

General Topics :: The Street Meetings Of God, Volume 15

The Street Meetings Of God, Volume 15 - posted by JGB321, on: 2007/4/9 13:32

We would very much like to continue sharing some of the many witness encounters that we have experienced, to try and encourage those that are strong and mature in the faith, to also take up the Great Commission and try and reach lost souls for the Lord Jesus Christ, because an estimated 150,000 people die EVERYDAY, that's 7,000 an hour, with the vast majority heading to eternal Hell fire damnation!

Please would you pray for each of these people and the many others that we have been privileged to speak to over the past 8 years. Thank you.

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As my husband (unbeliever) went to sow seeds (the vegetable kind) at the local allotment (rented garden plots) in the town, I took Lizzie my dog with me to sow seeds around the market place. It was early Good Friday morning, before 10am. The market stallholders had a little trade and I found a mum and two children who gladly accepted an Easter booklet, tract and laminated Easter scriptural book-markers. I really wanted to hand out material for children this morning, but it wasn't to be - at least not this early! So I gave up and walked up a hill behind the allotments to meet up with my husband. A man walking my way chatted to me (local people are very friendly). Chris ran a gardening business and we chatted on that theme. He gave me his card and was about to say goodbye when I handed him an Easter booklet and tract. I said "You know Chris, because we have only known life it's really hard to think on death, what will happen to us. We will all die and our souls will live somewhere and the Bible gives us the answers. You said you believed in God, do you think you will go to Heaven?" "Well, yes, I hope so" he answered.

I did the good person test, using myself to indicate the failure of this and Chris became a little concerned and asked me questions on the Bible. Being Good Friday I thought to touch on Psalm 22. A Messianic prophecy on the Crucifixion. As I did so I realised that we were standing right outside the vicar's rectory and as I explained the prophecy the vicar's wife came out of the garden gate, walked slowly by, with a slight smile on her face listening to this! (I wondered what her thoughts were.)

Chris was very receptive. "I'll read this as soon as I get home and look up that prophecy you gave me. I'll look it up in the Bible. You've given me something to think about here, thank-you," he said. With that we parted ways.

Later that morning, around noon I decided to go back into the market square to hand out Easter material and found I'd missed the ecumenical "churches together" service, it had just finished. I certainly did not want to attend it, but I usually hand out tracts at the end of these events because there's usually a crowd about. Instead, I found a few Anglican 'stragglers' and asked one woman: "Are you going around the streets now to give out Bible tracts or booklets like mine to witness to people?" She looked perplexed: "Er, no," she replied. "Well, a service is fine, but what about witnessing to people, there's still a Hell you know," I stated. "Oh, er, no, well, we don't believe that," she said, becoming more convinced I was deranged! "Well, Jesus preached on Hell more than He did on Heaven. He wasn't just in the synagogues, He was in the streets. Hell hasn't gone away you know. The message is still the same." The woman backed away saying: "Er, no, I don't think so," and moved off.

I too, walked off, firstly feeling quite tearful, then I felt angry, really quite angry inside and I felt terribly alone. Not because I was on my own witnessing (not through choice) but that I constantly meet lukewarm Christians, going through the motions week in, week out, year in, year out. As I thought upon all this, I turned a corner and bumped right into Eric! (see Street Meetings of God - Part 14 for Eric's story.) We both were shocked and surprised. It must have been last Autumn when I saw him in the boatyard. To cut a long story short, I told him about the churches together and he said he made it a point to approach them and reprimand them for their liberal stance. "Oh, that's good Eric." I believe Eric, like myself, had left the Anglican church, disillusioned with their sugar coated message. But then, after a ten minute discussion, it transpired that he had become a Buddhist!

"Oh Eric, I don't believe this," I said. "No, it's o.k. I've worked it all out, I'm going to Heaven," he said. "No, Eric, you're not." I went on to say: "Eric, for all your intelligence, you still have not grasped the Truth." I would have continued, but he had to go. "You're a lovely person Vivien, you are so genuine a person," he said. I just sighed and said my goodbyes. I ca

n only pray that God will take those scales off Eric's eyes, that he seeks with his heart instead of his head".

Vivien