

# STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF THE DOCTOR

by

Walter Lewis Wilson, M. D.

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## CHAPTER SEVEN

### THE NURSE WANTED CHRIST, TOO

The pastor of the church in which I was holding services on one occasion requested me to accompany him as he went to visit one of the members of his congregation who was ill in a large hospital. It is always a pleasure for me to visit sick folks. My medical training has given me a love for the work of tending to the suffering, and so I was happy to grant his request, and shortly afterwards we arrived at the hospital.

The gentleman who was sick had been injured in an automobile accident, and quite seriously so. He had been in the sick room for several weeks, and was attended by a most amiable nurse, a Swedish lady, about forty years of age.

This friend was rather popular in the church and had had many visitors who came to encourage his heart, bring flowers with which to brighten the room, and minister words of comfort from the Scriptures. The pastor had often called, and so had some of the Sunday school teachers with whom he was associated in his Sunday school activities. They had been delightfully helpful to him, and he had thanked God for their coming.

As the pastor and I entered the room, we received a cordial greeting from our friend, who was now recovering rather rapidly. We found him sitting in a wheelchair, with his Bible on a nearby stand and a tray on which was his lunch, partly eaten. The pastor introduced me, and we were soon happily engaged in conversation about the wonderful ways of God in permitting trouble and then providing a remedy. I mentioned to him that, in my judgment, it was a greater miracle to keep the suffering soul in happy peace and sweet contentment than it was to calm the storm of trouble surging around him. This seemed to be a new thought to him, and he thanked the Lord that this had been his blessed portion all through the accident and its unhappy results. While we were conversing together, the nurse stood over near the dresser, on which were the medicines, bandages, and a vase of beautiful flowers.

I have always had a deep interest in the welfare of nurses, for they are such self-sacrificing friends, doing the most difficult things without murmuring or complaining; serving any hour of the day or night without faultfinding, and always bringing a sweet, happy smile into the shadows of the sick room.

I stepped over to the nurse, and said, “Your patient has a great many Christian visitors, doesn’t he?”

“Yes,” she answered, “his friends are very faithful to visit him, and they do tell him some wonderfully interesting things out of the Bible.”

“Do any of these friends bring any message of comfort to you for your heart, nurse?” I inquired.

Her eyes moistened, and she said with some feeling, “No, none of them has anything to say to me. You see, I am not a Christian, and they come to talk to this man who is a Christian.”

The pastor was listening intently to our conversation. These words of accusation by the nurse brought a feeling of sorrow and shame to this lovely man of God, who really was a true servant of God, but who had failed to observe the need of the nurse in the room with his Christian friend. He said nothing, however, but listened for the further remarks between us.

“I am very sorry, nurse,” I said, “that those splendid Christians who have been coming here have overlooked you, but I am very glad to tell you that the Lord Jesus did not overlook you. He remembered you at Calvary, and He remembers you now while He is on the throne in the glory. He loved you then, and He loves you now. He came to save you just as much as He came to save this patient of yours. Perhaps He permitted the other friends to pass you by in order that He might give me the honor and the privilege of telling you of the Great Physician who loves to save nurses.”

By this time the tears were flowing freely. All unknown to those who had visited the sick man, this nurse had been listening, the hunger had been increasing, and the desire to have what they were talking about became more and more acute in her soul, “**One soweth and another reapeth,**” was the statement of our blessed Lord about the ministry in the harvest field. It is still true. Although the visiting Christians had overlooked this splendid prospect, nevertheless God used their words to prepare her heart for the message which I was to have the joy of bringing.

I took my Bible from my pocket and began to read to her Luke 19:10, “**The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.**” “Are you lost, nurse?” I inquired kindly.

She replied, “I suppose I am, Doctor, because I do not have the experience that these folks have been talking about, and I do not seem to know Christ in the way they do. Will you help me to understand?”

“Yes, nurse, I am happy to do so, for I have had the joy of helping other nurses to find the Saviour, and I am sure that you and I may go together to Him, and that we shall find Him ready to receive and welcome you. God sent the Saviour to do for you what no one else could do. Your sins need to be put away, whether they be many or few; you need the gift of eternal life; you need your name written in the Lamb’s book of life; you need to be brought out of Satan’s family into God’s family by the new birth. All of this the Lord Jesus does as you listen to the message of the Holy Spirit in His precious Word.

“You turn your case over to the Lord Jesus somewhat in the same way that the patient turns her case over to the physician, or as the drowning man turns his case over to the lifeguard. You can do nothing to save yourself, but the Lord Jesus can do everything. If you will accept Him just now, believe that He is the One Whom you should trust, and turn your case over to Him, He will accept you immediately, and will do all these blessed things that you are in need of today. Will you trust Him?”

The deep agitation of the heart of this nurse was quite evident as she trembled with emotion, and sought to conceal the tears that would not stop. She shook her head to confirm her faith, reached out her hand for the grasp of a friend, and then said quietly, “Yes, I will accept Christ Jesus. I would have done so long ago if any of these visiting Christians had wanted me to do so. None of them ever asked me. They did not seem to think that I would care to hear their story, but my heart did want to hear it. I am so glad that God sent a doctor here who really cared for the nurse. You have brought me the Gospel, and now the Lord Jesus is mine.”

May I urge upon the saints of God that each one of us should be careful not to overlook any possible subject for God’s grace. The hungry heart may be quite close to us, but may be all unobserved because we are not looking for the troubled soul.

What an opportunity was lost by the visitors who came to see the sick man. Any one of them might have won this nurse for the Saviour and thus added to the blessed reward, but none of them was interested in her; they were only interested in the Christian friend. May the God of all grace stir our hearts to want to be like Christ in that we are always seeking for hearts for God.

~ end of chapter 7 ~

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