

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

by

Dr. Walter L. Wilson

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## **CHAPTER TEN**

### **THE GIRL WITH A CURL**

“My daughter is preacher-shy, and she will not come to hear you preach. I told her yesterday that you are a physician, and would give a very interesting talk on things which she would enjoy.”

This conversation took place between the mother of the girl and myself at the close of a service in which I was preaching especially for young people. Of course, this case interested me very much, for every physician wants difficult cases. I assured her that if the young lady came I would deal with her kindly and wisely with an effort to win her heart for Christ. The mother herself was not too far along in years. I could see that she had a gentle, kind disposition and would endeavor to help the girl rather than to force her. As she left me, she assured me that she would take my message to the young lady, and hope that she would be back the next night, and the daughter with her.

The next evening as the people began to gather, I watched to see whether the mother and the daughter would return. At first I was disappointed, for I did not see them. However, after the first two songs had been sung, they entered the building together and took seats at the rear of the auditorium, the only seats that were unoccupied. I was sorry to see that the daughter had brought along her chum, another young lady about the same age—they appeared to be about twenty years old. The two girls were not interested in my message. The mother listened attentively, but the daughter and her friend were filled with merriment, and were exchanging jokes, or making comments of some kind to each other that caused quite a little laughter.

As I gave the message to the audience, I kept looking to the Lord in my heart that the Holy Spirit would touch these girls with something that would affect their souls. Each part of my message seemed to fall on deaf ears so far as these girls were concerned. I question whether they even heard what I was saying. They evidently had decided before coming that they would not be caught by religion, nor give in to the preacher's pleadings. The daughter probably came to please her mother, and brought along her friend for moral support in withstanding any call from the preacher that might lead her to action.

When the meeting closed, a number of friends were seeking the Lord at the front of the church, and some little time was spent in helping them.

I kept looking back to see whether the mother had gone, and had taken the daughter with her. To my delight I saw that they were remaining behind awaiting the opportunity to come and speak to me after I had finished dealing with others. After waiting a while the way seemed to be opened and they came to the front of the church to speak to me. The mother said, "Dr. Wilson, I wish to introduce you to my daughter Louise, and her friend Miss Martin. I told my daughter that you were a physician, with a wide experience, and that she would enjoy your message."

As the three friends started up the aisle, I looked to the Holy Spirit to tell me what to say so that it would be easy to begin talking about the need of the heart. When they were about half way up the aisle, I saw my point of contact. This young lady had a curl in the middle of her forehead. It was one of those curls that seemed like an upside-down question mark, plastered against the forehead. They are sometimes called "spit curls." I decided to use that curl as my opening statement.

After the mother had introduced me to the young lady, she added, "Louise, this is the doctor that I spoke to you about at home, and told you how much blessing he had brought to my heart."

I extended my hand to her, shook hands with her most cordially and said, "Miss Louise, I cannot tell you how glad I am to have the privilege of meeting you personally, and of knowing you. For many years I have sought to find you. I really did not know whether I ever would meet the girl I was seeking, but you are the girl."

She looked at me with astonishment and asked, "Why would you want to see me? You never even knew about me, and certainly you could not have been trying to find someone who is a stranger."

I saw that her attention had been gained, and a bit of confidence was there, and so I replied to her question, "Many years ago, when I was just a little boy, I learned a poem. It was written by Longfellow for his grandchildren. The poem is this, 'There was a little girl, and she had a little curl, right in the middle of her forehead; when she was good, she was very, very good, and when she was bad, she was not very bad!'"

My young friend eagerly took the words from me and said in a rather excited tone, "That is not the way the poem goes. The poem says, 'when she was bad, she was horrid!' and I tell you, Dr. Wilson, that's me. When I get mad, I tell you I am like three devils. I surely do get mad."

As Louise made this statement, I could see that she was very much in earnest. She was looking right into my face, watching my expression to see how I would be affected by her reply, I seized her hand for another handshake, and said, "Do let me tell you again how glad I am to see you, and to hear you say that you are such a bad girl."

This surprised her, for she thought I would perhaps scold her, or reprove her in some way. She did not shake hands very cordially, because she was so surprised at my attitude. She remarked in a very earnest tone, "Why should you be glad to hear me say how bad I have been?"

This is what I wanted her to say, and so I replied quickly, “Because you are the very girl that the Lord Jesus came to save. He did not come to save good girls, but bad girls. Jesus said one time, **‘I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.’** In another place, He said, **‘While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.’** Miss Louise, the Lord Jesus has been wanting to find someone who would admit that she was really bad, and needed someone to save her from the wrath of God. You are the girl. The Father in heaven, seeing your need, sent the Lord Jesus to you to make you His own child. You need Him, and He wants you. Let me read to you what He says, **‘But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them who believe on His name’** (John 1:12).

The tears began to flow from the eyes of that lovely girl. She said to me, “For a long time I have known that I did not have the faith or the peace of my mother, but I enjoyed tantalizing my mother, and pretending that I was antagonistic to the church, and to the things she believed. And all the time, Dr. Wilson, I had a real hunger in my heart for that which my mother enjoyed so much.” She closed her eyes and whispered to the Saviour, “Lord Jesus, You came for me, and I am trusting You right now. I am so glad You did not leave me alone when I was pretending to be Your enemy. I love You because You wanted me.”

And so the scene closed, with the mother and the daughter weeping together, their arms around each other, while the friend who came with Louise was bewildered by the whole transaction, did not understand, and did not seem to care. One is taken, and the other left.

~ end of chapter 10 ~

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