



# George Street Testimony

A number of years ago in a Baptist Church in Southern London, the Sunday morning service was closing when a stranger stood up in the back. He raised his hand and said excuse me Pastor my I share a small word of testimony, the Pastor looked at his watch and said you've got three minutes. This man proceeded; I just moved into this area, I used to live in another part of London. I came from Sydney Australia. Just a few months' back I was visiting some relatives, and I was walking down George Street, you know where George street is, it runs from the business hub out to the rocks of the Colonial area, and he said a strange little white haired man stepped out of a shop doorway, he put a pamphlet in my hand and said excuse me sir, are you saved? If you died tonight are you going to Heaven? He said I was astounded by those words! Nobody had ever told me that! I thanked him courteously and all the way on British airlines back to Heathrow this puzzled me!

I called a friend who lived in this new area, where I am living now, and thank God he was a Christian he led me to Christ. Now I'm a Christian and I want to fellowship here! Baptist's love to hear testimonies like that! Everyone applauded, and welcomed him into the fellowship.

That same Pastor flew to Adelaide in Australia the next week. Ten days later, in the middle of a three days series in a Church in Adelaide, a women came to him for counseling and he wanted to establish where she stood with Christ. She said I used to live in Sydney, just a couple of months back I was visiting friends in Sydney doing some last minute shopping down George street and a strange little white haired man stepped out of a shop doorway, he put a pamphlet in my hand and said excuse me miss, are you saved? If you died tonight are you going to Heaven? I was disturbed by those words, and when I got back to Adelaide I knew this Baptist Church was on the next block from me, and I sought out the Pastor and he led me to Christ. So sir I am telling you that I am a Christian.

Now this London Pastor was now very puzzled. Twice within four days he had heard the same testimony. He then flew to the Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church in Perth. When his teaching series was over, the senior elder of that church took him out to dinner. During their conversation the Pastor inquired Sir how'd you get saved? He said I grew up in this Church since the age of fifteen through boy's brigade. I never made a commitment to Jesus; I just hopped on the band wagon like everybody else. Because of my business ability I grew up to a place of influence. I was on a business outing in Sydney just three years ago, and an obnoxious spiteful little man, stepped out of a shop doorway, offered me a religious pamphlet, cheap junk! And accosted me with a question, excuse me sir, are you saved? If you died tonight are you going to Heaven? He said I tried to tell him I was a Baptist elder, he wouldn't listen to me. I was seething with anger all the way home on Quantus, to Perth. On my arrival I contacted my Pastor thinking he would sympathize with me; but instead he said he agreed with the little gray haired man, and that he had been disturbed for years that I had not had a



a relationship with Jesus Christ. He was right and my Pastor led me to Jesus, just three years ago.

Now this London preacher flew back to the U.K. and was speaking at the Keswick convention in Lake District where he, threw in these three testimonies. At the close of his teachings, four elderly Pastors came up and said we got saved between 25 and 35 years ago respectively, through that little man on George street giving us a tract and asking us that question. He then flew the following week to a similar convention in the Caribbean to some missionaries. There he shared all the testimonies and at the close of his session, three missionaries came up and said, we got saved between 15 and 25 years ago, respectively through that little mans testimony and pamphlet and asking us that same question on George street in Sydney. Coming back to London the Pastor stopped outside of Atlanta Georgia, to speak at a Naval Chaplains convention. When his three days of revving these Chaplains up, over one thousand of them in soul winning, the Chaplain General took him out for a meal. And he asked how did you become a Christian? Well he answered and it was miraculous!

He said, I was a rating on a United States battleship; I was living a reprobate life. We were doing exercise in the South Pacific when we docked in Sydney harbor for replenishments. We hit King's Cross with a vengeance, I got blind drunk, I got on the wrong bus, and got off on George Street, as I got off the bus I thought it was a Ghost! This elderly white haired man jumped in front of me, pushed a pamphlet in my hand and said sailor are you saved? If you die tonight are you going to Heaven? The fear of God hit me immediately! I was shocked sober and ran back to the battleship, sought out my chaplain and he lead me to Christ. I soon began to prepare for the ministry under his guidance and here I am today in charge of over a thousand chaplains and we're bent on soul winning!!

That London preacher, six months later, flew to do a convention for five thousand Indian Missionaries in a remote corner of northeastern India. At the end of the series, the Indian Missionary in charge, a humble little man took him home to his humble little home for a simple meal. The Pastor asked how did you as a Hindu come to Christ? He said I was in a very privileged position I worked for the Indian diplomatic mission. I was able to travel the world, and I am so glad for the forgiveness of Christ and his blood covering my sin, otherwise I'd be very embarrassed if people found out what I got into. One bout of diplomatic service took me to Sydney, I was doing some last minute shopping, laden with parcel of toys and clothing for my children, walking down George Street, when this courteous white haired little man stepped in front of me, offered me a pamphlet and said excuse me sir, are you saved? If you died tonight would you go to heaven? I thanked him very much but this disturbed me, I got back to my town, I sought out the Hindu priest and he couldn't help me, but he gave me some advice: just to satisfy your curious mind, nothing else, go and talk to the missionary in the mission house at the end of our road. That was fatal advice, that day the missionary lead me to Christ, I quit Hinduism immediately, and then began to study for the ministry, I left the diplomatic service, and here I am by the grace of God in charge of all these missionaries and we are winning hundreds of thousands to Christ!

Well 8 months later that same Pastor was ministering in Sydney, in a Church near Gina a southern suburb of Sydney. He asked the Baptist minister there if he knew of a little man, an elderly little man who hands out tracts and witness' to people on George Street. He said I do, his name is Mr. Genor, but I don't think he does it anymore, he's to frail and elderly. The man said I want to meet him. Two nights later they went around to this little apartment knocked on the door, and this tiny frail little man opened the door. He sat them down, made them tea and he was so frail he slopped tea all over as he shook. As he sat with them the London preacher told him of all the accounts of the testimonies he'd heard over the previous three years. The little man sat with tears

tears running down his cheeks, he said my story goes like this, I was a rating on an Australian war ship, and I lived a reprobate life, and in a crisis, I really hit the wall, and one of my colleagues who I gave literal hell, was there to help me. He lead me to Jesus, and the change in my life was night to day in 24 hours. I was so grateful to God; I promised God that I'd share Jesus in a simple witness with at least ten people a day. As God gave me strength, sometimes I was ill and I couldn't do it, but at other times I'd try to make up for it. I wasn't paranoid about it, but I have done this for over 40 years. From the beginning until even today in my retirement years, the best place was always on George Street. There where hundreds of people, oh I got lots of rejections and refusals, but a lot of people courteously took the tracts. Then he said in 40 years of doing this I've never heard of one single person coming to Jesus until today.

I would say that has to be commitment. There has to be just sheer gratitude and love for Jesus to be that faithful for 40 years, of never knowing.

The Pastors secretary did a little count; it added up to 146,100 people that a simple little white haired non-charismatic man had influenced to Jesus. I 'd say that what God was showing this Pastor was the tip, of the tip, of the tip, of the tip of the iceberg. God only knows how many more where affected and where doing huge jobs out in the world for Christ that he had not heard about.

Mr. Genor died two weeks after that visit. Can you imagine the reward he went home to in heaven? He'll never show up on the cover of Charisma magazine, he would have never been a guest or special speaker at any major Christian event, the only ones that knew he existed was a small Church in Southern Sydney, but his name was famous in heaven!