I

trying things out. I found this out about four years ago. I was being asked here and there to give a story of the rescue of the fliers in the canyon, and I didn't like to turn any opportunities down because I felt it was an unusual opportunity to present the gospel in places where it wasn't ordinarily heard. I gave it in eight modernistic churches in Wilmington, and the ministers would always come up afterward and say. "What a strange story!" but I kept hoping that some of the people had had the seed that they had never heard before implanted in their minds, because I made the gospel as clear as I could in the latter part of the story and everything gathered together right before me. Well, that story took about an hour and a quarter to tell and it was very tiring because I put my whole soul into it and I found that when I finished I was just thrilled and I felt like going out and shaking everybody there by the hand, but I found that if I did that that half an hour later I was just a wet rag. One night I got home and I just was so out of breath I could hardly walk up the stairs. I was just completely all in, and I discovered this, that if when I finished up