

The fellowship of Christian Athletes asked Carl Sanders to speak. In the audience there was a man who had been a famous quarterback for the Dallas Cowboys—His name was "Hayseed Stevens." With tears in his eyes he told Carl, "I want to tell you a story."

"I had a young man working with me who was a high school football player. I worked with him for several seasons, and he became a good pass receiver. I never shared my faith with him, and one year I was convicted, and I determined that I would share my faith with him before the end of the season."

By that time he was the leading pass receiver in the nation. He was drafted by the Detroit Lions. Hayseed heard that the Detroit Lions were playing the Chicago Bears. He decided to watch the game. As he watched he thought, "This season I'm going to share Jesus with him." With 2 minutes and 30 seconds left in the game the young man went out for a pass. He made a beautiful catch, but he fell down hard on the frozen turf.

He got up, went back to the huddle, and Hayseed renewed his determination that he was going to share Christ with him when the season was over. On the next play he went out as a decoy; no one touched him, and then he slumped and fell on the field. They came out with a stretcher and rolled him onto the stretcher. As Hayseed watched, he prayed, "Lord, don't let anything happen to him 'til I have the chance to witness to him."

15 minutes later the announcement came on national TV that he was dead.

Hayseed handed the evangelist a poem and said, "Read it as if it came from that young man on the other side or from any one of the people you and I have failed to witness to during our lives." The evangelist read the following poem. As you listen, remember that every 3 seconds someone dies.

My Friend

My friend, I stand in judgement now,

and feel that you're to blame somehow.
On earth I walked with you day by day,
and never did you point the way.
You knew the Lord in truth and glory.
Never did you share the story.
My knowledge there was very dim.
You could have led me safe to him.
O we walked by day and talked by night,
and yet you showed me not the light.
You let me live and love and die—
You knew I'd never live on high.
O, you taught me many things, that's true,
but I've learned now that it's too late.
You could have kept me from this fate.
Yes, I called you friend in life—
trusted you through joy and strife—
yet on coming to this end,
once again I cannot call you my friend.