



Whirlwind Missions



Outreach Update June 2011

Hello, my friends!

Missions is all around us! No matter where I go, I find ministry. Recently, I was in New York City to see friends of mine from England. One of the places we visited was Union Square. NYC is an amazing city filled with remarkable characters. I find myself making new friends constantly.

Are you a dog person? I love dogs! One section of Union Square had a dog park. I gravitated towards it immediately. Who can resist Great Danes playing with Chihuahas? I leaned against the fence near a man who was also watching the dogs.

“Sure are some cool dogs here,” I said.

“Yep,” the man replied.

“Which one’s yours?” I asked.

“The German Shepherd.”

“Wow! What a beauty! Is that your son with him?” I wondered.

“Yes. He’s a good boy.”

“Fine looking son you have there!” Do you live in New York?”

“Yes, not far from here. You don’t sound like you’re from here?”

“Nah. I grew up in Kenya. But I live in Georgia now. I work with immigrant families. Nothing is more important than your family.”

“So true.”

I noticed something in his eyes when he said that. “Is everything ok with your family?” He became very somber.

“Not really. My niece was just taken to jail. Her father drinks constantly. It’s been very rough for her growing up. I’ve tried to help, but nothing seems to work. Now she’s in jail . . . I feel like I should have done something more . . .” His eyes welled with tears. I noticed he wore a cross.

“You seem like a spiritual person. You a Christian?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Let me tell you, brother. Jesus is still in the miracle working business! We may not know what the future holds, but we sure know *who holds the future!* Let’s pray about this.” We both bowed our heads. “LORD, we ask a powerful blessing on my friend’s niece. Keep her safe while she’s in jail. Help us to know what we can do to help.

AMEN.” He beamed at me as he opened his eyes.

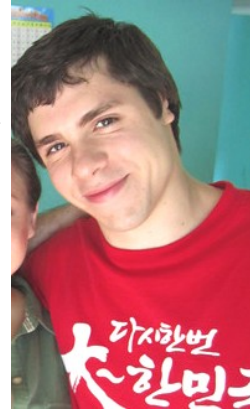
“Thank you so much!”

“You’re welcome, brother!” He gave me a strong hug as his son came up to the fence with the German Shepherd

“You ok, Dad?” He could tell his father had been crying.

“Yeah, son. I am,” he said as he squeezed my shoulder with his strong hand.

Things like this happen to me all the time. Ask God to use you, and He will! People are hurting. They need Christians who care! Make a friend today!





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