

Just One Person: George Street

by David Smethurst

The sermon highlights the profound impact of one man's commitment to evangelism on George Street, leading countless individuals to Christ.

Duration: 8:48

Scripture: Matthew 28:19, John 3:16

Topics: "Testimony"

Description

In this sermon, the speaker shares a powerful testimony about a man he encountered in a Baptist church in Crystal Palace, London. The man tells the pastor about a stranger he met in Sydney, Australia, who handed him a pamphlet and asked if he was saved. This encounter had a profound impact on the man's life, leading him to accept Jesus and commit to sharing the gospel with at least 10 people a day. The speaker later discovers that the man he met in London is the same person who had shared the gospel with him in Sydney, highlighting the incredible impact of one person's faithful witness over 40 years.

Transcript

This message is non-copyright. Duplication is encouraged. A number of years ago, in a Baptist church in Crystal Palace in southern London, the Sunday morning service was closing and a stranger stood up at the back, raised his hand, he said, excuse me, pastor, can I share a little testimony? The pastor looked at his watch, he said, you've got three minutes.

And this man proceeded. He said, I've just moved into this area. I used to live in another part of London.

I came from Sydney in Australia. And just a few months back, I was visiting some relatives. And I was walking down George Street, you know where George Street is in Sydney, it runs from the business hub out to the rocks, the colonial area.

And he said, a strange little white haired man stepped out of a shop doorway, put a pamphlet in my hand, and he said, excuse me, sir, are you saved? If you die tonight, are you going to heaven? He said, I was astounded by those words. Nobody had ever told me that. I thanked him courteously.

And all the way on British Airlines, back to Heathrow, this puzzled me. I called a friend who lived in this new area where I'm living now. And thank God he was a Christian.

He led me to Christ. And I'm a Christian and I want to fellowship here. And Baptists love testimonies like that.

Everyone applauded and welcomed him into the fellowship. That Baptist pastor flew to Adelaide in Australia the next week. And 10 days later, in the middle of a three day series in a Baptist church in Adelaide, a woman came to him for counseling.

He wanted to establish where she stood with Christ. And she said, I used to live in Sydney. And just a couple of months back, I was visiting friends in Sydney, doing some last minute shopping down George Street.

And a strange little white haired man, elderly man, stepped out of a shop doorway, offered me a pamphlet and said, excuse me, ma'am, are you saved? If you die tonight, are you going to heaven? She said, I was disturbed by those words. When I got back to Adelaide, I knew this Baptist church was on the next block from me. And I sought out the pastor and he led me to Christ.

So, sir, I'm telling you that I am a Christian. Now, this London pastor was now very puzzled. Twice within a fortnight, he'd heard the same testimony.

He then flew to preach in the Mount Pleasant Baptist church in Perth. And when his teaching series was over, the senior elder of that church took him out for a meal. And he said, mate, how'd you get saved? He said, I grew up in this church from the age of 15 through boys brigade.

Never made a commitment to Jesus, just hopped on the bandwagon like everybody else. And because of my business ability, grew up to a place of influence. I was on a business outing in Sydney just three years ago.

And an obnoxious, spiteful little man stepped out of a shop doorway, offered me a religious pamphlet, cheap junk, and accosted me with a question. Excuse me, sir, are you saved? If you die tonight, are you going to heaven? He said, I tried to tell him I was a Baptist elder. He wouldn't listen to me.

He said, I was seething with anger all the way home on Qantas to Perth. He said, I told my pastor thinking he would sympathize with me and my pastor agreed. He had been disturbed for years knowing that I didn't have a relationship with Jesus and he was right.

And my pastor led me to Jesus just three years ago. Now this London preacher flew back to the UK and was speaking at the Keswick convention in the Lake District. And he threw in these three testimonies.

At the close of his teaching session, four elderly pastors came up and said, we got saved between 25 and 35 years ago, respectively, through that little man on George street, giving us a tract and asking us that question. He then flew the following week to a similar Keswick convention in the Caribbean to missionaries. And he shared the testimonies.

At the close of his teaching session, three missionaries came up and said, we got saved between 15 and 25 years ago, respectively, through that little man's testimony and asking us that same question on George street in Sydney. Coming back to London, he stopped outside Atlanta, Georgia to speak at a naval chaplains convention. And when he's three days of revving these naval chaplains up, over a thousand of them in soul winning, the chaplain general took him out for a meal.

And he said, how'd you become a Christian? He said, well, it was miraculous. I was a rating on a United States battleship and I lived a retrograde life. We were doing exercises in the South Pacific and we docked in Sydney Harbor for replenishment.

We hit King's cross with a vengeance. I got blind drunk. I got on the wrong bus, got off in George street.

As I got off the bus, I thought it was a ghost. This elderly white haired man jumped in front of me, pushed a pamphlet in my hand and said, sailor, are you saved? If you die tonight, you're going to heaven. He said, the fear of God hit me immediately.

I was shocked, sober and ran back to the battleship, sought out the chaplain. The chaplain led me to Christ. And I soon began to prepare for the ministry under his guidance.

And here I am in charge of over a thousand chaplains and we're bent on soul winning today. That London preacher six months later flew to do a convention for 5,000 Indian missionaries in a remote corner of Northeastern India. And at the end, the Indian missionary in charge, a humble little man took him home to his humble little home for a simple meal.

And he said, how did you as a Hindu come to Christ? He said, I was in a very privileged position. I worked for the Indian diplomatic mission and I traveled the world and I am so glad for the forgiveness of Christ and his blood covering my sin, because I'd be very embarrassed if people found out what I got into. He said, one bout of diplomatic service took me to Sydney and I was doing some last minute shopping laden with parcels of toys and clothing for my children, walking down George street.

And this courteous little white haired man stepped out in front of me, offered me a pamphlet and said, excuse me, are you saved? If you die tonight, you're going to heaven. He said, I thanked him very much, but this disturbed me. I got back to my town.

I sought out the Hindu priest and he couldn't help me, but he gave me some advice. He said, just to satisfy your curious mind, nothing else. Go and talk to the missionary in the mission house at the end of the road.

And that was faithful advice. He said, because that day the missionary led me to Christ. I quit Hinduism immediately and then began to study for the ministry.

I left the diplomatic service and here I am by God's grace in charge of all these missionaries and we are winning hundreds of thousands of people to Christ. Well, eight months later, that's crystal palace Baptist pastor was ministering in Sydney, in Guymere, Southern suburb of Sydney. And he said to the Baptist minister, do you know a little man, an elderly little man who witnesses and hands out tracts on George street? And he said, I do.

His name is Mr. Gennore, G E N O R, but I don't think he does it anymore. He's too frail and elderly. The man said, I want to meet him.

Two nights later, they went around this little apartment, knocked on the door and this tiny frail little man opened the door. He sat them down, made them some tea. And he was so frail, he was slopping tea into the sauce as he shook.

And as he sat with them, this London preacher told him all these accounts over the previous three years. This little man sat with tears running down his cheeks. He said, my story goes like this.

He said, I was a rating on an Australian warship and I lived a reprobate life. And in a crisis, I really hit the wall. And one of my colleagues whom I gave literal hell was there to help me.

He led me to Jesus and the change in my life was night to day in 24 hours. And I was so grateful to God. I promised God that I would share Jesus in a simple witness with at least 10 people a day.

As God gave me strength. Sometimes I was ill. I couldn't do it, but I made up for it for other times.

I wasn't paranoid about it, but I have done this for over 40 years. And in my retirement years, the best place was on George Street. There were hundreds of people.

I got lots of rejections, but a lot of people courteously took the tracks. And he said in 40 years of doing this, I've never heard of one single person coming to Jesus until today. You know, I would say that has to be commitment.

That has to be just sheer gratitude and love for Jesus to do that. Not hearing of any results. Margarita did a little count.

That's 146,100 people. That simple little non-charismatic Baptist man influenced somehow to Jesus. And I believe what God was showing that Baptist minister was the tip of the tip of the tip of the tip of this iceberg.

Goodness knows how many more had been arrested for Christ and were doing huge jobs out in the mission field. Mr. Genoa died two weeks later. And can you imagine the reward he went home to in heaven? I doubt if his face would ever have appeared on Charisma magazine.

I doubt if there would ever been a write-up with a photograph in Billy Graham's Decision magazine as beautiful as those magazines are. Nobody except a little group of Baptists in Southern Sydney knew about Mr. Genoa, but I'll tell you his name was famous in heaven. Heaven knew Mr. Genoa.

And you can imagine the welcome and the red carpet and the fanfare he went home to when he arrived in glory.

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