



Save Some

By Lucy Wall

"Save Some" is a poem about sharing the Gospel and one of my main sources of inspiration was a quote by Charles Spurgeon:

"Save some o Christians! By all means save some! From yonder flames and outer darkness. And from the weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth, seek to save some. Let this, as in the case of the apostle be your great, ruling object in life, that by all means you might save some!"

This quote really reminded me of the consequences of not knowing or rejecting Jesus Christ and the reality of judgment day. It filled me with an urgency to share the truth and the Good News of redemption through Jesus while there is still time.

A few months before I read this particular quote I had heard a sermon where the speaker used an analogy to describe the position a Christian is in when it comes to the importance of sharing the Gospel. The analogy compared this world to a house in perilous danger, perhaps with a gas leak or already on fire for example, with us as Christians aware of the coming danger. He went on to say that we have the responsibility to alert the other "inhabitants," thus giving them the chance to escape too.

He spoke about the privilege of knowing the Gospel and how we must try to share this with people we come into contact with in our lives no matter what the outcome may be. He said that it's not in the control of the Christian how the person reacts to the Gospel but it is up to the Christian to share the Gospel and to give people the information they need to know to make an informed decision about their future.

I felt that this emphasised the feelings stirred up within me by Spurgeon's quote and I decided to borrow the analogy, turn it into a dream sequence and write a poem about sharing the wonderful, soul-saving Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Last night as I rested in slumber a curious thing happened to me;
I dreamt that I slept in a mansion with my friends and my dear family.
Now our settings were rather dramatic, a mansion house deep in the wood.
The vast, velvet sky lay above us creating a dark, somber mood.

I dreamt that I woke from my slumber and was making my way down the hall
When a pungent and deadly scent hit me. I knew trouble this house would befall.
I dreamt of a terrible poison that would kill every soul in it's path.
Insidious it hissed through the hallway, intent to devour with wrath.

I could dash down the stairs in an instant, through the door and to safety I'd run.
But my heart felt a burden to rescue, to remain and to try to save some!
I raced back to warn all the others, to alert them and try to get through.
I was driven by sheer desperation. I must reach them, of this fact I knew.

Now whether they chose to believe me, it wasn't for me to decide.
My job was to warn them in earnest and to know in my heart I had tried.
How on earth could I leave them to perish when I knew of the danger to come?
With all effort I'd try to awaken. With a passion I'd try to save some!



I entered the first room I came to and rushed to the body asleep.
I threw back the covers in panic 'til they fell on the floor in a heap.
I desperately shook them in earnest feeling hope as they opened their eyes.
"What's the matter?" they said in confusion, staring straight at my face in surprise.

"Dearest one please awake and just listen. Pay attention to all I will say.
I must warn you, such danger is coming! Take heed and escape right away!"
Though I emphasised time was of essence and encouraged them now to make haste,
They dawdled and gathered belongings; precious time that they thought they could waste.

"Run *now* while you can!" I would tell them but I'd watch as they'd procrastinate.
I feared that they'd find more excuses and feared that they'd leave it too late.
"Please listen dear friend as I tell you of the terrible danger to come!"
But they left me no choice but to leave them, to continue and try to save some!

So I dashed through the hall seeking others. The air was like foul, fetid breath.
My skin crawled at the presence of evil. I recoiled at the nearness of death.
But this filled me with new resolution to push onward and never retreat
For my plight was more urgent than ever for this evil I couldn't defeat.

Door after door I would run to. Some responded and heeded my call.
But I soon realised on this journey that I wouldn't get through to them all.
"You must open your eyes!" I would beg them. "Do not let my words fall on deaf ears!
For the evil that quickly approaches, it's much worse than your darkest of fears!"

I was filled with a deep desperation for no matter how hard I would try,
They'd declare that this "danger" was folly and to them it just did not apply.
They would turn me away in their anger and accept not the trouble they'd reap.
They refused to take heed to my warnings and instead chose the darkness of sleep.

So in sorrow and anguish I left them for my worries I'd tried hard to voice.
But resistant they stayed to the signals, making clear that they'd now made their choice.
For their stubbornness blinded their judgment and their hearts were now hardened and tough.
But for others, not one word was needed for my actions were warning enough.

They responded, alerted to danger and together we ran down the hall.
We were fleeing the ominous warnings and we chose to embrace freedom's call.
With our hearts beating faster than ever, closer still to the door we were drawn.
It was then that we noticed the glimmers of the crystal clear light of the dawn.



As we spilled through the door to our freedom liberated by heeding the truth,
We knew we'd escaped darkest anguish and would live ever more in our youth.
As we turned to look back for the others and I pictured their faces and names,
I was ravaged by sadness and horror as I watched the house go up in flames.

For the evil had taken it's victims though Salvation was offered for free.
But their ears wouldn't open to listen and their eyes wouldn't open to see.
Such joy that I felt for the rescued, utter sorrow I felt for the lost.
This ambivalence tore at my spirit. "I must save some whatever the cost!"

With these words on my lips I shot upright and I sat on my bed wide awake.
Then I pictured each face of a loved one and again I could feel my heart break.
For the lies of the devil are tempting, they are cleverly subtle you see.
They convince countless souls in believing they have no cause to worry, they're free.

But these spurious words are repulsive for they're dripping with lies and deceit.
Our salvation rests solely with Jesus and for those who will fall at His feet.
He provides an escape for His loved ones, vindicates the eternally damned.
We gain life and sanctification and attain it by taking His hand.

The freedom I've found with my Saviour! The Light of the world I've seen.
Salvation that beckons and glimmers, just like the door in my dream.
For Christ is the passage to safety, to escape we must all run to Him.
If we're not liberated through Jesus then we're slaves and still dead in our sin.

For Satan has mastered deception and his lies, often small and unseen,
They will claim every soul they encounter, like the poisonous gas in my dream.
But there *is* an escape that's on offer, if we look to Christ's beautiful face.
Undeserving, I choose to accept Him and His gift I will gladly embrace.

I now have redemption in Jesus. My salvation, the devil can't touch.
I walk through the glittering doorway Christ provided, He loves us so much.
This joy I must share with my loved ones for the door isn't there for just me.
I desire they wake up and listen and I pray that they all be set free!

Such joy that I feel for the rescued, utter sorrow I feel for the lost.
This ambivalence tears at my spirit. I must save some whatever the cost!
I must warn them with fervent conviction for I know of the judgment to come.
How then can I call myself Christian if I don't try my best to save some?



Now I know it's not me who can save them but my efforts I mustn't restrict.
My call is to stay true and faithful and then let the *Spirit* convict.
For He is the One who will guide them, the One who can truly suffice
In leading each soul to their Saviour; their redemption found only in Christ.

So whether they choose to believe me, it isn't for me to decide.
My job is to warn them in earnest and to know in my heart I have tried.
So I ask you dear brethren to join me for we know not when judgment will come.
Until then we must try to awaken. Until then we must try to save some!

1 Corinthians 9:22-23

"I have become all things to all men, that I might by all means save some. Now this I do for the gospel's sake, that I may be partaker of it with you."

Romans 5:9

"Much more then, having now been justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him."