

## Evangelism Update LEBC1 Special Edition

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### LEBC1 "Fishing" Report:

*The LORD said to Gideon, "The people who are with you are too many for Me to give Midian into their hands, for Israel would become boastful, saying, 'My own power has delivered me.'" (Judges 7:2, NASB)*

We were small in number. After a potential 30 or more people expressed interest in attending, it ended up with only Richard Rowlett coming down from Klamath Falls to join Greg Beals and me for our first Local Evangelism Boot Camp (LEBC). I couldn't help but be concerned, but then I found myself drawn to the story of Gideon. He had over 30,000 soldiers, but God knew that any success with those numbers would give room for Israel to boast. They were whittled down to just 300 (less than 1%), so that God's presence amongst them would be undeniable. That's what happened with us. What if this first LEBC had been bang-up success by pragmatic standards: 30 people attend and a number of souls are saved? I had to admit it would give reason for us to be proud of ourselves. Instead, three men met that Friday night in a corner of my church's youth building; uncertain of what lay ahead, but willing to trust our Lord and to seek what He had in store for us... and as with Gideon's army, God's will and presence amongst us would be undeniable. None of us was the same by closing prayer on Sunday. **Praise Him!**

- I have **nineteen** MP3s of open air preaching and witnessing encounters from LEBC1. They've been uploaded to our [audios page](#).
- Click here to find [full-sized photos](#) at our website.
- Here's a short LEBC1 [Photo Video](#).



### Saturday

After breakfast, we spent an hour in prayer and worship beside the river in the park. Greg brought his guitar and had prepared some songs, which was a real blessing. (ITJFY, bro!)

We then went to the Grower's Market downtown. I work on Saturday's just across the street from where the market is held, and I've watched hundreds of people come and go while I longed for a chance to declare the gospel from either of the public corners. This was a dream fulfilled! After getting the attention of some of the crowd, I handed the stool over to Richard for his first open air. I then followed up with a message of my own.

We took a break and wandered through an artisan fair on a neighboring street and handed out some tracts. My **Name Ten Get \$20** shirt drew the attention of a pantheistic, post-modern street artist named Curt and that took us into a one-2-one. Sadly, I couldn't reach a point where he was concerned about judgment or the possibility of hell, so I didn't get to the message of grace. However, he was willing take a Gospel of John and an "[Are You Good Enough To Go To Heaven?](#)" tract to check out later.



Finding our way back to the Grower's Market, the three of us rotated preaching open air for a half-hour or more. There weren't any "real" hecklers. Instead, we had four different Christians offer encouragement! (Of course, they in turn got [Hell's Best Kept Secret](#) CDs and [Not My Job](#) bookmarks.) One was a merchant who told us she was over at her booth praying for us whenever we were up on that stool. Another was a man that heads up a paintball ministry that goes to tournaments or hosts other events where they in turn preach a message he said was much like what we were sharing. Cool!

Around noon we headed to the Jackson County Fair. I'd checked ahead and learned we wouldn't be permitted to pass out tracts or open air, but casual conversations were fine. The **Name Ten Get \$20** challenge did the trick! We had encounter after encounter. It even lead me to a one-2-three with the marines at their recruitment booth. It was amazing to see these hardcore military men come under conviction to such a point they turned down their heavy metal music and tucked their "girly" magazines out of sight as we talked. Throughout the day, God continued to send Christians across our paths to encourage us and let us know they were thrilled to see us out there.





### Sunday

We were expecting a battle, since Ashland hosts a university campus and a very New Age culture. However, Satan and his forces revealed just how angry they were. Richard told us Stacey (his wife) had called with concerns about her pregnancy. She also said their car had mysteriously died. Greg reported that his wife (Patti) had found a lump on her neck and he also had one appear under his arm. My wife called me to say our fridge had gone out. Then my eyes began to hurt and grow increasingly light sensitive. It got to the point I had to even wear sunglasses indoors, and being in the sunlight outdoors was sheer torment. Rather than shake us, we felt it was an honor to be such targets in the cause of Christ (see Acts 5:41). After an hour of prayer and worship where we put it before God, we headed to Lithia Park.



It's a different environment there. Hearts are hard and pride is plentiful. The summer heat meant a number of people were gathering along (and in) the creek where the landscape provided a great spot for open air. I preached for the first group we came across that morning. There weren't any hecklers, though I got a harsh comment or two as I gave out some "[You Are Here](#)" tracts at the end. All three of us were wearing **Name Ten Get \$20** shirts. Though most people were hesitant to take tracts, they were interested in the money and it ended up leading to a variety of witnessing encounters. Richard threw in an open air where a knot of people were sitting on a green and Greg wrapped things up with an open air for another crowd that gathered back at the creek. Once again, he didn't encounter any direct hecklers though a woman that was leading a pagan drumming circle nearby stormed off amidst curses and blasphemies. Lastly, God was faithful all the way to the end. Our final encounter at Lithia Park was with a woman that'd heard Greg's open air. She was a Christian and really encouraged by what we were doing. She thanked us for being out there, and I left her with my card along with a HBKS CD and NMJ bookmark.



When it came to our closing prayer, we each sensed we were different. I know for myself, I learned more humility of heart. We'd come to appreciate the unity among those willing to labor on the frontlines, and learned to deeper appreciate the soberness of this war for souls. God had done a work in these three men.



In closing, here's something that Richard emailed me today...

*The LEBC1 has created a fire within me. I now know what my "calling" is, it is to win souls! Now that I have been on the front lines and have the knowledge, there is no stopping me! I am already scheduling to go out with a man from our church who is very excited to go. Thank You for being obedient to God, Jim! Love you man!! (Rich Rowlett, Klamath Falls, OR)*



Pray for the seed that was sown. May Jesus receive the glory He is due!

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May Jesus receive the glory He is due!

'til the nets are full...

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### **Jim Jones**

"Sin and hell are married unless repentance proclaims the divorce." - Charles Spurgeon

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<b>LIFE &amp; DEATH</b> <b>Ministries</b>	Count yourselves dead to sin but alive to God in Christ Jesus. Romans 6:11	
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