They were looking for my son, Juan. They said he was in our truck and was shooting a gun. It’s not true, Mr. Tim. He wants to talk to the police. Can you help us?” Daisy and her Mom looked at me in desperation.

It’s all about relationships: being friends with the residents, the managers, the volunteers, and “la policia.” I explained in Spanish to Maria that I have a friend in the Chamblee Police Department that is a detective and a person they can trust.

I called Ernesto on my cell. “Hey, bro. It’s Tim. How ya doin’?”

“It’s all good, Tim. How can I help?” Ernesto replied.

“We had a situation at Azalea last night where the police was looking for guy they said was involved with a shooting. The family tells me that their son didn’t have anything to do with it and he wants to talk to the cops. His sister, Daisy, is a friend of mine and would like to talk to you about the situation.” I hand Daisy my phone and she repeats what I’ve told Ernesto. She hands me back the phone and says, “He’s coming over.” Cool.

Ashley, Jesse and I are in the mission along with ten other kids putting the labels on the envelopes for this month’s newsletter. I keep my eye on the window waiting for the unmarked police car. A few minutes later I see it roll up. I left the mission to check on the situation.

Ernesto and another investigator is talking to Maria and Daisy when I arrive. I immediately gave Ernesto a warm greeting. “Thanks for helping with this, bro.” Ernesto does some checking at HQ and determines that it was the Dekalb PD that is looking for him, not Chamblee. He calls their dispatch to tell them the information he’s learned and to request a cruiser to come by to talk to Juan. “Seven tonight?” he says into the phone and starts to nod. The police will come by tonight.

I talk to Maria and Daisy again telling them in Spanish, “Ernesto is my friend. You can trust him. You did right by talking with them.” The family nods their heads in relief.

I could fill reams of paper with stories just like this one. Shootings are on the rise in Atlanta. Please pray for your missionaries. We’re in the line of fire!





Take the Church, To the People!



Please support our ministry!
Make checks to the **North American Mission Board** designated to
Tim A. Cummins #5993 **Ashley Cummins #9064**



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Ashley's Dispatch

October 2008

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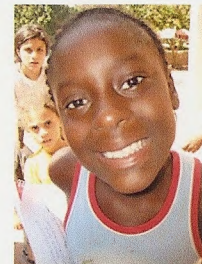
The middle school bus had just pulled away when I started feeling sick from racing with the kids like a mad woman. I headed for my car ready to leave when Kora walked up to me.

Kora is a Junior in high school and captain of the soccer team. We began to talk about college scholarships, her relationship with her mom and the stress of school.



"I just hope I get into Heaven."

That took me by surprise. I'd been praying for something and it actually happened the next day!



"Do you believe that Jesus is the Son of God and that He died for your sins?"



"Yeah, I believe all that."

"You're in, then."



She went on to talk about her boyfriend and her torn ligament in her right knee.

"It's just so stressful sometimes and no one seems to notice. My mom was asked if she felt like she neglected her kids and she said 'yes'. I didn't even know what neglect meant so I looked it up in the dictionary. Tear swelled up in my eyes when I read the definition."



"It's going to get better, Kora. You're a bright, talented young women."

PRAY FOR HER! PRAY FOR HER! PRAY FOR HER! Was all that ran through my head. So I did. Right in the parking lot I put my arm around her and prayed for God to put a shield of protection around her and to help her see that it's all good in the end.



Please be praying for Kora.

Love, *Ashley*

