

# THE GOSPEL TRACT

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Hello! My name is Tract. Gospel Tract, that is, but you may just call me GT. I come in all shapes, sizes, and colors and I get around a lot so I am sure that you have seen me at one time or another. I am, by definition, “a propaganda pamphlet, especially one put out by a religious or political group.” At least that’s how one dictionary defines me. I must admit that I do have a lot of relatives both in the secular and religious worlds. Some of my religious relatives have not been the testimony they ought to be because of the things they say about God that are not true, and they do not use the true Word of God as found in the Kings James Bible.

But I wonder, how much do you really know about me? I really do not want to sound like I’m bragging, but I need to tell you a little about myself. Here I am GT, a vessel chosen of the Lord Himself, and He wants to use me to the fullest extent possible. But He can’t, and do you know why? You see, God has given me the privilege of having a major role in His overall plan of world evangelization, but for some reason I am often ignored and even relegated to the unofficial church office of Dust Collector. Boy, let me tell you something, being called upon to be a major player I find that to be really humiliating because I am restricted from my full potential. Perhaps after I tell you a little about myself you will appreciate me a little more and understand the role I have been commissioned to play. Why, you may even decide that you appreciate me enough to want to work with me in the worldwide enterprise of evangelizing the lost. So what makes me so special?

Well, for one thing, I can go to places that you cannot or will not go to. As a matter of fact, I do not need a passport or visa for my travels. Can you say that? I travel all over the world going to large cities and small towns and come into contact with people from all walks of life. Some of the towns are so small and in such remote places that no one would want to go there, but I do. I can go to a town and someone will pick me up and take me with them to where they are going. For example, Brother Missionary meets me in Limbe, Malawi (Central Africa) and from there I go all over the country. When I am in this country my language is Chichewa. Do you know Chichewa so that you can share God’s plan of salvation with these people? You will also find me in all of the countries of the world and quite often in English, but not always. I go to the Philippine Islands in English, but I also go in many of the other dialects spoken there, such as Tagalog and Ilocano. Way back in the jungle there are people who need me because they have never heard the Gospel message and I have this message. Time is of the essence for these people!

I must admit that not everybody likes me, or at least it seems that way at times. Many times in America when I am offered to a stranger I am rebuffed. Sometimes I am even crumpled and torn up and thrown on the ground or just pushed away. All I wanted to do was to help that person with the Good News that I bore, but, for the most part, they did not understand that. Still there are others that hate me because of The One whose message I carry. There is a Wicked One who will stop at nothing to prevent me from delivering my message, but he’ll never be able to do that. I have been ordained of God to carry on His work and I have the promise that His Word will not return void – it will accomplish His intended purpose! I really like it when people are eager to receive me. There are times when I am offered to people that they actually smile and say thank you. I have really noticed this in other countries where God’s Word has been prohibited for so many years and the people are spiritually starved. They are so hungry and I have the privilege of feeding them with food that satisfies the hungry soul. In Mexico, some friends were giving me out on the streets of a certain town and, you know what, when people saw us coming they put out their hands to receive me. And if that wasn’t enough, they said “thank you” and then sat down to read me. Imagine that if you will! I felt so good telling those people about how much God loves them and that He wants to save them before it becomes eternally too late if they will only repent of their sin and receive His Son as their personal Saviour. I was really encouraged when my friends Jaci and his sister Daisy (Jerez, Zacatecas, Mexico) gave me to a lady and she called their missionary pastor inquiring about salvation. As a result of this she trusted Jesus Christ as her personal Saviour and just to think, me, GT, I am had a part in this. There are so many stories to tell and not enough time to tell them all now. But one day, over in

Gloryland, we will have nothing but time and oh, what a time that will be! There will be people from all walks of life and all parts of the world telling how God used me in their life.

So often I like to let my mind wonder as I meditate on the sweet bye and bye, but then I return to the nasty here and now and the work that lies yet before me. And I must confess that I do not understand how it is that my Heavenly Father has seen fit to use me so mightily for His honour and glory and yet there are those of His own who view me as being insignificant. Perhaps it is because I am small and small things tend to be despised. It could be that it's because I am not a big crowd gatherer nor in the limelight of man's praise. You won't see me on television or in a church pulpit, nor will you hear me on the radio or see me punching a time clock and reporting for work. A large segment of those engaged in what is called full-time Christian service work a normal 40-hour week. When you enter a church building, Christian day school or Bible College, you will see people going about their daily routine, sometimes making a lot noise as they do it. But me, well, I do my work quietly, often when there are no others around to observe what I am doing. In my line of work I work best in the stillness of the heart as the Holy Spirit speaks to the needy soul. I am at work in a crowded restaurant where I was left with a tip on the table, or perhaps by the bed in a hospital. I am at work at the checkout in a store, with the deliveryman, at the post office, a rest area on the highway, or the quietness of a home. When a bill payment is mailed I am often in the envelope accompanying the check to its destination. Somebody there needs me! When others have a day off I am at work sharing God's message. I do this seven days a week 365 days a year. In fact, I do not need to take a day off for rest because fatigue and sickness are unknown to me. Speaking with an unrestrained boldness there is no fear of what others can do to me. I have been read and then thrown away only to be found by someone, picked up and read again. My words, God's message of forgiveness and salvation were read and written on the tablet of the heart with the indelible ink of the Holy Spirit. Was my brief existence in vain or did I accomplish something for the glory of God? Sometimes we'll just have to wait until we get to Heaven for the answer. By the way, what have **YOU** accomplished or are accomplishing for the glory of God during your brief existence in this present world?

There is so much that the Lord would like to do with me, but He has this one problem, He needs **Willing Hands** to do it. But, it seems as though **Willing Hands** has gone off with **Uncaring Spirit** and left **Working Hands** to get the job done, but there aren't enough **Working Hands** available for the work. There are so many people who need to hear about God's plan for salvation and so little time left to tell them and, well, I am more than ready, and willing and able to help. But I need **YOU** to help me carry my message to these needy people. You won't have to hang around and wait for me to do my part. Of course, you can if you want to, but it is not necessary. Once you have helped me to get to the people who need me and they have read my message of God's good news for mankind, you will have done your part. From this point on I'll step aside and allow the Holy Spirit to do His work in the reader's heart.

Well, I have tried to tell you a little bit about my mission and myself. **Working Hands** will continue to do his part in working with me, but I need **Willing Hands** to leave **Uncaring Spirit** and join with **Working Hands** and me to get the job done. The next time you see me on a literature table or in a display holder, stop and think for just a moment about the potential there is for the salvation of a lost soul if only **Willing Hands** will pick me up and share me with others. I do not require much space so it is easy for you to take me along wherever you go. You can put me in a shirt pocket, suit pocket, purse, Bible case, or I can ride along side of you in your car or truck. The power of the printed page is fathomless and just to think, me, GT, what a tremendous role I have in all of this! I am so privileged to be a co-laborer with **Working Hands**, but I can't help but wonder, where are **Willing Hands**? Do you know?

~Richard A. Ciarrocca