

STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF THE DOCTOR

by

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CHAPTER FOUR

GOD SPECIALIZES IN SWEDES

The church building was crowded, the service had ended, many were visiting here and there in the aisles, and I was greeting friends in front of the pulpit. I noticed a white-haired old gentleman making his way through the crowd unmindful of the conversations and comments which were filling the air. I saw that he was intent on meeting me, and seemed more earnest than others who were pressing for a handshake. Friends press around to shake hands and to tell how they enjoyed the message just for the honor of saying, "I spoke to him, and he shook hands with me."

The old friend was not of this kind. He was in trouble of soul. His anxiety could be seen in his face. This kind always receives first attention, for there is a good work of God begun in such a soul.

I stretched out my hand to greet the old gentleman, and when he spoke in reply to my greeting, I observed from his accent that he had not been long away from Sweden. My experience has been that the Swedish people are an earnest folk, thinking clearly and thinking deeply. Many of them find the Saviour and become earnest God-fearing disciples of our Lord.

This aged friend bore the marks of many a battle with sin. His back was bent. Deep lines in his face told of many sorrows. His rough hands told of the years of toil, battling with poverty. His had been no easy life. Rather early he had formed the habit of drinking strong liquor. It had conquered him, and it had wrecked him. Liquor is never a friend to man. It curses the body, wrecks the home, ruins the soul, and leaves in its wake a trail of tears, heartbreaks, and ruin.

After the greetings, I said to him, "Has the Lord Jesus saved you, my friend?"

"No," he replied, "that is what I have come to talk to you about. Do you think that God would save an old Swede?"

What a question! What a problem! He had looked back over his wasted, ruined life of sin, sorrow and shame, and had diagnosed his own case.

He had decided that there was not much there to rebuild.

The tree was rotten at the heart. The framework of the building was ruined by the ravages of years of sinning. Could God take such a wreck and do anything with it? His heart was longing to know, and now he was waiting for the answer.

“Come with me, and let us talk together about it,” I said, as I led him over to one of the pews where we could sit down together.

As soon as we were seated, he said in his broken Swedish accent, “Do you think that God would save a wicked old Swede?”

“Of course, He will,” I replied. “God specializes, in Swedes. You have known many Swedes whom the Lord Jesus has saved. There were quite a few in this very church building to-night. Many of my best friends are saved Swedes, and each one of them was saved personally by the Lord Jesus. Sometimes I am led to think they seem to have special favor with God because in Sweden they have been so true to His Word, and have been so zealous in spreading the Gospel.”

I went to some length in thus answering his question in order to arouse a confidence in his heart both toward God in His Love, and toward me in my message. Confidence must be established if the individual is to be won.

“But do you think that God would save an old drunken Swede who has been very wicked?” My friend now asked very earnestly.

It was easy to see that the Holy Spirit had deeply convicted this aged sinner, and that he was looking forward with fearful apprehension to the great judgment when those sins would be redirected to face him with their testimony. He shrank from it, and well he might. His memory was none too good, but he could remember that there had been little of God’s glory, if any, in all the long years of his travels. How thankful we should be when the Holy Spirit convicts now, and does not wait until after we have passed death’s portals.

My answer was ready for him, and I said, “The Lord Jesus loves to save drunken Swedes. He is a Specialist at that blessed business, and is always looking for patients to whom He may reveal His wonderful power and love. Are you that kind of a man, my friend? Would you like to have the Lord Jesus Christ save you?”

The old man had bowed his head, for memories of the past were crowding in and nearly overcoming his soul. The devil is very clever at flooding the mind with our failures in order to discourage us from going to Christ. “Yes, I have been very wicked, and my life has been ruined beyond repair.”

His words came slowly and with much feeling as he admitted his guilt, and seemed ready to open up/his heart completely to me.

Our Lord loves to repair wrecks. He can rebuild a life and restore a soul. By His magic touch of wonderful grace, the soul that believes in Him is made new.

This is what my friend needed, and I was happy to present the remedy to him immediately. I turned to Luke 15:2, and read, “**This Man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.**” I read it to him several times, because it is the entrance of the Word of God that brings light to the darkened heart.

“You will see, my friend,” said I, “that the Lord Jesus wants you to come to Him just as you are with all your wreck and ruin, and with all your sin and shame. It is your privilege to come, and it is His business to save. I wish that this evening you would have confidence enough in the living Lord Jesus to trust your soul to Him, and present your sins before Him for cleansing. He never turns away a sinner, because He is the sinner’s friend, and He is the Physician for those who are sick in their souls. Listen to this word from Matthew 11:28, ‘**Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.**’ You see, my dear friend that Christ will be very happy indeed to do for you and give to you just what your heart desires.”

This Swede was a good listener. He was not full of talk. He did not want to argue. Drowning men never argue; they grasp quickly the means of rescue. Sick people do not reason; they accept the remedy that is available. This friend was past the arguing stage. He wanted a Saviour to save his guilty soul. He was not looking for a helper, but for a Redeemer. I felt that we had reached that point in our conversation where he was ready to believe God concerning His Son, and to accept the gift of God to his soul.

I, therefore, turned to John 3:16, and holding it over where he could see it, read the passage carefully to him while he was reading it silently. “To whom did God give His Son?” I inquired kindly.

“I guess He gave Him to everybody,” said my friend in a somewhat bewildered way.

“Yes, He did do that,” I said, “but do you suppose He gave Him to you to save your soul and to change your life?”

“Yes, I am sure He gave Him to me,” was the quick answer, “but I have not taken Him, and He is not mine.”

“Then why do you not take Him just now?” I urged. “God wants you to take His Son, and ‘**He that hath the Son hath Life.**’” (I John 5:12).

This precious soul was right at the threshold of the new life. Because of his age he was not thinking very rapidly, and so I waited a while in quiet until he would consider the matter thoroughly and would answer me intelligently.

After a few moments’ delay, he looked up and said, “Doctor, I will take Him now if you will show me how.”

“Let us kneel together,” I suggested.

We did so, and as we knelt before the Lord, I told him that I would pray first and that he should follow. In my prayer, I said, “Lord Jesus, here is an old Swedish friend who would like You to save him. He is not sure that You will do it, but I have suggested that he come to you with his sins, present himself at Your blessed feet, and offer himself to You as a needy sinner seeking salvation. Here he is, Lord, I will let him talk to You himself and tell You his own story.”

I turned to my friend and asked him to now present himself and his case to the living Lord on the throne, Who would hear his plea and give him an answer directly.

The old gentleman started to pray, and said, “Blessed Jesus, Dr. Wilson told me that I could come right to You and that You would save a drunken Swede. Well, here I am. Will You take me? Will You save me?”

A short silence followed, and then he turned to me with a strange expression and said, “Dr. Wilson, Jesus did take me, I know He did. I have a big peace in my heart. I know He has forgiven me. My, how I wish I had come to Him long ago!”

A few nights after this the old gentleman stood before the congregation, the picture of peace on his face, and told how Christ had accepted and saved a drunken old Swede who thought he was too bad and too hard a case for Jesus to handle.

If any friend who reads this story should be in the same condition as this aged friend, let me urge you to come and trust Christ Jesus now. He will blot out your sins with His precious blood. He will give you a new nature. He will transform your life. He will make the best saint out of the worst sinner.

~ end of chapter 4 ~

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