

THE PORTALS



Hell

Life lessons

Heaven

A MAN WHO CAME ON THE BUS

One Sunday morning, a call came into the church. They said someone was at the bus station and wanted to talk. After some discussion, they decided I should go. That seemed strange, and it even got even more bizarre when I got there.

The bus station was in an old hotel, and the man was in the café setting in a booth. He was unshaven, as if he had been on the bus awhile. He was well dressed and clean. "He said he was from New York" which was over 1000 miles from where we were. He had a question for me before he told his story.

He said, "what do you think of the Jewish people?" I was taken back by the question as he was Jewish.

"Honestly, I said, I never thought about what I think of the Jewish people; I don't look at people through that lens. I can tell you what God says He thinks of the Jewish people. He loves them very much, and they seem to hold a special place in his heart. We are all supposed to love as God loves."

He seemed satisfied with that answer and quickly went on to tell his tragic story. He said "I am a rock star from New York and have a rock band." (I did not tell him I had never heard of him.) He went on to say that he only had a mom, dad, a wife, and two children in this country. They were all killed in a van accident and buried in New York.

NowYouKnow

He said, "I am just running and can't tell you where I am going. I am just running. I have been going from bus to bus and place to place." He was very aware of the portals shown above.

He then went to tell me that his wife and parents all became Christians, and he did not care about that. They tried to talk, and I would not listen. I was just focused on my band. Now they are all gone. I have no family at all. I am at such a painful time in my life. After about 2 hours I said let's go to my house for lunch. I called my wife and said we were coming. We have four children; I believe three were there.

We spent time at lunch, and he told the family what had happened. He asked if he could have a shower. Then we spent about 6 hours with him asking a lot of questions. He wanted to know everything.

He did pray for forgiveness and gave his life to Christ, and he became a disciple. That evening we went to our evening church service. He got up in front of the church and told his story. He said I have been restored with my Creator. We then went back to the bus station. He bought a bus ticket and left. I don't remember if we ever ask each other's names or not.

I have not heard from him since, but I will learn what happened during the rest of his life when we get to heaven.

Everyone needs to see the end-of-life portals. They need to understand they will only go through one. They can know, when living today, which one they will pass through. Let's tell everyone. We need to be disciples.

Questions about this story.

- What stood out to you in this story?
- What does the story say about God?
- What does the story say to you?
- Any action needed on your part?
- What did someone else in our group say that stood out to you?

My Life lessons from that experience.

- God will use us. He knows who will follow through. He is not going to send people if he knows they won't share the gospel story.
- We must be willing to give time. It is not an interruption in life. It is a disciple's life.
- We must listen, sometimes for hours.
- People need to tell their stories. It may not be as dramatic or rugged as the one just shared, but they are all important.