

DR. WILSON'S STORIES OF SOUL-WINNING

by

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CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

A HOPELESS CRIPPLE COULD SING

Achsah was a crippled girl who lived in a modest cottage on a very busy street. Her whole body was paralyzed so that she could only move two fingers on each hand, and have a limited movement of the two arms. In seeking for some form of work to occupy her mind, she had learned to string beads and thereby make necklaces and bracelets. A kind friend had made a tray to set across her breast in such a position that she could pick up these beads of various colors, and arrange them on strings in beautiful patterns. These bracelets and necklaces she sold to those who visited her, and in this way was able to make a few dollars to help with her expenses.

The family of this afflicted girl was not very sympathetic with her. They gave her little attention, and really criticized many things in her life, which gave her a very sad attitude, and a very heavy heart.

One day a friend told me about this young lady, and her affliction. My interest was aroused, and shortly thereafter I called to see her. I found a very attractive young lady, about eighteen years of age, and quickly saw that she had an unhappy home life, and eagerly sought outside company for fellowship.

We had a very nice visit together, as I admired her work, and spoke of the very clever way in which she handled the beads, though she was so badly handicapped. She told me with some pride how she delighted to mingle the colors in the strands in order to obtain the best effect. She mentioned a number of friends who had purchased the beads from her, and expressed their pleasure and gratitude at finding such beautiful articles to use for presents.

Our conversation about these lovely articles led me to comment on Malachi 3:17 and I read the passage to her: **“And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.”**

This verse greatly interested Achsah, and she asked the meaning of it. Instead of answering her directly, I asked whether she was a member of some church, and she replied that she was and told me the name of the church.

She added, "I am a member in that church of the Esther class, but they never come to see me, and neither does the preacher. A few people in the church have been to see me, but they never talk to me about the Bible, or about God. They only tell me about the social events in which I have no interest. I am so glad you have come to talk to me about God, and the Bible, for I often think of the meeting with God, and wonder if He will be glad because of my handiwork, or whether something more is required."

This gracious invitation to tell her about our lovely Lord opened the door for my message. I began at the Scripture that we had just read and explained that the Lord makes us His children by purchasing us with His precious blood. Then He makes us His property by workmanship, so that He deals with us in our lives to make us the kind of people He wants us to be. We become "mine" by purchase, and we become "mine" by workmanship.

Achsah was quite intrigued by this explanation and said, "I would like to belong to Him; will you tell me how?"

To this I answered, "Let me read to you John 1:12: '**But as many as received Him** [the Lord Jesus], **to them gave He power to become the sons of God.**'"

I then explained to her that when any person takes the Lord Jesus to be the Lord of his life, and the Saviour of his soul, he at once comes into God's family, and becomes one of God's jewels. I sought to make it clear to her mind and heart that jewels are made by God. He only can make a ruby, a sapphire, or a diamond. All she would need to do would be just to accept God's gift, the Lord Jesus, and at once that blessed Lord would make her one of His jewels. In order to help her further, I remarked that God polishes jewels after He makes them, but He does not try to polish pebbles and stones. They are not worth it.

This whole story was so new to Achsah that she was unable to grasp the truth clearly, but promised me that she would think it through, and hoped that I would come back to explain it to her more fully. A few days later I returned to see this interesting girl. I found her waiting for me, and expecting me. As I sat down beside her, she said, "Tell me that story again, Doctor, the one you read in the Old Testament." I read the passage to her from Malachi 3:17, and said, "God, the Father, will give you to the Lord Jesus for Him to give you a place in His family, make you one of His jewels, give you the robe of righteousness, and give you the gift of eternal life, so that you will be His child." I then quoted to her I John 5:12: "**He that hath the Son hath life.**"

At this point Achsah showed in her face that a new light had dawned in her heart. She said rather excitedly, "I see that wonderful truth. God gave Jesus to me, so that He could make me one of His jewels. I love that, and I am so happy to take Jesus for myself. I want Him to make me a shining, lovely light for His glory."

Her joy was beautiful to see. The perplexing problem of her life had been solved, and she was rejoicing in this new relationship with the precious Saviour.

Achsah lived about a year after this wonderful event. Those who came to see her remarked on her lovely faith, and the happiness that seemed to fill her heart.

At each opportunity she told them that she had met the Saviour, and He had made her His jewel. When she found that the day of her departure was at hand, she requested her family to have me conduct the service at the church, which I was glad to do. The group known as the “Esthers” were present at the funeral, and each one was dressed in white. As they passed the casket, each one dropped a flower upon her breast.

When I told the story of her conversion to the group, I could see a strange look of surprise and doubt on some of their faces. They had thought that because she was so patient in her suffering, and so thoughtful and kind in her attitude toward others that therefore she was always a Christian. They could hardly believe it that this beautiful girl needed salvation. There are still those who think that building a good character is equivalent to being a Christian. The Word of God, however, clearly states, **“Except a man be born again, He cannot see the kingdom of God.”**

~ end of chapter 21 ~

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