



General Topics :: Short testimonies to encourage the heart

Short testimonies to encourage the heart - posted by Tears_of_joy, on: 2007/4/7 13:00

A little girl became converted, having an impenitent, ungodly father, who never went to church, and cared for none of those things.

One day, when she came from the communion of her church, she found her father alone. She sprang upon his lap, put her arms around his neck, and said—

“Father, how old are you?”

He answered, that he was fifty-eight years old.

“So old, dear father, and never known how precious the Saviour is?”

“What shall I do?” asked the father.

“Read the 15th chapter of Luke over and over; then you will know what to do.”

That night the father found no time for sleep, nor the next night. The arrow had sunk deep into his soul.

He followed the directions of his little daughter till he could say in all sincerity of heart, “I will arise and go unto my Father, and I will say to Him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in Thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son; make me as one of Thy hired servants.” He became a rejoicing Christian.

-Taken from The Christian Treasury, 1861, pg. 442

Re: Short testimonies to encourage the heart. - posted by Tears_of_joy, on: 2007/4/7 13:01

Many years ago in a Moscow theater, matinee idol Alexander Rostovzev was converted while playing the role of Jesus in a sacrilegious play entitled Christ in a Tuxedo. He was supposed to read two verses from the Sermon on the Mount, remove his gown, and cry out, "Give me my tuxedo and top hat!" But as he read the words, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," he began to tremble. Instead of following the script, he kept reading from Matthew 5, ignoring the coughs, calls, and foot-stamping of his fellow actors. Finally, recalling a verse he had learned in his childhood in a Russian Orthodox church, he cried, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom!" (Luke 23:42). Before the curtain could be lowered, Rostovzev had trusted Jesus Christ as his personal Savior.

-J.K. Johnston, Why Christians Sin, Discovery House, 1992, p. 121.

Re:, on: 2007/4/7 13:07

Quote:

Tears_of_joy wrote:

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-J.K. Johnston, Why Christians Sin, Discovery House, 1992, p. 121.

The power of God's Word is amazing!

Ro 10:17, "So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God."

Re: Short testimonies to encourage the heart - posted by Tears_of_joy, on: 2007/4/7 13:18

There was once a caravan crossing the north of India, and numbering in its company a godly missionary. As the caravan passed along, a poor old man was overcome by the heat and labor of the journey, and sinking down, was left to perish on the road. The missionary saw him; and when the others had passed along, he knelt down by his side and whispered in his ear,

"Brother, what is your hope?"

The dying man raised himself a little to reply, and with great effort, answered. . .

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," and soon expired.

As the missionary was meditating on this, he observed a piece of paper grasped tightly in the hand of the dead man. He found that it was a single leaf of the Bible, containing the first chapter of the First Epistle of John, in which these words are found. On that one page the man had found the gospel of salvation. Only a few words, but what a testimony the man could give in his last moments.

-Gary Bowell p. 241

Re: Short testimonies to encourage the heart - posted by Tears_of_joy, on: 2007/4/7 15:38

A baker who travelled the country disposing of his bread, stopped at a public house, where he was waited on at a table by a young girl. When opportunity offered, he asked the girl if she loved the Saviour. She answered that she did not. He then in earnestness and simplicity unfolded to her the way of salvation, and urged her to accept Christ as her Saviour. The words were but few, and he returned home. Again he found himself at the same public house, but now an older woman served the table. She recognized him, and asked him if he remembered the former visit. He did.

“Do you remember the girl that served you?”

“I do.”

“She was my daughter, and O, how can I thank you for the few words you said to her on the subject of religion. They were the means of her conversion; and O, dear sir,” bursting into tears, “they prepared her for a sick and dying bed, to which she was suddenly brought. She often referred to the interview, and she passed away in triumph. She is now with that Saviour you made known to her.”

-Taken from The Christian Treasury, 1859, pg. 143.

Re: Short testimonies to encourage the heart - posted by Tears_of_joy, on: 2007/4/7 15:41

A young boy who attended to the wants of the members of a drinking club in Delaware, and who, for the diversion of its members, would at times mimic various persons, was asked to mimic George Whitefield, which he for a time positively refused to do; but they insisting, he suddenly rose, and in a most impressive and striking manner said,

“I speak the truth in Christ. I lie not. Except ye repent you will all be damned.”

It was like an earthquake shock—like a thunder-clap in a clear sky. The speech was so sudden, so unexpected, and so marked in its effects, that the club was disbanded and never met afterward.

-Taken from Anecdotes of the Rev. George Whitefield by J. B. Wakeley, 1900, pg. 148.

Re: Short testimonies to encourage the heart - posted by Tears_of_joy, on: 2007/4/8 3:03

Many years ago a mother ventured into the Tabernacle, to hear the popular preacher, and during the prayer, the baby in her arms began to cry aloud. Mr. Spurgeon at once quelled the disturbed congregation and comforted the heart of the troubled mother, by asking God's blessing to rest on the child, whose very cry was a prayer for something that it lacked language to express.

The references he made to this child, and the many lessons he drew from its cry were very memorable, and the mother never failed to impress upon the child, as it grew up into life, that Mr. Spurgeon once prayed specially for him in the great Tabernacle. When the boy had reached manhood he came to join the Church, and said that the thought of the prayer offered for him, when he was a baby, had been so impressed upon his life that it had led him to Christ.

-Taken from The Essex Lad Who Became England's Greatest Preacher by J. Manton Smith,

Re: Short testimonies to encourage the heart - posted by Tears_of_joy, on: 2007/4/8 3:04

Henry Venn (1725-1797), in his last illness, exhibited at times, in the midst of extreme feebleness of body, signs of great joy and gladness. Some of his friends, who visited him in his declining state, endeavoured to encourage his mind, by bringing to his recollection his useful labours in the Lord's vineyard. While one of them was enlarging in this strain, the dying saint, raised from a state of oppressive languor, and deeply sensible of his own insufficiency, with great animation exclaimed, "Miserable comforters are ye all!—I have had many to visit me, who have endeavoured to comfort me by telling me what I have done. He hath spoiled principalities and powers,—He hath made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in His cross." This, sir, is the source of all my consolation, and not anything I have done.

-Taken from Anecdotes of the Christian Ministry, 1855, pg. 390

Re:, on: 2007/4/8 8:49

Quote:
-----Tears_of_joy wrote: Many years ago in a Moscow theater, matinee idol Alexander Rostovzev was converted while playing the role of Jesus in a sacrilegious play entitled Christ in a Tuxedo. He was supposed to read two verses from the Sermon on the Mount, remove his gown, and cry out, "Give me my tuxedo and top hat!" But as he read the words, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," he began to tremble. Instead of following the script, he kept reading from Matthew 5, ignoring the coughs, calls, and foot-stamping of his fellow actors. Finally, recalling a verse he had learned in his childhood in a Russian Orthodox church, he cried, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom!" (Luke 23:42). Before the curtain could be lowered, Rostovzev had trusted Jesus Christ as his personal Savior. —J.K. Johnston, Why Christians Sin, Discovery House, 1992, p. 121.

The first thought that came to my mind...i don't know why the following story touches my heart to the point that i always cry whenever i remember it:
(Credit to <http://www.cyberhymnal.org/htm/d/e/depthmer.htm>.)

An actress in a town in England, while passing along the street, heard singing in a house. Out of curiosity she looked in through the open door and saw a number of people sitting together singing this hymn. She listened to the song, and afterwards to a simple but earnest prayer. When she went away the hymn had so impressed her that she procured a copy of a book containing it. Reading and re-reading the hymn led her to give her heart to God and to resolve to leave the stage. The manager of the theater pleaded with her to continue to take the leading part in a play which she had made famous in other cities, and finally he persuaded her to appear at the theater. As the curtain rose the orchestra began to play the accompaniment to the song which she was expected to sing. She stood like one lost in thought, and the band, supposing her embarrassed, played the prelude over a second and a third time. Then with clasped hands she stepped forward and sang with deep emotion:

Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?

This put a sudden stop to the performance; not a few were impressed, though many scoffed. The change in her life was as permanent as it was singular. Soon after she became the wife of a minister of the Gospel.

Sankey, pp. 134-5

For those that don't know the hymn (better sung also with the contemp. Cademon's Call's tunes)

Depth of mercy! Can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear,
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face,
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

I have spilt His precious blood,
Trampled on the Son of God,
Filled with pangs unspeakable,
I, who yet am not in hell!

I my Master have denied,
I afresh have crucified,
And profaned His hallowed Name,
Put Him to an open shame.

Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above!
See the cause in Jesus' face,
Now before the throne of grace.

Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all Thy nature love?
Wilt Thou not the wrong forget,
Permit me to kiss Thy feet?

If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now.

Jesus speaks, and pleads His blood!
He disarms the wrath of God;
Now my Father's mercies move,
Justice lingers into love.

Kindled His relentings are,
Me He now delights to spare,
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Let the lifted thunder drop.

Lo! I still walk on the ground:
Lo! an Advocate is found:
"Hasten not to cut Him down,
Let this barren soul alone."

There for me the Savior stands,
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands.
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

Pity from Thine eye let fall,
By a look my soul recall;
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.

Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my sins lament,
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

Re: Short testimonies to encourage the heart - posted by Tears_of_joy, on: 2007/4/8 18:49

That One Word

“I never can forget that word which was once whispered to me in a prayer-meeting,” said a pious man once to a friend. “What word was it?” “It was the word **ETERNITY**. A young Christian friend, who was yearning for my salvation, came up to me as I sat in my pew, and simply whispered ‘Eternity’ in my ear, with great solemnity and tenderness, and then left me. That word made me think; and I found no peace till I came to the cross.”

The sainted M^ACheyne was once riding by a quarry, and stopped to look in at the engine-house. The fireman had just opened the door to feed the furnace with fresh fuel; when M^ACheyne, pointing in to the bright hot flame, said mildly to the man, “Does that fire remind you of any thing?” The man could not get rid of the solemn question. To him it was an effectual arrow of conviction. It led him to the house of God; and will lead him, we trust, to heaven.

A single remark of the Rev. Charles Simeon, on the blessings which had resulted from the labours of Dr. Carey in India, first arrested the attention of Henry Martyn to the cause of missions. His mind began to stir under the new thought, and a perusal of the Life of Brainerd fixed him in his resolution to give himself to the dying heathen.

It is said that Harlan Page once went through his Sabbath school to get the spiritual census of the school. Coming to one of the teachers he said, “Shall I put you down as having a hope in Christ?” The teacher replied, “No.” “Then,” said Mr. Page very tenderly, “I will put you down as having no hope.” He closed his little book and left him. That was enough. God gave that young man’s soul no rest till he found a hope beneath the cross.

A member of my church, not long since, overtook a young lady on her way to the prayer-meeting. She asked the young woman if she ever thought of her own salvation? The lady thus addressed replied, that during all her life she had never had one word spoken to her before about the salvation of her soul! Within a month from that time she became a devoted member of the flock of Christ.

Fellow disciple! have you never yet spoken one word to an impenitent friend about the most momentous of all questions? Then I fear that you will find no one in heaven that you were the means, under God, of sending there. Though you may reach the “many mansions” yourself, I fear that your crown will glitter with no splendours. It will be a starless crown

-Taken from *The Christian Treasury*, 1852, pp. 21-22.

Re: - posted by The_One, on: 2007/4/8 20:29

Hey, that testimony about the actor in Moscow is GREAT! It is just another example of the Holy Spirit taking control! :-)

Re: Short testimonies to encourage the heart - posted by Tears_of_joy, on: 2007/4/9 9:46

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 very 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 to get 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 answered - "Son, I am not going out in this weather."

Despondently the boy asked - "Dad, can I go, Please?"

His father hesitated for a moment then said - "All right, you can go.

Here are 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 tract to everybody he met in the street. After 2 hours of walking in the rain he was soaking wet, bone chilled 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.

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 the 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, the pastor 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 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 climbed up the stairs to 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 cherub like voice - 'Ma'am, I just came to tell you that Jesus really does love you.' Then he gave me this tract that I now hold in my hand. As the little angel disappeared back out, into the cold and rain, I closed my door and read slowly every word of this 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 child of the King! And since the address of your church was on the back of this gospel tract, I wanted to come here to personally say 'THANK YOU' to God's little angel who came just in the nick of time.

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, the 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 for his son - except for one - the Heavenly FATHER Who 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 Power.... and 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 sent this to tell you - Jesus Really Does Love You.

“Jesus said to them again, '... 'As the Father has sent Me, I also send you.'" John 20:21

SO SEND I YOU
By grace made strong to triumph
O'er hosts of hell, o'er darkness, death and sin,

My name to bear, and in that name to conquer-

So send I you, my victory to win.

-Unknown