

On the street in Glenview, Illinois

It occurred to me one day that it might be a profitable venture to give the Gospel in written form to my 1,000 closest neighbors. I purchased the door hangers, acquired some Scripture tracts from the World Missionary Press, and wrote a simple letter of introduction to myself and the Gospel. And oh, yes, there was this card I enclosed also. It had the word "heaven" on one side, and "hell" on the other. Thought provoking, if not just plain provoking.

My home church blessed the project and prayed for me.

Over a period of several days, I walked the streets of my neighborhood and delivered my cargo. On the very first night I received the most encouraging call I had had in a long time. The lady, a church member in Glenview, could not speak highly enough about what I was doing. So the mission was indeed a blessed one.

Then there was this other lady. Her phone call almost pinned me to the wall, as Saul's darts tried to do to David. I was in shock for the next couple of days, though my rounds continued. Incensed is not a strong enough word to describe how she felt. She threatened to call the Glenview Police if I ever set foot on her property again. I had no such plans. *Before* she hung up I was able to let her know that Jesus loved her very much. Then, for sure, she hung up.

And there was this lady today. On my last street. Probably number nine hundred and eighty something. She was out in the neighborhood walking her Great Dane. When our eyes met, she looked a little unhappy.

"Are you the guy that's passing these things out?"

It was a strange question actually. I had a bag of "these things" on my shoulder, and one of "these things" in my hand. She couldn't have doubted it, and I couldn't deny it.

"Yes." Later I recalled Ahab asking Elijah if he were the one "troubling Israel." Elijah denied it, knowing he had the solution for Israel.

"We find these very offensive."

"Ma'am, are you speaking for all of the 1,000 people who have received these, or just yourself?"

"All right, I find these very offensive. If you think Jesus Christ wants you going to every door telling people they should be uncomfortable with their religion, a religion that gives them peace [she patted herself on her heart at this point], you are totally misguided! Shame on you!"

Not an exact quote. I asked her what specific part of my message had offended her, but by this time she and her huge canine friend were down the road, she still "shaming" me as she walked on.

So here on the last street of my crusade I figured out why I was out here to begin with.

"Peace on earth, good will toward men" is the Biblical quote of the season [I write this in late December]. Christians know that, even though Jesus does give inner peace, that "peace on earth" will not come until Jesus returns. Until then, we enter into Jesus' right-now ministry, which is recorded in Matthew 10:

"Do not think that I came to bring peace on earth. I did not come to bring peace but a sword." He goes off from there into a discussion of all the many family and national divisions that will come because of His Person and His message being preached faithfully. Many will come to Him. Many will not. The rest is world history. How many of the world conflicts we have seen have something to do with Jesus?

So although in my heart I simply wanted to give a gift to my neighbors, the best gift a man can give whether in the Christmas season or any season, the fact is, I stirred up some trouble in my part of Glenview. Viva la trouble! That kind of trouble is better than letting people slumber peacefully [here I pat my own heart] into hell, trusting their religion to save them.

So, three ladies, three results. Good thing this is not a missionary letter. I think I would not raise much support. Nevertheless, I ask that you join me in praying for the 997 other homes that were reached, that God will "water" the seed with His Presence or some other presentation of the Gospel. Stir things up, Lord!