

Can Anyone Be Saved?

Submitted By: Duane Perry to Steve Atherton, TFM.

A Great True Story - This was sent to us by Steve Atherton, who received it from a minister friend named Duane Perry.*

Every Sunday afternoon, after the morning service at their church, the Pastor and his eleven-year-old son would go out into their town and hand out Gospel Tracts. This particular Sunday afternoon, as it came time for the Pastor and his son to go to the streets with their tracts, it was cold outside as well as pouring down rain.

The boy bundled up in his warmest and driest clothes and said-- "OK Dad, I'm ready." His Pastor dad asked---"Ready for what ? " "Dad, it's time we gather our tracts together and go out." Dad responds---"Son, it's very cold outside and it's pouring down rain." The boy gives his dad a surprised look, asking--- "But Dad, aren't people still going to Hell, even though it's raining?" Dad answers---"Son, I am not going out in this weather."

Despondently the boy asks--- "Dad, can I go--please?" His father hesitated for a moment then said---"Son, you can go. Here's the tracts; be careful son." " Thanks Dad!!! " And with that he was off and out into the rain. This eleven-year-old boy walked the streets of the town going door to door and handing a Gospel tract to everybody he met in the street.

After two hours of walking in the rain he was soaking bone-chilled wet and down to his VERY LAST TRACT. He stopped on a corner and looked for someone to hand a tract to, but the streets were totally deserted. Then he turned toward the first home he saw and started up the sidewalk to the front door and rang the door bell. He rang the bell--but nobody answered. He rang it again and again but still no one answered. He waited but still no answer.

Finally this eleven-year-old trooper turned to leave but something stopped him. Again, he turned to the door and rang the bell and knocked loudly on the door with his fist. He waited, something holding him there on the front porch. He rang again, and this time the door slowly opened. Standing in the doorway was a very sad looking elderly lady. She softly asked-- "What can I do for you son?"

With radiant eyes and a smile that lit up her world this little boy said--- "Ma'am, I'm sorry if I disturbed you, but I just want to tell you that JESUS REALLY DOES LOVE YOU, and I came to give you my very last Gospel tract which will tell you all about JESUS and His great LOVE." With that he handed her his last tract, and turned to leave. She called to him as he departed--- "Thank you, son! And God bless you!"

Well, the following Sunday morning in church, Pastor Dad was in the pulpit and as the service began he asked---" Does anybody have a testimony or want to say anything?" Slowly, in the back row of the church, an elderly lady stood to her feet. As she began to speak a look of glorious radiance came from her face as she said--"None of you in this church know me. I've never been here before. You see, before last Sunday I was not a Christian. My husband has passed on, some time ago, leaving me totally alone in this world.

Last Sunday, being a particularly cold and rainy day, it was even more so in my heart as I came to the end of the line where I no longer had any hope or will to live. So I took a rope and a chair and ascended the stairway into the attic of my home. I fastened the rope securely to a rafter in the roof then stood on the chair and fastened the other end of the rope around my neck. Standing on that chair, so lonely and brokenhearted, I was about to leap off when suddenly the loud ringing of my doorbell downstairs startled me. I thought--'I'll wait a minute, and whoever it is will go away.' I waited and waited--But the ringing doorbell seemed to get louder and more insistent and then the person ringing also started knocking loudly. I thought to myself again---'Who on earth could this be?! Nobody ever rings my bell or comes to see me." I loosened the rope from my neck and started for the front door, all the while the bell rang louder and louder. When I opened the door and looked I could hardly believe my eyes for there on my front porch was the most radiant and angelic little boy I had ever seen in my life. His SMILE-- oh, I could never describe it to you!!! And the words that came from his mouth caused my heart, that had long been dead, TO LEAP TO LIFE as he exclaimed with his cherub-like voice---'Ma'am, I just came to tell you that JESUS REALLY DOES LOVE YOU.' Then he gave me this Gospel tract that I now hold in my hand. As the little angel disappeared back out, in the cold and rain, I closed my door and read slowly every word of this Gospel tract.

Then I went up to my attic to get my rope and chair. I wouldn't be needing them any more. You see, I am now a Happy Child of the KING, and since the address of your church was on the back of this Gospel tract I have come here to personally say THANK YOU TO GOD'S LITTLE ANGEL WHO CAME JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME AND, BY SO DOING, SPARED MY SOUL FROM ETERNITY IN HELL ."

There were now no dry eyes in the church. And as shouts of praise, and honor to THE KING, resounded off the very rafters of the building, Pastor Dad descended from the pulpit to the front pew where the little angel was seated; he took him in his arms and sobbed uncontrollably. Probably no church has had a more glorious moment. AND probably this Universe has never seen a Papa that was more filled with love and honor for his son--- EXCEPT for one---this FATHER also allowed His Son to go out into a Cold & Dark World. He received His Son back with Joy unspeakable, and as all of Heaven shouted Praises and Honor to THE KING, The FATHER sat HIS BELOVED SON on a Throne far above all Principality and Powerand every name that is named....

There may be SOMEONE, reading this, who is also going through a dark, cold, lonely time in your soul. You may be a Christian, for we are not without problems, OR you may not yet know THE KING. Whatever the case, and whatever the problem or situation you find yourself in, and no matter how DARK it may seem, I want you to know that I just came to tell you---JESUS REALLY DOES LOVE YOU !!

*Original came from source named below:

Thanks, James Stephen
The Pastors Net
A service of MI Communication

Comments

By Richard D. Eutsler, Sr.

When I read that story, I have to admit that I got some tears in my eyes. At first I thought that it was because of the lady and the young boy and how wonderful God was in how He worked through this child to bring His love to an old lady who had given up on life.

Then as I thought about it for a little bit, for I must admit that I have not been able to get this story out of my mind, I began to see something else. The condition of the Church in America. When I say the 'Church' I don't mean the buildings, I mean the people.

It seems that the Church in America is made up of primarily two kinds of people and they are both represented in this story. Those like the little boy, who have a fire in them for God and His Word. They want to put forth the Gospel of Jesus Christ, no matter what the cost. They don't care about themselves or their own comforts. They Love Jesus Christ and God The Father and want everybody to know of His Great Love for them.

Then there are the other kinds (I am going to the other extreme): They believe in God and think that by going to church they are serving Him. God's 'purpose' is to take care of them and 'their' needs. They will talk about Jesus Christ and the Gospel only when they are sure that it is safe to do so without hurting their 'image'. Everything has to be 'right' for them to step out and witness Jesus Christ.

I have known people who sit back and say, "If only I had this, or if only I had that, I could go forth and witness to others". There have been times that The Lord has said to me to give these people those things that they said they needed, knowing full well that they would not go forth when they had them. And sure enough, just as God showed me, they would come up with other excuses. One man who comes to mind, told me one day that If he had a car he could go and preach the Gospel, so I gave him a car. Then he said, "if he were 'licensed' he could go out and witness". So I got him licensed. Then he said, "but I need 'business cards'". So I got him business cards. The he said, "now if I only had some 'tracts' to hand out". So I got him tracts. Finally I said to him, "what do you need now?" He told me that he didn't know. I then told him that the one thing that he needed and that he did not have, was The Love of God that passeth all understanding.

So now I sit and cry some more as I write this, because I know that even though I am not as bad as the one, I am not as good as the other.