The making of an evangelist

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After my spell in hospital, life took a strange turn of events. I had started a course of Commercial Art, but had to discontinue because of the state of my health besides being a soldier later on in areas where drawing was forbidden.

My stay in hospital (as an inpatient and an outpatient) lasted approximately 14 months in all. I had lost my job through the accident and wondered what I would be able to do, because of the continued weakness of my left arm. The bone graft and other operations had made it impossible for me to do certain types of work.

However, God was watching over me during this period of my life, and answering many Christians' prayers for me.

I was offered a job with a Brisbane Gas company. They had some work suitable for people like myself who had been injured or were not in very good health. My new job was to put water in gas meters, which needed topping up, and occasionally to read the meters. Later on, I was given a promotion in another light job as a 'Complains Man', dealing with people's complaints regarding stoves, heaters, gas coppers and refrigerators. I had this job until I joined the Armed Services in World War II. Although I was in a 'protected industry' and did not have to join up, I felt that I should do something more.

Two momentous things happened to me on the same day Easter Saturday. Because I was still being treated at the hospital for my injuries, a Christian lady sent me away at her expense to a Christian Endeavour Easter Convention held in the 'pineapple country' of Nambour, Queensland. She felt it would do me good health-wise (and I believe, spiritually). Not knowing what a Convention was, I wasn't keen to go. Finding out that it was near a surfing beach, and despite my doctor's reluctance for me to surf at all, I decided I would put an aluminium splint on my arm, and 'shoot the breakers' with my injured arm on my back.

At the Convention, we were going on a picnic on Easter Saturday (April 16), and were to go to the beach at Maroochydore, via Mt Buderim. On the way, we were to stop for lunch in the grounds of the Mt Buderim Methodist Church.

We travelled in a cream wagon along a bumpy road (if it could be called a road!). We had two rows of seats along the side of the truck, and another set of school forms in the middle.

It was on this ride that the first of the momentous things happened.

We hit some very rough places, and the form on which I and others were sitting tipped over backwards, and I landed in the lap of a nice young lady named Alice Jean Page. It was an amazing meeting, and it had its roots three years previously. Then, I was in a Tableau, in a National C.E. Convention, acting the part of a missionary in the City Hall Brisbane, and there were two young ladies in grass skirts representing...
the South Sea Islands. I was attracted to one of these girls and had a secret wish to meet her again. I didn't know it then, but God was preparing this girl to become my wife. She came from a non-Christian home, but she was converted to Christ that night under the preaching of Rev John Ridley, a well-known Australian evangelist.

Three years later, God arranged a meeting when I 'dropped in on her' in a cream wagon, and she was there at the lunch at Mt Buderim, for the second momentous happening: I was converted to Christ in the church grounds where the luncheon was held, in an after-lunch meeting where two young people were giving their testimonies and, like John Wesley, 'I felt my heart strangely warmed'.

I certainly did not know that about one hour after meeting Alice Page, I too would become converted. It happened at approximately 2 pm on the Easter Saturday. Out of all of this, there were some other happenings brought about, I believe, by the guidance of Almighty God. That night, I was out witnessing for Christ in the open air ring with other Christians and the Salvation Army. I used to think that the Salvation Army were a bit non compos mentis (not of sound mind), because of their preaching and witnessing in the open air, but I delighted to be numbered with them all for Christ's sake that same night in the Railway Square. The next day was my birthday and it truly was a resurrection day in my life. I gave my first ever testimony in one of the local churches.

When Alice and I were married, we both became firm friends of Evangelist John Ridley, whom we greatly admired.

Not long after that momentous weekend in the Nambour Christian Endeavour Convention, there were two other events which left a great impression in my life.

The first happened in our local Methodist Church, which I attended. Eight days after my Convention, on the Sunday night following Easter, six Christian Endeavourers from our church, all recently converted, were scheduled, long before, to take the evening service. There were three young girls (15 and 16 years old), and two boys (16 and 18 years), and I was a couple of years or so older. The group decided that I should preach. I would like to say that I was a conscripted volunteer!

We decided we would go to the church and pray for about an hour every day from Tuesday 19 á Sunday 24 April. Something must have been showing in our lives. Even children were asking what had happened to us!

You see, I had been a church member, but I was not truly converted to Christ. I was a Sunday School teacher, a choir member, and in the Band of Hope. I was also in charge of the Intermediate Christian Endeavour, and had even been the eyes for our blind superintendent, and when he took sick, I became the teacher.

I was full of good works, but desperately needed to be filled with the Saviour. I was appointed to these various positions not because I felt a deep call, but because there seemed to be no one else available. I say this to my shame, and put it down to the blindness of man's mind.

The night of the Service came, and in some ways it seemed to be a bit of a disaster from our way of thinking.
I had done a little preaching before, but it had been more a good deeds sermon. This time, it was so different because my sermon, given in weakness and much trembling, was an evangelistic one.

In the service, the girls were nervous and the boys were some tears; the boys stumbled in reading the Bible and hymn verses. But what we lacked in expertise we made up for in the reality of our experience. I preached for about 10 minutes. It was a somewhat 'direct approach'. There were 61 people in the service, we know because we had to keep the record for our minister. I preached, then made my first-á-áever appeal for people to come forward. 25 people came, including a grand-á-mother and her grandson; plus many of the mature people in our church. I was non-á-plussed. My eight days as a born again Christian made me a little short on resources dealing with the appeal. As I didn't know what to do, I said, "We will hold a meeting on Tuesday night, and if any more of you wish to come, please do." I intended to get a more experienced Christian to come out and speak to them, but it never occurred to me, in my almost panic situation, that he might not be able to come. God helped me out here, and the man was able to come. Seven other people came to make a decision for Christ, making 32 out of 61.

In my inexperience, I didn't think there was anything extraordinary in this. We expected something to happen in answer to our week of prayer, and it did. It seemed to me that this was a regular type of happening in some churches. Those responding went on in a remarkable way, some to become leaders in the denomination. Two of those taking the service became ministers of the gospel, and the other four are still strong in Christ.

After my conversion, I was made Superintendent of Evangelism for the South Brisbane Christian Endeavour Union. I tried not only to encourage others to evangelism, but I also organised an open air witness for Christian Endeavour at the Camp Hill tram terminus, Brisbane, with a Bible study afterwards in a nearby Christian home. Some from that Bible study also became very keen Christian workers, and are still keen today.

**NEXT TWO PARAGRAPHS DON'T FIT WELL**

Later, I was baptised by immersion at the Jireh Baptist Church, because of my conviction along that line, and I joined the Albion Baptist Church. In my early Christian life, I owe a tremendous amount to two converted boxers, viz evangelists á-á J.C. Sloan, former heavy-á-weight champion of Scotland, and Rev Dr G.J. Morgan, former light weight Champion of Wales. The latter was a pastor who did the work of an Evangelist.

Both men took a great interest in me, and both had a tremendous grasp of the Scriptures. Dr Morgan was Pastor of the Albion Baptist Church, Brisbane, and he married my wife and I in the church, assisted by my former Methodist minister, Rev Tom Dent (who had been a missionary in the Solomon Islands).@ The second event that made a great impression on me, after the Nambour Convention, concerned the final operation on my injured left arm. I had been in danger of losing the arm, and it was decided to try a bone-á-graft, where bone was to be taken from my left shin, and to be grafted into my left arm. This was the fifth attempt on my arm, as mentioned
previously. Even in this fairly serious operation, the power of the indwelling Christ was seen in the hospital ward.

Meanwhile, World War II had broken out in 1939, and although I was in a 'protected industry', vital to the war effort, I decided to make an effort to join the Air Force. However, because of my injuries at work, I was classified 'Permanently Medically Unfit'. Later, I joined the Australian Military Forces, they weren't so particular as the Air Force and spent three and half hears in War Service. During that period, I also made enquiries about joining the AIF, but again was given no encouragement because of my injured arm. During my war service, my wife and I were married, and had difficulty even getting three and a half days for our honeymoon.

During my war service, in some outpost areas I was the only Christian I knew of in a camp of about 30 men. God helped me to stand firmly on my own two feet for the Saviour, when Christian fellowship was scarce or, most times, nonexistent.

God was training me in understanding the great needs and traumas of people the wounded, the 'bomb happy'. I spent long hours doing patrol work, in lonely places, guarding warships, submarines. Sometimes it was 4-5 hours of duty alone somewhere. At other times, I had to escort Japanese prisoners of war to military prisons. These entailed hundreds of miles of travel. In all this, no doubt God was preparing me for a travelling ministry.

Towards the end of the war, I was called up to Battalion Headquarters by the Colonel of the Battalion. Immediately, I started to examine my conscience to see what misdeeds I was being paraded for. You see, it isn't usual for the head of the battalion to call a private soldier up to headquarters, unless he has been doing something very wrong. Again, however, God was meaning it for good. My fears were quite unfounded. In my records, it showed that I had learnt shorthand and typing, and because the war was winding down, somebody who could do shorthand and typing was needed in the headquarters: I was given two stripes, which made me a corporal, and my soldier mates took trouble to remind me that "Hitler had been a corporal, as had Mussolini, and look where it got them!" Australian soldiers are noted for cheering others up when they obtain army rank!

God was further working for me and in me, with an eye to my future ministry. I was positioned alongside the Adjutant (type of Secretary) of the Battalion. He was a very experienced administrator, with an ability far beyond Battalion needs; and was one of the best administrators I have met. He took an interest in me, teaching me many things about administration and organisation.

Although, most times I could not see God's hand in it, later I found out how wonderfully He worked things out.

Later, I was on loan to the Brigade Headquarters, and again I was working with another fine administrator. This time, it was on a larger scale because a Brigade has charge of a number of battalions.

It was about this time (1944) that I felt the call of God to the ministry. To me, the Army Service underlined the brevity of life, and often men failed to prepare for the eternal. Also, often those appointed
to point this out, seemed to be failing in their task. There were some bright exceptions, one being Chaplain Rev Neville Horn, who I came into contact with for a short time.

I contacted the Queensland Baptist Theological College in Brisbane, and was accepted subject to my passing an Entrance Examination. Although I had not done serious study for about 13 years, I was able to pass the necessary tests and was accepted to start in College in March, 1945.

The story of my early ministries, are reserved for a later chapter.
I never wanted to be a minister of the gospel at first, but as I came to this part of my story, the words of a hymn came to mind:

"All the way my Saviour leads me
What have I to ask beside
Can I doubt his tender mercy
Who through life has been my Guide."

**NEXT PARAGRAPH DOESN'T FIT WELL:**

***I found my background in sport, physical culture and athletics a great deal of help in youth work, camps and the like. I had played in three codes (?) of football (competitive). I had played cricket, too, in both Church UNION and WAREHOUSE UNION in top levels, going from 'last on' to opening batsman and wicket keeper, plus winning a trophy for being an allrounder. I was Captain of a gymnasium known as the Merton Athletic Club. In the girls section of this, we had a Queensland Champion runner, and another club member or two were 'pacers', who could beat her in a race, and we trained regularly with her. I did sailing, too, and was a friend of and swam with my lifesaver friends, including one who was North Queensland champion."
I will need to ask for your patience as I give a few statistics of my ministry.

When I started in March, 1945, in the Baptist Theological College, at the same time I was appointed to my first pastorate on March 1, 1945. There had been a shortage of ministers, because some were chaplains to the Forces, and were enlisted as soldiers, so I went straight to a pastorate.

The statistics of my ministry, showing God's marvellous guiding Hand (of which I will write more later), were:

- 1945-1948: Petrie Terrace Baptist Church (Home Mission Apmts)
- 1948-1950: Maleny Baptist Church
- 1950-1952: Cairns Baptist Church

*** INSERT:
I have been asked to include an incident in my life as a pastor of the Cairns Baptist Church, re giving evidence in a Betting Commission's investigation into SP gambling; and to tell of the close presence of the Saviour at that time.

- The presence of Christ and the People's Commission

*** Rev Jarrott, you mentioned the Cairns story briefly in your notes, but perhaps this story has yet to be written? I haven't got a copy of it in my notes.

The next appointments were by call, as I had become an ordained minister.

- 1952-1956: South Brisbane Baptist Church (and Belmont)
- 1956-1961: Silkstone Baptist Church (Ipswich)

The total service in the pastorates above was just over 16 and a half years.

From 1961-1975, I was employed by The Baptist Union of Queensland, as:

- 1961-1970: Director of Evangelism (and State Evangelist)
- 1970-1975: Director of Evangelism and Mass Media (and State Evangelist)

*** INSERT: I was also appointed as a Prison Chaplain, and an Army chaplain, holding the rank of Captain.

In 1974 in Lausanne in Switzerland, I felt a further call by God to go into a world ministry on a full time basis.

- 1975: Director of Australian Outreach, Haggai Institute (and Associate Evangelist to Dr John Haggai in Northern Ireland)

In order to widen my personal ministry, I was encouraged by some to form an Evangelistic Association.

- 1975-1976: Interim Pastorates (while planning the formation of the Reg Jarrott Evangelistic Association)

- 1976-1990: Director/Evangelist Reg Jarrott Evangelistic Association
1990œ Winding up (on June 30, 1990) of Reg Jarrott Evangelistic Association

1990œ From July 1, Evangelist (Rev) Reg Jarrott open for appointments on a private invitation basis. Still Director/Evangelist from 1991 onwards of Reg Jarrott Evangelistic Committee, administering funds for the publishing and printing of this book of evangelism, and doing small crusades and seminars.

In the early days of my ministry, from 1945 until 1961, I faced a dilemma. Although very happy in the pastorate, I still felt that God was calling me to some further type of ministry. It seemed to me, at that time, God was wanting me to be a teacher. This caused me, with some encouragement from others, to do some further study. So I undertook graduate work when I completed my ordination course at the Baptist Theological College.

1945á-á1980œ I completed my College course á-á now became known as Reverend Reg Jarrott
1947á-á1950œ Completed the Melbourne College of Divinity's Diploma of Divinity (Li.Th)
June 23, 1954œ Completed the Melbourne College of Divinity's Diploma of Religious Education (Dip.RE)
May 2, 1957œ Completed University of Queensland Diploma of Divinity (Dip.Div)
May 1978œ Awarded Bachelor of Divinity with Luther Rice Seminary; Florida, USA (B.D)
May 1979œ Awarded Master of Divinity with Luther Rice Seminary; Florida, USA (M.Div)
I also completed further specialist training in evangelism and teaching.

Right up to about 1960á-á1961, I felt I was called to be a teacher and most of the studies I did were to that end, especially in the field of Religious Education. My whole aim was to exalt the Lord Jesus Christ by 'loving Him with my mind'. I wanted to train others to exalt Him and to be their best for Him.

All through my ministry, I had been used by God in an evangelistic way, and quite a few people told me they considered me to be "an evangelist". I still continued as a teacher of Doctrine etc, but still felt there was something missing in my ministry.

In 1961, God changed the direction of my life, and I was aware of the need to pray earnestly and carefully over the future direction my ministry should take. I felt God's call to fullá-átime itinerant evangelism and besides praying, I asked a trusted and mature Christian did he think I had the evangelistic gift. I was greatly surprised and encouraged by his reply.

At that time, I had been the Chairman of the Evangelistic Committee of the Baptist Union of Queensland. Evangelism was in my heart and blood, it seemed.

An appointment came up for me, and I was appointed Evangelist/Secretary of the Baptist Union of Queensland, with two major task. Firstly, to be the State Evangelist; and secondly, to lead the Evangelism Committee to
the upgraded position, with wider scope, to be the Department of Evangelism. Later, I held the position of Director of Evangelism, which covered these areas, and gave more scope for developing the Department's work. My dream was to lead the denomination in evangelistic outreach, so that "Evangelism would be the heart of all we do" — a slogan borrowed from the Southern Baptist Convention of USA.

I fought a great battle on my knees before accepting the position I now held, but God reminded me that I must not put anything or anybody before Him, and so He enabled me to submit my will to Him.

It was now that everything fell into place for me, and I no longer felt something was missing. I could now clearly trace the unseen hand of God guiding even me from my earliest days.

The setbacks and disappointments became stepping stones rather than stumbling blocks.

My dear reader, God is wonderful and full of purpose in what He does in our lives, although it may seem to the contrary.

I now saw that even in the Pastoral Ministry, God was shaping things towards the evangelistic field of ministry. There was a most helpful and wide divergence of ministry as a pastor. This was too from God (i.e. in finance).

1. Petrie Terrace Baptist Church was a rather 'poor' working class area, with a sprinkling of other types of people. Also, there was a challenge to rebuild a work which had suffered great losses during World War II, because of the lack of Baptist pastors. Here I not only ministered in the Church, but also in a shop nearby. God in His great power built up the Sunday School and church in a remarkable way. Because many Catholic children gathered with non-Catholic children, I used small gospels from the Bible Society, and the 'Douay' (?) Roman Catholic version on what it is to be a Roman Catholic. I took a passage from both versions, which showed the same strong story. We also used a portable blackboard and flanograph. More of this type of Sunday School in Part II of this book.

2. Maleny Baptist Church was a beautiful country area, on what is now the Sunshine Coast. A former Governor of Queensland used to call this area "the green hills of Queensland". Here, I had nine preaching areas, many schools and a number of outstations. Also there was the challenge to build up and plan new areas of work. It was a privilege to exalt Christ in a forestry camp, a saw mill, street meetings and to open new work. This was particularly true, in an area where there were about 70 children, up to aged 12 or 13. However, only one or two had ever been to Sunday School.

This ministry stretched from Kenilworth to Beerburrum about 50 miles and across from the top of the Blackall Range, above Woodford, down to Mooloolah, as well as helping the new Caloundra work (another about 25–30 miles). There were other places in between.

3. Cairns Baptist Church with a number of outstations. A tourist area, radio work, a city-type church, yet set among the suburban canefield areas. Again, experience was gained in the many facets of the
work. Open air work in city streets and nearby beach (Machin's Beach). We had established the Far Northern Baptist Flying Squad, 1043 miles north of Brisbane, in Far North Queensland.

The very beautiful and powerful voice of one of our ladies, as she sang, "Down from His glory", stopped people in their tracks, literally. I believe that the Machin's Beach ministry developed later into an outstation work in that area. I was introduced to someone, years later, still going on with the Lord, as a result of the Machin's Beach meeting.

There are a number of lay preachers still telling the story of the Saviour which they first learned to present in the open air and in preaching classes.

And with The Far Northern Baptist Flying Squad, using a loaned van equipment and a special signwritten platform for open air work.

There were live radio broadcasts from the Central Church, reaching Port Moresby in Papua New Guinea and a fair way south also. The Cairns church always had a 'floating congregation', because of business transfers of many of its members who came to gain experience in the north. This meant that we seemed to be building up, despite conversions and responses.

During World War II, many people were evacuated from the Cairns area, because of the threat of invasion, but there were some who stayed in and kept and church going. Great souls indeed... we still felt the effects of the war in the 1950s, when I was pastor there.

4. South Brisbane Baptist Churchæ (with outstation Belmont as a new and growing work). Here at South Brisbane, we saw God reá—ágrow the work which needed building up á—á a difficult task always in an innerá—ásuburb area, with people scattered far and wide in many suburbs, besides many flat dwellers and noná—ápermanent residents.

We had some different types of outreach, as this church was situated on a main arterial road. One of our members, who was connected with a company making neon advertising signs, decided to donate a two coloured flashing sign, with a cross and the word 'Welcome'.

It was doubleá—ásided, and could be read coming or going by travellers along the street. The donation was made because this Christian business man said he believed that the sign portrayed the kind of church it was á—á preaching the crucified Christ and welcoming all to Him.

Other methods of outreach, besides opená—áair work and kerbside Sunday School, was the installation of Carillons which were played before the services on the Lord's Day, telling out the story of the matchless Saviour in beautiful music of hymns and bells, by means of special records and loud speakers from the roof of the church.

The Catholic Mater Hospital nearby was able to hear the story, as were those in surrounding streets and residents in the area. We received communications from hospital patients and others telling us of the blessings this musical ministry brought.

We also held a regular monthly invitation night service, when members brought their relatives and friends to the service and the fellowship of a 'cuppa'. 
Another service the community was what a reporter in a Brisbane newspaper called a "Soul Clinic". I used to call it "Vestry Day", when on a Thursday afternoon from 12.30 to 5.30 or 6.00 pm, troubled people and others needing help came to see me in response to the invitation on a sign outside the church on a special noticeboard, inviting passers-by to come to chat.

I kept a very confidential record of people who came in order to help me remember this type of need. This was never reported on, except to say a certain number had used the services of the "Soul Clinic", and I later destroyed the records I held.

There were some hundreds of people who came over a period of time, and I used to have a patient a local Doctor sent me, to see if I could help.

This patient was in deep depression, bordering on suicide. By God's grace, the problem was solved, and the family was relieved of a heavy burden. And, I believe, the life of the person concerned was saved.

When I first opened the "Vestry Day", I had quite a few of the unemployables, who really wanted a hand-out to attend the local hotel (although they didn't tell me that!)

A very well known Methodist minister in a church nearby, Rev Arthur Preston, and I decided that to prove if these people were really in need, we would offer them some work around the churches. We had an insurance policy to cover anyone doing that sort of thing.

An amazing thing happened: that word 'work' seemed to have marvellous results. Their need disappeared, and before long, so did the stream of people for hand-outs.

My wife, Alice, had the experience of making out a special lunch of sandwiches for one caller at the Manse, and she saw him go away muttering himself, and racing outside the Manse gate, he threw them down in the street.

I made the mistake of giving a man some money once, and I watched him go straight to the hotel. I heard later that he had been an alcoholic, and had been trying to beat the booze so I actually helped him go downhill again. I never forgot that sad lesson.

Later, the Ministers' Fraternal in the South Brisbane district used a scheme that I had worked with in the Cairns District in North Queensland. Each minister had a book with chits in, which gave a meal at a pre-arranged cafe, or a bed at night at a clean boarding house (whose owner was persuaded to take the really needy). We added another safeguard to our method, because sometimes the Cairns method was open to abuse. They had to sign again in front of the sales person, who could impose (?) a previous signature of the needy one.

Our idea to offer work to those who came centred on the command of Paul in II Thessalonians 3 v 10: "For even when we were with you, this we commanded you: that if any would not work, neither should he eat". Of course, if any were obviously unable to work, that was a different story.

There is a very interesting story of what happened at the Belmont outstation church. It reminded me of the Bible story of Philip and the Ethiopian eunuch and indeed, God worked a similar way in this story.
It happened that one day that I had gone out to the Belmont area by tram (street car) and intended to work in the area for a limited period of time, because I felt I needed to get back to the South Brisbane Church area, about 3 miles away. I was on my way from the Belmont church up to a 'T junction' at the top of the road, where I was about to turn left to catch a tram back to the other area. I was walking on the road, because the footpaths were not paved. As I got to the T junction, I received a prompting in my heart urging me to go and visit Mrs Aá-áá-áá-áá-á. Now, Mrs Aá-áá-áá-áá-á had been, but not seriously ill. I was arguing within myself, saying how I needed to get back to South Brisbane as planned. As I had committed my work to God for guidance, it seemed to me that I ought to obey the prompting in my heart. So I turned right and went to the home of Mrs Aá-áá-áá-áá-á, who was a good Christian lady, whose husband had not made a profession of Christ at that time.

So I went, believing I was obeying God, knocked on the door, but Mrs Aá-áá-áá-áá-á wasn't home. I felt I had made a bad mistake, when I heard a man's voice calling from the yard at the side of the house.

He saw me, and said, "You're the Baptist parson, aren't you?" I nodded and said, "Yes." He said, "Do I need to see you!"

It turned out that this was the first time he had ever had a day off work, and he had a problem. His people belonged to another denomination and he had living on either side of him a Mormon and a Christadelphian, and they were telling him in effect that the church his parents attended was wrong in its beliefs.

Although Mr Aá-áá-áá-áá-á was not 'religious', he just needed some answer to defend the faith of his parents á-á and so he thought of me.

We went upstairs, and I told him why I'd come, and then he started to tell me his problem. I spent two hours there, telling him that it didn't matter what denomination we went to, it was our attitude to Jesus that counted.

I didn't know it then, but during that discussion on the way of salvation, he accepted Christ into his heart, but didn't say anything. He started to come to our church, openly confessed Christ in baptism, and became a church member. Later, he became a deacon, having proved his decision for Christ was real and vital.

He served the Lord Jesus Christ for a number of years, when at a relatively early age, he was called home.

God certainly is interested in people in need, and in guiding those who are the bearers of the good news.

At South Brisbane, I also ministered in a Russian meeting, speaking through an interpreter á-á a forerunner to ministering to many nations.

5. Silkstone Baptist Church (Ipswich, Queensland) á-á with an outstation at Newtown, and the oversight of the Dinmore Baptist churches. This church was in the heart of an industrial area, with many underground coal mines and a Railway Workshop (with about 3,000 employees). Added to this were woollen mills.
God was giving me a different type of ministry again. To date, there had been a poor working class type of church in an inner-á-suburban area. (Even a dog came to church there because a frail old couple brought it. He was a well-behaved 'member' of the congregation).

Then, a country church. Later, a tourist area and provincial city church. Again God gave me a variety of experiences in an inner and suburban area of a different type á and then the industrial area of Ipswich.

Some years later, God gave me experience for a period as Pastor in the Main Baptist City Church in Auckland, New Zealand á the Auckland Baptist Tabernacle. The Tabernacle had the problems of all city churches, with a widely-ascattered congregation.

As you see, He has used me in areas where such experience has proved invaluable to my evangelism ministry.

The Silkstone Church has been noted for its evangelistic fervour across the years. One of the more recent pastors told me he felt "the very walls breathed evangelism". Two of the pastors before me were noted evangelists, and one was later to become the State Evangelist of the Baptist Union of Queensland á a position I later held, too.

We had regular monthly invitation nights, and one of them called "International Night" drew a crowd of 500 people. One of the local TV stations came 25 miles and televised it. (In part II of this book, there will be a section explaining how to use Invitation Nights).

Besides this in May, for a number of years, we went out into the open air with a semi-trailer for a platform, and drew a crowd of 1,200 (counted) to the service which was drive-in, and run like 'a tent mission without a tent'.

Too, we had a vital open air ministry in the heart of Ipswich. The wife of the Church Secretary at the time and other people who later came to the church, were led to Christ in the street ministry.

Again, there was radio work and some TV work during the period. There were lay preachers 'born' out of our open air work; and through using young people in the pulpit there are some who are still preaching the Gospel today.

6. In the later ministry mentioned in New Zealand, at the Auckland Baptist Tabernacle, a church in the main street of Auckland, and almost at the corner of two of the busiest streets, I had to adjust to a different type of ministry.

I had received a call in Australia from New Zealand asking me to help out for a number of months until they got a settled pastor. I was always very grateful to God for giving me training in this further field of ministry, for as an evangelist, each type of ministry has added some understanding of what to face, in the varied and wider ministry of the itinerant evangelist.

As well as the different types of people in my pastorates, my training, disappointments, work life, hospital experience, and army life were all God-given opportunities to study in the school of human relationships,
being guided by the Heavenly Father to meet people from many walks of life, with a great variety of needs.

To be able to minister to the people outside the church in Kerbside Sunday Schools; open air preaching on streets among the houses where people lived week by week; to sit on sacks on the wharves and to share in spreading the gospel; to ministry to the saw-ámillers in their lunch hour, preaching with the fragrant smell of various types of timber; or to speak outright to the forestry workers in the Forestry Camps (and to experience the jibes of two scoffers, as I preached: and within a few days to find out they had both been killed in an accident, giving me great insight into the brevity of life.

It was a double shock, because I had been saying to them on the night they were scoffing and rejecting the Blessed Saviour, "How do you know you will be here when we come next week, if God permits us to come?" At that, they scoffed more á-á but God is not mocked, and they reaped, it would seem, the terrible harvest of their unbelief.

I do like to think, though, that as they fell from a mountain, that they called on the Saviour and that He forgave them, as He did the penitent thief on the Cross.

By God's grace, souls were saved and churches grew by using some of the methods outlined.

Part II of this book gives practical hints on how some of these ideas and methods can be put into operation, and used still by the Spirit of God to Christ the Redeemer's glory.