

Whirlwind Missions

Outreach Update

August 2013

www.whirlwindmissions.org



Hello, my friends!

Every morning during the Summer, I stop at QT to get my cup of coffee to sip on while I talk to the teams. I give myself just enough time to pick it up and head to the church. This morning was different. I was headed out the door when an elderly man pushing a walker was moving toward the bathroom. His daughter looked quite concerned.

“Let me help you with the door, brother!” I scooted around him to push open the heavy door and let him in. He walked in slow mo. I quickly decided he might need more help. “Think you can get into the bathroom stall ok?” He looked at me like he wasn’t sure. “Come on. I’ll help you out.” I opened the bathroom stall and helped him turn the walker around so he could get into the stall. He got into the stall and sat down. I decided I’d better wait to help him get back out. A few minutes passed and I asked, “Are you ok, brother?” “Yes, I’m ok.”

I went outside the bathroom and told his daughter. “He’s still in there, he says he’s ok.” She replied to me, “Thank you so much. He’s on the way to the doctor for chemo. I know you’re busy. You don’t have to wait. His name is Marvin.” I assured her it was no problem. I knew Ashley would take care of the team. I went back inside the bathroom and called out, “Mr. Marvin, are you ok? Your daughter is concerned.” He said he was “Ok.”

Another twenty minutes went by with me checking on him every five minutes to make sure he was ok. Finally, I heard the toilet flush. “Do you need help getting out the door?”

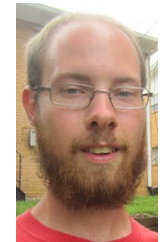
“Yeah. These pants are a problem for me.” He opened up the door and I helped him up.

“Hang on, Mr. Marvin.” I pulled his pants up for him and got his belt fastened. We struggled to get him and the walker out the door. He walked two steps and seemed totally exhausted. His pants kept falling down. “Brother, sit down on the walker and I’m going to push you out to your daughter, ok?” He seemed to think that was a good idea. I did my best to hang on to the walker while he plunked down.

Once he seemed stable, I was able to scoot him out the door in the walker chair. His daughter couldn’t believe that I had waited the whole half hour to help him. I told her, “My Daddy just got out of the hospital. I know there were a lot of people helping him get around. The chance of me leaving your Daddy in that bathroom was zero.” She smiled and shook my hand as I rushed to my car to meet up with my team.

My friend, missions isn’t just telling people about Jesus. Sometimes we have to BE Jesus.

Pray for our elderly! Love you! Tim & Kathy



Take the Church, To The People!



*Please support our ministry! Make checks out to
The North American Mission Board,
Designate to Tim A. Cummins Acct# 5993*