



THE WORLD'S GREATEST MISSIONARY

I have been asked to represent a missionary and I am happy to do so. I will read his resume, as follows:

Brethren, I beseech you, kindly, for Christ's sake, to send me to all of the world, to all countries. I speak fluently in all languages and dialects. I know thoroughly all cultures and traditions. I am understood by the uneducated and the intellectual, by the religious and the non-religious, by the moral and the immoral.

I cross all legal and racial barriers.

Dictators and despots cannot stop me. I do not need a passport or a visa.

Religions and traditions fall before me.

I work with missionaries. If any of them are ever wrong or in error, I remain right and truthful. I never change. I have been perfect from the beginning and I will be perfect for all eternity.

I lead many people to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ.

If the converts change their doctrine and/or join unscriptural churches, my doctrine and my salvation in their hearts remain perfect.

I will continually preach in their hearts, urging them to repent, come back to me and join Scriptural New Testament churches, to be happy and fruitful.

I will never need to be disciplined because I am right and I will never change, regardless of where you send me! Popularity, peer pressure, the world, fame, riches, luxury, safety, lust, or any other kind of sin has no effect on me. I cannot be tempted. I cannot sin or compromise. You can trust me, explicitly.

I am sent into saloons, movie houses, houses of prostitution, massage parlors, Gambling casinos, Mafia meetings, illegal dope gang meetings.

I am not afraid and I will not be quiet.

I will remain for hours, for days, weeks, months, for years, or decades, waiting patiently to be heard in restrooms, closets, desk drawers, books in a library, (even in the wicked books), hotel and motel rooms, in Gideon Bibles, in telephone directories, under mattresses, under a carpet that will be changed someday, Under chair cushions, restaurants, in song books of heretical churches, even in a burial vault that will be opened one day.

I love to be thrown to road gangs, up and down the highways, in front of mail boxes. (In Australia you're allowed to place them in letterboxes. One person in Brisbane has personally placed them in over 1.4 million letterboxes and standing on Street corners and handing them out to people, and is continuing to do so by the grace of God, without asking anyone for money or donations of any kind, and with no Paid advertising of any kind. [Glory to God.](#))

I capture everyone's attention on buses, planes, air terminals, train terminals, shopping malls, Disney World, and Disney Land. I have a captive audience on ships, barges, in jails, penitentiaries, hospitals, welfare lines, post office lines, and social security lines.

I am your missionary's helper when he will not be heard and cannot stay. I will remain behind, preaching his message over and over. Your missionaries can systematically place me (or sow me) in the homes and businesses and then come back again later, preaching the same message of salvation, but with a different theme, until hearts are attracted and opened for them to work, to reap.

In America, if you will unselfishly place me (sow me) in areas where you would never expect any gain of members or tithe, God will not be your debtor, but will reward you with converts, members, and financial help in your church from people you did not reach.

God will miraculously bring them in.

I love to take your young people on sowing parties, preaching, witnessing, while having a big, fun, good time. You don't have to be religious to work with me.

Just be natural, polite, personable, and friendly. People like me best like that.

Don't look like you are suffering on your way to heaven, associated with me.

I will never get angry or frustrated or impatient or impolite. Spit on me, tear me, kick me, stomp me, curse me, but I will always be my old loving self. Leave me in the rain, snow, and ice. In the spring, someone will pick me up, dry me off, believe me, and go to heaven. Throw me in the back of a pickup truck, and the wind will blow me out just exactly where the Father desires.

I will be picked up and the wind will blow in that heart as I preach.

All over the world where pastors are limited to preaching to small congregations, I help them enlarge their listening audiences from one to five or ten thousand every week.

I will never quit! I will never come home for sickness, death, family problems, or be forced out by the governments. I will never take a furlough.

I do not have to have a suitable, safe home.

I will not make any bills for food, education, clothes, transportation back and forth across the oceans.

I will never need glasses or hearing aids.

I will work the homes of the heathen all night long while the missionary gets his needed necessary rest.

I will stay in the vomit on a tavern floor till I am swept out into the street the next morning, rained on, picked up by a bum, believed, and carried to Glory!

I love all people alike. I am not a respecter of persons.

I am the only missionary in the world that does not have any, not even the slightest, racial prejudice! I am love, perfect love.

I yearn to go to all continents, the North Pole, the South Pole, in every language. Work is finalizing to put me in languages where there is no written language.

I can preach in 66 books, in one Book, in a chapter, in a paragraph, in a sentence or in one word. The Father can take one word of me and reach everyone, lost or saved, turning me as He desires.

I work miracles, I work true miracles.

I am the Word of God! "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

(John 1:1). "For ever, O LORD, thy word is settled in heaven.

Thy faithfulness is unto all generations." (Psalm 119:89-90).

My name is the Word of God. A shorter version of me is called a Gospel tract.

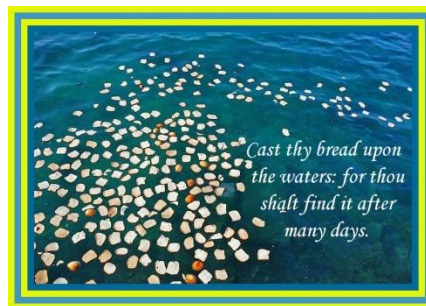
Please! Will you go with me all over the world and help me preach?

Mark 16:15!

HEAR THE CRY OF THE LOST

HEATHEN! "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." - Jeremiah 8:20.

**This website's front page is:
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The Bible says in Ecclesiastes 11:1,
Cast thy bread upon the waters:
for thou shalt find it
after many days.

"CONTACT US"

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