

# Life as an Adventure

Have you ever wondered why some people seem to lead a bland, even boring life? "Nothing ever happens to me," is their lament, while others seem to always "have so much fun" no matter what they do. Perhaps part of the reason is that some of us go through life with blinders on. Our tunnel vision keeps us focused on the task at hand: the jobs we must accomplish; the mission we must fulfill; causing us to miss much of what is going on around us. We go through life so busy "minding our own business" that we never speak to or engage with the people that God may have placed in our paths. Proverbs 3:5, 6 says, "Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." While most of us would say we trust in the Lord, we continue to "lean unto our own understanding." We have our plan, our agenda, and our schedule to keep. We may, to some limited extent, acknowledge the Lord in our life but we really are not interested in Him "directing" our path as much as we in checking off our "to do" list.



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David did not set out to fight a giant; he was merely bringing food to his brothers. He saw a need and as a young shepherd lad trusted God to use him to meet it. Peter and John were not looking for an occasion to perform a miracle. They were merely talking to a lame man who asked for money. Elisha assumed it would be just another day working on the farm but the man of God came and called him to be his helper. What a life of adventure followed Elisha's yielding to that unexpected invitation!

Here are some thoughts to help life be more of an adventure.

## 1. Be Yielded.

Begin every day yielding to the Holy Spirit. Several times throughout the day, pause to remember that our life belongs to God and it is His prerogative to direct it any way He will.

One of our good men, Bro. Mike Stuart, has become my soulwinning partner. Recently, we went into a hospital to visit a particular person in a particular room. Now, we pass out tracts to people in the elevator and in the hallways as we go. But I have typically limited my passing out of tracts to those who come across my path. As we walked into the lobby of a hospital I have visited hundreds – if not thousands – of times over my 36 years in town, Bro. Stuart said, "Just a moment, Pastor." I was not sure what he was going to do. He left me and went into a waiting room beside the lobby. I barely knew that waiting room existed. I always had my blinders on. I was heading straight to the elevator to make my visit. When Bro. Stuart came back, he said, "Pastor, there were 22 people in that waiting room." Twenty-two people received a tract. Twenty-two people were given a Gospel message. Twenty-two people received an opportunity to find everlasting life because my soulwinning partner was yielded.

## 2. Engage.

Talk to people. Say hello. Make jokes. If nothing else, this will open the door for you to give them a tract and make them a little bit more willing to read it.

□ I was getting on an airplane one day and handed a tract to nice-looking man in a business suit. It turned out that he was a US Congressman from the district just south of our church (in fact, because of redistricting, he is now my US Congressman). As a result of that meeting, I was able to get him to attend our church for a Patriotic Service.

□ I knew the man next to me was “somebody.” He had expensive clothing. He wore flashy rings. I leaned over and said, “I’m R. B. Ouellette,” and extended my hand. He accepted my handshake and said, “I’m Little Richard.” To quite honest, while I knew the name “Little Richard,” I did not know what he looked like or exactly what he did! (I did not further demonstrate my ignorance to him.) I gave him a tract, witnessed to him, and discovered that he was on his way to the Soaring Eagle casino in Mt. Pleasant, Michigan. He did tell me that he had previously trusted the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Savior.

□ My sister Beth visited with a seatmate on an airplane on a flight from California to the East Coast. When she learned that he was an executive for BMW, she explained that she was thinking of purchasing a car and asked why she should purchase his particular brand. At the end of the flight, they exchanged contact information. He said, (as we so often say to each other), “If I can ever help you, let me know,” or words to that effect. When she went into the BMW dealership in the New York City area, she found it difficult to make a deal. The salesman told her what she would pay and how long her car would take to get there. They seemed to have such a limited supply that they had no sense that they needed to bargain. In the course of her dealings with the salesman, she mentioned the name of the man she had met on the plane. Their eyes widened. “Do you know him?” they asked. “Could you ask him to get some more cars for us, for our dealership?” She was speaking to him on a cell phone one day as she entered the dealership. “They’re not going to believe I’m talking to you,” she said as she walked through the door. “No,” he replied, “They’re not going to believe what they’re going to sell you a car for.” Not only did this man see that my sister got a great deal on her BMW, he personally walked down the line to oversee its production and saw to it that it was ordered precisely as she wanted it.

### 3. Help

On many occasions, I’ve seen people weeping in airports. I’ve explained to them that I’m a Baptist preacher and asked if I could help in any way. Often, I’ve been able to witness to, pray with, send books to and in other ways, encourage people along the way. Many times, I’ve had the privilege of winning to Christ perfect strangers simply because I offered to help.

Some years ago, I was in a Burger King in the Detroit area. I had arrived early to preach at a youth conference and we busily calling my Sunday School class for the next day. I heard an electronic noise repeated several times and assumed it was someone’s cell phone ringing. I was so engrossed (the blinders were on) that I did not notice the commotion around me until I stood up to refill my Diet Coke. There on the floor of the Burger King was a man with his shirt off, hooked up to a defibrillator, attended by several paramedics. He had had a massive heart attack and they were trying to save his life. I watched as they shocked him several times to no avail. After they had taken the man’s body out on a stretcher, I spoke to a police officer: “I am a chaplain for the Saginaw County Sheriff’s Department,” I said. “Do you suppose there is any way I can be of help?”

“Maybe,” he said. “Let’s ask the manager. “When I asked the manager she said, “Oh, please. I don’t know what to tell these kids.” I sat down with six young employees and after I had talked to them about the trauma they had just observed/experienced, I asked for permission to give them the Gospel. One was already saved; the other five all prayed to accept Christ as their Savior. I started out to eat a chicken sandwich. I ended up being able to see five precious souls have their names entered into the Lamb’s Book of Life.

I believe everybody’s life has the potential for adventure. I believe that God wishes to use us in far more ways than we generally permit Him to. I believe that if we take the blinders off and look for opportunities to minister, God will use us in many wonderful and unexpected ways. And that is...for what it’s worth.