

Banners Unfurled

March 1997

It has been a cold winter so the walking traffic on BEALE STREET has been slim, and I have missed a night or two of preaching. Still I did try to go at least for a few minutes even on some of the coldest nights. You know, when you are used to going, they expect to see you there. The only time they expected me not to be there was during the Promise Keeper's Rally, which was here in October. Silky, the owner of Silky Sullivan's Irish Bar, came out to the street and yelled at me the night of the P.K. gathering, asking why I had not gone to Promise Keepers. Holding my hands up and swaying, I said in a sing song voice, "**I didn't want to bond with men**".

The dogwoods are beginning to bud and we are eagerly looking forward to spring when we can hit the streets again. There are a couple of big ball games coming up and then St. Patrick's Day Week-end should all be good times to be on BEALE. If you are preaching, that is!

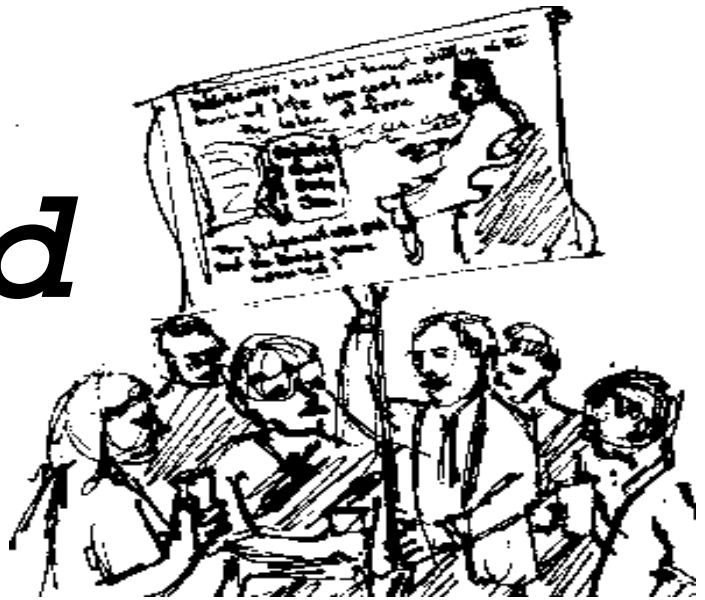
Especially don't forget **Memphis in May**. We really need you in Memphis during the two big week-ends listed in the Calendar of Events. There are as many as 100,000 people those week-ends and I would sure like to have as many people on the streets as possible to give off some light. There is something about a large group standing on the street singing "**Power in the Blood**" that is just GOOD. I believe God really uses it.

We will put you up or see that you have a place to stay and plenty to eat. We'll be on the streets Friday night, Saturday afternoon and night and possibly Sunday afternoon. If you can spend the whole week-end, you'll get a blessing. **Our pastor, Bro. Sonny Tolbert, prays and preaches fervently and the Lord likes to come and make his presence felt.** So plan to stay for Sunday services if you can. I normally do not promote

Heroes of the Cross

Christopher Hopper wrote about his street preaching experience more than 200 years ago.

"I did not much regard a little dirt, a few rotten eggs, the sound of a cow's horn, the noise of bells, or a few snowballs in their season; but sometimes I was saluted with blows, stones, brick-bats, and bludgeons. These I did not well like: they were not pleasing to flesh and blood. I sometimes lost a little skin, and once a little blood, which was drawn from my forehead with a sharp stone. I wore a patch for a few days, and was not ashamed; I gloried in the cross. And when my small sufferings abounded for the sake of Christ, my comfort abounded much more. I never was more happy in my own soul, or blessed in my labors."



anything else, but they are having the **Titantic Exhibit** beginning in April through September and that might be something that you and your family would like to go to as well as street preaching. Pray and ask the Lord if He would have you come and be a part of giving the gospel on the streets in May.

There are two youth groups that are planning on coming through here in the summer and can't wait to get to BEALE. **Can you think of a better youth activity?** If you are close enough to come, I'd sure love to have you. We'll put your kids up and give you a chance to baptize them into street ministry.

I had a great time presenting the need for public ministry at the **KJV Fellowship** meeting which was held at Bro. **Galen Hall's** church, The Old Paths Baptist Church in Union City in January. Already several of them have expressed interested in coming to BEALE and spreading a little light. In fact **Bro. Charles Callens**, pastor in Portageville, MO. came down during February and I told him we would leave when the first person wanted to. He was sure it would be him, but as is usually the case, HE HATED TO LEAVE and said he'll be back!! It gets in your blood. Also **Bro Hickson** of Halls, Tennessee is sending his youth group down in April or May.

GOOD TIME HAD BY ALL AT BLITZ

Approximately seventy people had a great time at the West Coast Street Preachers' Blitz which was put together by **Bro. Jerry Sutek** and held at the Bible Baptist Church in Marysville, California. **Pastor Brad Weniger** and his people really took care of us as we sat in instructional and inspirational sessions during the morning and hit the streets in the afternoons. Thursday through Saturday, February 20-22, we spent the afternoons in Marysville, Sacramento and San Francisco singing as a group and then dividing up as we preached, held scripture signs and banners and handed out tracts as we attempted to lead people to the Lord. As far as we know seven people trusted the Lord and 12,500 tracts were given out. **Bro. Chick** had donated comic book tracts and yet it was still hard to get people to take them in San Francisco. God really blessed me by enabling me to lead a 21 year old woman to the Lord who was taking care of her little brother while their mother was in jail. I have sent her a follow up Bible study.

In the name of our God, we will set up our banners. Psalm 20: 5.

If you have never heard Bro. Bill Eubank's story of dropping 450 pounds of tracts out of an airplane over the Vatican, you have really missed it. This guy is a full time street preacher who travels all over the country with his wife, Janet, wearing a sandwich board and preaching or whatever else he can find to do. His spirit is always refreshing.

My wife leaned over to me after hearing some of his stories and said "Thank goodness I am only married to you!" Janet said she thinks most people feel that way. SORRY BRO. BILL!

CHARLES H. SPURGEON THOUGHTS ON OPEN-AIR PREACHING

"It can be argued, with small fear of refutation, that open-air preaching is as old as preaching itself. We are at full liberty to believe that Enoch, the seventh from Adam, when he prophesied, asked for no better pulpit than the hillside, and that Noah, as a preacher of righteousness, was willing to reason with his contemporaries in the shipyard wherein his marvelous ark was built.

Certainly, Moses and Joshua found their most convenient place for addressing vast assemblies beneath the unpillared arch of heaven. Samuel closed a sermon in the field of Gilgal amid thunder and rain, by which the Lord rebuked the people and drove them to their knees. Elijah stood on Carmel, and challenged the vacillating nation with "How long halt ye between two opinions?"

Jonah, whose spirit was somewhat similar, lifted up his cry of warning in the streets of Ninevah. It may suffice us however, to go back as far as the origin of our own holy faith, and there we hear the forerunner of the Savior crying in the wilderness and lifting up his voice from the river's bank. Our Lord Himself, who is yet more our pattern, delivered the larger portion of His sermons on the mountain's side, or by the seashore, or in the streets. Our Lord was to all intents and purposes an open-air preacher.

Where would the Reformation have been if its great preachers had confined themselves to churches and cathedrals? How would the common people have become indoctrinated with the Gospel had it not been for those far-wandering evangelists, the colporteurs, and those daring innovators who found a pulpit on every heap of stones, and an audience chamber in every open space near the abodes of men?

No sort of defense is needed for preaching out of doors; but it would need very potent arguments to prove that a man had done his duty who has never preached beyond the walls of his meetinghouse. We ought actually to go into the streets and lanes and highways, for there are lurkers in the hedges, tramps on the highways, street-walkers and lane-haunters, whom we shall never reach unless we pursue them into their own domains. Sportsman must not stop at home and wait for the birds to come and be shot at, neither must fishermen throw their nets inside their boats and hope to take many fish. Traders go to the markets; they follow their customers and go out after business if it will not come to them; and so must we."

WHY I PREACH WITH A BANNER

It separates me from the crowd and identifies my purpose. The banner gives me a greater presence than I would have without it.

It attracts people to me by its content. They actually come to me to ask questions. Why are you here? What does the banner mean? Through it I get many more chances to plant a seed.

It preaches to others even when I am dealing one on one with someone else. MANY pictures of me with the banner have been taken and now appear around the world in photo albums and video clips.

My banner of the Great White Throne Judgment (a copy made from the soul winning tract "Tell It Like It Is" by Dr. Peter Ruckman) focuses my preaching. Explaining the picture automatically keeps my attention on men being sinners, lost and undone, hopeless unless they receive the Lord Jesus Christ as their Savior.

CHILDREN CAPTIVATED BY BANNER

While in California for the Blitz, the Children's church watched me demonstrate using my banner as I explained that the very first thing I do on the street is get on my knees and pray since the Bible says some day every knee will bow to Jesus Christ. There were approximately 50-75 kids packed into Fellowship Hall and after preaching through the message of the White Throne Judgment, I gave them a chance to ask questions. It amazed me to see that they asked all the same questions that the adults on the street do. This showed me once again the power of the banner. We live in a visual generation and a picture captures the attention of young and old alike.

"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest." Mt.9:38

CALENDAR OF COMING EVENTS

MARCH 15 - **MARCH MADNESS** - NCAA BASKETBALL
DUKE, MURRY STATE ,GA, CHATTA., IL, SO CAL, & OTHERS WILL BE
HERE

APRIL 13 - **BEALE STREET SPRING FEST**

MAY 3-5 - **MEMPHIS IN MAY**
MUSIC FEST

MAY 16-18 **MEMPHIS IN MAY**
BAR-B-Q FEST

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Battlefield Bulletins

UNKNOWN TONGUES

One very cold night a group of college students from Edmonds, Oklahoma was passing by. As they passed I asked as usual if I could explain the banner to them. They drifted off one by one until I was left with one young Taiwanese man who really wanted to hear the word. After quite a long time of dealing with him and showing him scripture, he responded that he did want to be saved. I explained to him what he should tell the Lord and waited expectantly with bowed head for him to pray. After a minute or two of silence I looked up at him and he said somewhat apologetically, **"I don't think I can say all of that in English."** At that point I assured him that God could understand whatever he spoke and that the point was just to talk to God. He then took off praying in some unknown tongue and I trust God was indeed able to understand and did save his soul. I mailed him a Gospel of John follow up Bible study course.

LOVE FOR THE JEWS

One bitterly cold night I went down to BEALE ST, intending to only stay a little while. As I was rolling up my banner a couple approached me and asked what it was all about so I began to explain that if you did not have the life required by God that you would die "dead" and be present at the Great White Throne Judgment pictured on my banner. The girl then revealed that she was Jewish and wanted to know what to do. Neither of them had coats on (I had long johns, coat, toboggan, etc.) and they were shivering by this time. **I told them that I loved Jews and that Jesus was a Jew.** I asked her what the messiah was supposed to do, to which she replied that he was to come and set up a kingdom. When I asked her why Daniel said he would be cut off and Isaiah said we would be healed by his stripes, she had no explanation. By now, they were shaking and I encouraged them to go after telling them that God cared for their souls. I pray that God will further water that seed. It amazes me that even in the freezing weather God still sends people to talk to and actually has them approach me and ask to talk.

WHERE IS THE AUTHORITY?

Mike came by escorting some girls to their car but said he would come back and talk to me. His fiancée and her mother were waiting for him in front of Rum-Boogie. He was a psychology major at Carson Newman, a Southern Baptist college and told me that he wanted to be a family counselor. He seemed to have a fairly clear profession of faith so I exhorted him to be careful of psychology and we discussed the fact that by listening to Christian radio you would think all Christians are mentally ill. I explained to him that part of this is because they are feeding on TV rather than being busy living for the Lord and laying up treasures in Heaven. He told me he did study the scriptures so I asked him what the scriptures were. **He said "The Bible", but when I asked him if the Bible he read was the final authority he quickly replied "No, the originals are".** I was able to give him my testimony of being newly saved and a student at Mid

South Bible College (now Crichton) where they attacked the KJV constantly. One day in the school library I discovered "by accident" about the two lines of Bible texts and from there things became clearer and clearer. I was able to discuss John 1:18 with him since he used the NASV and also Col. 1:14. He agreed that our meeting was not by accident and we parted. So you see more goes on than meets the eye and who knows what God will do in this young man's life?

MARCH MADNESS

You missed what I think was one of **the best nights of the year** on BEALE. The South East Conference (SEC) and the NCAA (coming up the 15th) regional playoff basketball games are played here each year. Really, *plan next year* to come for more fun with the college age crowd. It is different than the music and bar-b-que crowd. College students are not basically the doped up bunch like you hear about other places. Several thousand were milling around last Saturday night when I went into the crowd and preached one of Whitfield's lines- **"You are half beast and half devil."** From that point on I had a crowd around me for 6 hours. Many Roman Catholics heard for the first time that if they believed what their church teaches they will go to Hell. Tom, a two year pro football player was an inquirer who received the word with a sincere spirit. I trust he will believe to the saving of his soul. Many others were thankful I was there, but they were outnumbered 1000 to 1. One wise guy put a **lighted cigarette** in my tract bag which had my jacket in it. The smoke of my smoldering jacket attracted the attention of a few who were impressed with my calm non-retaliating spirit and then gave me more opportunity to speak with them. Spurgeon said he liked to see a street preacher be abused occasionally- that it aroused the sympathy of the crowd and that is definitely true. You have to learn to control your spirit though. ***"But I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel."* Phil. 1:12**

VIEW FROM SOMEONE ELSE'S EYES

I wanted you to hear from someone else about their experience on BEALE STREET and perhaps whet your appetite. This account is by **Bro. Galen Hall, Union City, Tennessee:**

This particular evening had been uneventful. A few short conversations, but nothing that seemed to have any eternal significance. The evening just wore on and on. We had just been preached to during revival services at Emmanuel Baptist by Bro. Jack Wood and my thoughts kept returning to things he had said.

I searched the street for Charles Callens, a preacher friend of mine, who was here on BEALE for the first time. Charles had on more than one occasion gone with me to preach out of the back of my truck to the large numbers of teenagers hanging out in the parking lots in Union City. I told Ken that Charles would

be very effective if I could ever get him down to BEALE.

To be honest, I was ready to pack it in for the night. Ken was standing in the middle of the street preaching to a group of young people across the intersection. They pointed at the banner, talked to each other and finally waved at Ken to come over. When he moved across the street, I moved with him and asked for some his tracts, as I had exhausted mine. Standing back watching how Ken dealt with the young people was a learning experience. But then, every trip to BEALE is.

As Ken flipped through pages in his Bible a man came up the side street from behind us and was waiting to cross the street. As he passed, I handed him one of Ken's tracts. It read, "***Does Anybody Love You?***" The fellow took it, stepped off the curb and then looked at the tract for the first time. He stopped, turned around, looked me in the eyes and then back at the tract and then back at me. At this point I rushed into the street and asked him, "Well, is there!?" He paused, then said "Yes, my little girl." I asked him if he knew anybody that loved him enough to die for him. When he said no, we walked back to the sidewalk and I began to preach Jesus Christ and him crucified to him. He quickly realized his need for a Saviour. I asked him to kneel right there on the street corner with me, confess Jesus Christ as Lord, ask him to forgive his sins and receive him as Saviour. He said he would but then looked around at the people. **When I began to explain that Jesus Christ died in agony, naked on the cross for him, he dropped to his knees before I was through speaking. After praying a short prayer, I was silent as the Lord Jesus Christ saved another soul while he prayed asking forgiveness.**

We stood up and I showed him verses about eternal security and the two natures. He indicated that he did not have a Bible so I gave him a brand new Authorized King James 1611. He said that this was just what his wife and two children needed to hear. After showing him how to use the marked edition, I told him about Acts 16:31 and how when the man of the house gets right with God, and it is genuine, it is like water, it runs down hill. I explained the story of the Philippian jailer's family all getting saved.

From this point on there was no holding this guy. **He was headed home with The Book, a new life, the Holy Spirit to guide him and the glorious Gospel of Salvation by faith in Jesus Christ on his lips for his family.** As he left, I turned to Charles and he said "Turn around and look at that guy." I turned to see him wiping tears from his eyes so he could see to talk, with Bible under arm, headed for his car.

He never did make it to BEALE STREET that night. A loving Saviour and a cross met him in the middle of his intersection in life and showed him a path that led away from everlasting destruction and to eternal life."

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