

Back in the late 40s, Watchman Nee was holding a series of tent meetings in Outer Mongolia. At the end of one service, an old man walked up to him and told him this story.

“When I was a lad of 14, my mother took me to a Buddhist temple to burn incense and offer sacrifices. I looked at that idol and said to myself, ‘Buddha, your just a piece of stone and can’t do anything for me good or ill, and besides that you’re ugly so I’m not going to worship you. Then I walked out to the courtyard, raised my hands towards the sky and I prayed, “Oh God who made all of this, I don’t know who You are or anything about You, but it is You I am going to worship all my life.” Then with tears running down his face he said, “I’ve met God twice in my life, the first time was back in that courtyard, the second time is now, when I know who He is.”

So the question is this, when was the Mongolian saved, the first time He met God, but had no doctrine, or the second time when he knew Jesus as his Savior?