

For the Love of the Family Ministries

Missionaries to America's Forgotten Mission Field, the Family

"The Pastor and His Son"

Dr. Terry L. Coomer, Pastor

Ministry of Elwood Bible Baptist Church

P.O. Box 535

504 North 12th Street

Elwood, Indiana 46036

765-552-1973

TLCOOMER@juno.com

www.fortheloveofthefamily.com

Below you will find a story that shares a lot about where we are today as a church. The lack of interest for training our children to have a passion and desire for the Savior and the Savior's work has a lot to do with why children do not wish to live for God when it is time to leave the home. Many children have never heard or seen their parents or anyone else ever lead a person to the Lord. They have not been given the opportunity or seen the passion the Bible describes concerning God's work.

We can make a hundred excuses for not being where we should be and not doing what we should be doing. The story below magnifies the importance of obedience and passion for the task, Mark 16:15, Psalm 126: 5, 6.

The Pastor And His Son A Good Reminder of God's Love

Every Sunday afternoon, after the morning service at the church, the Pastor and his eleven year old son would go out into their town and hand out gospel tracts.

This particular Sunday afternoon, as it came time for the Pastor and his son to go to the streets with their tracts. It was very cold outside, as well as pouring down rain. The boy bundled up in his warmest and driest clothes and said, "OK, dad, I'm ready."

His Pastor dad asked, "Ready for what?"

"Dad, it's time we gather our tracts together and go out." Dad responds, "Son, it's very cold outside and it's pouring down rain."

The boy gives his dad a surprised look, asking, "But Dad, aren't people still going to Hell, even though it's raining?"

Dad answers, "Son, I am not going out in this weather."

Despondently, the boy asks, "Dad, can I go? Please?"

His father hesitated for a moment then said, "Son, you can go. Here are the tracts, be careful son."

"Thanks Dad!"

And with that, he was off and out into the rain. His eleven year old boy walked the streets of the town going door to door and handing everybody he met in the street a gospel tract.

After two hours of walking in the rain, he was soaking, Bone-chilled wet and down to his very last tract. He stopped on a corner and looked for someone to hand a tract to, but the streets were totally deserted.

Then he turned toward the first home he saw and started up the sidewalk to the front door and rang the door bell. He rang the bell, but nobody answered. He rang it again and again, but still no one answered. He waited but still no answer.

Finally, this eleven year old trooper turned to leave, but something stopped him. Again, he turned to the door and rang the bell and knocked loudly on the door with his fist. He waited, something holding him there on the front porch! He rang again and this time the door slowly opened. Standing in the doorway was a very sad looking elderly lady. She softly asked, "What can I do for you, son?" With radiant eyes and a smile that lit up her world, This little boy said, "Ma'am, I'm sorry if I disturbed you, but I Just want to tell you that "JESUS REALLY DOES LOVE YOU" and I came to give you my very last gospel tract which will tell you all about Jesus and His great love."

With that, he handed her his last tract and turned to leave. She called to him as he departed. "Thank you, son! And God bless you!"

Well, the following Sunday morning in church Pastor Dad was in the pulpit. As the service began, he asked, "Does anybody have any testimony or want to say anything?"

Slowly, in the back row of the church, an elderly lady stood to her feet. As she began to speak, a look of glorious radiance came from her face, "No one in this church knows me. I've never been here before. You see, before last Sunday I was not a Christian. My husband passed on some time ago, leaving me totally alone in this world. Last Sunday, being a particularly cold and rainy day, it was even more so in my heart that I came to the end of the line where I no longer had any hope or will to live.

So I took a rope and a chair and ascended the stairway into the attic of my home. I fastened the rope securely to a rafter in the roof, then stood on the chair and fastened the other end of the rope around my neck. Standing on that chair, so lonely and brokenhearted I was about to leap off, when suddenly the loud ringing of my doorbell downstairs startled me. I thought, "I'll wait a minute, and whoever it is will go away." I waited and waited, but the ringing doorbell seemed to get louder and more insistent, and then the person ringing also started knocking loudly. I thought to myself again, "Who on earth could this be? Nobody ever rings my bell or comes to see me." I loosened the rope from my neck and started for the front door, all the while the bell rang louder and louder.

When I opened the door and looked I could hardly believe my eyes, For there on my front porch was the most radiant little boy I had ever seen in my life. His smile, oh, I could never describe it to you! The words that came from his mouth caused my heart that had long been dead, to leap to life as he exclaimed with a cherub-like voice, "Ma'am, I just came to tell you that JESUS REALLY DOES LOVE YOU." Then he gave me this gospel tract that I now hold in my hand.

As the little boy disappeared back out into the cold and rain, I closed my door and read slowly every word of this gospel tract. I bowed my head and asked Jesus to come into my heart and be my Savior. Then I went up to my attic to get my rope and chair. I wouldn't be needing them any more.

You see---I am now a happy child of the King. Since the address of your church was on the back of this gospel tract, I have come here to personally say thank you to God's little boy who came just in the nick of time and by so doing, spared my soul from an eternity in hell."

There was not a dry eye in the church. And as shouts of praise and honor to the King resounded off the very rafters of the building, Pastor Dad descended from the pulpit to the front pew where the little boy was seated.

He took his son in his arms and sobbed uncontrollably. Probably no church has had a more glorious moment, and probably this universe has never seen a Papa that was more filled with love and honor for his son. Or a father who was more embarrassed and convicted because of his own disobedience.

Have you prayed and asked God who He would want you to witness to today?

Dr. Terry L. Coomer is the Pastor of Elwood Bible Baptist Church, and the Director of For the Love of the Family Ministries. He has also served as the Publisher of the nation's fastest growing daily newspaper. Pastor Coomer holds Family Conferences in the local church. To have a meeting at your church or other needs he may be contacted at (765)

552-1973, tlcoomer@juno.com. There are many helpful articles and material on our web site to help you change your life at www.fortheloveofthefamily.com. We serve the God of answers. If you need help finding those answers you may contact us at tlcoomer@juno.com. To be removed from our mailing list send an e-mail to tlcoomer@juno.com.