

David Gibbs is an attorney and Bible preacher. When his son was in college he needed to pick a service project. There is a large truck stop a couple of miles from the college. Matt called his dad and said, "I think what I'd really like to do is the truck stop ministry." There was a head guy, a lieutenant and Matt in the truck stop ministry.

After the first service Matt called. David said, "How did it go, son?"

"Dad, it was horrible. 7 drivers came. The head guy was mean and nasty to them. He yelled at them. He told them they were no good. If they would be any good they wouldn't be away from their families on Sunday." Matt said, "Dad, one by one those drivers got up and left. It was horrible.

"But that's not all. The head guy looked at me and said, 'See, they can't take hard preaching.' And Dad, the head guy got discouraged and left. The lieutenant also got discouraged and left. Dad, I'm the new head man at the truck stop ministry. What will I do? I've never preached."

David said, "Son, you need to love those drivers."

Couple days later Matt called. He said, "Dad, a couple of us guys are going down there on Saturday night to knock on truck doors to invite drivers to the meeting. I've been practicing and practicing, and my talk is only 4 minutes long. I'm going to tell those drivers it won't be good, but it will be short. Dad, I'm going to tell every driver that if he comes he will get a dozen custom-made donuts."

David said, "Son how are you going to do that?"

Matt said, "I have a bunch of college wives. We have cake donuts and raised donuts. We have maple, caramel and strawberry. We have 15 different sprinkles."

"But Matt, how are you going to pay for it?"

"Dad, I went to a local businessman and told him I need some supplies so I could love truck drivers. He said, 'What did you say', and Dad, I began to cry and said, 'I just want to

love those truck drivers.'

"Dad, the businessman began to cry and said, 'You count me in. My father was a truck driver, and nobody ever did anything nice for him. I'll give you the supplies.'"

Matt said, "So I got my donuts, and Dad, you know if they come to church they are going to be late getting on the road. Dad, they don't make money if they're not moving. So I went to another guy with a grocery store. I told him I wanted to give those truck drivers a lunch.

"He said I will need ham, roast beef, turkey and tomatoes and lettuce and chips and soda.

"He said, 'You want me to give those truck drivers a lunch?'"

Matt said, "Please, we gotta love 'em." He gave him all that stuff, and they made lunches.

Matt went and knocked on truck doors. He said, "Man won't you come? It'll be the shortest service you ever been to." He said, "I have the bible verse all printed. At least you will go home with the bible verse." Funny thing was he misquoted the bible verse.

David said, "Matt, I'm so proud of you. You love 'em."

The truckers said, "Let me get this right. I get a dozen donuts if I come?"

Matt said, "Yeah." He said, "Maybe I should have told them they had to sit through the service."

They never had more than 7 drivers before. The first Sunday they had 70-some, and three drivers accepted Christ as savior.

Matt said, "I got so nervous. I said, 'Let's just read the tract I've got here.'" He read the plan of salvation off the tract, and he said, "If you want that come forward," and three drivers came forward.

Next Sunday they had 140-some, and the word got out. There's a young kid that don't

know how to preach, but he loves truckers. And he's got donuts.

Within two months they had between 300-500 drivers every Sunday.

The restaurant guy came to Matt and said, "We got a problem. No one wants my food. I'll make you a deal. If you only do donuts on Sunday I'll give you the restaurant and free coffee every Sunday."

So for 2 hours every Sunday morning the restaurant became a church.

A lady wrote Matt a letter. She said, "You don't know me, but my husband's a bum. Any trouble, he gets into it. He called me and said, 'You better sit down.'" She thought, "Man, he's in jail again."

He said, "I got saved last Sunday."

She said, "How in the world did that happen?"

He said, "It was the truck stop."

She said, "The truck stop? How did you get saved at a truck stop?"

He said, "Honey, it was the donuts. It was just the donuts!"

David says, "One Sunday I went to watch, and there was nothing there to love. Just hundreds of burly drivers who needed Christ and a boy who loved them... who when he stood up to preach would cry and say, 'man if you need Jesus you come forward.'"

It doesn't take an expert—Just a man or a woman who is sold out to Jesus and will love people enough to share the good news with them.

Will you be one who will ask God to give you a love for the lost and the divine appointments to enable you to show them that love and the gospel?

---

In 1925 Alaska had the worst winter on record ever. Never before in recorded history had there been a winter that bad. Never once since has there been a winter that bad.

Alaska is really cold--40 below is no big deal. It was 60 below.

Passes had 80' of snow.

Storm after storm came up the Bering Sea making snow and cold—It was a record in Nome, Alaska. 1,000 miles north of Anchorage an outbreak of diphtheria was experienced.

It was deadly—All kids 100% fatality.

Adults 90% fatality... Spreading through town. Even in 1925 they have a vaccine that was reasonably effective, but Nome has run out of vaccine. 1,000 miles away in Anchorage there was an unlimited supply, but there was no way to get it to Nome. Nome is telegraphing the world, "We are dying." The train which takes 10 days can't go because the passes are all closed in.

There is 1 airplane in the state—Pilot says, "I can't fly in these temperatures."

Nome telegraphs the world, "Pray for us. We are dying." The president of the USA declared a national day of prayer. The queen of England declared a national day of prayer. Charlie McCoy, the most-experienced dog sled musher in Alaska said, "I have an idea. You don't need to tell me it's impossible. I already know that.

"You don't need to tell me it can't be done. I know people are praying. When people pray God does things. Here's my idea. Could we load a sled with serum and have a dog team take it 20-25 miles to the next team? Running in legs could we try to get it there?"

Everybody said, "Are you dreaming? The dogs will freeze in the harness at these temperatures. There are two mountain ranges—one the tallest in North America. There are drop-offs along the trail that are 7-8,000 feet deep."

He said, "People are praying."

The president called on the nation to pray.

The first sled left. Today in Alaska every year in honor of what those men did the Iditarod is run. The race tries to retrace their route. Miraculously in 4½ days and nights these men moved the serum to within 67½ miles of Nome. Charlie McCoy is coming in. He is going to hand the serum off to his dearest friend Gunnar Kaasen. He said, "Gunnar, it's over. The temperatures have plunged even lower. I'm so froze I can't even move my hands. The dogs that are still alive are running stiff-legged. My other dogs are frozen in the harness. You can't make it. It's over. You have the worst run over the worst mountain range."

Gunnar said, "Help me load the sled. I'm going." As Gunnar commanded his dogs to mush the weather worsened.

Charlie did everything he could to get him to not go. "Your lead dog is injured. You have a little untested lead dog named Balto in the lead. He's gonna get you killed. You will fall off a ledge, and we will never find your remains."

They hugged and Gunnar called, "Hup! Hup, Balto, hup!" He had no sooner got those words out when a blast of cold air came in. The dogs instinctively curled in the snow trying to survive. Gunnar called out, "Balto, don't you look at the weather. We can do this." Balto stood up and started to pull. Soon the entire team was up and pulling.

Charlie McCoy went in the cabin and wrote in a journal, "I'll never see him again, but he's the bravest man I've ever met."

Miraculously Gunnar made it to the next outpost. The sled overturned twice. He broke ribs on both sides. He was so froze he had to use his hands to move his eyelids. But he made it to the next outpost. No lights were on, no one up. It would have taken 3 hours to feed and harness the fresh team. Gunnar Kaasen decided to go the last lap into Nome. "The kids are dying; I've got the serum. Hup, hup!" When He arrived he was so frozen he could not walk. All he kept saying, "Good dogs. And isn't it something when people pray?"

What he did got trumpeted around the world. The president brought him to Washington and gave him the medal of honor (first time ever for a civilian).

He refused to take it. He said, "Give it to my dogs. I was just along for the ride."

In Central Park today there is a statue of a black husky named Balto. The inscription reads, "When his master said 'hup' he went." They asked him, "Where did you find the bravery?"

He said, "Before hup will come out of your mouth it's got to be in your heart." Everyone marveled at his bravery.

Finally in a *New York Times* interview they said, "Was there anything else?"

He said, "There is one thing."

"What's that?"

"My grandchildren were in Nome, and I had the serum. I had what they needed."

We have what the world needs. Will we take it to them?