

Are You Selling Salt?

In his book, *Led by the Carpenter*, D. James Kennedy told about a man who walked into a little mom-and-pop grocery store and asked, “Do you sell salt?”

“Ha!” said Pop, the proprietor. “Do we sell salt? Just look!” And Pop showed the customer one entire wall stocked with nothing but salt. Morton salt, iodized salt, kosher salt, sea salt, rock salt, seasoning salt, Epsom salts, every kind imaginable.

“Wow!” said the customer.

“You think that’s something?” said Pop with a wave of his hand. “That’s nothing! Come look.”

Pop led the customer to a back room filled with shelves and bins and cartons and barrels and boxes of salt. “Do we sell salt?” he said.

“Unbelievable!” said the customer.

“You think that’s something?” said Pop. “Come! I’ll show you salt!” Pop led the customer down some steps into a huge basement, five times as large as the previous room, filled floor to ceiling with every imaginable form and size and shape of salt – even huge 10-pound salt licks for the cow pasture.

“Incredible!” said the customer. “You really do sell salt!”

“No!” said Pop. “That’s just the problem. We never sell salt. But that salt salesman? Hoo-boy! Does he sell salt!”

What kind of salt salesman are you? In Life Care and Century Park, we have the product – first-class buildings and compassionate services – and we have the people who can get the job done.

Are you selling salt ...

- At church?
- At the civic club?
- At the supermarket?
- At the grocery store?
- At the bridge table?

We must be passionate salt salesmen. Anywhere and everywhere.

Let your speech always be gracious, seasoned with salt, so that you may know how you ought to answer each person (Colossians 4:6 ESV).

– Beecher Hunter