

Story of a Child reached with the gospel using the 7MIT

Nov. 4, 2004

John E. Blake

You can download the 7MIT visuals and music at www.cefonline.com for free, but a contribution to the Po-wen Ching Memorial Scholarship Fund.

Fridays are usually busy for me with last minute preparations. Lesson visuals, props for object lessons, and game supplies must be ready for the next morning. This particular Friday I needed to make a quick run to the store for quiet seat prizes and giveaways. Unfortunately it turned out not to be quick.

It would not have been a problem, but Friday is the day I visit all the kids in my district who attend the Saturday morning event. I began to think, this was not going to work. Maybe the kids would understand if I did not show up. I was going to be late and not have time to visit everyone anyway I thought. But I had made a promise to God and to the kids that I would visit every week.

I finally got out of the store, got into my car, picked up my student assistant, and rushed over to the inner city neighborhood that we had been visited for months. I explained the situation to him and we prayed for God to connect us with every child regardless of our situation. We had our promotional flyers in hand and darted out of the car. Because time was short, we agreed to divide up the list of kids and go in different directions.

Both of us had to maneuver around a large area, which had been barricaded by yellow crime scene tape, to get to the sixty apartment buildings in that neighborhood. Over a dozen police officers were present asking questions and showing a display of force. I began to wonder, if we would be able to visit even one child that day. However, with the excitement all the residents were outside.

We quickly began to ask people what happened as we handed them a flyer. Many were concerned for their kids. Others were angry and used profanity at the police. The kids told us that men were fighting in the street and one got stabbed to death. My heart was once again saddened that these precious children accepted such things as normal events. Wrongfully I thought, what good are we really doing? Did it matter to anyone that we rushed over to visit these kids?

Immediately I got the answer to my question as I heard Mustafa and Quanisha scream, “Hey Mr. John!” I went over to talk with them and their mother.

After giving them and other kids a flyer I made sure they knew when to be ready for bus pick up the next morning. Everyone wanted to talk about the stabbing so I tried to listen knowing that I had to keep moving. As soon as there was a break in the chatter I asked if anyone had learned all the *7 Most Important Things in the World?*

We had challenged the kids to memorize the 7MIT and learn their meaning. The 7MIT had been taught and repeated in unison by the kids every week. Mustafa spoke up saying, “I know them.” Then I asked him if he would repeat then quickly. That’s exactly what he did. He rattled off each one in perfect order with no breaks or stumbles. Wow! That was amazing I said. Mustafa really had my attention now.

I asked Mustafa to explain the meaning of what he just quoted. He simply stated “Jesus is the One who saves us from our sins.” I asked him if he really believed that and he said yes. The loss of time and knowing that there were many other buildings to visit did not matter now. And I got my answer. It mattered to 8 year-old Mustafa that we visited him that Autumn Friday afternoon.

I had the awesome privilege to hear Mustafa ask Jesus to be his very own Savior. We had only a short time to talk, but the weekly teaching of the 7MIT and his commitment to memorizing them allowed him to hear the Word of God over and over before I visited him. Mustafa and his sister still live in the same crime-ridden neighborhood, but Jesus lives in his heart and Mustafa lives for Him. God is still good in the *hood*.