

STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF THE DOCTOR

by

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CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF WAITRESSES

It was my privilege to take lunch one day with a prominent business man who was interested in the church where I was holding services. He had requested that I go with him for this luncheon engagement in order that we might talk together about the work of the Church, and particularly about certain individuals whom we were seeking to help in spiritual matters.

His chauffeur was instructed to drive us down to a celebrated restaurant in the heart of the city, and after leaving us there, to return in two hours to take us back to the church for the afternoon service.

We were soon seated at a table in the beautiful dining-room where luxury prevailed. Many were dining in this well-known restaurant, and the waitresses, nicely dressed in white, were busy serving here and there. We sat for some time waiting for one of these friends to serve us.

After a while there came an attractive young lady to the table and with a smile and a word of greeting, placed a glass of water before each of us and laid down a menu card. She then waited with pencil and pad in her hand until we should order our meal.

The kind attitude of this waitress and her evident desire to serve kindly and faithfully made it easy for me to speak to her, which I did by saying, "My friend, do you know that there are two kinds of waitresses?"

She leaned over smiling and said, "No, are there? Oh, yes, perhaps there are, for there are good ones and bad ones."

"No," I replied, "that is not the distinction. It is true that there are good ones and bad ones, but it is also true that there are saved ones and lost ones."

Looking full into her face for a moment I said, "Tell me, young lady, which kind are you?"

No doubt, it had been many days since such a question was presented to this lady's heart. She was a bit startled at first, and then amused.

Then she became thoughtful, the smile disappeared, and she said rather seriously, "You know, mister, that is one of the troubles with this job. I must serve just the same on Sunday as on every other day, and I cannot go to church. I used to go to Sunday school before I began working downtown, but you know how easy it is to get engrossed in the work, and especially when the hours are such that to attend church is out of the question."

I was glad to see this happy and thoughtful response to my inquiry. She did not throw my inquiry away with an utter disregard. She rather welcomed it. Her case is not at all uncommon, for there are thousands of lovely young lives who, because of the necessities of life, are forced to serve on Sunday as well as evenings, and are thereby deprived of the privilege and opportunity of assembling with Christians in the service of the Lord.

My friend sitting opposite me at the table was himself an able soul-winner, with a heart intent on winning men to Christ. While I was talking with the young lady, he had taken from his pocket a copy of the Gospel of John, and said, "Here, young lady, you will find in this Gospel of John, God's message of life to you, and His provision of salvation for you. You may not get to church, but you may read this message from the Lord to your heart anytime and anywhere. Do let me urge you to do so."

She accepted the gift of the Gospel with a very happy little "Thank you," and seemed glad to obtain it.

Our new friend hastened away to the kitchen, and after some little time returned with our meal, which she carefully placed before us, arranging the silverware and the dishes in proper order.

As she was doing so, I continued my conversation by saying, "Are you a lost girl? I do not believe you answered that question a while ago when I inquired."

She gave a little toss of her head in a wee bit careless manner, and said, "I suppose I am, for I certainly am not a Christian."

The answer pleased me, and I immediately replied, "You may be a saved girl to-day if you would like, right in the dining-room, and right here beside the table. It is not necessary for you to go to church to be saved. You may find the Lord Jesus here and now, if your heart is ready and your mind so desires."

The thought of being saved in the dining-room, and so quickly, rather shocked the waitress, and she looked at me in amazement. She looked also at my friend. He smiled and nodded his head to give approval to what I was saying, and this encouraged her to believe that perhaps there was something to it.

"How can that be?" she inquired. "I thought you had to go to church and go down to the front and have a talk with the preacher, and someway or other something would happen."

I assured her that such was not the case, and that the Lord Jesus would save her gladly and immediately if she would come to Him in trusting faith.

By this time I had taken my Bible from my pocket, and read to her, **“He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath no life”** (I John 5:12).

“You see, little lady,” I continued, “salvation is found only in the Lord Jesus. When you commit your cause and your case to Him, and trust your soul to Him, you are safe in His hands, and He will do everything that is necessary to save you, to redeem you, and to deliver you. Why not let Him do it? He loves you dearly. He gave His life as a sacrifice for you, and I am sure that you have heard all about this long ago.”

She assured me that she had often heard the Bible preached when she was a little girl, but had forgotten most of it. She did agree with me, however, that the Lord Jesus is the Saviour, and that no one else can save the soul but He. Having finished her work in placing the meal properly before us, with the various condiments, napkin, etc., she left us again while we ate the meal. We prayed together for her salvation, and looked to the Holy Spirit to do a blessed work in her heart, so that when she would return with our dessert, she would be ready to take the Saviour.

It was as we had prayed. She did return after a while, cleared away the dishes, removed the soiled silver, and then brought the dessert. As she placed it on the table, I said to her, “Do you not see that the Lord Jesus bore your sins at Calvary, and came to be your own Saviour? Why not trust Him just now, and make Him altogether your own?”

“I have been thinking quite seriously about it, sir,” she answered, “since you first spoke to me awhile ago. I did not know that I could become a Christian here, but since you assure me that I may accept Christ anywhere, I am willing to take Him now, and I trust Him to save me now.”

My friend said to her, “You will now read the little book with a new joy, I know, for now you will understand much of what you are reading, and you will find that this new life which has been given you by the Lord Jesus to-day will crave more and more of this precious Book. I commend you to a loving walk with the Saviour, and to much knowledge of Him, which I know you will gain through reading this Gospel.”

With a “good-bye “ and “God bless you,” we left, and trust that our blessed Lord is taking care of that new-born lamb. My friend, be sure that you do not use as an excuse your busy life or the demands of your business, or any other thing which will keep you from trusting Christ Jesus and becoming a child of God.

~ end of chapter 16 ~

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