

“Whatcha Gonna Do?”

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Night after night, across North America, our missionaries stand in pulpits wrestling to find the words to communicate their burden for over six billion people in our lost world. We’ve often heard that every 4.1 seconds another soul is born on this planet. There are 138,000 more lost people in the world today than yesterday. Statistics have a way of falling short of imparting vision and impacting precious saints on comfortable pews.

Try this. Single-handedly tackle an eighteen inch pizza after church tonight. Your reward may be indigestion and a sleepless night. Instead of counting sheep, count souls. One lost soul. Two lost souls. Three lost souls. Four lost souls. Five lost souls. Six lost souls. Seven lost souls. Eventually you would fall asleep or spend months counting lost souls. Sound reasonable? No, that illustration still falls short of reality.

William Booth, the founder of Salvation Army, once remarked, “Most Christian ministries would like to send their recruits to Bible College for four or five years. I would like to send our recruits to hell for five minutes. That would do more than anything else to prepare them for a lifetime of compassionate ministry.” (*A Force in the Earth* by David Shibley)

It is not possible to take a five-minute excursion to hell, but it is possible to visit the local mortuary and/or cemetery. Give me a choice between a visit to a cemetery, mortuary, or a pizza joint, pizza wins hands down.

So, let’s go with a trip to the restaurant—an after church favorite event. One of our UPCI missionary families, traveling on deputation, accompanied a pastor and his wife to a local restaurant. Finding a seat they passed a man who called out, “Are you Christians?” The missionary quickly confirmed that he was indeed a Christian. The man responded, “I am a sinner. Whatcha gonna do about it?” He reemphasized his point, “I see you are here with friends, and probably have come for a good time. Just remember. I am a sinner. Whatcha gonna do about it?” The missionary put hunger on hold, sat down with the man, listening intently as he rehearsed his life, and then unfolded the gospel to him.

Stop! Now, that brings things to reality. Statistics bore us. Counting souls puts us to sleep. Quotations or a trip to the cemetery fall short of imparting vision. The restaurant rendezvous articulates it best. “I am lost. I am a sinner. Whatcha gonna do about it?” That testimony is shared throughout our world—across the street at a local restaurant, or across the seas in our developing world. The helpless beggar on the streets of Calcutta, India or the entrepreneur in Los Angeles, California share the same testimony, “I am lost. I am a sinner. Whatcha gonna do about it?” They also share the same fate, unless we are willing to answer the question, “Whatcha gonna do?”

I will strive to reach them with our life-changing message of hope and salvation. I will pray that the Lord of the Harvest will send forth workers to evangelize our world (and do my part to see it happen). I will faithfully give to world missions. I will go and do as the Lord leads. I've answered the question. Now it's your turn. Outside the doors of your church and/or home there is a world. They are lost. They are sinners. "Whatcha gonna do about it?"