

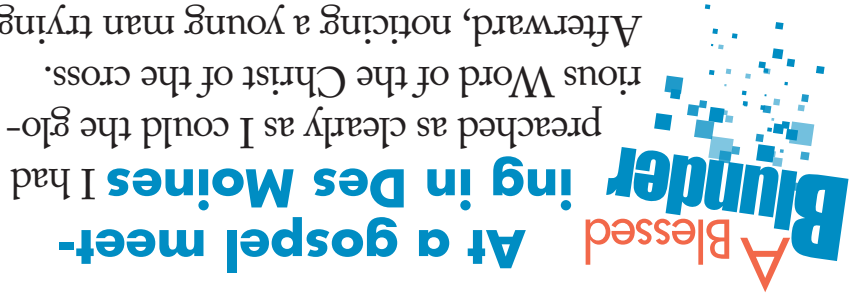
know His Son Jesus as my Savior and my Lord.
Going into that hall was the most blessed blunder I
ever made.”

A Blessed *Blunder*



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preached as clearly as I could the glorious Word of the Christ of the cross.

Afterward, noticing a young man trying to avoid me, I went straight over to him.

After a brief conversation I persuaded him to come with me into a small adjoining room. I

learned that it was through a "mistake" that he had "blundered" into the meeting.

The young man was a Jew and, as he thought, on his way to a concert. The brightly lighted gospel

hall appeared to him to be the concert location. The preaching was just beginning as he found a seat,

and leaving immediately would have been embarrassing. He decided to "tough it out" and escape as

soon as possible.

As to the preacher's message that night, perhaps little was

heard. He was utterly indifferent to Christian-

ity, and almost insulting in his attitude toward me. In my helplessness, I looked to the Lord for guidance. I knew that only He could give the right word.

"My word... shall not return unto Me void,

but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing where to I sent it"

(Isaiah 55:11).

Taking a small Testament from my pocket, I held it out to the young man. I said: "If you will promise me that you will get on your knees this night and read this verse I have marked, I will

make you a present of the Book."

The verse was John 5:24: "Verily, verily, I say

unto you, He that heareth My word, and be-

lieveth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting

life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

Glad to be rid of me so easily, the young fellow agreed and was soon on his way.

Did he really get away?

It was several years later that a news item came to my attention: "Albert Nathan," I read, "a converted Israelite, is holding Bible studies in..."

"Nathan"? That was the name of my Jewish

listener! That night being a free one for me, I went to take the place of a listener. As I slipped into a

rear seat, the announced speaker saw me. Hurry-

ing down the aisle, he kept calling out: "I kept my promise! I kept my promise!"

As he grasped my hand, he exclaimed: "I got

away from you, but I couldn't get away from God. I kept my promise to you; and that night on my knees I read the precious words of John 5:24. Through it

and through both my New Testament and the Old, the God of Jacob has by His Spirit brought me to