

Saved From Crime Testimony

by Willie Mullan

Willie Mullan shares his powerful testimony of redemption from a life of crime through the transformative love of Jesus Christ and the prayers of his mother.

Duration: 1:13:17

Scripture: John 3:16, Acts 4:12, Romans 10:9, Ephesians 2:8

Topics: "Salvation Testimony", "Surrender To Christ"

Description

This sermon shares a powerful life story of transformation, highlighting the journey from a life of sin and darkness to encountering the saving grace of Jesus Christ. It emphasizes the sacrifice of Christ on the cross for sins, the role of Jesus as the Savior of souls, and the importance of surrendering to Him as the Lord of one's life. The speaker urges listeners to accept Christ, experience His transformative power, and find peace, joy, and purpose in Him.

Transcript

Because you can't sin before you're born. And I don't need to go into that this evening because you won't be out till the morning. All the hours that you've given me won't do for that.

You see, when Jacob was just about to be born, there were twins there. Jacob and Esau were twins. And you know, Esau was first.

Oh, but when the twins came, Jacob's hand was on the heel of Esau. Now, I'm not going any further because I shall waste the time just making you think. But here is the Lord's answer on this day.

Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, and that's really answering the question, isn't it? He's not trying to say you're crazy. He says, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him. I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day.

The night cometh when no man can work. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world. That's a mighty statement.

And sometime when you have time, if you go through John's Gospel, you will find that our Lord Jesus made seven of these mighty statements beginning with I am. And each time he makes a statement beginning with I am in John's Gospel, he's face to face with a human problem. And he's just trying to tell all and sundry that he's big enough to meet the problem.

You see, he's face to face with a man who was born blind, who has been in the dark from the moment of birth. And he's coming close to this man, maybe touching him, and he's saying to the crowd, I am the light of the world. I can give him light.

And he gave him light. And you'll find if you go over the chapter, he comes to the grave of Lazarus, and he's dead four days. And he just stands and he looks at the problem, the man is dead.

And he says, roll away the stone. He turns to the crowd and says, I am. I am the resurrection and the life, I can do this.

And he did it. Oh yes. You come into this meeting thinking that Jesus Christ was nobody? I'm afraid you're a way backwards somewhere.

I'm afraid you don't know. When 5,000 wait on the mountainside and they're hungry and some of them are fainting, he said, I am the bread of life. And he did meet their need, you know.

Oh, what a wonderful Savior. You can find the other four times on your own, can't you? They're all there. Let's go on with the story.

Verse 6. When he had thus spoken, he spat on the ground and made clay of the spittle, and he anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay, and said unto him, go, wash in the pool of Siloam, which is by interpretation, sent. He, the blind man, went his way therefore, and washed, and came, see. The neighbors therefore, and they which before had seen him that he was blind, said, is not this he that sat and begged? Some said, this is he.

Others said, he is like him. But he said, I am he. I'm the man that was born blind.

I can see now. Therefore said they unto him, how were thine eyes opened? Oh, what a question. Of course the neighbors have got a right to ask this sort of question.

This blind baby was born into the neighborhood. They remember him when he was a tiny little baby running about blind, a baby, and then a baby boy, and then a young man, and now this man can see. How were thine eyes opened? It's a real question.

What an answer it got. Listen carefully to the answer. He answered and said, a man that is called Jesus.

Oh, I know the camel's not there, but I'm stopping there just now. He gave the credit of this whole thing. He gave it to a person.

It wasn't a place that did this for him, you know. And it wasn't a people that did this for him, and it wasn't a pilgrimage that did this for him, and it wasn't a priest, and it wasn't a pastor, or a padre. It was Jesus.

He began to talk about the person called Jesus, man that is called Jesus. And then he went on with the answer. He said, a man that is called Jesus made clay and anointed mine eyes.

You know, he not only talked about the person, but he talked about the work that the person had done for him. Because, you know, when you're brought to give your testimony, you don't only talk about the person, but you talk about the mighty work that he did for you. And then he went a little bit further with the answer.

He said, a man that is called Jesus made clay and anointed mine eyes and said unto me, go to the pool of Siloam and wash. And I went and washed, and I received sight. You see, he talked about the person, and then he talked about the person's work for him, and then he talked about the person's word to him.

He's got it all over, all right. Because that's what I've come to do this evening. I've come to talk about the person's work for me and the person's word to me, and mostly to talk about the person.

Sometimes, can I take my coat off? Is it all right? You're tied to it. I have money in this room. Will the policeman down there watch him carefully, please? Yes? You know, I want you to get the hold of this, because this is tremendous.

Sometimes when somebody is kneeling beside me and they're giving their life to the Lord Jesus, I kneel with them and put my arm gently around them, and I say, you know, it's the work of Christ that makes you safe. It's His atoning work, His substitutionary sacrifice. It's the work of Christ that makes you safe.

And then I turn to a verse to make them sure it's the word of Christ that makes them sure. This is just where this fellow got to. He talked about the person and then his work for him and then his word to him.

Sometimes I squeeze him and put it round another way, and I say, it's the blood of Christ that takes your sins away. It's the work of Christ, of course. And it's the word of Christ that takes your doubts away.

Because I'm depending on the efficaciousness of His blood this evening, and I've got His word for it that I'm right for heaven. So that's what I've come to do. Come to talk about the person and His work for me and His word to me.

Now I'm going to shock some of you when I say that I'm the youngest one of a family of seventeen. I'm going to shock some of you. And I am the youngest one, you know.

Yes, I don't know if you've ever seen seventeen knives all dab at once at the one quarter pound of butter or not. I don't know if you've ever seen this. There's no etiquette about cutting the butter.

It doesn't make a matter what side you cut it on. It's not there in a moment or two. And I don't know if you've ever had the experience of sweeping six in a bed, that's three at the top and three at the bottom.

It's all sorts of feet and faces, you know, that sort of thing. Yes. And I'll shock you a little bit more when I say there were sixteen boys in our family and one girl, just one girl.

And ladies, don't go putting up tiny little prayers for her just now, because I'll tell you this. She was the oldest one in the family, I was the youngest one. And she thumped the life out of all the boys.

You see, when I was growing up, I didn't know whether she was my granny or my aunt or my mother. No. She used to wash my face going to school in a very old-fashioned way.

She would spit on my face and then... That's why I'm good-looking, sir. Yes. Yes.

My father was killed at the Battle of the Somme, 1st of July, 1916. If you look into my face carefully and count right back to 1916, you will know I wasn't very old. But I left my little mother in the midst of the World War with a big family and no money.

Yes. And she didn't need to go round the corner to look for her problems. We had many problems.

Yes, I went to school on my bare feet. Sometimes I'd go to lecture at Queen's. And I was looking at the TV one evening and I saw one of the professors and he's lecturing on the children now.

And unless they get three square meals every day and milk and all the rest of it, they're never going to grow up. And I could stand and watch them listen to him talking. I'm going down the corridor the next day and I meet him and I say, Hello, Prof. Saw you on the box last night.

He said, Did you see me, Willie? How did I do? I said, I've never heard so much tripe in all my life. He says, You know, Prof, you haven't a clue about it, so you haven't. He says, You know, I went to school all the days of my life.

There was no such thing as milk given to you. Not a bit of it. On your bare feet, on the screenings in the schoolyard.

And I'll tell you this. We had two slices of bread and I don't think it was our bread. And I know it was Marg that was in between because you could tell Marg from butter in those days.

But, you know, we were glad of it. And, you know, I wasn't the only kid at school with a couple of slices of bread and Marg. And I can see them now.

My, they've grown up to fine-looking men. I said, Prof, you know, you won't ever send away to Cambodia or somewhere like that for a day or two. Oh, no, we had our troubles.

You know, my mother was a very proud little woman, though she was poor and we were very poor and, you know, we had some fun there. I can remember us. She had a couple of old aunts, you know, that had money.

And I'll tell you where they lived. They lived just out there at the crossings outside Cambodia. And they had a bit of a farm out there and they made money.

And sometimes they would come to see her and she was so proud that she would hide us. And she knew they were coming. She'd put them up to bed, you know, and she'd say, Not a cheap out of you now, are they? And we had some bits of rows up there in bed.

You can't have a whole lot of kids like that without fun. And, you know, in the bed where I slept, there were six boys, three at the top, three at the bottom. And we had the big soldier's overcoat over us.

That was the main blanket, sort of style. And, you know, my big brother, he would just grab it and turn it round him and there you were. You were brought up out in the open, as it were.

And on this particular night with my Aunt Finn, my little brother got really annoyed. He wasn't allowed to call down the stairs, but, you know, he went to the top of the stairs and he's trying to put on a nice voice. He says, Mummy! Tom! Has pulled a sleeve out of the blanket.

He said, The trouble with some of you people is you never saw blankets with sleeves in them. That's no trouble. But the thing that I remember most, you know, is this.

That each night she would make us meal. And I can remember this. As a little fellow, she'd make us all meal on the floor.

And she'd say, Fold your hands, and you had to do it quickly, and close your eyes. It was sort of such a major religion it was. And you had to be still.

And then she would pray. I look back with pride at that, you know. I'm so proud of her.

Sometimes I say to God, would to God she had been here now, I would make her a queen, you know. I'd give her a lot of things she never had. But she's in a better land.

And many a time as a young boy, I would open my eyes as she was praying, and I can see the shape, see the lines on her face. Many of them. See her hands up like this.

And her face is turned towards the heavens. And she'd pray for every one of us. And as she would come to the end of the prayer, I was the last one, I was the youngest one, I can still hear her voice saying, Lord, save Willie, and make him a man of God one day.

And although, Mother, she was in a back street, and she hadn't two coppers, and she was nobody as far as this world was concerned, God heard her prayer, you know. So, Mother, if you're here, you've got a wee fellow that's a bit of bother, just pray on, dear. Just trust the Lord till you see how it works out.

But you see, out of all her children, I was the one that sort of broke her heart. See, when I was just 16 years of age, I went to the bookies one day. Of course I wasn't allowed to go to the bookies.

Oh, no, she would have really went for me had she known I was at the bookies. But then I did lots of things that she never knew about. Went to the bookies, and the boys won a lot of money.

Little fellow, Glen Binning, came out with a wad of notes. Oh, you should see them. I don't know how many pounds he had, but we boys never had money like that.

And he said, let's go down into the pub. And I'm 16, and I wander into the pub, too. And that was the first time that I got strong drink, and I got drunk, and I knew, although I was drunk, that when I went home, I would get a hiding.

But I want to say this. You know, something happened to me. Something happened, and it gave me a sort of a crave.

And I went after strong drinking, and I drank it, too. And I drank it night after night, and I got hidings night after night. And when I was just a little bit over 16, one day we were standing in the little house in the kitchen, and she said to me, there's something wrong.

She grasps her breast, and she couldn't get breath, and she had taken a seizure, and I held her tight and laid her down, and in two minutes she was dead. And you know, although I was a sort of fool, and I had broken her heart and given her many sorrows, and I had stolen her money a thousand times, that's the bit that I'm most sorrowful about. Any time I took her purse and took all the money she had, and she knew I was taken, she knew somebody took it, but she certainly knew it was me.

And that's what broke for the week. I stretched her out, and I knew now, you're on your own. Now, if you're here tonight, son, and you've got a good old mother at home, let me talk to you.

I think you'll listen to me. You know, maybe she couldn't pass the eleven-plus, and maybe she couldn't just write the copybook the way you can, and the word mathematics would scare her. Let me tell you, she's

your mother, and she's had a whole lot of experiences, and she knows a whole lot of things far better than you do, and you should learn to respect her.

And don't ever do anything else. Never be ashamed of her. But do you know, she was gone.

And I can remember walking into the little room when she was in the coffin and shutting the door, and I can't become a hypocrite. Now there's nobody there, and I felt her brow. It's the first time I ever touched a corpse.

And she's cold, ice cold. And I cried, and I said, Mommy, I'll never be drunk again. About two hours later, I was full.

We're all good at saying this and that and the other. Just like Peter, I will not deny thee, and then it just happens, doesn't it? Then we came home, you know, from the funeral. And my big brother said, Well, what are we going to do with you? What would they do with me? I do it all now, you know, and I don't blame them.

Nobody wanted me, in fact. Let me tell you young fellows that, you know, you'll reap what you sow. You're not clever, you know.

Some of you kids think you're clever. You'll reap it, you know. You just don't get off with it.

Oh, I had fooled around and stolen money and got drunk and all the rest of it. Now comes the reaping time. Nobody wants you.

Then you're so thick and you're so stupid that you stand up and square your young shoulders. And I said, Okay. Look after your houses.

And I lift my coat, you know. Big thing. Put it over my arm and walk out into the night.

I walk for miles. And I can tell you this, before God just now, that I never saw the inside of a house nor did I lie on a bed nor did I get a breakfast or dinner for the next three years and a half. It's what you call serving your time.

And I served my time. But I was so desperate and horrible. I was so stiff-necked that I would never turn back nor give in.

And if it wasn't for Christ, I would be the same yet. Because the same old nature is inside here somewhere. And I could keep you for the next two or three hours about some of those nights, you know.

Terrible nights. Walking all day in the rain sometimes. And you'll never really guess this, that some days I walked for over 30 miles.

It's a long old stretch. And it would rain the whole day. You haven't got any sort of really decent clothes.

It comes through your old jacket and through your little bit of a shirt and then it runs down your back and it runs down your legs and then you plod on and you set your face like a flint and you go on with it. And then night comes and you get over a gate and you lie down at the foot of a big tree and then the weather changes in our land and it begins to freeze and the old wet rags become as stiff as a board. And in the morning you're easing the shirt from your skin.

You go through this. Let me say this. I'm not trying to tease you.

I'm just telling you that when you go through this and you're out on a wild, wild world as it were and you have no mother and you sort of think there's no God and there's no heaven and there's no hell. Let me say this carefully. There is not a sin on the calendar you won't stick to.

Oh, you become a sinful creature. And I shall tell you this. The devil takes you through the gutter of sin until there are sins that I've committed.

If they were written on the wall, I wouldn't come here. Not even now. Although I know they're blotted out.

They're dreadful things. You know, I climbed over a wall one night into a big shirm not to break in or anything. Stood in the shadows as the watchman went by.

He got a gun in his hand. I could see it. And he was so scared if I had a sneeze he would have shot me.

And I watched him go by. So I stayed there all night. And I got out early in the morning and at nine o'clock I'm coming down and the police car is there where I go over the wall and the bobbies will allow me to use the word.

I know the chief constable is here. They'll allow me to use this word. The bobbies are looking at the marks I made on the wall.

So I nose around a bit and I find out there was a lot of money taken that night. I didn't get it. But I was there.

Now, you know where I am now? I'm sailing close, very close to going up to the Kremlin for the next five years. And I have no notion of going. So my best bet is to go to the pub.

Walk into the pub, no money. Look around, saw Johnny so-and-so and started to yarm with him and then he buys you a drink. I've got to linger over this drink for a long time.

I've got to talk about everything under the sun. And a fella came in and he said to me, Hello, were you over in the film last night? I said, yes I was. He says there was a lot of money taken.

He says if it had come round for you I would advise you to confess your guilt and you'll get a rap but it'll not be too much. Then he puts his hand in his pocket and brings out a wand and notes and he says look there's two or three fibres for you it'll help you. And he didn't know the coffee he was talking to because I knew this is the boy who was over the wall after me, you see.

And then you see there's no honour among thieves so I went down the street as quick as I can and walked into the barracks and said I want to see the head constable. He was the head constable in those days and he was very good to me. And I say this, he was a Roman Catholic and he was the most decent soul on God's earth.

He says what do you want to see me for? I say I want to see you alone. He says come on into the room. I said are you looking for the boy that stole the money out of the firm? He says yes we are, we're on the hunt.

He says he's up in the pub up there if you go up now you'll get him. He says you're sure? Well I said no you go up and try it and see how much money's on him and then you'll find out. So they're up like hares, you know these police men, you know.

It's like letting them out of a hut so you know they've done more. Yes, way to go. And it was the boy.

And if he thought I was going to do his time in the Kremlin he went and did it himself. But you know you get into a world like that and it soon becomes a very lonely path and there are no friends. And all the boys that's on the same pathway they become your enemy too.

And it's a terrible world. And after three and a half years I came back to the town where I was read and I was walking up a little alleyway and looked at the tumbled down shack of a house in the alleyway and came to the conclusion there and then that I'll get this house and live in this house. Now you should have seen the sight of me after three and a half years my shirt's torn into ribbons and my toes are sticking through the shoes and the old coat was pinned with a great big safety pin and I was a mess of course.

I had a beard. I looked at the house and then I knew who owned the house. Little lady called Mrs. Orr and she's still alive.

And I was in seeing her the other day. I walked into the shop where she was and I said Hello Mrs. Orr, do you own the house up the alley? She says I do. I says I would like to get it to live in.

She says who are you? I said you know that well who I am. She says you're William Orr. I said that's right.

And the wee woman just turned around and lifted a key down from a nail. She says there's the key. It's yours.

Your mother was good to me. Your mother was good to everybody. Came up, you know, and I thought I was something.

Now I turned the key in the door. This was my house, you should see it. It was a tumbledown shack ready to fall in.

Smaller than the little houses even across the street. And the roof was bent and all the rest of it. And there I stayed of course.

And I can tell you this. I just had a few coppers. Go down to the little shop at the corner.

Bought a gas mantle that was gas in those days. Come up and put this on very carefully. And that's all the furniture I had.

So if you're thinking of getting married. If you can manage a gas mantle, you're right. You're on your way.

And here I slept on the floor for months. Here I came wandering home night after night. Stupid, drunk and lay down and all the rest of it.

All but men begin to know you're there. And in no time at all, there was a gang of men here. And I shall tell you this.

They were the worst men that ever lived. And I can say this with my hand to God tonight. That it became the greatest den of iniquity in all of Ireland.

And I saw things practiced. Things planned and things carried out from this old home. A wish of God I knew nothing about.

It was terrible. Sometimes there would be a dozen men there. And they'd be all drunk before the night was over.

And they'd be lying across the floor. And they would be sick and spew. And they would lie in this sickness.

And oh dear, what a terrible place it was. And your head was reeling and all the rest of it. And the trouble was that some character came in with a load of guns one evening and handed them out to all the boys.

Now let me make this very clear. In these days this was not a part of military thing of any kind. All classes and creeds were here.

There was Peter so-and-so and Pat so-and-so and we were all mixed. And when the arms men marched on the 12th of July, Pat and Peter and all the rest marched with us. Not in any lodge.

The lodge wouldn't have let you in. Oh no. Just marched on the side of the road.

And when the Hibernians went on their day, well we all went with them. It was all the same thing to me. It was a sort of a crowd that hardly knew who they were.

Certainly they didn't know God or anything about God on either side. But it was the most dreadful thing that ever happened. That these guns were let loose.

And if there's a young fellow here this evening and somebody has been daft enough to give you a gun and help you along in this sort of war that's going on, for heaven's sake throw it into the lake and get away from it. Don't only get yourself into trouble. Listen to somebody who knows now.

And I'll tell you this, the dreadful things happened. You see we played pontoon here and I became an expert at gathering up cards. I could gather up a pack of cards even tonight.

And as I gathered them up I would know where every card was. And I could shuffle them, you know. And I'd win the round, you know, after it was over.

Quite easily. It's terrible. And you know, there were nobody here working but everybody got money from one place and another.

And sometimes in the kitty as they called it in the centre sometimes there would be 200 pounds there. And when you're going back, oh, nearly 50 years ago you know, friends, it was money. 200 pounds was money.

And I remember robbing the school, that's all you could say. Put the money in my pocket and walked out. Walked up the old rickety stairway and I had the feet behind me.

And there was a little man following me up the stairs and I knew there's trouble here. I could sense it, you see. I went on to almost the top and then turned round but he's got the gun in his hand.

You don't think you're taking the money, do you? But I didn't let him finish that sentence. I knew what he was saying. And I kicked him.

But the bullet, I can hear it yet, it went just by me and out through the roof. But that was his last chance. I put him down the stairs.

Oh, but those guns were used sometimes and they didn't miss. Terrible. There were all the bad boys of the day all together huddled in.

You see, for necessity tonight as I get round this I've got to talk about myself and I'm painting the picture of the poor lost sinner that I was. I'm painting it as carefully as I can and sometimes I'm tempted to deepen the lines. I don't really want to do that.

But I was a dark, desperate, diabolical sinner. That will do for it. Because I want to paint the picture so that I can show you what the Saviour can do.

That's what I want to get at. Because I need to talk about the Saviour. And you know, we're sitting round the table one evening playing this pontoon and I hear footsteps outside and the little fellow beside me had a gun on the table.

And I said, let that gun, there's the bobbies. It's the gun put in the pocket. Oh, very cute little man he was.

And it was the bobbies. And in those days they used to open the door and he said to the little man, it's you, come on, we're taking you in. And he was cheeky.

The little fellow says, got a warrant for me? But they were not so soft in those days. They had a warrant all right. Nearly lifted him out of the chair just roughly and he deserved it.

I think they were pretty easy on him, never mind. Anyway, they had the gun in the pocket, you know. And I was cheeky enough to say, Constable, what are you taking him for? He says he's got a gun on him.

So I said to the boy, you won't see him for another five years, thank God. It was a blessing to get rid of him. That's just how much we loved one another.

Well, he wasn't away 15 minutes till he's back again. In through the door, pulling the trousers up. I said, did they not get the gun? He says, there she is there, yes.

Had the gun in the hand. Now what he did, as they took him out, he bored the muzzle of the gun as he walked down to the barracks, through the lining of the pocket and dropped it down into the tail of the big coat. And they searched him all over, you know.

So he walks out with a gun, back again. This is the clown, we're working this. Now the night we're sitting, and I said, look, lift that gun.

There's the bobbies. No, it wasn't the bobbies this time. It was some believer, I don't know what kind of a believer, Brethren or Baptist or Pentecostal or Free Presbyterian.

I have to say, I hear he's over here somewhere. I knew he would break out. But you heard him break out.

The big man has them trained to really move now. Yes. And you know, whoever it was, they put a little white square bill in under the door.

There's an announcement in the Baptist church in New Orleans. And I rose and lifted this and read it. And it was the late Dr. Tucker who was going to preach at the Baptist church in Utnars.

And to be honest with you, I didn't know where the Baptist church in Utnars was. But you screwed it up and said, that doesn't concern us at all. Threw it into where the fire should be.

We never had a fire. And that night some of the gang broke into a pub and they lifted a lot of drink and brought it home and everybody was drunk and they died. And you know, about four o'clock in the morning, at least I think it was, I'm not sure of the time here, but I was so sick and so tired and fed up and my head was reeling, I stepped over these drunken men lying on the floor and stepped out into the alley and I was drunk.

I know I was drunk. I was reeling from side to side. And I went down slowly talking to myself.

And I'm honest about this, I would have given my right arm to be rid of the whole thing. Sick of it. And when I got almost to the end of the alley, I was so drunk I didn't hear the man coming, but a man rushing to work came round the corner and nearly knocked me down.

And I thought in my drunken state that he attacked me, knocked me against the wall flying. And I had a knife in my pocket. Or at my belt.

And I didn't draw it, you know. And in the last moments I saw who he was. He was a fellow who preached on the streets.

He'd come along the picture queue while you were standing there and he'd read the Bible and if you'd give him a kind look at all he would stand beside you and you'd get a lecture for long enough. And your best game was to turn your back on him and let him go on by. But he was a servant of the Lord.

A sort of dedicated loner who went on his own. And the minute I saw him I knew he didn't attack me. And it was a good job I saw him.

And I said, hello. I see you're having a mission at the Baptist church. It was this old belly of mine.

And if you're drunk at half four in the morning and you meet one of these Baptists who are on the warpath for the Lord you'd better have something nice to say. So I said, hello. I see you're having a mission in the Baptist church.

And then I put my foot in and I said, I'm thinking of coming along one night. I had no notion of going along. Oh, but he knew my bluff.

He wasn't just a softie. And he came across and took me by the coat and shook me a little bit. He said, you know what's wrong with you? You're afraid to go.

And that was too much for me. A sort of too big for that. I said, I'm not afraid to go.

He said, are you afraid to take me? He says, I'm not afraid. I'll come for you whatever night you say. And we made the date there and then.

And he came for me and I went to the mission. And because I was a tramp and no shoes on and all the rest of it, I sat in the back seat. That doesn't mean the boys in the back seats are not aware.

Bless you, you did keep a way back, didn't you? Yes. And you know, I can see this old picture. Those of us who remember him.

And let me say that old Dr. Tucker was probably the greatest prophetic teacher in the country at that time. He was a great character. And he came out onto the platform.

He was lame. He had arthritis. And he had to be helped onto the platform.

And he read from the book of the Revelation. From that great portion where it talks about the kings of the earth. And the great men and the rich men and the chief captains and the mighty men and every born man and every free man hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne for the great day of his wrath is come and who shall be able to stand.

And the old man preached that night on the coming day of wrath for this world. And it's still future time. It's a day when the kings of the earth and let's sound the S here.

And sometimes I wonder, will our queen be there? In November I'm a loyal subject and love the queen. But the kings of the earth and the great men, the so-called great men. Have you seen them on the TV night by night? And the chief captains and the rich men.

This book says there is a day when they will crawl on the rocks and the mountains to fall on them for the great day of his wrath is come. You know friend, you just take your time tonight. There's such a thing as the wrath of God.

I know you love to hear men preaching about the love of God and the grace of God and the mercy of God. Oh, but there's such a thing as the wrath of God. And there'll be a day when the wrath of God will be abroad and men will be frightened.

They'll cry on the rocks and the mountains to cover them. And although the old man preached well, you know, I became convinced that the old man was a fool. I felt he was a fool.

I felt he was getting all this out of the book and I didn't believe the book. I didn't believe this was right at all. And as I left the meeting with the man who took me, I cursed him the whole way home.

And I know he said to people, I will never take him back again because he's ten times worse when he comes out than when he goes in. And you know, I sort of forgot about the meetings. Now can I say to all the preachers, this is good for the preachers.

They carried on that mission for three weeks and old Tucker preached his heart out and there wasn't a soul saved, but one saved. I'll tell you about the rest of that in a moment or two, but mark that for three weeks. And you know, I went home and back to the booze, went back to stealing, breaking in and all the rest of it.

Can I tell you about the night we broke into the bishop's house? It's a terrible thing to do, you know. Yeah. What a lovely big room we had upstairs all full of silver and I'm walking around putting all the silver into the bag and I'm looking out of the window and I saw the bobbies coming up the drive.

And I've been built like this and I can't help this. I can almost laugh at anything. I never get excited and I'm never upset.

It's just the way I'm built, I'm not really wonderful or anything. I just laughed when I saw the bobbies in the car. I said, boys, we're having visitors.

You might as well have fun out of it. So I put up the window. It's a long way down onto the back lawn.

But I'm stupid enough to know that if I jump, I'll hit it sooner or later. So I jump and roll over and I got through the hedge and round down the back avenue and I was out on the road and David Allen's billboard man is putting up Bovril or something like that on the billboard. So I took the coat off and rolled the sleeves up and I came up the ladder and he looks round.

He says, what are you doing here? I says, I'm working here. He says, you're not working here. I says, of course I'm working here.

I've just started there now. He says, you get off that ladder. I says, if you give me any more cheek, I'll tumble you and paste and everything else.

I says, the bobbies are hunting me and I'm working here. He says, there's the brush, hold the brush. Yes.

And I can see the bobbies take the boys by. They got a whole lot of them. And David Allen has never paid me for this.

Yes. And if I had known then the way I know now the rubbish that the old bishop was preaching, I'd have taken the whole house. But you know, I was sitting at the card school when somebody comes in through the door and says, I know where we can get a lot of money.

Name the figures, the big figure. And he tells us the place. And he said to me, Willie, you'll go tomorrow and you'll make the plans.

Now, I've got to confess this. You see, I can draw anything at any time with a pencil. I do paintings and all that sort of thing.

I don't get time now, but I can sketch anything. And I never went to school to do this. Now, nobody taught me, but I just come and it's easy for me.

And I used to go and draw the plans and see all the roads out and all the roads in and made the whole map of the place and made it pretty sure that we would get there and get away. He said, you'll go and do it tomorrow. And I said, yes, I will.

So I just jumped from the hedge down into a field and I'm getting near to this big building and I'm taking everything in as I go along. Then something said to me, what about this day of wrath? You know what was happening? It was the Spirit of God taking the Word of God that this old man had sown in my soul. Oh, there was nobody saved at the mission, but the old fellow was sowing the seed.

And out of those three weeks, I was the only one that was saved. So we'll get to that in a moment. And I said, but there might be no God and there might be no day of wrath and I'm putting it all off.

You know how you argue when you're in the dark. And then something said to me, now just look at the hills and look at the fields and I could see Scrabble and I could see the fields. And I remember saying, this is the real quotation, I can see 20 miles of earth, but there are millions of miles of earth that I can't see.

Where did this vast planet of ours come from? And the only sensible answer is God. And I knew there was a God. And I knew that I was a sinner before Him and I knew I was going out to meet Him and I trembled.

You see, I thought that God had sort of stepped out from behind the clouds and said, I'm here. I'm here, you know. And I remember saying this, all right.

You're God, I'm a sinner, I'm a terrible sinner. And if you lift me and pitch me into the deepest hell, it's just fair, it's justice, all right. You're right, I'm wrong.

And then it came like a flash. What are you trembling about? Sure God loves you. I bet I could hardly get you now.

Sort of thought that God loved the people who went to church and God loved the people who had the Bible and God loved the people that said prayers, but sure I was no use. And then it came like thunder. God so loved the world.

The world of people. Wasn't I in it? Could it really be said that God loved everybody but me? And it dawned, the light dawned. God loved me.

Sing like me, God loved me. It came clear, God so loved me that he gave his only begotten son for me. Well, that was the bit.

And I could see the Lord Jesus almost now. And he came from the heights of glory and he went all the way to the cross and on the old blood stained rugged cross, he died for me. He became the sacrifice for my sins.

And he did it so well that on the third day he rose again and he became the living savior for my soul. And I could see this. I'll never imitate this now.

I can take you back to the spot and I go back to the spot sometimes and I stop the big car and I get out and I jump the hedge and I get down on my knees and I don't care who knocks me. And I thank God that it was on this spot that I met the savior. But standing in rags, screwed my cap, I took the old cap off, screwed it into a rope and held on tight to it.

And I knew if I go back to my plows and my boos, I shall go to hell. And here's the son of God who died for me and rose again and he wants to give me new life and new power and make a new man out of me. And I remember screwing it again and saying, alright Lord Jesus, on this spot today, I will give you my life.

And I was saved. Didn't put up my hand in a meeting or anything or sign a card or do anything like that. I had accepted Christ as my own and personal savior and I knew it too.

Knew it. I was saved. My chains fell off, as it were.

I crawled through the hedge. I can't go on with this thing that I'm doing. I can't sketch anymore, throw the book down.

The big man coming down the lane. I said, here you, come here. See that field? Just a minute ago I met the savior there.

And you know, one of the Protestants of Ulster. Get the hands up, you know. Went away back a bit.

Thought I was escaped out of some lunatic asylum. I can see him, his eyes open wide. Got around me as slowly as he could and when I looked up the lane, he's looking back and the hand's still up.

Yes. Went down the lane a little bit and I met another big man. About six feet, three or four I think.

And I didn't know him and I said, mister, see that field there? Met the savior there about three minutes ago and accepted him as my savior. Big fella didn't run. He belonged to the people known as brethren.

God bless them. Say amen. Say amen.

That's right, that's right. God bless them. And here he was.

You know, he said to me, you see, I didn't know that he knew anything about it. I thought he was in the dark. I says, you know, I met the savior.

I'm really saved. I'll never be drunk again. And I can see the big tears rolling on his face.

Took my hand and held it tight. I'll always remember what he said. My memory's good, he said, son, fear not the unknown model.

Dread not the new demands life makes of thee. The one that saved you today, he'll keep you for all eternity. And I knew this big man knew something.

We were down the lane together. And we parted at the end of the lane. And I'm like Peter out of a prison and the doors are open and now I come to myself, as it were.

And there's a cloud written on me in a wee house back there. And when I go back to tell them I'm not going any further, I'll get killed. I mean that.

Lose your life in this thing, you know. When you get into these sort of games, son, you'll not get out as handy as you think. I've seen men walked over in a home like this are hardly worth picking up after that.

And you know, I'm just standing here and I've got to tell you this, and this is the bit I don't like. I had a belt on and a special pouch made on it and there was an open razor on it. And it's so made it just lies over there.

And I practiced before a looking glass, taking the button out and taking the razor out in two seconds and it's open. And when you get a stupid creature like me behind it, don't come on. You're only going to get hurt.

Just go away, go away. And I'm standing when the big man, Henry Todd, left me. I said, I'm saved.

I'm going down to see these boys. And I said, Lord. And as soon as I said, Lord, I got a hand on the button and opened the curtain, took the razor out.

I said, Lord, first man says a word about you, I'll cut the head off. See, these boys here, they'll put you out of the Baptist for that, my son. You wouldn't be allowed in at all, so you know.

What a dreadful start it was. It was a proper mess I was making of it. And I've got the razor in my hand and I'm talking this rubbish when a plane went over my head.

It's Finney in the white. It's across there yet, you know. It's in the hangar over there.

Owned by Lord Londonderry. Way back then he was teaching young pilots how to fly. It was maybe the first twin-controlled plane in our country.

And the young pilot sat in the front and the old pilot sat behind. And the young fellow's bringing it down and it's not accurate and there's going to be a smash and the old pilot can switch off the young fellow's controls and takes over and then he teaches them over again. And she came down out of the sky as I've got the razor in my hand.

She came all down, almost touched the head, you know, and it must have been the old man took her back up again. And then the Lord said, you know, that's it. That's what you do.

You're not in control at all. Throw the thing down. Give me control.

I could take you to the spot where the razor went and the gun went. And I remember this, you know, as well as anything. Standing that day and I had only the Lord.

Oh, what a wonderful thing that is. It's all I have tonight. It's the Lord.

And it's 45 years later and it's just the same thing now. I have the Lord. See the old ladies from here counting up your age.

He was 16. He was away for three years. It's 19 and they counted up.

I'm almost 70. Oh, I know I look about 22, but I can't help it. It's just the shape of my face.

That's all. And, you know, I've got to say this, you know, in five minutes, I had learned this. Oh, get this.

I had learned that Christ on the cross was the sacrifice for my sins. That Christ out of the grave was the Savior for my soul. That Christ on the throne was the Lord of my life.

I'm not in control anymore. Not a bit in control. Now, he's in control.

Friend, are you here tonight? You know, I went down to the house with my hand in the hand of the Lord. I said, Lord, take me down. No matter what happens, it's up to you.

You know, I can remember this. I went down. Around the corner of the alley came the worst one of the crowd, a big man called Paddy Hunter.

He's in the glory now. Oh, could I describe him to you? His shoulders as broad as a door, and his mind was as dark as night, and he was as strong as a lion. He was the worst one of the bunch.

That's the way the devil works. And, you know, I knew it was now or never. A square of feet in him.

Always taught to look after him. I said, you put your left foot forward, and you get on your toes, and put this one right here, and watch him. I knew he'd come like a tiger, but when he would come, I wouldn't be here anymore.

And I said, listen, you. You just listen to me. I've met the Lord Jesus today, and he's my Savior.

He can't go to you anymore. I thought he would come. And a big tear rolled down onto his face, and you mustn't be bluffed like that, because these fellows can cry when they're lucky.

He says, are you saved? He says, I'm saved. He says, put it there. And I'm afraid of that.

I want to put my tips and my fingers in there, because he'd catch me, and he'd fix me. And he really broke down. He says, wish me God I was saved.

I didn't think he would say that. See, some of you here, you're not saved. You know why? Because you're afraid of men.

Afraid of men. Afraid of men who were longing in their souls for salvation. Here I am, you know.

It is 45 years later, and for years I was the pastor of the largest Baptist church in our country. And I taught the largest Bible class in this land for years. And I've led thousands to know the Lord.

And my voice has been heard in every country under the sun. And wherever the Cowleys, the Arabs sit on the sand and listen. You here tonight, you're not saved.

Now there's a Savior for you. Could I lead you to Calvary? Christ dying for your sin. You need no other argument.

And you don't need to seek any other plea. It is enough that Jesus died. And that he rose again.

He's alive, you know. It's not a text we bring you. It's not the Baptist church we bring you.

It's not a party we bring you. It's our risen, living, wonder-working Savior we bring you. He'll go home with you, you know.

When Moody was ending the meeting, he said, what will you do with Christ? And an old man stood up and said, sir, I'll take him home with me. I am home with you tonight. And Christ on the cross is the sacrifice for your sins.

And Christ out of the grave is the Savior for your soul. And Christ on the throne is the Lord of your life. Let him take control tonight.

Friend, you should get saved, you know. People have been getting saved in these meetings. The Lord can save you.

Everything I have. And everything I am. And everything I ever hoped to be.

I owe everything to the Son of God. It wasn't the Baptist that made me, you know. It was the Savior.

Take him home with you. Put your arms of faith around him. And squeeze him tight.

Make him yours. And life will start. And joy will come.

And peace will be yours. And power will be yours. You're nearly saved, you know.

May the good Lord save you. Let's bow together before the Lord. Let's be still just for a moment.

I want every believer in the building to pray. Please pray. Put up a wee word, no matter how awkward it is.

Put up a wee word for all the folks who are not saved. Oh, and save, friend, bless you for coming and being so patient with me. Just think again.

You know, there's a sacrifice that was made for your sins. Jesus. Our Passover was sacrificed for us.

That's enough, isn't it? There's a Savior for you, a living Savior who can be with you every day. There's a Lord for your life. Wonderful Lord.

Oh, God's here tonight. Friend, don't run away tonight. Go out and go down the side of the church and come into the vestry and we'll clear it out.

And tonight you can be saved. Let me help you now. I'd rather talk to the pastor.

You know, that's okay with me. Lord, remember folks who are not saved in this meeting. Please speak again to them.

Take them by the hand and lead them, Lord, right through. We believe thou art drawing them to thyself. Lord, save sinners.

For thy name's sake. Amen. Hello, friends.

Just want to say a little word at the end of this life story of mine. First of all, I want to quote you a poem that I wrote on a Christmas morning long ago. God manifest in flesh.

All wonder to behold. Creative power within the breast that felt the blast of cold. God in our likeness made.

Oh, may we understand. The one who made the wandering worlds appeared as lowly man. He stood within the realm he'd fashioned with a thought.

His creatures gazed upon him. Alas, they knew him not. They cried out for his blood.

His claims cast out as dross. They spat upon his princely face. Then nailed him to the cross.

But he made the tree for that cross of wood. He made the hill on which it stood. And in some hidden vein of land, he made the steel that pierced each hand.

He made the fathers of that race who in their nature knew him not. He made the fiends with whom he fought. And there in death, he made a way back to himself eternally.

And that's what we've been trying to bring before you this evening. That Christ is the way. And that Christ is the truthful way.

And Christ is the living way. And we trust that some of you who've listened to this, that you'll come and really give your life and soul and all to the Lord. Let's be kneeling with a big man who's committed his all to the Lord.

I trust that when you hear this story and watch it on videotape, that you will remember that you could buy one of these videotapes, bring it into your own home, and play it on your own TV. It will be made known unto you how this can be done. So I trust that God will really, abundantly, yea, he eternally bless you.

Thank you for everything. Amen.

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