

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

by

Dr. Walter L. Wilson

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## **CHAPTER NINETEEN**

### **THE WASHING WAS HUNG ON THE LINE**

In the lonely hours of the night, when all is quiet, and strange noises are mystifying, those who are ill seem to get depressed, and their condition gets worse.

It was on one of those nights that I received a telephone call to come to a home far out in the eastern part of the city. A neighbor was calling for a friend who lived next door, and who had no phone. She did not seem to know what the trouble was with her neighbor, but told me that the neighbor was an elderly woman, and had been sick in bed for three days. I took along in my satchel various kinds of medicines, not knowing the character of the case.

Upon arriving at the address, I found a beautiful little cottage, which showed by the yard, the walks, and the porch that the friend who lived there was a neat and attractive housekeeper. The neighbor saw me come and came over at once to take me into the home, for the sick friend could not come to the door, and she lived alone. We entered a very delightful little place, clean and attractive, and showing every evidence of good care. My friend took me into the bedroom where I saw a lovely white-haired lady lying on an old-fashioned four-poster bed, which had been raised to about the height of a hospital bed. I introduced myself to her, and the neighbor interrupted to say that she had phoned for me to come and help in this needy case.

The sick friend was not emaciated, nor did she show signs of being in pain. I therefore took my stethoscope, listened to the heart and lungs, but found nothing unusual there. I then took her blood pressure, and found it was normal. I also checked the blood to see whether there was any anemia, but found none. I inquired concerning her feelings as to whether there was any pain, and where the pain was located. She replied that there was no pain anywhere, but that she just felt sick and depressed all over her body.

My heart and mind were studying her case all the time the examination was being made. I came to the conclusion that hers might be a case of distress in regard to her soul's welfare. This is often the case, and is not unusual. I placed my instruments in my medical bag and said to her, "Tell me, my friend, whether you are afraid to die." She burst into tears and replied that she constantly lived in the fear of death, because she did not know what God would do with her after she died.

This confirmed my diagnosis of the case, and so I removed my Bible from my medical satchel, and opened to the passage in Matthew 11:28, which reads: **“Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”**

I explained to her that the loving God in heaven knew that she would be distressed about this matter, and so He sent the Saviour to meet her need, make her fit for heaven, and then take her there when it was time to go. I asked her whether the three days she had spent in bed was caused by her fear of the future. She replied immediately that it was. From this I could see very clearly that she was in genuine soul trouble, and was ready for the Saviour.

I read to this troubled soul, **“He bore our sins in His own body on the tree”** (I Peter 2:24). I read it slowly, and called her attention to the fact that it must have been her sins Christ was bearing, because He had none of His own. I also read to her Colossians 2:14 in which we are told of Christ’s **“blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, that was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to His cross.”**

I explained to her that God the Father had taken the record of all the sins in her life, and had nailed them to Jesus’ cross, so that the Saviour took the punishment for her. As she lay quietly meditating on these precious truths, I read to her, **“He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life”** (I John 5:12).

My sick friend seemed to be troubled by this statement, and I could see she did not understand it. I then explained to her that God sent the Lord Jesus to her so that he could give her ‘eternal life, and apply all His wonderful work of the Cross to her need and her record. “You must take this Saviour yourself, my friend, then He will be yours, and you will be His. He will give you eternal life, cleanse you from every sin stain, and thus make you fit for heaven. When it is time to go, this Saviour will come after you, or send for you, and take you right into God’s presence, washed, cleansed and wearing the robe of righteousness.”

As I finished this message to her, I saw a bit of the sunshine of heaven spread over her face. The peace of God came into her heart, she believed God, trusted Christ, and entered into rest for her soul. I bade her good night and left, with this parting word, “If you need me tomorrow, have your neighbor phone me, and I will come.”

The next morning, about 10 o’clock, the neighbor phoned that my sick friend had finished her washing and hung it out on the line. The storm was passed, and the peace of God filled her heart. Christ is the remedy for every troubled soul and spirit.

**~ end of chapter 19 ~**

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