

## “I Am A Gambler”

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by Jack Frost, Jr.

Yes, I am a gambler. Oh, not the kind that frequents places behind “closed doors” in some secluded spot or in the back room of some night club or den of iniquity. I’m not that kind of gambler. Neither do I play the ponies or bet on sporting events. Such gambling as this is peanuts compared to the gambling that I do. Even “Bet-a-million Bashby” is a piker compared to me.

You see, I gamble with my soul at stake. I am betting that I can live a life of “do nothing,” indifference, a life of neglect of those things of God, and still be saved.

I’m gambling with the souls of my children as the stakes. I am betting their souls that I can let them miss Bible Study, worship . . . that I will not influence them toward righteousness, toward becoming members of the Lord’s church, and that they will have wisdom enough to guide their own lives until the Lord.

I’m betting I can have a nonchalant attitude toward the lost about me and still please God.

I’m betting I can remain indifferent to the teaching of Christ on liberality, and that I can fail to give as I’ve prospered and that Christ will bless me eternally.

Yes, I’m a gambler . . . the most reckless type. I am gambling against impossible odds with my soul and the souls of my children at stake, for you see, ***I am a lukewarm Christian.***

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