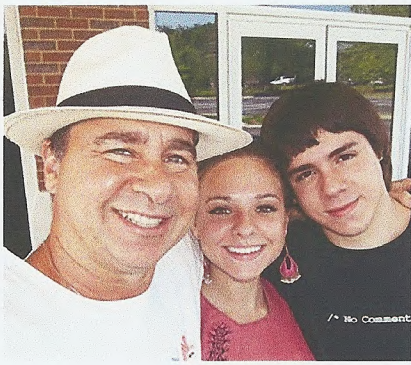


# **Whirlwind Missions**

## Outreach Update

October 2009

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Hello, my friends!

This week I got out of bed and stepped into water. That's never good! In two days we had over 6 inches of rain! Most of it came in just a few hours. Incredible. Jesse and I mopped and wet vacuumed the basement for hours. We bailed over 100 gallons of water! Most of my stuff was just fine. Ruined some of my books and my displays for the mission conferences. Sad.

I remember feeling sorry for myself with my aching back from all the mopping and hauling water (heavy!). Then I saw the news on TV featuring some of the other areas in Atlanta. Wow! There were houses with water up to the roof! At that point my situation didn't seem nearly so bad.

Perhaps you remember our Summer of 2008? That was only an inch short of being the driest Atlanta had EVER been in recorded history! Our lakes were only half full and we were negotiating with Alabama for water. It got so bad that the Governor of Georgia asked for the citizens of the state to pray to God for rain.

I remember the water coming in the house, it looked like a small stream breaking through the dam of our foundation. Jesse tried stopping the hole, while I was outside in torrential down-pour trying to clear out the down spouts. Water is a powerful force. I remember my feeling of helplessness as I just kept drying the water up. Would it ever stop?

I get the same feeling when I think about the spiritual condition of our city. This year our city grew to over 6.5 million people. We gained 1.5 million in just a couple of years! I visit many of our churches inside Atlanta which are built to house 1,000 people and they have 50 people there. It seems like we just get further and further behind.

We have regular work in nearly 40 apartment complexes around Metro Atlanta. With over 700 in the city, we are barely scratching the surface. How can we keep pace with the growth? How can we share Christ with this flood of new people?

One person at a time! I learned two things from the flood. The first is just keep doing what you're doing. Don't stop! The second is I needed *help*. I thank God for a strong and willing son to *help* me! Nasty, muddy, wet work. Jesse just kept right on bailing.

Whirlwind Missions is a TEAM! You play your part with your prayers, your financial support and your *help*! We can't do it without you. Don't let us get swept away by the flood!

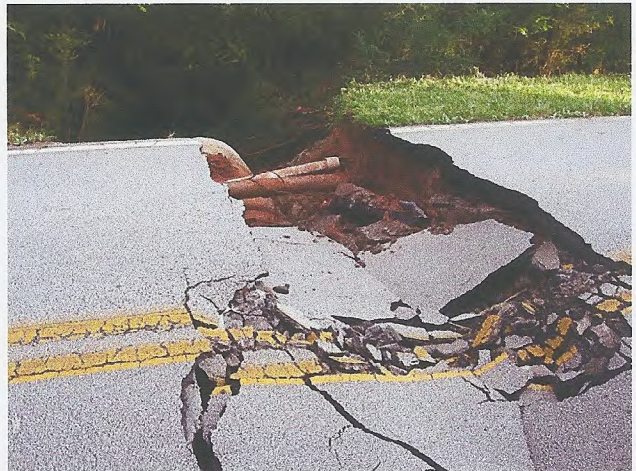






# Take the Church, To the People!

## By Canoe!



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



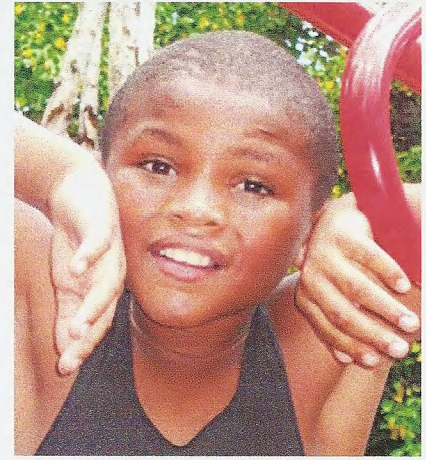
# **Whirlwind Missions**

## Ashley's Dispatch

October 2009

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It was pouring down rain when Mama and I got to Kensington. It was coming down so hard it looked like I was driving under a waterfall. We slid into my usual spot and sat in the car waiting for the bus to come. Around 3:00 pm I could hear the breaks squeal as it turned around the corner and pulled up to the stop. Kids got off running for home and covering their heads with science books. Mama and I directed some of the kids into the mission. The kids were really well behaved. They started pulling out chairs and tables and got started on their work. Well, Dante had to take his shoes off and slide around on the wood floors a few times before getting started but at least it was funny. About a month ago, Dante's dad told me that he and his wife were getting a divorce and Dante was going to move away and live with his mom in Jersey. A month later Dante's still with us. I found this curious but I was about to find out the whole story.



After the kids finished their homework I gave them some orange slices and sent them home. Dante asked if he could use my phone to call his mom. Ring...rrring..rrring... and a robotic voice came on the phone saying the number had been disconnected. We walked up together to my truck and sat on the seats together. The rain was still coming down like an avalanche and rolled down Dante's cheeks like tears.



"Can you drive me to Savannah Suites?" I thought of the run down motel off of Memorial that he was referring to. I'd read reviews about the place saying there were cockroaches in the comforters. I felt so bad for this young 4th grade boy having to stay there.

I shrugged and said, "I'm sorry, Dante, but I can't take kids off of the complex without written permission."

"Can I use your phone again then?" I told him sure and handed it to him. He called his grandmother and asked if she knew his mom's room number. It was a back and forth phone tag between Dante and his grandmother and finally she decided to pick him up herself.

The two of us sat there together and listened to the rain fall on the windshield. Usually one of our big mouth talkers Dante just sat there silent. I was so heartbroken for this little boy trapped in the middle of a divorce, having to live in such wretched conditions and I was angry at the mother who seemed to have forgotten her son. About ten minutes later the grandmother arrived and Dante jumped out of the car looked up at me and said, "Thanks for being there, Ashley."

I want to say Thank You to all of my supporters who are there for me and my family!

Love,



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