

K.P. Yohannan:

Robert Robinson lived in the 18th century. Converted through George Whitefield's preaching, he himself went on to become the Methodist minister who wrote the famous hymn "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing." You probably remember the lines:

Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,

Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;

Streams of mercy, never ceasing,

Call for songs of loudest praise.

In his latter years, Robinson wandered from the faith to pursue the pleasures of this world. While riding on a stagecoach during this time, he sat by a woman deeply fascinated by a book she was reading. When she came across a lyric she considered especially beautiful, she turned to Robinson and said, "I am reading something wonderful. What do you think about it?" This is what she read:

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,

Prone to leave the God I love.

She had no idea she was sitting next to the very man who had penned those words years earlier.

Upon remembering the song and the man he once was, Robinson broke down. With tears he replied, "Madam, I am the poor, unhappy man who composed that hymn many years ago. I would give a thousand worlds, if I had them, to enjoy the feelings I had then." Through this encounter, Robinson was brought back into the outstretched arms of his loving God.

This story of restoration at the end of sin's winding road is neither the first, nor will it be the last. From the beginning of time, history has demonstrated that there is hope for the one who has fallen.

The fact that you picked up this booklet shows that you too are seeking for that reassuring hope. I want you to know there is hope. Our failures are no surprise to God. He knows, with greater understanding than we, the creation He made. And this One, who sees our sins, also knows His purposes for us.