Opportunity Missed, Opportunity Taken

It was Tuesday and we were walking to our next visit when I saw a young girl sitting in the doorway of a house. It was very iconic. I asked if I could take her picture and she approved. Her mother appeared and a neighbor came over. We waved and went on to our appointment. It didn't take long for me to hear the voice in my head, you should have shared the gospel with them. It was a prime opportunity. We had the attention of two adults and one child. As many as I have been on, I still miss some of these opportunities. I vowed I would not miss the next one.

Friday we were walking back to the church after a visit and we crossed a plaza where four boys were playing soccer. I told my interpreter I wanted to talk to them. She replied we needed to get back to church so the pastor that was with us could plan the evening's service. I was

not going to be deterred. “All I need is 10 minutes.” I took my backpack off and gave my flip-book to my interpreter. “I’ll need this in a few minutes”, and I went over to play soccer with the boys. They thought it was fun to try and kick the ball past the gringo. After several minutes and a few successful kicks, I called over my interpreter and started my gospel presentation. By the time I finished the presentation, there were 10 kids. They all prayed to accept Jesus. I brought the pastor over to tell them about the church.

Never miss an opportunity to share the gospel.

Fostering Adventures of Hope

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