

# **WHEN GOD SAYS 'NO'**

And Other Radio Addresses

by  
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## **CHAPTER EIGHT**

### **A FOOTRACE WITH DEATH**

(A True Story Retold)

ON February 1, 1933, a young man, employee of the State Highway Department at Silverton, Colorado, had a foot race with death. He won the race by only a few feet. Fellow employees found him buried waist deep in snow at the edge of a gigantic slide, which a few moments before had thundered past him.

The young man had been operating a snow plow on the State highway between Curay and Silverton. He was clearing the road of huge drifts, pushing them over the edge into the canyon below.

It may have been the vibration of the tractor plow which dislodged some snow on the slopes high above. At any rate the workman heard a roaring sound, and, looking up, saw with, horror-stricken eyes the forming snow-slide.

There was no time for him to do anything but run.

For, as he said, it seemed to him that the whole mountain was moving. Jumping from the seat of the tractor, he took off down the road, running in the space he had already cleared.

It was a race with death. "I knew it was a race for life," he said. "I didn't look up any more - I just ran!" He started none too soon for almost immediately the tractor was caught in the rush of the down-sweeping heap and was hurled over the abyss and buried deep under many tons of snow, rock and broken trees.

At that he ran only two hundred yards before he fell and the avalanche closed in - but behind him. Fear seized him that he would yet be caught in the sweep of this terrible monster of death. But he was safe - barely safe, but safe!

When I first learned of this strange footrace with death, I could not help but rejoice for the safety of the young man who had acted so promptly and sensibly in the face of impending death.

Nor could I refrain from sending forth a little cry of joy that my soul had been saved from a far worse death than could possibly have befallen the body of this man.

As he saw his imminent danger, so I saw mine. A mass of rolling, tumbling, sliding snow, rocks and falling trees! The only reasonable course was to fly for safety. There was no time to stop for silly meditations as to the cause of the danger. The fact of it was enough. And yet the most intelligent of men (some of them) facing the fact of the certain wages of sin and the assurance of the coming judgment, wait till it is too late to run for safety, till death itself catches them, still waiting, still wondering, still arguing and chasing the will-o'-the-wisps of rationalistic philosophy, but chasing always in a narrow circle, the circle of their own finite minds. Then comes death! and after death the Judgment!

There was no question in the young man's mind as to the reality of his peril. His best judgment, accompanied by a wholesome fear, put wings to his feet and, as he said, "I ran! It was a race for life!"

And, Listen! Do not have any doubts as to the deadsureness of the coming judgment. The fact that men are punished by sin even now should be a warning to you that you may be punished some day for sin.

**"But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death" (Revelation 21:8).**

I do not argue with the Bible. I am neither its critic nor its judge. The Bible is my judge and my critic. I do not try to tear it full of holes, lest those same holes become the open doors to a Christless eternity! If the Bible is true, then it is either **"saved"** or **"lost"** for every man on earth.

I think, too, as I meditate on the salvation of the young man from the snow slide, since I myself have run and won the race with death, that he did not stop to wonder as to whether he would have deserved to die had he been caught in the rush of the moving heap. It was not a time to argue as to the fairness or the unfairness of the thing. The question - supremely so - was: "Am I in danger? Do I have to run NOW?"

I do not disparage the ability nor the right of man to think and to ponder on the destiny of the soul. But I am sure a man may "think" too long and until it will be too late.

In any event, it is not what we think, but what GOD has said, that really counts. The unrighteous man must repent of his thoughts as well as his deeds.

**"Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon" (Isaiah 55:7).**

A man may be ever so wrong even when he firmly believes he is right. Sincerity is not salvation!

**"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death"**  
(Proverbs 14: 12).

**"He that believeth on the Son (JESUS CHRIST) hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not (is not subject to) the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him"** (John 3:36).

You are in danger because you are in the path of danger.

Move into the place of security and you will have moved out of the path of danger!

The beauty of the whole thing is that there was a way of escape! And that way was already prepared! In this case the youth had prepared his own way with the plow.

But for the soul, CHRIST has prepared the way, and we are sure that it has been well prepared. In fact He Himself is the WAY.

**" . . . I am the WAY, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me"** (John 14:6).

Again, **"Believe on the LORD JESUS CHRIST, and thou shalt be saved"** (Acts 16:31).

Let me urge you as friend to friend: Take the way now!

These awful days of sin, apostasy, unbelief and tottering governments, are but the vibrations of a whole hill of Wrath which is soon to rush headlong upon us. They cannot fail to dislodge the soon-coming judgment of a long-patient GOD. He in His Righteousness must sooner or later allow the awful storm of His holy indignation against sin to break upon us. In all the livid thunders of His wrath He is trying to warn us to flee, to flee, to FLEE! And remember, there is only one way of escape: JESUS CHRIST the Son of GOD. Take that way! Take Him! Run! Run for your life, for it is a race with death - eternal death, and it is now or never! For soon your "now" will be gone and your "never" will be here. And then . . .

"Too late, too late!" will be your cry,

"The day of Grace has now passed by,  
And I am lost - forever lost,  
Forever now to count the cost!"

~ end of chapter 8 ~

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