

# **DR. WILSON'S STORIES OF SOUL-WINNING**

by

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## **CHAPTER TWELVE**

### **THEY RECEIVED THE WRONG ADVICE**

At the close of our breakfast in the home, and while engaged in prayer, I said to the Lord: "If it is Thy pleasure and will, please let me meet with somebody today, who would like to have help for the soul. Or, if it please Thee, Lord, let me cross the path of someone to whom I may tell the story of Thy love." I left for my office with the happy expectation of an answer to that prayer which would bring glory to the name of the Lord.

When I arrived at the office, I found a gentleman and his wife waiting for me. They were a middle-aged couple, looking prosperous in their appearance, but with sad countenances. They were from a small town in the southern part of the state where he was serving as a counselor to farmers for the State University. He was an expert in the handling of crops, the care of domestic animals, and other such matters. They were members of a church in that little city, but were not active in Christian service.

As I interviewed them, they told me the story of their background, and then informed me that at Easter time they were quite impressed with the fact that the Lord Jesus Christ was a living Saviour to whom they were strangers. They had not been interested in Him as the resurrected One, nor had they known Him personally. The celebration at Easter time left them with hungry hearts, and with a desire to have that hunger satisfied. They consulted the pastor of the church which they were attending, and was informed by him that probably they had not been baptized by the right person, and in the right way. He informed them that they should be immersed by him, and thus receive forgiveness of sin and eternal life. They replied to the pastor saying that they had already been immersed by a man in whom they had confidence, but that no change had come in their hearts and lives because of that transaction. They felt they did not need to go through that process again because the former experience had not helped them.

They went back to their home in perplexity. After some days of this unhappy feeling, they consulted the pastor of another church in the same town. After he listened to their story about their unsatisfied hearts, he informed them that the pastor to whom they had gone was not an orthodox believer. He assured them that his church was the right church, and if they would permit him to baptize them and then join his church, their heart hunger would be satisfied, and they would be true Christians in every sense of the word.

To this they replied, as they had to the other pastor, that they had already been immersed by a godly preacher whom they felt was orthodox, and that no visible results had followed. They did not feel that they had eternal life, and they saw no changes in their habits and ways. They left this second pastor still unsatisfied in their hearts.

Again they waited awhile hoping that some strange thing would happen to give them peace, and then they consulted their family physician. He gave them a thorough physical examination, but found no evidences of physical trouble. As they tried to explain their hearts' hunger to him, and their desire to know God, he concluded that their trouble was mental. He advised them to go to St. Louis and consult a psychiatrist. He explained to them that a good psychiatrist would analyze their thoughts and give them good advice. They left for St. Louis, found the psychiatrist that was recommended by the family physician, and submitted themselves for an examination. He gave them certain tests and sought to analyze from their story the cause of their trouble and ascertain the remedy. He finally informed them that in his judgment they needed "shock treatments." He requested that they go to the hospital the next morning, and that he would give them the type of treatment that he felt was necessary.

As they left the doctor's office, the wife said to her husband, "The trouble is not in our heads, it is in our hearts, and this man has no remedy for us." After arriving at their car where it was parked, suddenly the wife said: "You may remember, dear, that a few days ago I received a magazine from my sister which told of a Christian psychiatrist in Kansas City who had helped many hearts and lives when they were perplexed about spiritual matters. I think we should go and see him before we do anything further about it." To this the husband agreed, and they drove to Kansas City.

All the time they were telling me these experiences, I was listening closely and watching their faces. I saw a mixture of emotions, a mixture of helplessness, and of hopefulness, which I hoped would soon be changed, and I was not to be disappointed. I had decided in my own mind that neither of these lovely folk had ever met the Saviour, nor had they been told God's way of salvation. I could see that they needed Christ, and not good advice. Having ended their story, they waited for me to diagnose the case, and suggest the remedy.

I began my part in this precious transaction by saying, "Have either of you ever met the Lord Jesus Christ, fallen in love with Him and trusted Him for salvation?" They replied at once, "No, we have never had such an experience, and do not really understand what you mean by it." I saw that it would be necessary to explain God's way of salvation to them, and so I said, "In the Old Testament, the people of Israel brought a lamb for an animal to die for them, and for their sins." They assured me that they had read that story in the Old Testament. I then continued by saying, "In the New Testament days, these days, we have the Lord Jesus Christ. God sent Him to you, first that He might suffer for your sins, and then that you might accept Him, the resurrected Christ, so that He would be yours, for your salvation, and to give you the gift of eternal life."

I now turned in my Bible and read to him, "**The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord**" (Romans 6:23).

In explaining this, I said: “You will notice that eternal life is a gift from God. You cannot earn it, you cannot work for it, you never will deserve it, you just accept the gift because God loves you, and offers you His Son gratis.”

The husband was in deep meditation, listening closely and attentively to every word. I saw he was analyzing this truth, which was so new to him. I waited a few moments, and then read to him from Hebrews 1:3: “**When He had by Himself purged our sins, He sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on High.**” “Do you see, friends, that the Lord Jesus has already purged the sins? He did it at Calvary. It is recorded in the past tense. He wants you to believe it. He sat down because the work was done, and He could rest. He wants you to feel the same way about it.”

My friend leaned forward, his eyes filled with tears, and he said to his wife: “Dear, I never saw that before. Jesus Christ put my sins away. That is wonderful. I believe Him, I believe He did it. Don’t you see that, Louise?” She shook her head sadly, and said, “No, I do not feel any different.”

I saw it was time now to help her personally, and so I read to her John 3:16 and said: “I suppose you believe this verse is true.” “Certainly,” she said, “I believe it is true.” “Then let me ask you, my sister, to whom did God give the Lord Jesus to save that person. Do you think He might have given Him to you, to save you, to put your sins away, and to be your own Lord and Saviour? He certainly did not give His Son to trees, or mountains, or cattle. He had to give Him to some person. Whom do you think that person might be?”

I saw the light come into her face, and tears into her eyes, as she explained, “He gave Him to me, Dr. Wilson, He certainly did! Isn’t it wonderful that God gave Christ to me, and I’m taking Him today.” Her whole demeanor was changed, as her husband’s had been a few moments before. Peace had filled their hearts. The Holy Spirit had revealed Christ to them. As they wept for joy, they embraced each other, for now they were one in Christ.

When their emotions had subsided a bit, they said: “Why didn’t those preachers tell us this story down home? None of them told us we needed the Saviour; they didn’t even suggest it. How wonderful it is that God sent along the magazine to tell us about you. Why, you are not a psychiatrist at all, you are just a saved preacher, and that’s what we needed all the time. Dr. Wilson, when we get back home, we certainly will take the gospel to those preachers, and to that doctor, and let them know that people need Jesus Christ.”

They have written since then to tell us how God is blessing their testimony, and their ministry in that little city. The fruit remains.

~ end of chapter 12 ~

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