



Whirlwind Missions

Outreach Update April 2015



Hello my friends!

I knew something was wrong as soon as I looked at my phone: two texts and a voice mail all about my friend Bayo Oti. The voice mail from Eduardo confirmed my fears, “Brother Tim, our friend Bayo passed away this morning.”

“NO!” I thought. “This can’t be true!” I just saw him two days ago. I shook my head and cried. I remember our first meeting more than six years ago. A very tall, perfectly dressed African man came into my office with two friends of mine from Dunwoody Baptist Church. “This is our friend, Bayo. We think you guys should meet.” I greeted him and after a short conversation told the two guys to leave. I wanted to speak to Bayo alone. They left my office and I gave him “the speech.” “I don’t know what you’ve heard about Tim Cummins, but if you work with me things are going to happen. If you’re just in a talking mode, I prefer you talk to somebody else.”

“No, Brother Tim, I want to work for the Lord,” he assured me.

“If you had your dream job what would that look like?”

He paused and said, “I’d work with African-American young people.”

“AFRICAN, or African-American?”

He looked at me quizzically. “Brother, I want to show you something,” I told him. We got into my car and I drove him around Clarkston. This area of Metroplex Atlanta is full of Somali, Sudanese and Ethiopians. I stopped at Halal Pizza, the main hangout for African men in the area. I bought a cup of chai for us both along with some fried bread.

“Asalam Alekum!” I greeted the Somali men. “Alekum asalam!” They replied and stood to shake our hands. Bayo had been a very devout Muslim as a young man. He’d been to Mecca 25 times. He’d done the prayer so many times that he had a permanent scar on his forehead. The Somalis immediately took him for a holy man. They had no idea how right they were!

From our journey to Clarkston, I took him to Huntington Terraces one of our missions.

“Brother Bayo, I need someone to work at this apartment complex. Will you consider being the director of this mission?” He seemed somewhat hesitant, mainly because he was used to living in a really nice place, and the mission was kind of a dump. “Yes. I’m willing to work here!”

Over the next few months, he moved from his plush apartment in Dunwoody to a complex full of Vietnamese, Guatemalans and Mexicans. He made a huge difference in the lives of the residents. He also had an amazing ministry with the Somali community in Clarkston, leading many of them to the Lord. He truly made a difference! Did I mention that he was in his seventies!?

Yesterday, I went to his mission at Huntington Terraces to tell the children that Brother Bayo had died. Of course everyone was very sad. Pastor Raul preached a wonderful sermon in Spanish so that the mothers could also understand that, “Jesus had taken Brother Bayo home. Heaven is a place where we want all our friends to be.” Amen to that!

My friend Bayo told me last week, “I am so grateful to work in this community. My wife is here and loves the children too. This is the happiest time of my life.” Your support of Whirlwind Missions made it possible for Bayo have a ministry. THANK YOU for that!

Love, *Tim & Kathy*



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