

## YOU CAN WIN A SOUL TO CHRIST

*"Jesus saith unto them, My meat is to do the will of him that sent me and to finish his work. Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." John 3:34, 35.*

*"After these things the Lord appointed other seventy also, and sent them two and two before his face into every city and place, whither he himself would come. Therefore said he unto them, the harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth labourers into his harvest." Luke 10:1, 2.*

*"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Ps.126:5, 6.*

*"The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise." Prov. 11:30.*

Sinners are everywhere. Like ripened fields of standing grain, they wait for someone to come in mercy and bring the harvest in. In all of these verses there is the thought that the harvest is ready and any believer who will report for duty can help in getting folks into the family of God.

Bring them in; Bring them in,  
Bring them in from the fields of sin.  
Bring them in; Bring them in.  
Bring the wandering ones to Jesus.

Andrew brought his brother to Christ. Philip helped the eunuch get saved. Peter led Cornelius and his whole family to the Lord. Paul showed Lydia, the Philippian jailer, Timothy, and many others what to do to be saved. Jesus personally dealt with the Samaritan woman, and she in turn went after friends and neighbors and invited them to Jesus. He also helped Nicodemus, Zacchaeus, and a multitude of others to be born again and get their names in the Book of Life.

The Bible clearly shows that people are everywhere, and the Gospel is their only hope. The great need is for those who have the light to share it with those in

darkness. ". . . *And how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher [witness]?*" (Rom. 10:14). Thousands of people would like to be saved if Christians would only take time to help them.

I remember visiting with one of our bus pastors on Saturday several months ago. Everyone we saw that day was busy. Nobody wanted to talk to a preacher. One man told us he didn't have time to worry about Heaven; he had to fix his car so he could get to work on Monday. We made seventeen visits and didn't get to first base.

I was ready to give up, but the bus pastor insisted on one more house. "This is a new family," he said. They had just moved in. We knocked on the door and a lady answered. It turned out that she was an old friend of the bus pastor. They talked of old times a moment. Then he asked her about her church interest and relationship to the Lord. She broke into tears and explained that she had been to church the last two Sundays, trying to get saved. In just a moment we led her to Christ. She had been out there all the time with a hungry heart. All we had to do was find her. I'm convinced that they are everywhere.

Recently on a flight to Atlanta from Nashville, a second-year student at Middle Tennessee State University was seated next to me. I gave him a little red Bible that contained forty-eight verses and asked him if he had a Bible in his room. He said that he did. I asked him if he had read it enough to know for sure he was going to Heaven. He told me he had not read it that much. I explained that according to his Bible he could be 100% sure about the matter. He showed a genuine interest. I told him how he could receive Christ and be saved. He prayed with me and opened his heart for Jesus. I gave him a track with several verses of assurance, and we both went our separate ways.

On the next leg of my journey into Illinois, I talked with a young lady who was a college professor from South Carolina. She also received Christ as her Saviour. As I checked into the hotel, the desk clerk did the same; then one of the cleaning staff did the same in the hallway; and after our service that evening a sharp young man at McDonalds prayed with me and asked the Lord Jesus to come into his heart.

In Memphis, Tennessee, the pastor picked me up at the airport and asked if it would be all right if we stopped to see a woman on the way to the motel. He explained that her husband was in Viet Nam, that he was a Christian, and she was not saved yet. He rang the doorbell; she answered and invited us in. He introduced

me to her and I told her that the preacher had shared with me that her husband was in Viet Nam, that he was a Christian, and that she was not saved. "That's right," she said. "Why aren't you saved?" I asked.

She burst into tears and said, "I've been on my knees for two nights trying to get that settled." In just a few minutes she was on her way to Heaven.

I have suggested in my messages on soul winning all over America that if we should encounter a person who is angry and orders us off their porch and tells us they want no part of our message, that we politely leave and continue down the block where we are sure to find someone like the lady from Memphis that will welcome our message.

#### I. Some are in the hospital.

I walked into a hospital ward, introduced myself, and explained that I had come to pray for them. One lady mentioned that she lived near our church, so I invited her to visit us. "I'll not be there," she blurted out. "I'm a Quaker," she declared, "and we don't go to other churches." I tried to be friendly and explained that we would still like for her to come. She flatly told me again, "I'll not come."

The lady in the next bed was very nervous and was crying. She asked me to pray for her and tell her how she could be right with the Lord. She committed herself to Christ and seemed to relax. The next day I went back, and the woman who had said she would not be there remarked, "I'm glad you are back. I want you to 'change me over.'"

"Do what to you?" I asked.

"You know, change me over. Make a Baptist out of me."

I explained that it was a Christian she needed to be and not just a Baptist. She was sweetly converted. They are everywhere.

#### II. These two were waiting in the hall.

A young couple was in tears. I explained that I was a preacher and asked if I might help. "Our baby is dying in there, Preacher. Please pray!"

"Can you pray?" I asked them.

"No, we are not saved," they answered.

"Don't you think that three of us could pray more effectively than just one?" I suggested. They agreed. I explained the gospel story, and we prayed. They were soundly converted.

The baby died and went to Heaven, but two more children were born to them, and they have both been saved. Now there is one in Heaven and four more going because of God's wisdom. I'm so glad I found them in the hall.

III. They wanted to get married.

Salvatore wore the Congressional Medal of Honor. His three buddies were killed in a plane crash in Viet Nam. He had been spared. Stephanie was the beautiful girl who would be his bride. They had run out of money, and none of the preachers would help them.

They came to me for help. I explained that he would have to be a picture of Christ the Bridegroom and she, a picture of the church. "You will both have to be saved in order to fulfill the picture," I suggested. They both agreed. We knelt at the altar, and they received Christ. She was Catholic, and after praying the sinner's prayer she crossed herself. It was a bit amusing, but what a blessing to see them get born again!

IV. He came to the undertaker's office.

After a funeral sermon for a young girl, I suggested that if many of my congregation were in her place, they would be forever lost. I asked them to consider their ways.

While I was waiting in the office, a young man came in and awkwardly spoke, "I just wanted to tell you that was a good sermon." He just stood there and then spoke again. "Yes, Sir, that was real good," he said. Suddenly, I woke up!

"Are you trying to tell me that you want to get saved?" I asked him.

"Yes, that's it!" he said. "I want to get right." The boy made a good decision for Christ right on the spot.

V. They were at the graveside.

The fire had taken both of their small children. "They are both in Heaven," I reminded them, "but you will need to be saved before you can ever see them again."

I waited near the car after the graveside ceremony. The young couple came over to me and said, "We are so glad that our babies are in Heaven. Could you help us get ready, so we can go there someday, too?" They came to church and were baptized. Several people have already been saved through their lives.

VI. He was saved by appointment.

He seemed interested. He had come to church three or four times. I called him on the phone and asked, "Can I come to your house on Tuesday at 7:00 p.m. to help you get ready for Heaven?"

"Why, er, sure!" he said. "Come on over."

He was waiting for me when I arrived, his Bible in his hand, and in just a moment it was settled. He is one of the bus pastors now, winning souls regularly.

VII. He built the pulpit.

"I want to do something to help. Could I build the pulpit?" a fellow asked. He did an excellent job. When he delivered it to the church, I asked him, "Are you saved yet?"

"No, not yet," he answered.

"Don't you think a fellow as interested as you ought to be saved?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he answered.

It was a matter of minutes before it was settled forever.

VIII. She was in the maternity ward.

I visited the new mother with the little baby and explained that, just like this baby being born to get into this life, we would have to be born spiritually to get into the Christian life. She invited Christ in and was born again. She was our church secretary for eleven years.

IX. He would be in Hell now.

This is the testimony of our Sunday school superintendent of several years ago. He came home drunk and found a group of us there praying for him. He sneaked around to the back door, and I was waiting for him in the kitchen. In a testimony meeting in our church he said, "If it hadn't been for the preacher coming to my house, I would be in Hell right now!"

X. He thought it would be a good idea.

He was a big man and had a good paying job. His heart attack was a big surprise. He was much better now and wanted to talk about going to Heaven. "What do you think of becoming a Christian?" I asked him.

"I think it would be a good idea!" he said. I was glad I went.

XI. He was saved in the barn.

"He is out in the barn," his wife told me.

I found him and explained why I had come. He listened very attentively, then said, "You mean I can get saved here in the barn?" I assured him he could, and he did!

XII. He would not. . .but did.

I had been to the home before. It was the same. "Maybe later, Preacher," he said.

Then came the doctor's report. "Your heart is bad; you will have to quit work; you will need heart surgery; and you may die."

I went again, and this time it was different. "I guess I had better get it settled, Preacher," he said. And he did! He hasn't died yet—except to self.

XIII. He planned to kill her but got saved instead.

She was scared and crying when I arrived. She asked the Lord to forgive her for not getting baptized and living right after salvation.

Then he came back. He had said he would kill her when he got back. I suggested that maybe we could talk about his troubles. Soon he was sobbing, and there on his knees he made peace with God. They were baptized together the next Sunday.

XIV. He was waiting in a Walmart parking lot.

I was leaned up against the fender of my car waiting for my wife to come out of Walmart. Jim was leaning up against his fender about two rows over waiting on his wife. I walked over and introduced myself and asked him if he was going to Heaven with me when he died.

"I've been thinking a lot about that lately," he said.

"It's really very simple to get that settled," I suggested. He listened intently and when I asked if he would like for me to pray and invite Jesus to come into his heart, he assured me that he would. I led him in prayer and he asked the Lord to save him.

By this time his wife had come out of the store and so had mine. We went our separate ways. A few days later, I received a small thank you note from his wife thanking me for talking to her Jim. She explained that she found my name and address on the little paper that I had given Jim and wanted me to know that he had a heart attack and died. She was so happy that he had been saved.

XV. He wanted me to start him in the kindergarten.

His sport jacket must have cost \$500, his pants at least \$250, then his alligator boots must have set him back \$2,000. The fancy monogrammed shirt and gold rings spoke of success. His personality matched his appearance. He shook my hand warmly and said, "Don't tell me how to make money; I've got money in twelve banks." He continued, "I won't need advice about building apartment complexes; I've built twelve of them in our city; and I don't need any help in managing apartments; I manage over five hundred units of my own. But in this religion business, would you please get me started in the kindergarten?"

I smiled at him and said, "With all due respect, you are not ready for the kindergarten. You will need to go to the maternity ward. You have to be born again."

He thought that was so neat. "Show me how to do that," he remarked. In just a few moments we were on our knees in my office, and he invited Christ into his heart. He rose to his feet and with a big smile shook my hand, and stated, "I'll meet you in the baptistry, Sunday morning," and he did.

XVI. They were at the county fair.

Phil Wheeler, a new member of our church has worked for 25 years at county fairs all over the nation. He wins hundreds of people every month. I asked him to let me help him at a local fair. I was able to win twenty-five at the first fair. Another opened the next week, and I got involved again and was able to lead forty-three more folks to the Saviour. Sixty-eight in two weeks with less than twenty hours of involvement. That was the most people I had ever won in one single month. It got into my blood. I asked the Lord to allow me to win some folks in my daily routine.

The next Sunday I was able to help a young mother who was visiting the church where I was preaching. Then on Monday I won three ladies at the YMCA. On Wednesday the Lord allowed me to see two young Spanish men accept Christ at a construction site near my home. The next day I was able to win a waitress at a local restaurant and also the bus boy here from Burma to study in our local university. I went back to that same restaurant the next day and helped another waitress open her heart to the Lord. That was nine adults in eight days. My approach was to give the person a little red Bible, then ask if they had a Bible at home. Almost every one of them said they did. I asked if they had read enough in their Bible to know for certain that they were going to Heaven. If they answered, "I don't know," "I'm not sure," or "I hope so," I then quoted 1 John 5:13 and explained that their Bible says they can know beyond any doubt. Then the basic

gospel did its work in each case. I left with them a gospel track with the steps of salvation spelled out plainly.

Surely, the fields are white. People are everywhere...and we can win somebody if we try. Every Christian ought to accept a goal and set out to reach at least one a month. Many could win one a week. I won two last night and one today. That is three in less than twenty-four hours. I know of one young fellow who averages one per day and has for the past two years.

What about you? How many will you trust the Lord to give you?