

K-028 True Ministry

by Art Katz

Art Katz emphasizes the sacred nature of true ministry, highlighting the necessity of sacrifice, divine calling, and the relationship between priests and their congregations.

Duration: 1:19:15

Scripture: Exodus 29:35, Exodus 30:9, Leviticus 8:33-35, Numbers 7:89, Psalm 150:6, Matthew 27:22, Hebrews 5:1-4

Topics: "Ministry"

Description

In this sermon, the speaker describes a chaotic scene where people are reclining and not paying attention, surrounded by litter and disorder. The speaker questions what ministry should be performed in such a moment and criticizes the so-called solutions offered by society. The speaker then addresses the audience, accusing them of having murderous and violent hearts, and suggests that a revolution should start within themselves. The sermon also mentions the sacrifice of animals and the blood of the Lord on one's ear, and recounts a personal experience of being unable to perform ministry due to a university strike.

Transcript

A few nights ago, God started speaking about truth, truth in word and truth in deed, and last night he spoke about true life, and I think tonight that he wants to speak about true ministry. I can't think of a more desperately needed speaking, especially in such an age as ours, when there's such a prolific number of ministries everywhere. I'm especially sensitive to youthful ministries, and I don't think that it's an old man looking down with a jaundiced eye upon kids who are having a wonderful time conducting services.

I think it might be something of the solemnity of God, who when he established his priesthood, gave as the year upon which a priest began his ministry, the age thirty. The first thirty years were wasted. Can you imagine being nineteen and twenty and not having a ministry? Twenty-one and twenty-two, my, you must be chomping at the bit.

And twenty-three and twenty-four, you must be just about ready to come apart at the seam. You're full of vim and vinegar and energy and dynamism, poisonality, as we say in Brooklyn. Tremendous advantages for the kingdom, and certainly there would be an impact if you could be released.

But God said in times past, that's a no-no. You waited until you were thirty to begin your ministry. His son had to wait that long, and first Peter, you don't have to turn to it, this is not my text.

The second chapter and the fifth verse, we read, you also as lively stones are built up a spiritual house and holy priesthood to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ. There's something very sacred about priesthood, which I think God wants to remind us tonight. First, that it's holy.

And I don't know if any of us will ever really approach that word and understand from it what we ought. I'll tell you children that I'll save you a trip to the dictionary. It'll avail you nothing.

You'll not find the meaning of it in Webster's. And maybe you've noticed already that every great word is not to be obtained by recourse to dictionaries. They're to be obtained far more expensively.

And if I were God and had something to do about it, I would say that the knowledge of the word holy should be high on our list of priorities. However much pain would be involved in the understanding of it. Whatever the cost, as God puts that word first before every other consideration, holy priesthood.

Before I considered priesthood, I would first consider holy. I think it's probably the absence of the knowledge of it that explains more than anything. The flood of callow, C-A-L-L-O-W, easy, glib, facile ministries that we see right now in Christendom.

Just about anybody who can strum a guitar somehow has found a place. And if he's not too good, we can just turn up the amplifier. What do they say, paraphrasing the scriptures, a good amplifier covers a multitude of sins? Well, I've got one friend in the audience.

Oh, dear children, you know what a definition of truth was? Did I say it to you the first night? Truth is everything as God sees it. Everything as God sees it. I wonder how he sees us tonight.

I wonder how he would view the service thus far. I wonder how much he appreciated the song service. I wonder how much he appreciates most of our charismatic trappings.

I would almost give anything if I could just see as God sees and perceives our present condition. I wonder if we would be stunned by the contrast of the way he sees as against as we see. And maybe that's one of the reasons why he's given us the book.

And I'm going to be very tedious tonight and read laboriously and painstakingly from a section of scripture that not many of us ever have occasion to survey. It's monotonous, it's dreary, it's painstaking, it's full of explicit little details. And I'll tell you frankly that I've not had much appetite myself to dote upon it.

It's to be found in Leviticus, we'll turn to it in a moment. It's all got to do with priesthood and a whole array of painstaking details that God required in that old covenant priesthood of which we were reminded today was only a type in a shadow and that we have come to a more glorious covenant by which I would assume that if God were demanding then, he would be far more demanding now. If that priesthood were only a shadow that the substance of the fulfillment now would be even more painstaking, more profound in its requirements, not less.

Even so, as we come to the end of the age, I think that ministry is a sacred thing in God. It's not an antidote for boredom, it's not some wholesome alternative to finding entertainments in the world, it's a holy priesthood to offer up spiritual sacrifices. And I would just say for a rough rule of thumb that if ministry of any kind costs us nothing, likely it does not have great significance or redeeming value.

True priesthood, as we'll see in a moment, always costs something. Sacrifice of such proportion that it will boggle our minds merely to survey it. And I would suspect if that was true then, it should be equally true now.

It's an act of service that is easy and glib and requires nothing. I wouldn't class it as a spiritual sacrifice. True prayer, true ministry, true witness, always costs something, children.

As we're saying it, it should come out of the cascades, out of the gut. There's usually a reproach somewhere to be found lurking on the heels of it. You're usually going to suffer some criticism for the expressing of it.

You'll usually have to accept at least a minimum of misunderstanding for your faithfulness to God, invariably. It's not going to enhance your popularity as a rule. You might be considered more loathsome when you're finished than when you began.

And it may be that when the whole thing is over and the smoke clears, there's only one who's pleased with you. It's the Lord himself. It's a sacrifice.

It's a spiritual sacrifice. And for the life of me, I have yet to find any sacrifice that has not been painful, bloody, costly. It's acceptable to God, and I think we ought to be reminded of this, that every priestly ministry is unto God and not unto men.

How do you like them apples? And I'll tell you, there are inordinate temptations to pitch your direction down rather than up. I can't think of anything more seductive and more powerful and more tantalizing, heavier in its pressure, than to be young and to be a minister. Listen, I used to be young once.

Oh, I know. And I remember, faintly, that I was very much concerned for peer approval. I wanted the backslap and the bear hug.

I wanted to see the expression of esteem and acceptance in those whose judgment and evaluation I prized. I think it would be a rare youth who has risen above that. It would be a rare youth whose ministry is unto God and not unto men or not unto his own generation.

There's a holy priesthood required and called to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Christ Jesus, not by our intelligence, not by our wit, not by our winsome personalities, not by our groovy talents. None of those by's, only by one thing, by Christ Jesus. When you find that you've come to the place when you can do it yourself, it's no longer holy priesthood.

It's some groovy alternative that has not redeeming and eternal value. Dig? So may we find our amplifiers more frequently breaking down, our electronic devices, and all the paraphernalia of our particular age. Find ourselves trembling.

Find ourselves more frequently beyond our abilities and skills and expertise and knowledge and personality. Find ourselves wholly lacking. Find our knees knocking.

Find our bowels rumbling. Find our faces flushing. And wholly be cast upon God by Christ Jesus.

I want you to turn with me to the book of Leviticus, named from the tribe of the priests, the eighth chapter. If you have a weak stomach and you're the sensitive type that can't stand much blood, this is your opportunity to leave before we go on. This is going to be sickly, folks.

Gird your loins. When we'll be finished tonight, we'll be standing in pools of blood. Hallelujah.

He must be Jewish. Okay. Isn't it precious the way the eighth chapter begins, and I'm reading from the Amplified Edition, and the Lord said to Moses, hallelujah.

I love everything that begins with the Lord saying. And I'll tell you that before we even get an iota into this text, may God give us a holy fear for anything that does not come by his speaking. May every ministry, every priestly duty begin with the Lord said.

May we avoid, as if it were a plague, any self-initiated activity, any ministry which has its origin in us. I don't give a rap what the needs in the world are. They can be stacked up to the doors with dying and sickly humanity.

I shall ever and always wait for the word of the Lord. Go, speak, do. May we never bypass God and relate ourselves directly to what we think are the human needs before us.

The Lord said to Moses, and the Lord is saying now, if we have an ear to hear it and a desire to wait. Can you wait, you young fellows, until the Lord says? I can't think of anything more deathly than you should wait. Inactivity, my goodness, how scandalous.

You mean do nothing? That's it, buddy. Silent, unspoken, unseen, unheard. It's death! Exactly.

Until the Lord shall say. And when he does start speaking, you might be surprised at the things he'll say. He's not going to say, now take your guitar and your electronic equipment and get thee to Afghanistan.

There's a great public meeting that I have set for you, a rally. Seventy-five thousand is liable to say. Take Aaron and his sons with him and the garments of their office and the anointing oil and the bull of the sin offering and the two rams in the basket of unleavened bread and assemble all the congregation at the door of the tent of meeting.

Moses did as the Lord commanded him and the congregation was assembled at the door of the tent of meeting. Moses told the congregation, this is what the Lord has commanded to be done. Moses brought Aaron his sons and washed them with water.

He put on Aaron the long under tunic, girded him with a long sash, clothed him with the robe, put the ephod upon him and girded him with the skillfully woven cords attached to the ephod, binding it to him. And Moses put upon Aaron the breastplate. He also put in the breastplate, the Urim and the Tumim, upon which the high priest put his hand when seeking the divine will concerning the nation.

And he put the turban or mitre on his head. On it in front, Moses put the shining gold plate, the holy diadem, as the Lord commanded him. And Moses took the anointing oil and anointed the tabernacle and all that was in it and consecrated them.

And he sprinkled some of the oil on the altar seven times and anointed the altar and all its utensils and the labor and its space to consecrate them. And he poured some of the oil upon Aaron's head and anointed him to consecrate him. And Moses brought Aaron's sons and put under tunics on them and girded them with stashes and wound turbans on them as the Lord commanded Moses.

Then he brought the bull of the sin offering, and Aaron and his sons laid their hands on the head of the bull of the sin offering. Moses killed it and took the blood and put it on the horns of the old around about with

his finger and poured the blood at the base of the altar and purified and consecrated the altar to make atonement for it. He took all the fat that was on the entrails and the lobe of the liver and the two kidneys with their fat, and Moses burned them on the altar.

But the bull, the sin offering and its hide, its flesh and its dung, he burned with fire outside the camp as the Lord commanded Moses. He brought the ram for the burnt offering, and Aaron and his sons laid their hands on the head of the ram, and Moses killed it and dashed the blood upon the altar round about. He cut the ram into pieces and Moses burned the head to pieces and the fat.

And he washed the entrails and the legs in water, and Moses burned the whole ram on the altar. It was a burnt sacrifice for a sweet and satisfying fragrance and offering made by fire to the Lord as the Lord commanded Moses. And he brought the other ram, the ram of consecration and ordination, and Aaron and his sons laid their hands upon the head of the ram, and Moses killed it and took some of its blood and put it on the tip of Aaron's right ear and on the thumb of his right hand and on the great toe of his right foot.

And he brought Aaron's sons and Moses put some of the blood on the tip of the right ears and the thumbs of the right hands and the great toes of the right feet, and Moses dashed the blood upon the altar round about. And he took the fat, the fat tail, all the fat that was on the entrails, the lobe of the liver, the two kidneys and their fat, and the right throne out of the basket of unleavened bread that was before the Lord. He took one unleavened cake, a cake of oil bread, and one wafer and put them on the fat and on the right side.

And he put all these in Aaron's hands and his son's hands and waved them for a wave offering before the Lord. Then Moses took these things from their hands and burned them on the altar with the burnt offering as an ordination offering for a sweet and satisfying fragrance, an offering made by fire to the Lord. And Moses took the breast and waved it for a wave offering before the Lord for the ram of consecration and ordination.

It was Moses's portion as the Lord commanded him. And Moses took some of the anointing oil and the blood which was on the altar and sprinkled it on Aaron and his garments and upon his sons and their garments also. So Moses consecrated Aaron and his garments and his sons and his sons garments.

And Moses said to Aaron and his sons, boil the flesh at the door of the tent of meeting and there eat it with the bread that is in the basket of consecration and ordination. As I commanded, saying Aaron and his sons shall eat it and what remains of the flesh and of the bread you shall burn with fire and you shall not go out of the door of the tent of meeting for seven days until the days of your consecration and ordination are ended. For it will take seven days to consecrate and ordain you as has been done this day.

So the Lord has commanded to do for your atonement at the door of the tent of meeting. You shall remain day and night for seven days, doing what the Lord has charged you to do that you die not for. So I am commanded.

So Aaron and his sons did all the things which the Lord commanded by Moses. Let's pray. Gracious God, we ask the ministry of your Holy Spirit.

You know, mighty God, how remote the description of these things is from the whole of our modern life. It seems to us so archaic, so absolutely distant, so biblical, has no seeming relevance, Lord, to our present life activity. And we ask, Lord, that you might show us by your spirit just what is the application to

ourselves now.

Lord, do something in our hearts, our spirits, our minds, our lives, our understandings that shall forever change us. May this night be a night of such a dealing of God that we shall forever gag and choke and splutter. If we should ever dare to stand before your people and in your name bring forth something glib, shallow, insincere, coined out of our own skulls, our own little tinsel personalities, our own little cuteness.

Mighty God, may we tremble with the responsibilities of what it means to be a royal priesthood. May we never dare mount a platform except that we come to bring living sacrifice ourselves. Teach us, deal with us, speak the word that's in your heart this night to save us from going the way of all flesh.

Get us off the gooey bandstand and remind us and restore us and establish us again in the true way, the way of true ministry, true priesthood, true service unto God. And we'll thank you and praise you for it. In Jesus' holy name we pray.

Amen. Well, what we're reading, children, is an ordination service. Before the priests could begin their duties, they had to be ordained.

Ordination today is something much less. Some places all it requires is a ten dollar check and an application and you'll get back a certificate. And others, if they know you and you're a pretty right guy and you're not in any apparent error or blatant apostasy and you seem to have something going for you, you're ordained.

God's requirements, as you can see, were very detailed and painstaking. This was an elaborate ceremony of ordination and consecration. And you would think that these were not priests being established, but butchers.

It almost seems that their priestly garments were wholly inappropriate. They should better have had a butcher's apron. Because I'll tell you that when the whole thing was finished, they were almost virtually standing up to their ankles in streams of blood.

But it says, as the Lord commanded Moses, as the Lord commanded Moses, as the Lord commanded Moses. Every painstaking detail had its origin in God. And though it boggles the mind, I think it behooves us to see this.

Because men would never have conceived of this kind of ceremony. And there must therefore have been purpose in God in requiring the things that he did. There must have been a reason why he assembled the whole congregation at the tent of the tabernacle, that they might witness this entire process.

Because I'll tell you, children, there's a relationship between priests and people. And I think one of the sickliest characteristics of our present-day Christianity is the divorce which has taken place. We have professionals and quote-unquote laypeople.

Vast audiences of people sitting on their rumps looking up. And an individual virtuoso looking down doing his thing. I don't know if that's quite what God had in mind.

But there's a kind of a casualness and ease with people slumped in their seats. Either enjoying the kind of spiritual roulette which will come up for that night, if it happens to be a happy sermon which they can bid. Or somehow having to bite their lips and change their positions in their seats and wait for the dreary thing

to be over.

But there's hardly more involvement than that. But I'll tell you, God says that as the priests, so the people. And if you'll tolerate mediocrity in your priests, if you'll tolerate casual and indifferent service from men who are on the platform, you can be assured that you shall not be long far behind in resembling and finally imitating and having a character like unto the priest.

As the priest, so the people. There's an identity between priest and people. Sacred connection.

And God showed them by assembling the people and saying, look what I'm doing to these priests. Look at the detailed things that I'm requiring of them. Look at the heavy responsibility.

Watch. Keep your hearts with all diligence. For as the priests are, so also are the people.

And when the day comes that priests shall no longer be able to discern the difference between the things which are sacred and the things that are profane, it'll be an o y vey day for you. It'll be woe is me for you. Because if they can't discern it, how much better do you think you'll be? Because you're the ones that are applauding.

You're the ones that are goading them on. You're the ones that are giggling and chortling and encouraging them in their practices. You're the ones that are sitting there and taking it and enjoying it or tolerating it.

As the priests are, so the people. And therefore he assembled them at the door of the tabernacle to watch what was going on. The first thing he did was to wash Aaron and his sons with water, their hands and their feet.

And that's just the beginning of humiliations. If you don't think so, how would you like tonight to be called up on the platform and be required to take off your shoes and socks, and I would wash your feet publicly before all these people? It's a humiliation, but it's a necessary requirement. And of course, if this speaks the washing of the water of the word, which is the first approach to true ministry, and which, in fact, we're performing tonight now.

Maybe at the end of this night, there might be one or two ordained, consecrated. And God is speaking a washing of the word on hands and feet, because there's been just a little too much traffic in the world, just a little bit too much of the groovy undertone of the current to be found in the entertainments of the world, which have found their way also into our services and into our practices. That which has dallied and dabbled in the world needs first to be washed before there's another step taken in the consecration of the priests.

And then the elaborate clothing was put upon them, long under tunics girded with a long sash, with a robe and an ephod, kind of an upper vest, all made of linen. In Exodus, it says, linen breeches to cover their nakedness. From the loins unto the sides shall they reach.

God was very particular about this. First, no wool garments, because if a priest ever sweated, he's finished. The day that a priest sweats, he's no longer a priest.

The day that he wheels and deals and strives to perform, puts on a show and has to promote it and do it, that's the end of his priesthood. No sweat children. It's the father who doeth the works.

And the linen is the linen of his righteousness, and it covers all flesh. God was so fastidious about this that he didn't even allow priests to walk up on steps into the Holy of Holies. They had to go up on a ramp, lest if they had gone up on steps, they would have had to raise one leg higher than the other, and in the cause of which some flesh of their thighs would be revealed.

No flesh shall stand in his presence. Have you got that? N-O, no flesh shall stand in his presence. Have you really got that? Are you covered from head to toe in the linen of his righteousness? Don't dare draw near to God or before men and assume holy priestly responsibility if your flesh is sticking out.

Skillfully woven cords attached the ephod to the priest, binding it to him. I looked it up, they were blue cords, and blue is the color of deity, and it's the color of truth. The priest's garments weren't some kind of quick, icky thing like stepping into a phone booth and putting on your Superman costume, and ipso facto changed.

That's the way it's been up till now, but I tell you children, God is no longer winking. He doesn't care too much for this business of being one thing publicly and another thing privately. Put on and take off.

He's calling for a priesthood where the holy garments are attached to the very body of the priest, tied on. You're on view always. You're always God's man, always God's servant, always the high calling of God, always the integrity of God for things large, things small, things public, things private, things seen, things unseen.

You're still willing to be a priest? No little groovy change of costume thing. It's bound to your very body, and on the turban upon the head there was a shining gold plate, and on it was, it was written, holiness unto the Lord. Hallelujah.

May we feel the weight of that plate slapping back and forth as we walk about in the performance of our duties. A continual reminder, just a heft in the weight of it, holiness unto the Lord, unto the Lord, unto the Lord. There's a reason, children, for everything that's here.

There was only one portion of the body of the priest that was at all exposed. For the holy anointing oil, which is spoken of in the 11th verse, poured, sprinkled seven times, and then upon the head of Aaron, and down his beard, and then to the hem of his garment, had only one place where it could make contact with flesh, and that was the head of the priest, the head of the body. And so is it also to this day.

Only one place exposed. Only one head that can stand before God the Father, so one with him, so sharing his essential character and purity and holiness, that the holy anointing oil can make direct contact. But in everything else, other than the head, from the neck to the tops of the toes, the body of Christ must be covered in the linen of God's righteousness.

Upon man's flesh it shall not be poured. And that's why, children, the decibels are rising. That's why the noise is becoming more strident.

That's why there's increasing clamor and activity and programs and all the kinds of jazz. You can count on it as the anointing of God subsides, as more and more flesh is revealed, as God will not allow his holy anointing oil to be poured upon man's flesh. Men who sense somehow intuitively the absence of the unction of God, for which no entertainments are required, shall be required to fill the silences with their own activities, their own noise, their own clamor.

May God give you priestly discernment to sense the difference and to be on guard and keep the sanctity of the temple. And so the anointing oil came upon Aaron's head and upon his son's. And then we read of a succession of sacrifices, bulls which Moses killed and poured the blood at the base of the altar and consecrated it.

And he took all the fat that was on the entrails and the lobe of liver and the two kidneys with the fat and Moses burned them on the altar. But the bull, its hide, its flesh, it's done. He burned with fire outside the camp.

Doesn't that just controvert our own human wisdom and reckoning? Wouldn't we have thought the flesh, the most valuable part of the sacrifice, wouldn't that be the portion that should have been burned on the altar? And the hide probably could have been sold. But God counts the hide as just the mere exterior. That's the place of superficiality.

There's only one place for it. It's the dung heap outside the camp. No sacrifice to God shall ever be performed from that.

And as far as the flesh is concerned, you know what God thinks of that? He equates it with dung. Skin, flesh and dung burned outside. But the things we would despise, the things that to us are despicable, the things for which we have no appetite, that God celebrates.

The lobe of the liver, the kidneys, the kiskis, the lowly organs, which are the seed of life, which have to do with the purification of blood, that God puts on the altar of sacrifice. His way is not our way, children, nor are his thoughts our thoughts. And I'll tell you what, you love truth, you love true service, you had better start adjusting your life, your walk and your ministry in keeping with the things that he sees them, rather than that which is popular and has become universally accepted in our own generation.

I'll tell you that true ministry will always require you to handle despicable things. We'll always want to reach for the things that look lovely and inviting, but I'll tell you that the real life is in the kiskis. The real life is in that thing, the thing for which we would ordinarily draw back.

It's not going to be in the places that are popular and approved and ringing with applause, but I think they're going to be in the hidden places, the secret places, the unesteemed places where God be bringing forth the deepest and truest end-time priestly ministries to the end of the age. That's just a suspicion that I have. And then in the 18th verse, another sacrifice, a ram for burnt offering.

Aaron and his sons laid their hands on the head of the ram. You know why? It was an act of identification. You know what they were saying by that act? Lord, it's my death that should be required.

I'm unfit. I'm unworthy. I deserve your judgment.

How do I presume piece of dust that I am to stand before you and to invoke and to perform holy things? No way. But I thank you, precious God, that in your wisdom you accept this substitute. And by the laying of my hands on that animal, high-spirited animal, independent, kind of rebellious, in which I see what is my own frame, I recognize the necessity for that death.

Because so long as that kind of independence continues, so long as that kind of egotism and self-will goes on, there's no way to be a priest. By the fact of identification now and this death now, I see myself as wholly dead and cut off, that the priestly ministry may be by Christ Jesus. Moses killed it.

Cut the ram into pieces and burned the head to pieces and the fat, washed the entrails, the legs in water. Man, what gooeey, icky stuff. The great Moses, having to do with entrails and things like that, standing already in a pool of slippery blood with the things crudded under his fingernails.

Hey, you don't like that? They didn't tell you that? Did they give you a far more fetching picture of what ministry to God was going to be in the end times? And you saw yourself in glorious places and a great crowd swaying back and forth under the power of your great preaching and ministry? Let me tell you, children, if there's no blood under your fingernails and icky crud and you're not slipping and sliding on the floor that's made wet by the blood of sacrifice, you've probably missed it. And so he brought the other ram, the ram of consecration, in the 22nd verse and he laid their hands upon it again and Moses killed it and took some of its blood and put it on the tip of Aaron's right ear, on the thumb of his right hand, on the great toe of his right foot. Isn't that foolishness? And they did the same thing to Aaron's son.

Let me ask you a question tonight. Is the blood of Jesus on your right ear? What are you hearing and to what do you give your attention and obedience? Oh, I can tell you stories, children, if I had time and you had the patience of what it means to have the blood of the Lord on your right ear. How would you like during the time of the Kent State murders to have been scheduled for an open-air gospel encounter at a great university in Chicago to find that it, together with other universities across the land, were on strike? Students under the hypnotic power of satanic spirits, in the name of justice and righteousness, had taken over the campus.

And you got there in a hot, broiling day and found out that you couldn't perform your ministry. The strike committee had taken it over and you pleaded with them that you had reserved that amphitheater and they're not even listening to you. Man, there's a gleam in their eyes and you know the origin of it.

They're intoxicated with the power of having shut down a great university. And so finally, by the wisdom of God, you say to them, listen, I love peace also. How about giving me at least 10 minutes on the program? So they did you a favor and they gave you 10 minutes.

But yet I spent two hours in the boiling sun waiting for your opportunity. And listen to the filthiest parade of incitement to violence, filth, haranguings, blasphemy that you've ever heard. Your soul is just sick in the hearing of it, all the more because it's a reminder that not too long ago, before the Lord found you, you used to speak those vile things too.

And finally you hear your name shouted, cat, cat, is he in the audience? And cats come staggering out. Heat prostration, sunstroke, kishkas tied in knots, hearing all these filthy things, mind all fogged up, unable to think, wondering what you're doing here, reeling, and a microphone is thrust into your hand. And you stand in the middle of that amphitheater for the first time and you look at the bodies all around you.

Whether it's the heat or your condition or just the peculiarity of being Jewish, it seems to you as if the bodies are in recline. They're not sitting upright, they look like sinuous snakes intertwined. And what helps the scene is the litter, the lunch bags and the newspapers and the leaflets completely filling that arena with just a scene of bedlam and disorder and confusion, the architects of a brave new world.

Tell me, children, what would you say in that moment? What ministry would you perform then? What glib thing would you speak then? How cute and fetching would you be then? Trusting God, because it's ministry by Christ Jesus. I opened my mouth and I heard myself saying that I'm a Jew who's had a lifelong concern for social justice. But having sat for two hours listening to these speeches, I have to say that it has

confirmed what I have all along believed, that our so-called solutions are just so much batting at the air, mere vain ceremony.

And you who profess to be for the death of four students have your own mouths and throats filled with murder and with violence. And the shouts began to go up, give us Barabbas, how did he get that microphone? What has this got to do with the strike? And I said, oh, you guys want a revolution? Right on. But it's got to begin with you, in your own filthy hearts, in your own murderous hearts, in the name of justice, ready to bring down a pious civilization in Africa.

Well, you should have heard the shrieks and the howls. It happens, children, every time you sacrifice animals. It happens every time you stick that knife into flesh.

You should have heard the shrieks. You should have heard the screams. Hey, how did he get that microphone? Give us Barabbas.

And I'll tell you what, children, the day is not far off when we're going to hear crucify him. And I remember sitting that afternoon on the grass, talking with as many students who were interested to speak with me, peculiar Jewish freak that I was, speaking those strange things in that environment. My Bible had burst at the seams, and it had a piece of black magic tape on it, and I was sitting on my Bible.

And when I got up, I had a big black stripe across the feet of my pants. Stunned at the treatment that I had received by men who claimed to love justice. And that night, I spoke in a great Pentecostal church in that city.

Man, 15 churches were represented. They were spilling over. And you should have seen those passes that night, sitting together with me on the platform.

What a contrast. Man, what a sorry mess I looked. I had hardly a time to wash my face.

There was that black stripe on the seat of my pants, which I hope no one was going to see. And I noticed for the first time that the pants I was wearing had one leg a little bit more faded than the other. That's how I got it at Klein's basement.

But the other guys, wow, they were sparkling. Pastel colored shirts and well manicured sideburns, and they were just real groovy. And that night, they had a popular pastor contest.

And I had to wait through that. Took at least a half hour. And if someone did their Sunday school room, they got so many points that they washed their car, shined their shoes, and the pastor with the most points won.

Well, it happened to be a tie. And then they had a runoff. And I was thinking to myself, thank you, Lord, that not one radical student, not one Jewish student whom I had invited to come this night to see modern Christianity came.

Thank you, Lord. Because if they had come, every worst suspicion and prejudice would have been confirmed. Thank you that they didn't come.

Well, I had gotten my instructions that night. Hey, Art, give him your testimony. Boy, your testimony, that's a real lulu.

Send him home, rah, rah, rah. But while I was sitting on the platform, in my right ear, I think it was, I heard a still small voice. It said, Art, preach on the cross.

Art, preach on the cross. Art, preach on the cross. And you should have heard the mumbling that was going on.

Lord, no, look at my condition. I'm suffering from heat prostration. And I haven't got it together, Lord.

My mind is beggarly. I'm just confused and bewildered, Lord. And when I look out on these middle-class, happy little faces, I see through them long-haired, freaky types, wild and demoniacal, Lord, that from this hot afternoon's encounter.

Art, preach on the cross. But Lord, they don't even have Bibles. They've just come for a happy time.

Lord, preach on the cross. But Lord, have you seen that from Urbana, Illinois and from Wheaton and other places, men who know me and love me and respect me and think that I've got some ministry, they've come tonight, Lord. My reputation is on the line.

Art, preach on the cross. But Lord, I've never preached on the cross as you want me to preach tonight, showing the cross from Genesis to Revelation. I've not prepared such a message, and I'm certainly not in a position now to prepare it.

Art, preach on the cross. Let me ask you, children, when God has his blood in your right ear, it's not sweet little nothings that he's going to whisper there. It's going to be painful invitations to obedience, the cost of which may be the loss of reputation, the loss of friends, the loss of support, embarrassment, mortification, suffering and death.

Still want to be a priest and have his blood on your right ear? Well, Art, what happened that night? I preached on the cross. It was like a man coming to his death. All they had to do was give me a blindfold and a cigarette, and I sagged when I came to that pulpit.

It's not so groovy. And I cried out, Oh, God. It was just a weary sigh, children, and that's what it's going to be often, a weary sigh in being God's priest.

You'll think yourself more a butcher than some kind of celebrated personality. I said to these people, I've been asked to give my testimony tonight, but there's been a still small voice speaking. Let's pray together and see what the spirit of God wants.

And we prayed and I said, now that we've prayed, we're all ruled by the same spirit. How many people feel I ought to give my testimony? One hand went up. How many people feel that I ought to preach on the cross? They all came up.

And I took a deep breath, tired, shocked, wiped out, mindless, trembling. And the moment I opened my mouth and lifted my head, tremendous unction from God came upon me. And I sailed to a 45-minute message on the cross that you think that I had rehearsed hundreds of times and I'd never spoken before.

And when I finished, nobody had to give an invitation. They were sprawled out through the aisles, over the seats, over the steps, as if some kind of a bomb had gone off. Blood splattered everywhere.

Those groovy pastors with their ties backward and their pastel collars and sideburns were all messed up and they were bawling and croaking and groaning and dying and sagging. God raised up the cross of Christ Jesus. You got a little blood on your ear, children? I spoke last night for those who were here, a thing of foolishness that God requires in obedience that sometimes has not even to do with speaking.

I told the audience last night how I came to a Pentecostal congregation in Germany. You couldn't think of anything more staid, more respectable, more solemn, more wanting a heavy word from God. And before I even got up to the platform, I was carrying on and cavorting like a clown and a fool and frolicking and leaping and clicking my heels.

And they thought that this was some kind of an American jackass, a clown. And what had come to them, and in the midst of their murmurings, which I knew, I turned and faced them and said, you Pharisees, murmuring because you think that God had failed to bring you the word and that you're required somehow to tolerate American clowns, but I'll tell you that God has brought you the word made flesh. You know what happened that night? They repented on their faces for the absence of the joy and the spontaneity and the freedom in the life which God revealed to them in the frolicking foolishness of American clowns.

Phil got you right here. And I think I told you on the first night, coming to an American army chapel, and I can repeat these illustrations again and again, children, sitting so uncomfortably on the platform waiting to be called on, listening to a time of praise and worship, which was horrendous. It was more reminiscent of a stockyard of cattle bellowing, bulls snorting than it was God's people praising God in the spirit.

And only to find out that when the pastor got up, some young whiz kid, whose career is on the up, who said, isn't it wonderful to worship God in the spirit? And I clutched my gut and almost doubled over. And I was going to speak to that people that night, but the Lord had my ear. And then I tried to flee.

I looked for a hole in the floor to fall through, some exit to which I could escape, not so. And when the time of speaking came, I want you to know it was horrendous. I told them exactly what was my impression.

I said, it sounded more like a stockyard of the bellowing of animals, some kind of cathartic exercise of a bunch of fleshly carnal Christians who beat their wives and yell at their kids and have one opportunity on a Sunday night somehow to bellow, thinking that that's going to release the crud, more psychic and emotional release than it is worship. And they didn't even know it. Well, you know what the end of that was? People weeping, broken before God.

The moment I started speaking those horrendous things, a hush came over that room and they knew it was the Lord. Or how'd you come to another situation where there's no speaking? How'd you like to be thought of as an oracle and invited to a significant charismatic fellowship that had just undertaken an expensive building program? And I'd heard you in Jerusalem and thought that you were some instrument of God who was going to speak to them direction for their future. And you thought so you would not have come.

And the day finally has arrived and you've come to the community and you have a wonderful sweet peace in your heart, absolute confidence that God is going to deliver the goods. He always has. And they put you up in a motel room and you go down on your face and seek the Lord, waiting for that precious whispering in that right ear.

This is the way, walking in it. This is the word. This is the thing.

And there's no whisper. Well, there's still plenty of time. Driving to the service that first night, waiting for the Lord to whisper while you drive.

As he has so often done it. Just the word, just the scripture. Nothing.

Still a peace. Getting to the service and going right in to the prayer room and finally having it out with the Lord. Now look Lord, I mean, enough is enough already, you know.

The hour is late. The time is urgent. This isn't some charismatic patsy that you've got here.

This is our baby. This is your boy. We're here for real significant encounter, mighty God.

You know that I'm not available for anything else. So let's have it already. What is it that we shall speak? Silence.

And then you sit on the front pew, waiting to be called on, seconds away from having your name announced. And you've got your Bible between your hands, clutching it furiously, the sweat oozing out of the palms, not very priestly, hoping against hope that by osmosis something will come through the covers. Boy, I hope that there are wholesale resignations tonight from those who thought themselves ministers.

This is it guys. I'm a frontiersman. I'm giving it to you straight.

This is what end time ministry is going to be. Mortifying, fearful, horrendous, not always groovy, sick feelings when you know you've delivered the word of God and it comes crashing back at your teeth because the people will not have it. Or I'll tell you something even worse.

They come by at the end and take your hand as you stand by the door and say, thank you for that nice message. If you would to God, they would slap you in the teeth rather than speak that because it wasn't at all nice. And so they called me up on the platform and the Lord had yet not spoken anything into my right ear.

Well, there was one last opportunity and did I pray a prayer. Lord, I said, the hour has struck. Here are your people.

Here's your servant. We're waiting on you precious God. We know that we're at the end of the age and we want to hear what's in your heart.

And I lifted my head children and I had nothing. I'll tell you when you know that God has your ear. Not only will you hear him when he speaks the things that are unpopular and the things which you don't want to do and the things which are tedious and the things which will not bring you applause and the things that will be misunderstood.

But you'll not hear things which he has not spoken either. You know that? You'll not perform that which he has not called you to do either. And I've been brought to passive situations where men have expected certain things from me and they're not going to get it if he has not spoken in my ear.

But let me ask you a question tonight. You young aspiring ministers, what would you have done had you been in my shoes? Can you picture it? A crowded room like this, such expectancy that you could cut it with a knife. People have come from 50, 75, 100 miles, one way to hear the oracle of God.

Microphones and tape recorders all over the place, poised, ready to catch every jewel that will fall from your lips. And you've prayed and you know that God has not spoken a thing in your ear. There's nothing to say.

What would you do? I'll tell you what Satan is doing. He's reminding you of all of the great sermons that you have. Man, you can preach on Acts 16.

You can preach on this. You can preach that. Terrific messages given of God.

They've brought blessing to God's people again and again and again. So why not just take one of them out now and serve it up? Well, you would. But God said that if there's anything left over in the 32nd verse, what remains of the flesh and the bread, you shall burn with fire.

You can't use yesterday's ministry for today. You can't use yesterday's sacrifice for today. You're not going to just warm up some stale stuff and be a priest of God in holy service.

With me, children? So what would you do then? There's only one thing to do. It's let your face stick out. And I hope that you'll have the experience.

And you'll wish that the floor would open to swallow you. You would to God that you were a thousand other places. You'll have hot and cold things shooting through you, knees knocking.

And I'll tell you the most horrendous thing of all. It beats being attacked by rabbis. It beats radical university audiences ready to flay the flesh from your bones.

It's looking into the disappointed faces of God's people and saying, I have nothing. Take one look at those faces. And you'll welcome the rabbis and the radical students any day.

What horror. You know what their faces are saying? Hey man, I thought you were an oracle of God. What's the matter? Don't you pray? Got a little secret sin in your life, maybe? Or this is, you're just casual and indifferent.

You thought that this was some entertainment. Hey man, don't you have any messages? And you know what, children? You can't answer them a word. You have only to take it.

That's priesthood unto God and not unto men. Well Art, what happened that night? That was only the beginning. Don't you love to sing, let us wait upon the Lord? Boy, I know you probably sing it beautifully.

But do you do it as well? Waiting is dying, children. Especially when there are several hundred faces shooting dirty looks at you. And every second is ticking away like an eternity.

Tick, tock, tick, tock. And you're standing there utterly alone. And God is not giving you any answers or explanations.

Still want to be a priest? Hey man, we'll sign you up in three months. We'll give you a groovy preparation in discipleship and send you packing to serve the Lord. And you'll probably be serving yourself at the same time.

Well Art, what happened? Well, when it seemed like an unbearable eternity, some man got up with great tremblings, who I learned later had never before ever spoken publicly in the congregation. He was shaking

like a leaf. And he said, Brother Katz, our hearts stopped beating to hear what he was going to say.

Was this God now going to take over? Brother Katz, he said, I have a scripture, could this be it? And I sighed relief and I, yes Lord, what? And he spoke a scripture, mama mia, juicy, pregnant, redolent, loaded. Out of Philipians, you had to be an idiot not to be able to spin off a message from that scripture right on the spot. But it was a no-no.

It was not to be spoken from. And I had to say, no brother, that's not it. Talk about a man dying, clunk, and the whole congregation died with him.

Well, what did you do after that? We waited, and waited, waited, waited, waited, waited. You're laughing now children, but I can tell you then, it was anything but a laughing matter. I'll tell you that the resentments were beginning to mount, and the, and the atmosphere which has been so, which had been so happily charismatic at the beginning, was now turning to quite something else.

Tense, angry, resentful. The Lord was surfacing the true condition of that people, at my expense, thank you. That's what it means to be a priest unto the Lord.

And finally, when it was absolutely unbearable, when you're ready to burst a vein, so a woman on the other side of the congregation got up with great trembling, and she said, Brother Katz, I have a scripture, could this be it? And oh, hallelujah, at last. And she gave a scripture. But it was not it.

You want to know something, children? Are you prepared for this? God prompted both people to give those scriptures. They were not in the flesh, they were in the spirit. But they were not to be spoken from.

Are you that obedient? That discerning? Have you got that much intimacy in the knowledge of God, that much time in the place of holy of holies, where you begin to see as he sees, and hear as he hears, and have his discernment? Are you willing to suffer seeing as God sees? Are you willing to have your stomach tied in knots, when everybody else is having a charismatic ball, and you can't enter in? Because God can't enter in either. Willing? That's a priest's discernment, children, and it's not always pleasant. And what makes it even doubly unpleasant is having publicly to express it to the very congregation who thought they were having a real ball of a time worshiping the Lord.

That's priestly service. Well, finally, when it seemed like we were at the end of ourselves, utter death. How many animals were sacrificed, have we read? Animal after animal after animal.

Knee high in blood and gore. Death, death, death, to bring forth life. Have you forgotten that? Do you think that will ever be obtained by anything less? Do you think that groovy personality and winsomeness and cleverness is ever going to be a substitute for that life which cometh from death? In that last possible moment, there came a breaking from someone in the congregation, an utterance in tongues, an interpretation, and God began to stir something in my heart, and we were off.

And before that night was over, you know what God had given us? He didn't give us a meeting. He gave us an event. He gave us a holy encounter.

He gave us a night not to be forgotten. He gave us a demonstration and a revelation of His glory. It came out of a lot of blood.

And that's the way I think it has always become, because God's way has not changed, only we. The thirty-first verse reminds us that Moses said to Aaron and his sons, Boil the flesh at the door of the tent of meeting, and there eat it with the bread that is in the basket of consecration and ordination, as I commanded, saying, Aaron and his sons shall eat it. You know what, children? I'm going to have to live with what I'm speaking to you tonight.

My last opportunity, you would think that a man would have taken the opportunity to ensure his popularity and guarantee his return visit. Man, I could think of a dozen messages that would have had you slapping me on the back from here to the exit, and applauding me as one of the greatest fellows that has ever come by and spoken from this pulpit. But you know what I'm doing tonight? I believe with all my heart that I'm being obedient to the Lord in priestly service.

But I'll tell you what it's going to require. I'm going to have to eat this. I'm going to have to live with this.

I had to live with that night in that Pentecostal chapel in Germany, when I told them that they were bellowing like animals. What if I had missed God? What if it was me and not God? What if it was my cantankerous Jewish personality, or some residual resentment against Gentiles, and I was really venting myself? I would have to eat that, and I'll tell you it's not pleasant going down. What if it was me and not God, that had me standing on that platform in Jerusalem, on the last night of that Holy Spirit conference, when I was not a scheduled speaker, and went on speaking over an hour, when they thought that I should have been finished after 15 minutes, and kept Catherine Kuhlman waiting in the wings, stomping like a tiger, and a whole platform of men angry and bitter and resentful at me, because they couldn't take the real offering that they wanted to take, because I had consumed so much of their time.

I'll tell you, if that was not God, I'd have to eat it, and I'll tell you what children, I'm eating it still. I've lost friends from it still. There's been estrangement from it still.

There shall be never a reconciliation with some men who are so turned off that night, because I believed I was being obedient to God. You have to eat it. You're gonna have to eat your sacrifice and eat your service.

Maybe that'll give us pause for thought, whether it's light and frivolous and playing fun and games, or whether we're doing serious things before God and men. You're gonna have to eat it. Aaron and his son shall eat it, and it's true now as it was then.

I'll tell you, I'm taking my life in my hands, tonight. I'm risking permanent offense, turning off young people, and maybe making some young guy who's been having a terrific time in ministry up till now, so apprehensive now, so self-conscious, that he's gonna lose his charm. I'm risking it.

I'm gonna have to eat that, but I'm risking that there'll be a glory if he receives what God is saying. We have to eat our ministry, children. It's not a life matter, and you shall not go out of the door of the tent of the meeting for seven days until the day of the consecration and ordination are ended, for it will take seven days to consecrate and ordain you, as has been done this day, so the Lord has commanded to do for your atonement.

At the door of the tent of meeting, you shall remain day and night for seven days, doing what the Lord has charged you to do, that you die not, for so am I commanded. So Aaron and the sons did all the things which the Lord commanded by Moses. Seven is a perfect number.

Have you waited seven days before you've begun your ministry? Have you had seven days in the holy place? Have you had seven days to contemplate the significance, the meaning, the responsibility, the awesome weight of serving God before you've launched forth? Will you be patient to wait for God's perfect moment before you begin? Oh, you can be gifted, talented, inspired, dedicated, wanting to do, but is it God's moment yet to unveil you? I praise God for the obedience of Elijah. Imagine how it must have been felt for him, watching every one of the prophets being slain by Jezebel, because he cried out later and said, Lord, I alone am left. Well, how does it feel to be the only Jewish fellow left, and watching all of your Jewish colleagues getting hacked to pieces, and Satan and others are saying, hey man, aren't you supposed to be a prophet? Get out there and face the action.

Look what's happening to your brothers. What are you doing? Hiding. You remember when Jesus was told that Lazarus was sick, and he loved Lazarus, and we read, and Jesus heard that and tarried two days longer where he was.

That's a priest. Every human reckoning, every evangelical reckoning would say, hey man, get with it. Lay hands on the sick.

Heal them. Minister. But the father had not yet spoken go.

He allowed his friend to languish in sickness and in death. But he said, this is for the glory of God. I'll tell you children, you'll never wait unless you have his glory foremost.

There's an itch to do, an itch to be seen, an itch to be heard, if your glory is still lingering around. It's a man who has been divested from any quest for his own glory, who wants only to see the glory of God, who when he laid his hand on those rams and on those animals, really saw himself as done and dead, hacked to pieces, having no life unto himself. Only such a one as that can wait, that perfect time.

And you know what happened? There came a moment when God called a wilderness prophet out of obscurity. And he stood before the Ahab of his generation and said, as the Lord my God lives before whom I stand, it shall not rain nor dew, but according to my word. Never a man spoke like that.

He sounded like very God, commanding the elements. He invoked fire from heaven. He brought an apostate, filthy, backslidden people down on their faces.

He single-handedly slew the false prophets of Baal. Whap, whap, whap. God brought a man out of hiddenness and out of obscurity in a perfect moment, according to his command.

And with a few strokes, he changed divine history. I'm willing to wait for that. I'd rather be silent, unheard, unseen, unspoken, until the seventh day is finished and God shall call me forth in the perfect moment.

And while I'm waiting, I will enjoy abiding in the holy place, in his presence, which is where the priest ought to wait, that they might gain something of his perspective and his discernment in the moment that he'll call them forth. You know what the word consecrate means? It means fill your hands with blood. I'll tell you that when this chapter was over, you never saw a bloodier looking priesthood.

They were splattered from head to toe, dripping with blood and gore. If we had time to look at it, and I'll tell you to look at it privately on your own, look up the day that God consecrated Levites to be priests. It was the day that Moses came down from the mountain and found Israel dancing around a golden calf.

They rose up to eat, to play, to have fun, fun and games. There was a lot of noise, and Joshua thought it was the sound of singing, the sound of battle, but no, it was singing, it was fun and games. And when he saw that revelry, that desecration, he said one thing, he said, who's on the Lord's side? And the Levites got up and stood by Moses.

And Moses said, put on your sword, and every one of you go in and out of the camp, and every man slay his neighbor, his brother, his friend. Three thousand Jews were killed by the hands of their own brethren in obedience to God. You know what God said about that? This day have I consecrated you for my priesthood.

Put on your sword and go in and out of the camp and slay that one who is eating and drinking and rising up to play. Who's on the Lord's side? I'll tell you children what priestly service is going to require at the end of the age. Not just ministering in the world, where they shall shoot dirty looks at you, but oftentimes you're going to be required to draw the blood of your friends, your neighbors, your own family.

Are you on the Lord's side? If you're not and you're not willing to put on the sword and go in and out of the camp and slay every man, his brother, you cannot be a consecrated priest. It began in blood, it continues in blood, and it shall end in blood. And I'll just take a moment in the ninth chapter to show you the conclusion of the matter.

On the eighth day, Moses called Aaron and his sons and the elders of Israel. And he said, Aaron, take a young calf for a sin offering and a ram for burnt offering without blemish and offer them before the Lord. Take a male goat for a sin offering, a calf, a lamb, a year old without blemish for burnt offering, a bull, a ram for peace offerings to sacrifice before the Lord, a cereal offering mixed with oil, not that unctuous, giddy stuff, squealing voices and personality, not that kind of oil, holy oil.

For today, the Lord will appear to you. Hallelujah. Children, it's worth waiting for the eighth day.

It's worth waiting for the resurrection day. It's worth waiting for the perfect moment when God shall call you forth. And when he does, guess what? It shall be in continuous keeping with what you've already known is implied in true service, more sacrifice, more bloodshed, more animals.

And if we had the time to read this chapter, it's sacrificed so Aaron didn't go to the altar and killed the calf for the sin offering. And he poured the blood on the altar space. And he killed the burnt offering in the twelfth verse.

And his sons delivered him a bloody which he dashed round about the altar. And they brought him the burnt offering piece by piece. And they had an Aaron bring them on the altar, the entrails, legs.

He presented the people's offering he took to go to the sin offering and killed it and offered for sin. Presented the burnt offering according to the ordinance. Killed the bull in the 18th verse, the sacrifice of peace offerings.

And his sons presented him the blood which he dashed upon the altar. Blood, blood, blood, sacrifices. Whack! Pieces of hacked up animals waved by the priests.

Men, have you ever seen anything more patently foolish, more humiliating, more incongruous, more offensive to human sensibility? But you know what the end of it was? In the 22nd verse. After the breast and the right thigh, Aaron waved for a wave offering as the Lord commanded. Then Aaron lifted his hands

toward the people and blessed them.

And came down from the altar after offering the sin offering, the burnt offering, and the peace offerings. And Moses and Aaron went into the tent of meeting. When they came out, they blessed the people.

And the glory of the Lord, the Shekinah cloud, appeared to all the people as promised. Can you picture the scene at the conclusion on the eighth day, the day of new beginnings, the day of resurrection life, the day of God's perfect calling forth, punctuated by blood, by screams, by shrieks of animals, by things waved, by things ludicrous, by flesh and blood and guts in your fingernails, and the priest lifted his hands at the end over the congregation and blessed them? I'll tell you what, children, there's not a cotton picking way you'll ever bless God's people, except your hands be dipped in blood. If it costs nothing and there's no sacrifice, there's no blessing.

Or there may be a titillation, there may be a feeling, there may be a momentary enthusiasm, but I'm talking about the blessedness of God, which is eternal. When he held those bloody hands up with the blood dripping down his elbows with the gore, then the Shekinah cloud appeared to all the people. Then there came a fire out from before the Lord and consumed the burnt offering and the fat on the altar, and when all the people saw it, they shouted and fell on their faces.

Hallelujah, that's what I'm waiting for. You can keep your chintzy evangelism. You can keep your door-to-door stuff.

I'm waiting for the glory of God to be made manifest on the earth, and it shall not come except such conditions as these be fulfilled. It's not a good but an easy thing. It's expensive and costly.

It's exhausting and tiring. It's self-effacing and demeaning, but it eventuates in the manifestation of the glory of God that brings people on their faces. Isn't that what God said today? The Lord will appear to you if you do all that God has commanded.

Not always pleasant. Hard, unpleasant, gritty, routine, mean, despised, irksome, revolting, distasteful. That's often what priestly service shall mean, but you know what? There's a high priest who came before us and was obedient in doing all those things.

Irksome, distasteful, revolting. He was himself the sacrifice. There's no shortcuts, children.

We were called by his name. We're required to walk even as he walks. Who's on the Lord's side tonight and will strap on their swords and go in and out of the camp? Oh, I'll tell you, the blood will fly.

Mamma mia, it's going to be something. And I'll just tell you this in my last moment. Watch out for Leviticus 10.

Will you do it? Watch out. Because two hot shot young sons of Aaron, seeing the glory of God brought down by the obedience of their father in accordance with all that God had commanded him. Know what they did? They put incense in their pans and went in and offered strange and unholy fire before the Lord as he had not commanded them.

And there came forth fire from before the Lord and kindled them, killed them, and they died before the Lord. My will, not your own, God says. I shall be consecrated before you, hallowed by those who come near me.

I will be honored. And Aaron said nothing. Two hot shot sons.

Hey, look, look what Dad did. I'm going to try it. You know what? They were priests.

They were called. They had legitimate ministry. They were of age.

They were even required to conduct the sacrifice of incense. But they came at their own initiative, in their own time, for their own ends, and God consumed them. I think he's going to do it again.

In fact, he may have done it already tonight. A little fire has fallen, and there may be one or two hot shots put out of action. But out of the ashes, let's pray that there'll be a true and holy priesthood.

You know what true priesthood is, children? Nothing more, nothing less, than that which God has commanded. It's not always groovy, but you also as lively stones are built up a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God, not men, by, not you, Him, Christ Jesus. Want to be a priest? Blood up to the elbows.

Horrendous shrieks of people, disappointed faces. Silence when you should be speaking, and speakings beyond your courage. Antics and frolicking and kicking your heels when it pleases God, who has put the blood on your ear, your hands, and your feet.

Take your places where you don't want to go, and perform things you would never want to do. It's a sobering word, children, you need it. Lest you think that serving God is some kind of glib business, which you perform by your strength, your wit, your ability, your personality.

Watch out, he's holy, and he's intent upon bringing upon this earth, at the end of the age, his glory. And two kinds of fire are going to fall. It's your kind of glory, and a fire of judgment, upon those who do what God has not commanded.

Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts. Bow your head, will you? Precious God, precious God, mighty Lord, we ask you in Jesus' name, that if you are the same God that commanded Moses these things, if you have changed not, and are still as holy, if you still see by the same eye, and require the same kind of awesome obedience, if true ministry and service is still as bloody and as sacrificial now, as it was then, if the day of consecration is the day when we're willing to go in and out of the camp, and slay every man, his own neighbor, and friend, and son, and maybe that compromiser of his own heart, who rises up early to play, Lord, will you speak and seal this in the hearts of this people to whom you've had me to speak these words? Will you save us together, Lord, from anything less than holy priestly service? Will you remind us again and again, the awesome responsibility to serve God, and never let us confuse it by looking at men and serving them? May it be acceptable sacrifice unto God always, and will you tonight, precious God, receive a royal priesthood, men who are willing to put the sword in their sides once and for all, even if it means the cutting of their own flesh, being left for dead, that one who frolics, dances around golden calves, and rises up early to play? In the name of Jesus, understanding what true service is, willing to suffer, the obedience of it, that you might in time be the instrument of the bringing forth of his glory, nothing that you shall delight in, exhausted, blood-stained, dripping down to your elbows and hands. Lord, I want to be a priest of God, no phony baloney, no posturing, no affectation, and I'm willing to be stripped ruthlessly right to the core.

I'm not just laying hands on a ram or an ox. I'm asking you to lay hands on me and make of me a living sacrifice, Lord. Let the blood flow.

Pack that flesh, and I myself will wave it before you in gratitude that you've separated me from anything that would bring any lesser service than what the true priesthood has ever brought. Tonight, I volunteer. I sign up, Lord.

It's not an easy three-month school, but I want to be an instrument of your glory. I want to be a faithful servant and render holy priesthood service unto God for his glory by Christ Jesus. Precious God, see every hand and seal it.

Bring them to that place of sacrifice, Lord, and teach them the lessons of waiting in the holy place, seven days to which I'll please you to bring them forth for a ministry of resurrection in the eighth day. Pure, holy ministry unto God. Thank you, Lord.

Hallelujah. Be it so. Hallelujah.

Praise the Lord. Praise the Lord. Praise the Lord.

Praise the Lord. I don't know how to conclude, children. I don't know how to send you home happy and say, well, it's just a message.

Let's be friends. Bless God. Let's all stand together.

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