



ROBERT ROBINSON'S STORY

Narrator:

Robert Robinson was born on September 27, 1735 to Mary Wilkin and Michael Robinson. At the age of eight, his father passed away. To make circumstances more difficult, his maternal grandfather, Robert Wilkin, a very wealthy man, cut Robert's mother, Mary, out of his life when she married Robert's father because he was a man of low status.

Mother (with concern):

Robert, now that you are seventeen, you are almost a man now. I've arranged for you to move to London and be an apprentice at a barbershop.

Robert:

Mother, I know we can't afford it, but I wish I could just stay here and continue with my studies.

Mother:

I'm a widow and can't afford to keep supporting you. It's time for you to be on your own now.

Narrator:

While in London, Robert didn't quite live the life his mother sent him there to live. He joined a gang of hoodlums who he would often get drunk with and cause trouble around town.

Robert (with his friends):

Hey guys, let's go cause some trouble. What should we do?

Friend:

See that fortune teller over there. How about we get her tell us our fortune?

Robert:

Hey, tell us our fortune! And you're gonna do it for free!

**Fortune (pointing her finger):
Teller**

You are going to live a long life. You will not only see your children grow up, but your grandchildren as well.

Robert (talking to himself):

If I'm going to live see my children and grandchildren, I'll have to change my way of living. I can't keep on like I'm going now.

Narrator:

On December 10, 1755, Robert went to hear a famous evangelist preach, George Whitfield. Upon hearing him, Robert's life changed forever.

George (preaching voice):

Oh, my hearers! The wrath to come! The wrath to come!





Robert: I better turn my life around and help others to do so as well. I will become a minister and preach the gospel.

Narrator: Robert did become a minister. First, in a Baptist church, then a Methodist church, and later other denominations. Once, his church had 1,000 people in attendance. It was around this time, he wrote the famous hymn, Come Thou Fount. As years went by, Robert's life became unstable and he lost faith. His beliefs and training seemed of little importance to him. He spent many years away from the church. Years later at his lowest point, he met a Parisian socialite one night while sharing a carriage.

Socialite (singing): Come thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace, Streams of mercy never failing, Call for hymns of loudest praise . . . Sir, what do you think about the lyrics I just sang. Don't you just love this hymn?

Robert (in a broken voice): What do I think of it? Um . . . well, actually, I wrote it.

Socialite: Oh my goodness! You did? I just recently became a Christian and I love the words of this hymn.

Robert (crying): I'm not the same person I was when I wrote it. I've drifted so far away from Jesus and can't find my way back.

Socialite: But don't you see? The way back is written right here in the third line of your hymn: Streams of mercy never ceasing. Those streams are flowing even here in Paris tonight.

Narrator: That night, Robert recommitted his life to Jesus. Somehow Robert had found his way back through the words of a hymn that he wrote so many years ago. He was lost, but now he's found.

