

Repentance: More Fun Than Selling Shoes!  
Adapted from *Hero Tales, Volume I*, by Dave and Neta Jackson

*As a young man, Dwight Moody's dream was to get rich. He began striving for his goal by selling shoes. After a few years Moody's goals changed when he gave his whole life to God.*

No one—absolutely no one can fill up a Sunday school better than I, young Dwight Moody. All week long, I work as a shoe salesman for one of the biggest shoe companies in Chicago. (I'm good at selling shoes, too, and I plan to make a lot of money.) But on Sunday, I walk through the streets rounding up as many kids as I can. I take them all to Sunday school.

Once I get them there, though, I feel like my job is done. It was someone else's job to teach the Bible, isn't it? I was sure of it the day Mr. Hibbert was sick and I was asked to teach his class of twelve-year-old girls. Those girls acted up during the whole lesson—even laughed in my face! I had to bite my tongue to keep from telling them to “get out and don't come back.”

One day, Mr. Hibbert came into the shoe store and asked to speak to me. The man was only middle-aged, but he was sick with a rattling cough.

“How can I help you, Mr. H? You look like you should be in bed.”

Mr. Hibbert nodded sadly. “My lungs are bleeding...doctor says I won't survive another winter in Chicago. So I'm leaving soon to go back home to my family—going home to die, I suppose. But—“

“But what, Mr. H?”

“I hate leaving my class,” said the Sunday school teacher. “You see, not one of those girls has accepted Christ as her Savior yet. If I leave them now...”

*Oh no!* I thought. *He's not going to ask me to teach that class of horrible girls, is he?* Quickly I said, “Why don't you go visit them—you know, individually—and tell them how you feel.”

Mr. Hibbert's tired face lit up. “That's exactly what I want to do, Dwight. But...I don't know if I have the strength. Will you go with me?”

I gladly agreed. The least I could do for the poor man was take him where he needed to go.

So each evening after work, I walked with Mr. Hibbert to each girl's house, helped him up the rickety stairs to the dingy apartments, and sat quietly while the teacher talked sincerely to each pupil. To my amazement, first one, then another, then *another* girl accepted Christ as her Savior!

After ten days of visiting, every single girl in that class has given her life to Jesus. On the last day before Mr. Hibbert was supposed to leave, I picked up all the girls so they could say goodbye to their teacher. It turned into a regular prayer meeting, as each girl tearfully thanked God for her teacher and prayed for him.

I went to the train station the next day to see Mr. Hibbert off. To his surprise, all the girls showed up too, crying and waving as the train pulled out. Mr. Hibbert stood on the platform at the back of the train, a peaceful smile on his face. His finger pointed up toward heaven, where he would see each of his students again someday.

My heart was full nearly to the bursting point. “Oh,God! Selling shoes and making money don't seem very important compared to what I've seen in the last two weeks. Forgive me, Lord, for focusing on the wrong things. From now on, I want to tell boys and girls and men and women about the Good News. I'm your man full time.

*Repentance is not just saying you're sorry for sin, but going in a new direction.*