

*The Little  
Messenger*

# THE LITTLE MESSENGER

## A True Story

On Sunday afternoons, the Pastor and his eleven-year old son would go out to hand out Gospel tracts. This particular Sunday, it was very cold outside and pouring down rain. The young lad bundled up in his warmest clothes said, "Father, I'm ready." His father replied, "Ready for what?" "It is time we gather our tracts together and go out." Father responded by saying, "Son, it is a very cold day and raining!" The lad gave a very surprised look, saying "But father, are not people still going to hell, even though it is raining?" "Son, we cannot go out in this weather." Despondently the boy asked, "May I go, please?" His father hesitated for a moment then said, "Son, you may go, here are some tracts, but do be careful son." And with that he was off and out into the rain.

The eleven-year old boy walked the streets of the town, going from door to door, handing to all he met, a Gospel tract. Two hours later he was soaked, bone-chilled, and down to his *very last tract*. He stopped on the street corner and looked for someone to whom he could pass on this very last one, but the streets were totally deserted. He then turned toward the first home he saw, went up to the the front door and rang the bell. Nobody answered. He rang it again and again but still no answer. He waited and still no answer. Finally he turned to leave but something stopped him. Again he turned to face the door, ring the bell, and knock loudly on the door. He waited, something holding him there at the front door. He rang once again and this time the door slowly opened.

Standing in the doorway was a very sad-looking elderly lady. She asked softly, "What can I do for you, son?" With radiant eyes and a smile that lit up her world, the little boy said, "Ma'am, I'm sorry if I disturbed you, but I just want to tell you that *God really does love you* in

and I came to give you this my very last Gospel tract which tells you all about Jesus, His great sacrifice and love. With that he handed her his last tract and turned to leave. She called out to him as he departed— “Thank you son and may God bless you.”

The following Sunday morning the Pastor and father was in the pulpit. As the service began, he asked, “Does anybody have a testimony they would like to give?” Quietly and slowly in the back row an elderly lady stood up. As she began to speak a look of glorious radiance was upon her face. She said, “No one in this meeting knows me. I’ve never been here before. You see, before last Sunday I was not a believer. My husband passed away some time ago, leaving me totally alone in this world. Last Sunday being a particularly cold and rainy day, it was even colder in my heart, for I had come to the end of all hope – I could no longer go on. I had no desire nor will to live. So, I took a rope and a chair and ascended the stairway into the attic. I fastened the rope securely to a rafter in the roof, then stood upon the chair and fastened the other end of the rope around my neck. Standing upon that chair, so lonely and miserable, 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 of the doorbell seemed to get louder and more insistent. Then the person ringing the doorbell began also to knock loudly. I thought to myself, who on earth can that be? Nobody rings my bell or come now to see me. I loosened the rope from my neck and headed for the front door as the bell rang louder and louder. When I opened the door and looked, I could hardly believe my eyes. For there was the most radiant and angelic-faced wee lad that I had ever seen. His *smile*, oh I could never describe it to you! And the words that came from his mouth, caused my heart that had so long been dead, to *leap to life*, for

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

he said, ‘Ma’am, I just came to tell you that *God really does love you!*’ Then he gave me this Gospel tract that I now hold in my hand and the *angel-boy* disappeared out into the cold and rain. I closed the door and read slowly every word of this tract. I then went up to my attic to take down that rope and chair. I would not be needing them anymore, for you see, I believed and became a happy child of God. Since the address of your place was on the back of this tract, I have come to personally say ‘thank-you’ to God, for His little messenger came in ‘*just the nick of time*’ and by so doing, spared my soul from an eternity in hell of separation from God.”

By this time there were now no dry eyes, and shouts of praise and thanksgiving resounded to the very rafters of the building. Pastor-dad descended from the pulpit to the front seat where the little messenger was seated. He took his son up to arms and sobbed. Probably this universe had never seen a father that was more filled with love and thankfulness for his son, — ***except for One.***

That Father allowed also His Son to go out into a cold and dark world. He even sent Him into the world. He received back this Son with joy unspeakable, as all heaven shouted praises and honour to God. The Father seated His own beloved Son on His throne far above every principality and power and every name that is named. Jesus Christ is Son of God and Saviour of the world! He is God the Saviour.

There may be someone who is reading this who is also going through a dark, cold and lonely time in his or her soul. You may even be a Christian, for Christians are not without problems, or you may not yet know the Lord Jesus Christ as your own Saviour. Whatever the case and whatever the problem or situation or how dark it all may seem, I want you to know that I just came to tell you that ***God really does love you.*** He really does! He sent His Son to suffer, die and bear

Himself the just punishment for the sins of the ungodly.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and you shall be saved.

*“How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed?  
and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how  
shall they hear without a preacher?” (Romans 10:14)*

© **CHRISTIAN BOOK ROOM**

*P.O. Box 95413, Tsim Sha Tsui, Kowloon, H.K., S.A.R. of CHINA.*

*&*

*P.O. Box 81, Kent Town, S.A. 5071, AUSTRALIA*    November '10