

Dad, May I Go – Please?

Every Sunday afternoon, after church services, the Pastor and his 11 year old son went into town to hand out Gospel Tracts. One Sunday, it was very cold and raining. The boy bundled up and said, “OK dad, I’m ready to go.” His pastor dad said, “Go where?” “Dad, it’s time we gather our tracts and go out.” “Son, it’s very cold and raining.” The boy gave his dad a surprised look, asking, “But dad, aren’t people still going to hell, even though it’s raining?” Dad answered, “Son, I’m not going out in this weather.”

Despondently the boy asked, “Dad, may I go, please?” His father hesitated then said, “Yes son, you may go.” “Here are the tracts, be careful son.” “Thanks Dad.” And with that, he was off and out into the cold rain. He walked the streets and door to door handing everyone a tract to everyone he met. After two hours, he was soaking bone chilling wet and down to his very last tract. He stopped on a corner and looked for someone to hand his last tract to, but the streets were totally deserted.

Then he turned toward the first home he saw, went up the sidewalk to the front door and rang the door bell. No answer. He rang it again, but still no answer. He waited but still no answer. Finally this 11 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 wanted to tell you that JESUS REALLY DOES LOVE YOU, and I came to give you my very last Gospel Tract which will tell you about Jesus and His great love.” With that, he handed her his last tract and turned to leave. She called him as he departed – “Thank you son. And God bless you.”

The following Sunday morning in church, Pastor Dad was in the pulpit and as the service began he asked – “Does anybody have a 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 as she said, - “None of you in this church know me. I’ve never been here before. You see, last Sunday I was not a Christian. My husband has 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, as I came to the end of the line. 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 secured to a rafter in the roof, then stood on the chair and fastened the other end of the rope around my neck. Standing on a 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 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. There on my front porch was the most radiant and angelic little boy I had ever seen in my life. His SMILE. Oh, I could never describe it to you. And the words that came from his mouth caused my heart, that had long been dead, TO LEAP TO LIFE, as he explained with such a sweet 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 angel disappeared back out into the cold rain, I closed my door and read slowly every word of this Gospel Tract. Then I went up to the 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 ANGEL WHO CAME JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME AND BY SO DOING, SPARED MY SOUL FROM ETERNITY IN HELL.”

There were no dry eyes in the church. And as shouts of praise and honor to THE KING, resounded off the rafters of the building, Pastor Dad descended from the pulpit to the front pew where the little angel was seated. He took him in his arms and sobbed uncontrollably. Probably no church has had a more glorious moment. AND probably the Universe has never seen a Papa that was more filled with love and honor for his son – EXCEPT for one.

This FATHER also allowed His SON to go out into a cold and dark world. He received His Son back with JOY UNSPEAKABLE, as all of Heaven shouted praises and honor to THE KING. The FATHER sat His Beloved SON on a throne far above all principalities and power... and every name that is named...

There may be SOMEONE, reading this, who is also going through a dark, cold, lonely time in your soul. You may be a Christian, for we are not without problems and challenges. OR, you may not yet know THE KING as your personal Savior. Whatever the case and whatever the problem or situation you find yourself in and no matter how DARK it may seem... I want you to know that I just came to tell you – JESUS REALLY DOES LOVE YOU!

Author unknown