**A Parable of a Lighthouse**

(by Unknown)

 On a dangerous seacoast where shipwrecks often occur, there was once a crude little life-saving station. The building was just a hut, and there was only one boat, but the few devoted members kept a constant watch over the sea, and with no thought for themselves, they went out day or night tirelessly searching for the lost.

 Many lives were saved by this wonderful little station, so that it became famous. Some of those who were saved, and various others in the surrounding areas, wanted to become associated with the station and give of their time and money and effort for the support of their work. New boats were bought and new crews were trained. The little life-saving station grew.

 Some of the new members of the life-saving station were unhappy that the building was so crude and so poorly equipped. They felt that a more comfortable place should be provided as the first refuge of those saved from the sea. They replaced the emergency cots with beds and put better furniture in an enlarged building. Now the life-saving station became a popular gathering place for its members, and they re-decorated it beautifully and furnished it as a sort of club.

 Less of the members were now interested in going to sea on life-saving missions, so they hired lifeboat crews to do their work. The mission of life saving was given lip service but most were too busy or lacked the necessary commitment to take part in the life saving activities personally.

 About this time, a large ship was wrecked off the coast, and the hired crews brought in boatloads of cold, wet and half-drowned people. They were dirty and sick, some of them had black skin, and spoke a strange language, and the beautiful new club was considerably messed up. So the property committee immediately had a shower house built outside the club where victims of shipwrecks could be cleaned up before coming inside.

 At the next meeting, there was a split in the club membership. Most of the members wanted to stop the club’s life saving activities as being unpleasant and a hindrance to the normal pattern of the club. But some members insisted that life saving was their primary purpose and pointed out that they were still called a life-saving station. But they were finally voted down and told that if they wanted to save the life of all various kinds of people who were shipwrecked in those waters, they could begin their own life-saving station down the coast. They did.

 As the years went by, the new station experienced the same changes that had occurred in the old. They evolved into a club and yet another life-saving station was founded. If you visit the seacoast today, you will find a number of exclusive clubs along that shore. Shipwrecks are still frequent in those waters, but now most of the people drown.

**How Do I Feel About Personal Evangelism?**

(by Brent Hunter)

* How many people have I helped lead to Christ?
* How many people do I NOW have my heart set on to win to Christ?
* To what extent have I gone to try to win these people?
* Approximately how many hours (or minutes) per week do I average talking to people about the Lord?
* How often do I pray for certain individuals to obey the Lord, or to be restored to faithful Christian duty?
* Do I ever pray FERVENTLY that I might become a better soul winner?
* Do I SINCERELY TRY to help that prayer be answered?
* Am I generally embarrassed to converse with people about Christ?
* Do I know enough Scripture to help one become a Christian?
* Do I honestly feel that I am my brother’s keeper, and that his salvation may depend LARGELY upon me?
* Have I offered the excuse, “I DON’T KNOW HOW,” for not doing personal work?
* Do I think I can ever really learn how until I try?
* When do I plan to begin?
* Has it ever occurred to me that many will die and go to God unprepared while I’m wasting time thinking I don’t know how?
* Am I interested enough in Heaven, and does it mean enough to me that I earnestly desire others to go with me?
* Does a checkup list like this help me to do better?

**Remember**:

* God knows what I really CAN or CAN’T do!
* I can’t deceive God.
* I will be held responsible for not making some attempt.