



Whirlwind Missions

Outreach Update

May 2015



Hello my friends!

I saw trouble as soon as I got out of my car. One of my Bengali boys, Adit, raced up the stairs above the mission, crying. A half dozen boys stood beside the door waiting to get in the mission.

“All right, what did you do to Adit?” I asked, using my “man in charge” voice.

“We didn’t do nothing, Mr. Tim,” Marvin asserted.

“Dude, you can’t lie to me. You can’t even keep a straight face. Brian, what did y’all do to Adit?”

“Nothing, Mr. Tim. We were just talking with him.” The other boys nodded in agreement.

“Just talking, eh? What did you say?” I asked, accusingly.

“Well. Um.” The boys stammered, looked at their feet and kicked imaginary rocks.

“Like I thought. Well, whatever it was you said, you hurt his feelings. And when you hurt somebody’s feelings you put me into the “Not Happy” category. You guys want me to be mad at you?”

“No, Mr. Tim.”

“You want to go into the mission today?”

“Yes, Mr. Tim.”

“Then you better get up those stairs and tell Adit you’re sorry.”

“Aw. Mr. Tim. Do we HAVE to?”

“No. You don’t have to. And I don’t HAVE to let you into the mission. It’s up to you.”

The boys thought about it for a second and started climbing the stairs. They knocked on the door but no one answered. They began yelling, “SORRY!” into the open window.

“That’s not good enough. Wait till he comes to the door.” Adit’s mom opened the door dressed in her Bengali outfit. She doesn’t speak English well.

“You boys hurt Adit. Very bad,” she chided them. Adit huddled behind his mom.

“I’m sorry, Adit!” the boys said, insincerity dripping from their words. I climbed the stairs behind them. “You guys can do better than that!” “I’m SORRY, Adit,” they said again.

I then turned to Adit, “Adit, I’m sorry they hurt your feelings. Do you feel like we should punish them? If you want, I can keep them out of the mission today.”

The boys all looked at Adit, their fate in his hands. “It’s up to you, son.”

“I guess I can forgive them. That’s what God would want me to do.” Adit came out the door, dried his eyes and went down the stairs with the other boys. “Let’s GO!!”

I let them in the mission and they raced to the back room to play games. The boys rarely have any homework. I sat down and began helping the other children. “How about some education!?” I asked enthusiastically. Later, I went into the back room to check on the boys.

They were all huddled around the TVs playing Mario Brothers on the Nintendo 64s. “Thank you, boys for playing so well!” They gave me a nod and a smile.

I have seen change in these children. They can still be naughty, but the desire to do right and be nice becomes stronger every day. Your PRAYERS are making the difference!

Love, *Tim & Kathy*



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