

## "Will You Get Me Through?"

by Walter Lewis Wilson, M.D.

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AN AGED lady, who had seen many hard years of difficult living, and who was dressed very poorly, approached me at the close of a noontime downtown service and said, "Mister, will you get me *through*?"

This was a very strange question and puzzled me for a moment, until I remembered that in some religious circles the expressions "*praying through*" and "*getting through*" are often used. I replied to this friend saying, "Do you mean that you would like to get to God and have Him save you?"

"Yes," she replied, "I would, but I cannot *get through*."

Again I asked, "Would you like to get through to the Lord Jesus, and have Him put away your sins for you, so that you will be a saved woman?"

"Yes," she said, "I want to *get through*; I want to get to Jesus, but I cannot. Nobody seems to want me to get through. I have asked people to get me through, but none of them would. Last night I went to a church where there was a big meeting going on and after preaching the preacher said if anybody wanted to *get through* to come up to the altar. There were some who went up and so I went up, too, and we all knelt at the altar to try to get through. Some of the Christians knelt down beside different ones that were at the altar and helped them to get through, but nobody came to help me get through. Whenever any of them got through, they got up and cried and sang and clapped their hands and went away with their friends, but nobody came to help me *through*, and after I had stayed a long time on my knees trying to get through, then a man came and told me I would have to go home, because they wanted to lock the church, and so I went home without getting through, I do wish you would get me *through*, Mister, because I don't want to be left outside for the devil."

This aged friend was not very intelligent in her plea, but she certainly was earnest in her desire. Though her language was not very orthodox, her longing to be saved was certainly from her heart. She did want to find the Lord and to know that she was in His fold.

I kindly asked her to be seated with me. Taking my Bible, I opened to Isaiah 44:22 and read the passage to her, "I have blotted out, as a thick

cloud, thy transgressions." I then asked the question, "Would you like for God or for the Lord Jesus to do something for you to save you?"

"Yes, I would," she said; "I have asked God many times to forgive me and to get me through, but He won't do it. I have asked Him so many times to make me a Christian, but I cannot get His answer. He just does not seem to hear me."

I said to her, "Probably the reason that He did not answer you was because He does not intend to do anything more to save you, *for He has already done it*. Everything necessary to put away your sins and bring you *through* was done back there at Calvary. Now the Lord Jesus is on the throne as the risen, living Saviour, and He is asking you to believe in what He has done for you on the Cross, and to thank Him that it is already finished. Do you not remember that Jesus said on the Cross, 'It is finished?' There is nothing more for Him to do for you, my friend. The Saviour invites you to come to Him and thank Him that He has already paid the debt, blotted out your sins and made it possible for you to come to God by Him."

She looked around at me in great astonishment, and said, "Do you mean that God will not do anything to save me because He has already done it? Do you mean to tell me that Jesus blotted out my sins before I asked Him? No one ever told me that before. I never did hear about that. Read that verse to me again."

It was plain to be seen that the precious Word was bringing light into her heart, and that she was beginning to comprehend the precious truth of the gospel. I read again to her the same passage, Isaiah 44:22, and then turned to Colossians 2:14 and read: "Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross." This Scripture brought new light to this woman's heart and again she turned to me, saying, "Why did not somebody tell me this long ago? I thought God had to do something to get me through. But this verse sounds like He has already done it. But still I am not through, Mister. I can see what Jesus did for me, and I can see what it says about God putting my sins on Jesus, but still I am not through. Do tell me how I can get *through*."

This heart cry told me plainly that she was not far from the door, not far from Christ. She was very attentive as I related the following story—one that I have often used to help those who want to *get through*:

"Last year my wife and I were standing before the huge iron gates in front of Buckingham Palace. We were admiring the wonderful

structures, the uniformed soldiers and the beautiful flower gardens. I was reminded of a story concerning those gates. It is said that a little boy about twelve years of age came to those gates one morning and said to one of the soldiers, 'Please, sir, I would like to go in and see my King. I never have seen my King, and I do want to see him so much.' The soldier roughly and gruffly ordered him away, saying, 'Do you think this is a museum? We do not let boys and girls run around through the palace. The King does not want us to let everybody in that wants to see him. Get away from here before I arrest you!'

"The little boy remonstrated with the soldier, saying, 'I walked ten miles this morning to see my King. Please let me *through*. Mother said I could come and I started early this morning. Please do not make me go back without seeing my King. All the boys will laugh at me, and so will mother, because they told me that I would not get to see him, but I told them that I was sure the King would let me come in. Please let me go in, soldier.'

"Again the guard answered, roughly, 'Get away from here before I arrest you! This is no place for kids to be running around. Get out of here!'

"The little lad retired to the other side of the parkway and there on the walk that surrounds the Queen Victoria Monument he stood crying because of his disappointment. About this time, the little Prince of Wales, who was twelve years old, came out of the palace into the garden and went as far as the gate to converse with the soldiers. As he was talking with them, he saw the lad across the way, weeping. He said to the soldier, 'What is the matter with that boy over there?'

The soldier told him the story of their conversation. The Prince said, 'Do you mean to tell me that this boy walked ten miles to see my father and you would not let him through. I should think you would let him through when he wanted so much to see my father. I'll take him *through*.'

"The Prince then ran across the street, and said to the lad, 'Did you want to go through to see the King?' "The boy replied between sobs, 'Yes! I asked the soldier to let me go through, but he would not.'

"The Prince then took him by the hand, saying, 'The King is my father; I am the Prince; come on with me.'

"They went across the parkway to the gates. The soldier saluted and let them go right through the gate into the palace. Up the stairs they went and into the King's study. The King was sitting at his table, poring

over some of the great documents of the kingdom. Of course he stopped when the two boys came in, and listened most graciously to the little Prince, as he said, 'Father, this little boy walked ten miles to see you, but the soldier told him he could not get through because you did not want any boys around here. I thought if he walked that far to see you, he surely should see you.'

"Whereupon the King took the little lad by the hand, thanked him so much for coming that long distance to see his King, urged him to be a fine laddie at home, obey his father and mother and to grow up to be a good Christian lad, serving his country as a faithful citizen. He reached in his desk and gave the little fellow a present as a souvenir of his visit, and told him to run along home again."

As I closed the story, this hungry-hearted friend looked at me with such a beautiful, peaceful face, and said, "Jesus is the Prince, isn't He? I think I heard Him called the 'Prince of Peace,' and He'll get me *through*, won't He?"

I almost whispered the word, "Yes." God was present in that conversation. The Spirit revealed the Saviour to her as the Prince who would bring her *through* to see the King. The peace of God filled her heart. She went away rejoicing and I heard her whispering, "Thank you, Prince; thank you for bringing me *through*."

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