FAITH IS FOR WEAK PEOPLE

Responding to the Top 20 Objections to the Gospel

RAY COMFORT



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To all those who don't believe but who are prepared to go where the evidence leads.

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Introduction

y car's gas gauge was very close to "E." Of course, the E stands for "Enough," but the time had come when I needed to put gas in the tank. I wasn't being one of those last-minute-always-late people. I wanted the tank to get low so that it would take thirty dollars' worth and reach the "F" ("Finished").

As I pulled into the gas station, I saw that two thoughtless drivers had positioned their cars so that I would be forced to park with our cars facing each other. That meant that when the person had finished, he would have to back out to get out. So I decided I would drive around the closest car and maneuver until I had my gas tank on the right side of the pump.

It didn't go as planned. Another car pulled into the station and unwittingly blocked me. After him, a police officer drove in. He made me feel a little nervous. Suddenly I was going back and forth with a police officer in close proximity. It was like one of those viral videos. I felt sure the security camera would be given to the TV nightly news. I would provide the evening's comic relief after all the depressing news.

After what felt like days, I had positioned the car correctly, locked it, had not been arrested, and was inside the station purchasing thirty dollars' worth of gas for my VW Beetle. The man behind the thick glass asked me in a thick accent whether I wanted debit or credit for my card. I responded and then slid it through the machine. Nothing happened. I tried again. The card declined, which was embarrassing. But all was well. I had another in my wallet. I put that in and it declined also. This was because it was a Home Depot card, which I didn't realize only worked in Home Depot.

Mr. Thick Accent suddenly became very impatient with me. His impatience turned into anger. This wasn't supposed to be happening. I was the customer, and the customer is always right, even if he's an idiot and can't position his car or use a credit card.

I consoled myself with the thought that the man must have been having a bad day. He was stuck behind glass like a goldfish, asking people all day whether their purchase was debit or credit. I decided to show him a little kindness. I always carry gift cards to give to people after I share the gospel. They are only five-dollar cards, but they are evident tokens of love and can speak louder than the most eloquent sermon. I got out a Subway card and kindly slid it through the slot under the thick glass partition, hoping it would turn away wrath.

I said, "Here's a gift for you." *This would calm him down*, I thought. It never fails.

It made him worse. He thought I was giving him another credit card and telling him to put it through the slot. It just

added fuel to the fire, and he flared up and tossed it back at me. This was a simple misunderstanding that would resolve itself in seconds, so I tossed it back at him as if we were playing tennis.

He volleyed back, "What am I going to do with this? It's a Subway card!"

I hit back, "This is a gift card for you. I saw that you were having a tough day and want to make your life happier. It's a free lunch for you."

Fifteen love.

His eyes widened as he began to see that it was a misunderstanding, but he covered his embarrassment by angrily pushing it back under the glass, saying that he didn't want it. I quickly exited the station, returned later with cash, and was treated kindly by a new attendant.

As Christians, we are not only separate from this world, but we speak a different language. All we want is to give them the ultimate free lunch: "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6:23 KJV). But there are things that get lost in translation. Some think we're intellectually bankrupt or we are after their money or we want them to join some weird cult. They also don't like the fact that the lunch comes through "Jesus Christ our Lord." His name makes demons tremble and sinners nervous.

But John the Baptist said:

Prepare the way of the Lord; Make His paths straight. Every valley should be filled And every mountain and hill brought low; The crooked places shall be made straight And the rough ways smooth; And all flesh shall see the salvation of God. (Luke 3:4–6).

In other words, the matter of eternal salvation is so important that every stumbling block to the Savior and every misunderstanding should be removed.

That's what this book is about. We love the lost and don't want anything to hinder a dying world from coming to Jesus Christ. Some have mountains of greed or bitterness or pride or legitimate questions. For others, there is a great valley between them and God. They are going through the depths of suffering, pain, or disease and are trapped in the valley of the shadow of death. They live in the quiet despair of hopelessness.

With the help of God, we can bring the mountains low and fill up the valleys. Fortunately, there is an effective and biblical way to humble the proud, awaken the complacent, and bring a living hope to the humble. God hasn't left us helpless in these most important issues. It just takes a little maneuvering.

May He use this book to fill your tank to the full.

Ray Comfort

Faith Is for Weak People

Big Things First—Dealing with the Goliath of Fear

 \mathbf{S} tatistics tell us that not too many Christians share their faith.¹

They are busy letting their light shine in other legitimate areas of life. But when we direct our efforts specifically toward issues such as racism, sexual perversion, greed, hatred, rape, adultery, anger, violence, poverty, gangs, corruption, pedophilia, alcoholism, pornography, drug abuse, fornication, abortion, and more, we must keep in mind that we are merely fighting the symptoms of the disease of sin. The gospel is the ultimate cure—and the only cure—to all.

You are reading a book on the subject of apologetics, so I'm sure you know this truth about the gospel and want to be effective in sharing the gospel cure. I also trust you've had the sobering realization that our agendas are overshadowed by something much more concerning than all these social issues combined—the existence of hell. Someone may be a racist, and we may want him to be lovingly accepting of all races, but the gospel wasn't given to be a cure for racism. The same thought applies to the adulterer or the alcoholic. Faithfulness in marriage and living a sober lifestyle aren't the chief goal of the gospel. They are the fruit of it. The goal is to see people saved from the just wrath of a holy God by being clothed with the righteousness of Jesus Christ. If we lose sight of this goal, we reduce the church to a social club of well-meaning do-gooders. And the world is full of them—from skilled marriage and drug counselors to the many worthy secular service organizations. They all strive to make lives happier, and they often achieve that goal.

To be effective we must know our goal—sharing the gospel. We must also know what to say when it comes to suffering, the existence of God, and the many other questions that arise when we involve ourselves in what Charles Spurgeon rightly called the "irksome" task of evangelism.²

But knowing our goal and knowing what to say are not enough if we are paralyzed by our fears. We are involved in a war, and having weapons in hand is not enough if soldiers are consumed with a fear that keeps them confined to the barracks. We will devote two entire chapters to addressing fear and revealing something in our arsenal that is far more important than the weapon of apologetics.

Forty-Five Years

For more than forty-five years, I have regularly shared the gospel with people from all walks of life. Yet I still battle fear. I fear the initial approach. I fear rejection. The battle that I continually have with fear is very real; fear is an enemy

that shadows my every move. But I have found a light that dissipates the shadow.

Goliath is a household name even thousands of years after his death. As *Einstein* became a synonym for *genius*, *Goliath* became a synonym for *giant*.

The defeat of the bully is always a success at the box office. The nastier the bully is to some poor loser, the sweeter it is to see the loser win. Little David took on the big bully and instantly became a national hero and a historical icon for courage.

Experts disagree about Goliath's height. Some say he was six feet nine, while others say he was more than nine feet ten. I take the high road and go for the nine feet, because I doubt that the entire army of Israel would be terrified by someone who was only nine inches taller than the average soldier.

Let's pick up the story and look at how we can use this famous incident to deal with our personal taunting Goliath.

Then [David] took his staff in his hand; and he chose for himself five smooth stones from the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag, in a pouch which he had, and his sling was in his hand. And he drew near to the Philistine. So the Philistine came, and began drawing near to David, and the man who bore the shield went before him. And when the Philistine looked about and saw David, he disdained him; for he was only a youth, ruddy and good-looking. So the Philistine said to David, "Am I a dog, that you come to me with sticks?" And the Philistine cursed David by his gods. And the Philistine said to David, "Come to me, and I will give your flesh to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field!"

Then David said to the Philistine, "You come to me with a sword, with a spear, and with a javelin. But I come to you

in the name of the LORD of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom you have defied. This day the LORD will deliver you into my hand, and I will strike you and take your head from you. And this day I will give the carcasses of the camp of the Philistines to the birds of the air and the wild beasts of the earth, that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel. Then all this assembly shall know that the LORD does not save with sword and spear; for the battle is the LORD's, and He will give you into our hands."

So it was, when the Philistine arose and came and drew near to meet David, that David hurried and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. Then David put his hand in his bag and took out a stone; and he slung it and struck the Philistine in his forehead, so that the stone sank into his forehead, and he fell on his face to the earth. So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and a stone, and struck the Philistine and killed him. But there was no sword in the hand of David. Therefore David ran and stood over the Philistine, took his sword and drew it out of its sheath and killed him, and cut off his head with it." (1 Sam. 17:40–51)

There are two lessons here. The first one is obvious, and I'm sure you know it. But you may not be familiar with the second.

Here's the first lesson. When fear makes you tremble, have faith in God. Lift up hands that hang down. Strengthen feeble knees. Take courage. If God is for you, nothing can be against you—not even the Goliath of death. That enemy was defeated the second the heart began to beat in Jesus's lifeless body as it lay in that cold tomb.

Our battle is not against flesh and blood. Satan is the god of this world—the one who came to kill, steal, and destroy. And just as David rejected the armor of Saul, so we say that

"the weapons of our warfare are not carnal but mighty in God for pulling down strongholds" (2 Cor. 10:4). One of these weapons is the shield of trust in God.

When you go to share your faith and the Goliath of fear taunts you, use your faith. Trust in the Lord with all your heart. Say with the psalmist, "The LORD is my helper; I will not fear" (Heb. 13:6). That's the first principle of the Christian walk.

The second lesson issues from the first. This lesson gives us the impetus to use faith effectively. A retired police officer once told me that when he and his fellow officers were approaching an armed criminal, they would each want to go in first. He said they had no fear. But this same manly looking, tough ex-cop told me he wanted to open-air preach but was terrified. He asked what he should do, so I shared the following analogy.

You are at a friend's house, sitting by his swimming pool on a hot day. You have been hesitant to dive in because it's not a heated pool. You know that when you hit the water, your flesh is going to feel it. You find yourself standing on the pool's edge looking at the cold water. Your friends call out that the water is fine and encourage you to dive in. The longer you stand there, the harder it becomes.

Now consider a second scenario of the same scene. You are seated by the pool and you see your toddler run to the water's edge, fall into the swimming pool, and sink to the bottom. Do you think about the cold water? Not for a second. Do you need the coaxing of your friends? Of course not. You immediately dive in and grab that precious child!

How did you overcome fear? The answer is simple: love. Your love for your child immediately dealt with your frivolous concern about the cold water.

The key to reaching those who are perishing in their sins is love. It casts out all fear. If you are afraid to share your faith, don't pray for less fear. Pray for more love. That is what is missing. And that thought calls out modern Christendom. They see the child drowning and deliberately busy themselves folding towels and preparing drinks.

The Bible uses an even more fearful picture when it paints the fate of the lost. It doesn't use water; it uses fire: "And on some have compassion, making a distinction; but others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire, hating even the garment defiled by the flesh" (Jude 22–23). Notice the presence of love in this verse: "And on some have compassion." Love cannot sit in passivity. It must take action.

The Motivation

We find the motivation to reach the lost in our God-given conscience. The human conscience is like a compass needle that points toward the north. When it does its duty, the conscience stubbornly points toward righteousness, and righteousness points to life.

I couldn't live with myself if I allowed a child to drown in a swimming pool or if I allowed someone to burn to death without trying to help them.

The world often treats the conscience as the enemy of pleasure or, at the least, as an annoying party pooper. As Christians, we should look on our conscience as the battery in a smoke detector. It should send out a loud alarm if we are doing something that is morally wrong. It's morally wrong to busy ourselves with other things while anyone goes to hell.

If I walk past any human being without concern for their salvation, an alarm bell goes off. A loud one. I immediately hear God whispering, "There used to be a time when I could trust you." That thought unnerves me. It's a slap in my unloving face. It wakes me up. I'm letting the child drown. Never once have I regretted going back and sharing the gospel.

STUDY QUESTIONS

- 1. Why do you think so few Christians have a deep concern for the lost?
- 2. Explain why addressing the many worthy social issues is not the goal of the church.
- 3. What word did Spurgeon use to describe the task of evangelism? Why is it such an annoying task?
- 4. What are your greatest fears when it comes to sharing the gospel?
- 5. What was David's motivation in his fight with Goliath?
- 6. Do you ever have trouble trusting God?
- 7. Would it insult you if someone said they had trouble trusting you? Why?