

# Reconciling the Body of Christ

by Art Katz

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*Art Katz's sermon emphasizes the critical importance of unity within the Body of Christ as a reflection of God's character and an effective means of evangelism.*

**Duration:** 1:12:10

**Scripture:** Matthew 6:33, Luke 4:18-21, John 16:3, John 17:20-21, Acts 17:28, Hebrews 1:3

**Topics:** "Reconciliation"

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## Description

In this sermon transcript, the speaker shares about a ministry tour to Israel with a choir and dance group from a charismatic fellowship in Washington state. The group consisted of over 90 young people who were initially apprehensive about encountering Jews, as they had never seen one before. However, their visit turned out to be a powerful missionary work, as they sang and danced in Hebrew about the God of Israel. The speaker refrained from preaching, allowing the demonstration of love and joy to speak for itself. The impact of their visit was evident as university students were drawn to the gentile children, wanting to know more about their faith and purpose.

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## Transcript

Praise God. Let's just join our hearts and spirits together to hear from God. It pleases Him to use earthen vessels, but I know that there's a great God who is brooding over us, whose heart palpitates.

It's full of concern for His body, and He's moving upon us by His Spirit and pressing us and touching our understanding and bringing something forth. Every one of us is conscious of that. God is bringing something forth.

We're being, even despite our own reluctance, being brought to a kind of maturity and understanding and depth and walk that no one could have explained to us as recently as perhaps a year or two ago, where we realize that we're gone beyond conventional Christianity. This is not even religion anymore. This is becoming increasingly light.

So let's hear what God has to say. We want all that's out of His heart for us this night and in these days. This is not just going to be a conference.

We're not just going to have our ears titillated. We're not going to just thrill and be flushed in our cheeks because we've been delighted by this speaker or another. But we want to hear the full weight and wisdom

and counsel that God wants to breathe into our hearts that we might be the mature people of God in this community.

So precious holy God, praise you Lord for this. Have your wonderful way, mighty God. Breathe upon us even now and may we sense the magnitude of your presence.

Open our hearts, precious God, and prepare us for what it is that you shall be pleased to speak into them. Help us, Lord God, that not a syllable of your speaking shall fall to the ground. It shall be treasured up, cherished, nurtured, Lord, that it might bring forth life.

Bless your people now and speak to them. Prepare us for the hour to which you've called our lives. Set the tone and the spirit, Lord, for these days.

Well, thank you and praise you for the wonder of your speaking by your spirit and your word. And to you, mighty God, be all praise and glory, acknowledgement and honor now and forever. In Yeshua's name we ask it.

Amen. I'm going to begin with some familiar verses to be found in the Gospel of John, the 17th chapter. And maybe because they're familiar, all the more reason to give an exhortation that God is not wanting to titillate our ears with something new and something cunning, something rare and something esoteric.

God is wanting us to take a deep and significant look at the things which have become unfortunately familiar. These words and this concern and prayer came out of the agony of our Lord at the Garden of Gethsemane. I think it's good to be reminded where this prayer was made, because it's got to do with deep groanings out of the heart of God, then and now.

20th verse of the 17th chapter. Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word, that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me, I have given them, that they may be one, even as we are one.

I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one, and that the world may know that thou hast sent me and hast loved them as thou hast loved me. As many times as we've read and heard these words, I don't think that except by the grace of God that we can be entered into the enormous mysteries which are spoken there. God is having to reveal them to me, not in Bible classes or in lectures or discussion, but in flesh and blood demonstration.

I just came back from a trip to Israel. It was not just a mere tour. It was a ministry tour with a choir and dance group from a charismatic fellowship in the state of Washington.

Over 90 young people, many of them trembled with apprehension because they had not so much as ever seen a Jew in their little community in the state of Washington, let alone that they should be abruptly confronted with two and a half million of my kind. That's a frightening introduction to 20th century evangelism. I'll tell you, we have little reluctance to speak to some drunken sop in the gutter and tell him that he needs to be saved.

He's already familiar with the language of salvation, and he knows it, but it's another thing to confront a self-assured contemporary Jew who has not so much as ever raised his voice toward his wife, let alone any of the more heinous things that men perform and tell a man who has university degrees, who is polite,

cultured, dignified, and is compassionate and concerned for humanity that he's utterly lost without your Christ. And the very name that is the key to his salvation is the name which has had a 2,000-year opportunity to be perverted, polluted, corrupted, and charged with such negative and ugly things that the very mention of the name brings back the thought of Spanish inquisitions, forced pogroms, conversions, exile, rape, looting, pillage, destruction, and death. Who is it who has the skill, the ability to present this gospel to this people in this last hour? And it's not that I'm making some special appeal for a singular ethnic group, but if you have ears to hear, what the Jewish people represent in the modern world is the heart of a system which has been at enmity with God, full of its own wisdom, full of its own convictions, its own answers, its own salvation, though lightly lauded over with religious terminology, the most difficult kinds of people to confront, who in the natural world are so formidable.

And it doesn't matter now whether we're speaking about Jews by birth or people who are not Jews by birth, but Jewish by conviction, who are humanists, philosophers, who subscribe to a variety of causes and ideologies and have their own way to their own salvation and look upon the salvation of God as being not only utterly foolish, but reprehensible and abominable and narrow and sectarian and deathly. So you can understand the fright of these children to go to Israel who have not so much as seen a Jew, let alone to be equipped to represent this gospel to them. But we saw wonders in the days that we were together, and it had not to do with the excellence of speaking or man's wisdom.

It had only to do with the fact that there was a certain radiance to these children, a certain glow and a certain quality of life that could not be resisted. And I remember one afternoon we were sitting at the airport at Rome, literally sitting on the concrete floor. Our plane was delayed, and I was giving these young people an orientation about the land of Israel and the people to which they were coming.

And we noticed that there were some other passengers watching us. And later on, I got into a conversation with one of them, and he proved to be a Jewish man, a professor at the Hebrew University at Jerusalem. And he said that he was remarkably impressed with these young people.

He wanted to know who they were and where they were from. I told him that they were from the state of Washington, that they were a Christian Bible college group in whose heart was the Ruach HaKodesh, the Holy Spirit of God. He said, you know, he said they look as if they've stepped out of the 19th century.

What he was saying was that there's a quality of innocence about them. There's something to be seen in their faces and their demeanor and the way that they relate together. That's not to be seen anywhere else in this modern world.

And he's right. I said, listen, if you're so impressed, do you think you might find them some opportunity to minister at your own campus? He said he would do all that he could in this power, and I should call him a few nights after we arrived in Israel. And I did.

And he told me then apologetically that he could not arrange it, that it took extraordinary security measures and that the time had been too brief and therefore, sorry. I said, say, would you mind if we just came lunch hour and just informally came to the campus and just sang and and exchanged with the students without any other formal arrangement? He said, well, if you want to. And so we came that lunchtime 12 o'clock and three buses filled and we were stopped at the gates and they were we were asked for our official permission and we had none.

But I mentioned this professor's name and I don't know what happened, but they let us in and we came to the plaza there. It's a great kind of a staging area where all the traffic passes by and they began to assemble and they took out their instruments, their trumpets and guitars and the dancers were getting limbered up and two security guards came over and wanted to see our our security clearance and we had none. Oh, he said, you can't do this.

You can't do this, he said. I said, listen, they're only wanting to bring a mitzvah. They only want to bring a blessing.

There's no harm in them. Okay, he said, go ahead. And you can't imagine the beauty of this singing.

The joy in the faces of these children singing in Hebrew about the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, about the God of Israel and it wasn't minutes before we had a crowd of two and three hundred university students circled about them watching these young people dance with a purity of spirit that could not be mistaken. I'll tell you that I itched when that musical thing was over to stand up like Peter before the hundreds and begin to preach, but I restrained myself. Preaching would have ruined it.

I can just hear the cries of anguish. Oh, so that's your game. So that's it under the guise of bringing music and blessing.

You came to do your missionary work. Praise God that he stopped my mouth because I'll tell you that no more brilliant and effective missionary work had ever been accomplished to my knowledge in Jerusalem since the book of Acts as was accomplished at that campus that day. When that concert broke, the students naturally were drawn to these gentile children to ask them.

Why have you come and who are you and by what means and one question led to another and I'll tell you some of the most beautiful witness went forth their faces alone were an enormous testimony. There's something when a group of God's people who are one come together and express the Radiance and joy and the life of God. There's something that's so difficult to describe that was in the heart of Jesus when he agonized in the garden that they may be one as we are one because I'll tell you that in that unity something was revealed in those children that was revealed also in Jesus 2000 years before something of the mystery of the Godhead something of the father that was resident in that Christ Jesus was also revealed out of the faces and lives of gentile children because they were one as he was one.

They were a sermon and no additional preaching was necessary. They revealed the character of God in his very self, the brightness of his glory, the express image of his person. The invisible God was made visible through the faces and lives and voices and spirit and joy and love of a group of gentile children who knew Israel's God and spirit and truth better than those who are Jews in the flesh and those Israeli students shall never forget that afternoon.

We went from that university back to Hadassah Hospital in Jerusalem because we had seen a sign when we were there earlier that day something about blood donor and something in my soul went click and I went from one to another asking where they want to give their blood and over 30 of these kids wanted to leave something behind in Israel. So many tourists come and take but few think to leave something behind. When we told the Jewish officials that we wanted to give blood, they were absolutely overwhelmed, stunned, and we so flooded their meager facilities that we kept them up all afternoon and evening to take us 25 to 30 of us giving a pint of blood each and when it went past the hospital hours, one of the kids said, do you think it's okay if we sing in the hallway? So I went in to ask the Jewish doctor, an

American Jew, who has been living now only in Israel two years.

I said, would you mind if these young people sing? He said, listen, it's past the hour. The hospital is just about closed. We're so appreciative of what you've come to do here now.

He said, the hospital is yours. Do what you want and so those kids began to sing, but I'll tell you it was pure glory. The presence of God was going forth with their voices and it wasn't only minutes before a woman came down, a doctor stalking down the hall and I thought, oh, here it comes.

She said, they can't do this without coming up to my floor also and singing. She said, I'm going to send you down a volunteer nurse and she'll lead you around and this volunteer nurse came. She was about the same age as these Christian kids and I saw her stand almost transfixed as she looked at those faces.

Look precious people. I'm Jewish and I know my people. They say to get two Jews together, you get three arguments.

She saw 25 Christian kids waiting for hours to give their blood. Hot, sweaty, tired tourists, but there wasn't so much as a grunt, a rumble, a murmur, but the sweetest spirit going forth out of the group as if they were one person in Christ. She had never seen such a unity.

She had never seen such a love made manifest between individuals. She just stopped in her tracks and when we had finished giving our blood in our weakened condition, we followed this girl and we went from floor to floor, from ward to ward, from room to room, singing down the hallways as we went, led into one room into another, laying hands on the sick, praying in the spirit, praying for the sick, praying in the name Yeshua Hamashiach and the glory and the presence of God was overwhelming. Hadassah hospital will never be the same.

On one occasion, there were four doctors who stood in the doorways with their jaws dropped watching this phenomenon. Gentiles coming to bless the people of Israel. And I'll tell you why I saw smiles break out on faces of old and weary and dismayed and hopeless souls.

Cases that have offered no hope for recovery. When these children came, bringing the breath of God with them into that room. We tried to pass some rooms because we just couldn't get everywhere and the visitors who were in there with patients came chasing us down the halls and brought us back that we should not leave before we left the blessing behind in that room.

We prayed for children. We prayed for the elderly. We prayed for amputee soldiers and the glory of God went from room to room, breathing the spirit of life and healing and love and joy and the reality of God upon unsuspecting Jews who had not so much thought that their God lives.

In the 16th chapter, it says in the third verse, and this is life eternal that they might know the only true God and Yeshua HaMashiach whom thou hast sent. This prayer of Jesus was right on. Key 73 is not going to do it.

Bumper stickers are not going to do it. Clever campaigns, literature distribution, and all of the other no fuss, no stoop, no bother forms of evangelism, which we have adopted in the 20th century will not do it. The knowledge of God in Christ Jesus, which is life eternal, must be communicated in the only way that God ordained it.

When we shall be one as he is one that the world might know that the father has sent him. I leaned over and we had a meeting in Tel Aviv on a Saturday night when all humanity pours out into those streets and it wasn't long at that plaza again before a thick mob was all around us and I was on the periphery of the crowd to make a space for the dancers and a woman said to me in Yiddish, she said, who is this? What is this group? I said these are Christian children whose hearts are the Ruach HaKodesh the Holy Spirit of God. She said, are they missionaries? I said no, they have only come to express the love of God for you and for Israel and a big smile broke out on her face.

We ended up that night at midnight with two circles, one of soldiers and one of young Israeli kids praying that the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob shall make himself known to them. These soldiers were stunned that anyone can believe that there's a living God and that the same God to whom Jehoshaphat cried standing on the steps of the temple can also be heard now and that he could confound our enemies if we shall go forth singing praises to the beauty of his holiness. They could not believe that that was anything more than a piece of fiction or a myth, but they began to believe when they saw the reality in the faces of Gentile children.

When the world can't glimpse oneness, wholeness, unity, and diversity, light falls on the mystery of the Godhead. If we can see the living God in Gentiles, why then can we not conceive that the glory of God the father was in the Messiah Jesus and whatever our Jewish theology, how can we argue with the apparent reality of God? The last hospital was the hospital for Israeli soldiers and amputees and I'll tell you to the heart right out of my body, beautiful young Israeli men, double and triple amputees, no hands, one leg gone, one eye gone, pathetic fragments of men and they look stunned as we came into their room and didn't know whether we were curiosity seekers or what and these children just opened their mouths with the greatest spontaneity and freedom led by the spirit of God and began to send forth that life-giving stream in song and in praise and worship of Israel's God and I could see the faces of these Israeli soldiers. Something was clicking in their soul.

Something was breaking forth in their own hearts. The woman who had led us into that hospital, the official guide had to leave the room. She was so broken in tears and sobs.

We prayed blessing upon them before we left and I leaned over to one of these multiple amputees. I said, dear precious brother, take advantage of this opportunity to seek the God of Israel with all your heart and soul that you might be found of him and we left. Precious people, God has given me a vision of new possibilities for reaching Israel.

It has not to do with the cleverness of art cats or the well-meaning intentions of missionary organizations. It's got to do with the cry of God that came in the Garden of Gethsemane that they might all be one as we are one and I'll tell you what works at Hadassah Hospital and at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem and in the streets of Tel Aviv will also work in the state of Washington and everywhere over the face of this earth. We need to put it all together.

We need to be integrated and whole and mature in God's intention. We need it as individuals, body, soul, mind and spirit to put it all together because I'll tell you if so much as one representative of the kingdom of God, an individual who is whole stands before an unbelieving world. There's something that emanates from that wholeness, which is the mystery of God and the joy in the life of God, which cannot be gainsaid.

Far more effective than clever words, Christian slogans and four spiritual laws with all due respect. Body, soul and spirit, but how many of us have come to a wholeness there? That we've taken dominion over the

creatures of the earth, our lusts and physical appetites, who are oftentimes more in charge of us than we in charge of them. And what shall we say for the fowls of the air over which we should have dominion if we're integrated and whole when they're dropping their stuff in our hair and making nests and all kinds of filthy thoughts and jealousies and envies and vidious thoughts and comparisons? We've not yet taken dominion over the fowls of the air.

And what shall we say of the fish of the sea? All those subterranean creatures where the deeper down you go in the psychic levels of life in the subconscious, they take on more garish and grotesque forms. God has called us individually as well as corporately to be whole, integrated, one. And after we leave the unit of the individual, we come to the next unit in God's scheme of things, which is the family.

One man and one woman, husband and wife. And of that mystery, all of us are now being inducted. And many of us have writhed and wrung our fingers and slapped our chest and pulled our hair and wondered if God had not blown it.

Say, Lord, haven't you ever heard about the word compatibility? It's as if you have gone out of your way to see to it that we've gotten mates that are so opposite, whose minds and spirits and ways of perceiving things are so contrary to our own that it's a frustration. It's abrasive. It's gritty.

Exactly. And just when by God's grace, we're finding some foundation and basis for unity there to thicken the plot, God gives us children. And he says, here's my model of the body of Christ.

First, husband and wife, and now the children. And when they shall be one as we are one, something shall go forth from the bosom of that family, which is a glory unto God. We have our work cut out for us.

And I'll tell you that when we shall come to a wholeness as individuals and come to a wholeness as families, the third and final task of God awakes us, which is to come as one people, the great family of God and the body of Christ. Oh, and I'll tell you what a remarkable thing God is seeking to do in that body. What disparity, what uniqueness, what divergences, what absolute differences in personality and temper and mind and soul and God is going to make of that one new creature, a remarkable glory, a mystery concealed from the beginning of the ages now being revealed.

And he said in that body, apostles and prophets and evangelists and teachers, pastors, why we apostles and prophets have enough difficulty recognizing each other's ministries. We prophets and teachers glare at each other and think that somehow the other guy is missing it. That is the prophetic cry which needs to go forth in the earth.

And the other one says, no, it's systematic teaching according to the principles. And someone says, hey, have you seen that guy? He has a wild look in his eye. He has a gleam.

He's, he's unbalanced. And I said, you know, any prophet who's balanced is not worth his salt. We need his vision.

We need his passion. We need his great cry and the burden that God has given him, which excludes any other consideration. It's not for him to be balanced.

It's for us to be balanced because of his contribution, as well as the teachers. I recently came across the most interesting article that discusses the difference between Hebrew and Greek thoughts. And I read that.

I said, all of a sudden, boring Eureka, that's me. I saw myself writ large. I'm a Hebrew of the Hebrews.

And then the writer goes on to say, if Hebrew thinking is to be characterized, it is obvious first to call it dynamic, vigorous, passionate, and sometimes quite explosive in kind. Corresponding Greek thinking, however, is static, peaceful, moderate, and harmonious in kind. Now here comes the punchline.

To the person to whom the Greek kind of thinking occurs plainly as ideal, Hebrew thinking and its manner of expression appear exaggerated, immoderate, discordant, and in bad taste. I happen to be a Hebrew, but my wife happens to be a Greek. And I'll tell you, it gets increasingly difficult to ask Inge to come along on some of these speaking engagements.

She never knows when I'm going to sound off immoderately, explosively, and passionately. And when I'm finished, oftentimes people have hurt, pained expressions or a bit bewildered or stunned. Why couldn't I be another kind of preacher that makes nice and nice, classic and moderate, lovely ways? People, we need the Greek and we need also the Hebrew.

And our great fault has been that if we are Greek, we think that the Hebrew has been in bad taste. But it's God who has designed the Hebrew for the edification of the body. And we Hebrews are also guilty of thinking that you Greeks are much too moderate, much too impassionate, and much too conservative.

Why aren't you coming apart at the seams? But praise God that you're not because you provide a stability and a quiet which the body so desperately needs. Oh, I tell you, there's a cry of God going out to the body of Christ on the earth. You're not an accident.

I designed you. The body needs you. Respect each other's uniqueness and each other's differences and each other's gifts and become one as I am one.

Well, we say, Lord, we want to and we'd love to, but there's only one problem. People. They're so irritating and so exacerbating and so unsightly in their differences.

They're not like us. They don't enjoy our sweet reasonableness. They're either too excessive or they're too calm.

They're too impulsive or they're too cautious. They're too undisciplined or they're too ascetic. Well, one rejects the spirit or the other ignores the word.

One stresses experience or the other is too heavy on doctrine. One is free. The other one's bound.

One is too Jewish. The other is too Gentile. And so it goes and it leads to coldness, suspicion, separation and death.

I came back from Israel about two and a half years ago and came back earlier than we had attended because we were kicked out of the place where we were living because it became known that I was a Jewish believer along with my colleague. But from the time of our arrival back in the States, God began to unfold a series of remarkable things. One of the first things was that we attended a big charismatic conference in the Midwestern city, which we had not expected to attend and found ourselves driving 900 miles nonstop with a U-Haul rental truck with my partner's furniture in order to get there and couldn't understand why.

But got there just in time before it closed to recognize that it was hardly anything more than a full gospel carnival. What a fleshly thing. What a bunch of well-dressed studs banging the pulpit and raising fleshly excitement in the lives of people and manipulating them up and down like puppets.

But before they could even fall back into their seats and this superficial joy dissipate, you can see the deep and pervasive unhappiness and dis-ease and unhealth in those people. All our hearts were torn. And I remember up in a room in that motel praying with some like-minded kindred spirits on our faces before God.

The cry of God came forth through a prophetic word that God has winked at such practices as this in times past. But the hour has come and is so earnest that he's taking his sword out of his sheath and is cutting away all flesh. Oh, I tell you, hallelujah was the cry of my heart.

I've been waiting so long for that sword. And indeed it came before that conference was over, although I was not a scheduled speaker. It's almost becoming a habit of my life to be in places where I'm not scheduled.

And what a contrast to the other speakers. I don't know why I did it that night, but I came down with a cardigan sweater, white shirt and black pants. I looked almost like a monk.

And the word that God gave, he just spoke it in such a confined way. It was not in any way dramatic. It had no flourish.

It had no largess. And if you were not attending to the word, you would have missed it. It was a physical and spiritual contrast to the flamboyant style of all that had been going on before.

In the very last night of those days, I went to sleep with a powerful headache and I was going to fight the good fight of faith. And I made it to about four o'clock in the morning. And then my head was just coming out of my shoulders.

I couldn't stand it. I lurched out of my bed. I went to the bathroom.

I took a couple of medicines with mumbling under my breath of prayer for forgiveness. And I wasn't refreshing to know that we speak as our flesh and blood, just like you. You don't believe it.

Just speak with anger after the service. And I just put my head back on the pillow and the headache was going away. And in that moment, that still small voice said, and I'll tell you in a split second, a great war was going on, whether to let my head lie on that pillow and let the headache phase away or to get up at this still small voice.

And the other voice was saying, you fool, look, your headache is going away. If you move now, you're going to ruin it. There's a great struggle in that moment.

I shut up and I came and I knew I had to take paper out of a desk drawer. And the moment I left the bed, the headache snapped and went away. And when I finished writing, I had a program for Messianic conferences, which God gave us that night in which we've since had several opportunities to develop.

I know I'll never forget the first one of them. It took place in that same Midwestern city. About eight men of national reputation and ministry came together.

We thought to minister to that community, but guess what happened the first night? There was a blizzard and hardly anybody came from the community. Just a few souls came through that fierce snowstorm enough to establish a tension of who was going to speak and what message was going to be spoken. And I'll tell you, we were locked together in a Catholic convent, all spirit filled men.

And what a remarkable thing began to unfold day by day under those circumstances. It wasn't long before two great camps had developed two factions, the positive gospel and the negative gospel, the cross centered men and the prosperity centered men. And we were glowering at each other and shooting daggers with our eyes and look at each other at the end as the enemies of the gospel, selling God's people downstream, subverting the glory of the cross and the necessity for suffering or keeping the people from the knowledge of the health and prosperity that is theirs.

I could not believe it. And we would come down for prayer three times a day and look suspiciously at each other, wondering what was going to happen next. And so it went day by day until we came to the very last meeting.

And I'll tell you that by that time the snow had lifted and the community was there and the spiritual faith of the body of Christ of that community was hanging in the balance that last night. These factions had just carried over and had been resident in that community all the time. Well, I had a message in my Bible from the first day of that conference, which I knew was the message of the conference.

I had the word of the Lord and God had not given me an opportunity to speak it. I came down that last morning in prayer and I was like a lump of lead and I groaned before God. I couldn't pray and another brother joined me and we just persisted.

And finally we found God and it wasn't long. We're on our faces groaning and weeping before the Lord. I had never had such a time of prayer as that morning for the for the conclusion of that conference.

And then some of these other brothers came down and said that they felt that there was a heavy oppressive spirit in that place. How can it be that brothers all were spirit filled one claiming that they had never so much as sense the presence and the glory of God as deeply in supplication and groaning and prayer at that moment and others saying I sense a heavy oppressive spirit. Well, it came to the last meeting of the conference and I knew of course God was going to call on me.

I had the message for the hour. I was God's man. I knew that the cross was at the heart of his way and God was going to cut a swath through all of that flesh and all of that nonsense and he was going to proclaim his message and save the day.

I came to that last meeting late and it had already begun and someone was giving a brief teaching. I said to the man who was chairing the meeting. I said, who is giving the message tonight? And he said, oh brother so and so claims that he has the message and I turned and I looked and I went gold the enemy.

And so we waited both of us like two men on the starting line waiting for the gun to go off. Tensed and crouched waiting to come to the platform and take the lapel microphone and bring the message of the hour and save the conference in the body of Christ. Great stakes were hanging in the balance and when that gun went off that night, I sat like a dummy motionless and watch this other man get out of his seat perfectly and walk to the platform and take the microphone on and begin speaking and I could not so much as stir a muscle and when that man opened his mouth, my jaw dropped.

Why what was he doing? He was quoting my scriptures. How dare he and as he went on, why my goodness, he was giving my message and yet it was not mine. It came through another personality altogether.

I would have delivered it with great gusto with a sledgehammer and he was delivering it with a rapier. He was like a swordsman with humor with a death touch and something sickening began to steal over my heart. It was a realization that he was doing a far better job at that message than I would have done.

In fact, I really had to admit that if Inga had been there that night, she would have been far more ministered to by this brother whom I had thought to be the enemy of the gospel than I myself and I'll tell you that when he finished his message, God took me out of my seat and I began to walk toward the platform and put the microphone and you should have seen the stark look of terror in that man's face. I mean you never know what cats is going to do and I just came up to him and I put my arm around his shoulder and the man was still looking at me very suspiciously with trembling and I took the microphone and I began to tell the people what had been going on through those days. How these two great factions had grown up.

How men who are spirit filled with national ministries were looking at each other as enemies and what God had done that night to show me that we're not enemies at all but that we need each other desperately. And I'll tell you that when I spoke that word, something broke in that congregation and a healing bomb went out over that people and God accomplished his work. The next day when we were ready to part, the Lord said, go to the home of one of the founding fathers of the conference and wash one another's feet.

Those of you who know my testimony know that 10 years ago, my Jewish, atheistic, arrogant life was arrested by the living God in the depths of my crisis as a hitchhiking bum. When a Gentile man picked me up off the streets, off the roads in Switzerland and spoke to me in a Swiss coffee house in the in the anguish of my conditioned hopelessness that what the world needs is for men to wash one another's feet. When that word came out of that man's mouth, my heart exploded in a million pieces and it's never been put back together again the same way since.

My heart was open for the first hearing of the gospel of Jesus Christ in German in 34 years though I lived in a Christian country. No one had ever spoken it to me. I can't tell you this is therefore the significance of washing their feet for me.

And yet in 10 years as a believer, I had never so much as washed anyone's feet or had my feet washed. And God said at the end of the conference, wash one another's feet. And so we came together in this brother's home and we didn't know how to do it.

Great hotshot ministers who didn't know how to wash one another's feet. We got a big basin of water in a town. We stood sat looking sheepishly at each other.

And a German brother who was there, he said, we said, I got a strange feeling in my hands. I said, you know what, Manny, I have a I said, I think God wants you to wash my feet. So this German brother came to wash the feet of a Jewish brother.

And before he could lift one of my feet, I said to him by a word of knowledge, the moment that you shall wash my feet, God is going to lift from you a burden of guilt and free your life spiritually. That has been a

weight around your neck because of what your people did to mine. And the moment he lifted my foot and put in the water, something went and my brother was set free.

And then we didn't know how to go from there. But I looked across the room and there was my Jewish brother, my partner, Paul. We were both Jews, but you couldn't find two men more dissimilar.

And I had to admit that those differences had irritated me time and time again. And God said, wash Paul's feet. I'll tell you that before we were through that evening, something began to break forth by the spirit singing in the spirit, which was not just speaking in tongues according to a melody.

But I'll tell you the glory of it was so great. I said to Paul, we were both in tears as husbands and wives were washing each other's feet. I said, brother, what is this singing? Have you ever heard the like? We thought and thought and finally we agreed that this is what it must have been in the temple courtyard when the glory of God's temple stood and the priests sang praises unto God.

God was well pleased that day when we washed one another's feet. Two Jews that though they were both Jewish men looked at each other as being rather different and unsightly. And isn't that the way we appear to each other? How unsightly did God's son appear to the religious men of his generation who had their own messianic views and their own messianic anticipations and could not recognize in this itinerant preaching bum who had not a place to lay his head with his matted hair that this was the Christ, the son of the living God.

They thought that when he would come, he would come in pomp and grandeur and glory and they missed him because he was unsightly and different. God does not will that I should fashion the other person according to the image that seems good to me while God has made or is making that person in his image. And I'll tell you, is there anything more messy than while the process is still going on? Someone has said that one can never beforehand know how God's image should appear in others.

That image always manifests a completely new and unique form that comes solely from God's free and sovereign creation. When we insist by our rejection that men be made in our image, aren't we participating in the sin of the rejection of God's son by performing the error of the Pharisees anew? The sight of that itinerant preacher with the matted hair must have appeared strange and offensive and even ungodly to the men of his generation. And certainly I have to admit it looks strange and ungodly to me as a Jew before I by God's grace recognized in whose image Jesus was made.

Children, hear the cry of God tonight and look around you in this room. Think of those in your own congregation who are unsightly, different, unlike yourself and hear the cry of God reminding us, this is my beloved son. This is my beloved son.

This is my corporate body. This is my Christ that is now being revealed. See him.

We haven't seen it. We felt that the other guy was ungainly and different. We couldn't relate to him because he was not in our image.

He came on too strong or he was too quiet or he was this or that. And we go through the motions of relationships. But like the Pharisees before us, we are correct.

We invite men to our house for a meal, but we don't wash their feet. We don't give them a kiss. We don't anoint their heads with oil.

So characteristic of the way Christian people relate to each other. Are we doing any better than the Rotarians, than the Elks, than the Lions, or any other fraternal organization that has not the spirit and the of God. And we think somehow that if we can be adequate and polite, that we fulfill the requirements of God.

We resemble more the Pharisee who murmured at Jesus for not recognizing the woman who was weeping at his feet than that woman who lavished upon the feet of Jesus, her tears, her hair, and then an expensive ointment. And that's why it is that there's so little fragrance to be found in our lives. Inadequate unction and anointing for the body of Christ in this hour.

We have not prepared the body for burial. And Jesus said of that woman who poured the expensive ointment upon his head, in that she has done this, she has prepared my body for burial. She poured it on his head, but she says she has poured it upon my body.

Because I tell you, precious children, what comes upon the head of the Lord comes upon his body. Where is that one who is so lavish in his love for the body of Christ that they're willing to break that thing which is expensive, that is holding back the flow of life to pour it upon the head of the Lord? Because I tell you with all my heart, there's a body even in this hour being prepared for burial. We've come full circle and God is awaiting again for that one who will lavishly pour out a fragrance upon the body of Christ.

And I want to speak to you in concluding minutes of this message, something about fragrances. In the 30th chapter of Exodus, although I am so grossly unqualified to speak anything about fragrances and perfumes and such stuff as that, I'm the kid from Brooklyn who grew up in the streets. I thought tennis was an effete sport for sissies.

Oh, you say, but ought you rather conspicuously endowed to speak of fragrances? Have you noticed your proboscis? But I'll tell you, God enjoins you not to walk by sight but by faith. My faculty of smell is my weakest faculty, virtually nonexistent. But my little wife Inga with her Danish snub nose, she said many times that in a crowded room of 50 men, she could smell me out.

She doesn't mean those cheap little 19 cents fizzle cans concocted in laboratories. She thinks that I have such a wife. She thinks that I have a distinctive odor, that's something peculiar to me, as unique as a man has his own voice, his own appearance, his own gait, his own walk, his own posture.

I had never thought about that because I don't think in terms of smells. But what if she's right? I think she is. And that God has created in every one of us a very rare and special substance that he's wanting to release on a dying world.

That the fragrance, the savor of the knowledge of him might be made manifest by us in every place, on the steps of the Hebrew University, in Hadassah Hospital in the wars, and among the despairing and the dying, with the multiple amputees. And what shall we say of those all around us whose bodies are intact, but whose spirits and souls have been hacked and mutilated to pieces? The 22nd verse of the 30th chapter, we read that the Lord spoke unto Moses saying, take thou also unto thee principal spices of pure, mere 500 shekels and a sweet cinnamon half so much, even 250 shekels and a sweet calamus, 250 shekels and a case of 500 shekels, and a shekel and a sanctuary of olive oil in him, and thou shalt make it an oil of holy ointment, an ointment compound after the art of the apothecary, it shall be a holy anointing oil. And I have to apologize, people, I don't even know what I'm what I'm describing here.

I don't know what case it is. And, and these these pure mirrors, sweet spices and fragrances, but this much anyone could recognize what God is describing here is not anything chintzy. It's not anything cheap.

It's something costly, something lavish, something copious, something dear, something important, a holy anointing oil. And thou shalt anoint the tabernacle of the congregation with it and the ark of the testimony and the table and its vessels and the candlestick and its vessels and the altar of incense and the altar burnt offering and its vessels and the labor and its foot and thou shalt sanctify them that they may be most holy that whatsoever touches them shall be holy. What are we to say if the holy anointing oil was required for dumb, inanimate pieces of furniture, sticks of wood and brass and metal? How much more for the vessels of honor in the house of God who are flesh and blood and made in his image.

Oh, I tell you precious children without the holy anointing oil, we are of all people most to be pitied. Woe unto us if we think that we can live and serve God at the end times without the holy anointing oil of God. We're pitiful things without his unction.

And the very message that could bring life in one context could be a wearisome deadening thing without the holy anointing oil. And is there a man of God in this house who has not already experienced one time or another the unspeakable mortification, the excruciating pain of thinking to minister unto God and to his people without the holy anointing oil? Early in my life in my walk with God, when I thought that I had some kind of a hot shot testimony that was so brilliant and powerful that people found it a seat drooling to hear the dynamic testimony of a Jewish atheist and communist saved by God. And I thought I was blessing the people while I could speak at standing up sitting down sideways, tired, healthy in any condition, it universally and always brought blessing.

And one day I was sailing along and having a ball and people were delighting in it. You can see the excitement in their faces by the spirit. And all of a sudden the anointing lifted.

I could only wish in that moment that the floor had opened to swallow me. I cannot describe the excruciating pain of all of a sudden to find yourself out there with your face sticking out without the holy anointing oil. And I cried a prayer under my breath so quick to God, Oh Lord, come back.

Put your anointing upon me. I'll not presume upon you again to think that I'm bringing the blessing. Precious children, when they were in one spirit and one accord, when no man thought that the things which he had were his own, there was such grace and such power upon the people of God that the very shadow of Peter falling on the sick as he walked by brought healing.

Communities were stunned and shaken by the manifest power of God who were in one spirit and one accord. A certain man who had been obscure for 30 years, who had never drawn much attention to himself, came into a familiar synagogue in Nazareth where his habit was to go on the Shabbat. And it was given to him the scroll of Isaiah to read.

And he read the spirit of the Lord is upon me because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor. He has sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. And he closed the book and the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened upon him.

And he began to say unto them, this day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears. And all bore him witness and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. And they said, isn't this Joseph's son?

Isn't it the guy we've seen about all the time who has not so much as ever caused the ripple of whom we've not been required to take notes? And how is it then that he should come now and speak with such authority while he's formidable? There's a magnitude about him, a presence, an authority, a power.

Because the spirit of God was upon him. God had anointed him for messianic ministry. If this holy anointing oil has got to be poured on dumb pieces of furniture that cannot speak, what then on the corporate Christ who is called in his last hour to fulfill and to complete the ministry which our Lord began that day in Nazareth when the spirit of God was upon him for he had anointed him.

Thou shalt anoint Aaron and his sons and consecrate them that they may minister unto me in the priest's office. You remember how that was done? The priest stood dressed in white from his chin down to the top of his toes wearing holy garments of linen and upon his head was a white bonnet and that oil was poured upon his head and came down his head and down his beard and down his garment to the to the tops of his toes. And so is it also today.

God shall speak unto the children of Israel saying this shall be a holy anointing oil unto me throughout your generations. Upon man's flesh shall it not be poured and woe unto that one who thinks to receive the holy anointing oil of God whose flesh is exposed, whose denomination, whose ministry, whose calling, whose church, whose congregation is exposed upon man's flesh. It shall not be poured and it behooves us now as it behoved the priests of God earlier that all flesh be covered if we are to receive the holy anointing oil of God for our end time ministry.

There's only one place where flesh was touched by the holy anointing oil. It was the head of the body and so is it also to this hour. Has the holy anointing oil been upon your labors, upon your ministry, upon your congregation, upon your family, upon your witness? Ask God, Lord, has my flesh been exposed? The priests were not even allowed to take steps up to the ramp in performing their priestly duties less than the raising of their legs.

Some flesh of their thigh be revealed, but they had to go up on a ramp that no flesh be exposed to God's presence. Upon man's flesh it shall not be neither shall you make any other like it. And what a caution for the body of Christ in this hour when we're becoming increasingly such hucksters, such wonderful technicians who are learning the techniques of getting meetings spiced up and jazzed up, how to praise and worship by the numbers, up, down, hands raised, sing this, do that.

It's becoming increasingly and uncomfortably technique of manipulation. Thou shalt not make any other like it. Better we should stop our mouths and wings for the moving of the spirit of God.

Better that the praise and worship that emanates out of our mouths and hearts is the expression of a life truly redeemed in body, soul, mind, and spirit. Then we should come with ugly marriages, stained with vicious arguments and infighting and catcalling in names and come to the congregation of God and try to praise God by technique and manipulation where no praise is. Upon man's flesh shall it not be poured, neither shall you make any other like it.

And the Lord said unto Moses in the thirty-fourth verse, take unto thee sweet spices, stacked there, ankhia, galbanum, these sweet spices with pure frankincense, of each there shall be a like weight. And thou shalt make it a perfume, a confection after the art of the apothecary, tempered together, pure and holy, and thou shalt beat some of it very small. Precious children, anger is right.

We are every one of us a rare substance. We are every one of us a special fragrance given of God. And there is something that God is compounding in this end time, a holy compound, an anointing oil that shall be poured out upon the head of the Lord for the body of Christ being prepared for burial.

That the fragrance, the savor of the knowledge of him might be made manifest by us in every place. Of each there shall be like weight. Every one of us is needed in our differences and our uniqueness.

Tempered together, pure and holy. You know how they did that in the apothecary shop? They took that mortar and pestle and they put those ingredients in and they banged it and they bumped it and they ground it and they scrunched it and they squashed it and they ground and chopped and knocked and banged until it was so pulverized to powder and to dust you couldn't tell where one ingredient left off and another ingredient began. That's what God would make of us.

Tempered together, pure and holy. And I'll tell you that such a thing is not going to be brought to pass at a potluck supper. It's not going to be brought to pass coming together on an hour on Sunday.

We've got to come together and be in one place, in one spirit, in one accord. Living together in actual real conditions of our life. Sweating and groaning and bleeding that we might be tempered together of God.

Why some of us are so living with our wives and our husbands so antiseptically that we have hardly anything more than two souls who are sharing the same facilities for common convenience. Tempered together, working together, sharing together, sweating together, praying together, hoping together, loving together. But Lord, if I do that, my mask is liable to get a bit dislodged and someone is liable to see what my real condition is.

Well, I'm okay for an hour on Sunday and on the big services. I'm a great saint and I can do my pulpit thing. But Lord, if I'm going to be tempered together, I'm going to be found naked and revealed.

Exactly. Hallelujah for such a God. Praise his holy name that he's so nitty gritty.

Praise God that he talks about being made one in the flesh. And he's not called us to effete spirituality of walking over eggshells and quoting Watchman gloriously. He's called us to life and that more abundantly that they might be one as I am one.

And you can't be it with your wife, with your husband, with your children, with your pastor, with your congregation, with the body except to be tempered together pure and holy and be beat very small. You came with great eagerness to this conference in these days. And you had such a wonderful spirit of anticipation tonight.

You wanted to hear what God has to say. I wonder if you'll leave as eagerly as you came, because I'll tell you that these inert substances, these sweet spices had not a voice in the matter. They're dumb, insensate things.

They could be ground and pulverized to powder without so much as a squeak. But what of us? How many shall say to God tonight, Lord, whatever it takes, I'm willing. I want to be tempered together.

I want to be, if needful, be beat very small. Oh, I know I've been individualistic. I'm like the odd cat's type, the loner who comes into downtown and does his long range of thing and goes out again.

The Lord is saying, uh-uh, that's a no-no. You stay, you relate, you get your life involved with another. You get that secretary under your roof, living with you in your home.

Let her hear how you bark at your wife and growl at your kids. Let her see you where you love and where you live and where your needs are. Let her pass through a necessary veil of disillusionment.

That you might come out on the other side where reality and truth and love and life are. That you might pray one for another, confessing your faults one to another, and growing up unto the head in all things as I've always intended from the first, walking in the light. And thou shalt be beat very small.

And I just have to, what can I say, respectfully stop for a moment's silence, and I cannot describe the events of my own life by which God has been pulverizing this rank individualist, this guy who is quick to spot the defects of other men, quick just to be drawn to those who have a kindred spirit like his own, but not as quick to be partial, warm, sympathetic, and loving to those who are not. And God is bringing me into such circumstances and such combinations and beating and crunching and crushing that we be beat very small, tethered together, pure and holy. I'll tell you there's a word for that.

It's called self-rogue. And if we will not voluntarily lend ourselves to such a process, the very circumstances of the end time shall bring it upon us. We're going to find ourselves living under each other's roots.

We're going to be sharing the crusts of bread that we have. We're going to be holding all things common because we cannot allow our brothers to perish when the economy is going to become strangulated and broken and choked and spluttering, and the whole modern world is going to totter and sway and collapse. We're not going to be able to enjoy the luxury of isolationism, but we shall live from each other and share with each other.

And I'll tell you, we may at first grumble and complain, but it's going to be a glory. I remember at the end of a recent conference where someone said, we haven't had any breaking of bread together. How about if we have it when the conference is over? We'll just invite a few souls.

We'll have it up in your room in the hotel. I said, sure. And I pictured that the few souls who would come would be the ones to whom I'm partial.

But everybody came with their snotty-nosed kids, with their diapers and with their one sock up and one sock down. And they were on the furniture and under the suitcase and over my Bible and papers and everything in me was wrinkling and irritated and sensitive and self-conscious. And on top of it, the air conditioner went out.

I thought, boy, when is this going to be over? And I thought we would go through the grim requirements of the communion together. But I'll tell you, as we got into it and we began to share and we began to pray and we began to sing, such a spirit came into that crowded room. We forgot who was on the bed or under the bed or in the aisle or by the window.

There was such a love that God poured out upon his body and for each other. One o'clock in the morning, we couldn't break away. The kids were sleeping all over the floor.

It looked like shrapnel. The bodies were strewn all over the place. We didn't want to go home.

It was so beautiful to be together in one spirit, in one place. Precious people, we've left the pattern of God and have taken up the pattern of the world. Private little domiciles, our own little garage, our TV set, our little pea patch garden, and we come together and leave that isolation on Sunday for an hour.

What a mockery, what a travesty, what a vile rejection and a caricature of the intention of God for a community of believers who love each other and are one as he is one. Praise God for the end times that shall compel us to be the family of God, an island of true faith and love and joy in a sea of hostility and division and enmity against God. But great grace and power was upon them all.

It's a taking up of the cross in nitty gritty things in earnest daily living. It's turning from phraseological Christianity to the real. It's continually recognizing that we are sinners forgiven by God, and who are we to look down our long noses at another brother who has fallen or is in difficulty.

Let's welcome him and take him to our bosom that he might confess his fault one to another without fear of being penalized and be made a laughing stock of. Oh, precious children, only by the blood of Jesus, only that recognition that by his grace and power we are kept day by day. There but for the grace of God go I. I might have fallen into error.

I might have fallen into homosexuality. I'm not going to be so quick to criticize, to rebuke, to condemn, but offer my brother reconciliation in the love and the balm of God by his blood and by his spirit that he might be restored to the faith and to the health and to the life and to the community of God. I know a Jewish man who was stoned to death, the stone thudded into his flesh and into his eyes, breaking his bones and his blood ran down into his eyes and down his face.

He had every occasion to rankle and to snort and to be bitter and to cry out and put his teeth against the men who are murdering him by inches. But he said, Oh God, he said, lay not this sin against their charge. And here are we who cannot even say such things to brothers and sisters in the faith.

Let alone what shall we do to a world that does not believe and that seek to kill us by inches. There's a wonderful song that we sing from the 133rd Psalm. Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

Oh, I would to God you would sing it in Hebrew. Oh, how I saw Jewish eyes open and jaws dropped as they heard Gentile kids singing this song in Hebrew. In a month or two.

Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. It is like the precious ointment, the Psalm goes on to say, upon the head that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard that went down to the skirts of his garment, the entire body of Christ. For there, it says, the Lord commanded the blessing, even life forevermore.

Oh, precious children, the anointing breaks the yoke. The spirit of God is upon me. The body of Jesus said in that synagogue, for he has anointed me.

We need the end time anointing and it shall only come when we ourselves shall come to the familiar synagogues that have long spurned us, ignored us, and rejected us. We've been no more than a fly buzzing around a world that can safely and easily swat it from its nose. But God is waiting for the body of Christ to come into that oneness, into that wholeness, into that integrity, moved by the spirit of God, to come into the familiar places that have long ignored and rejected us, that we might say as he said, the spirit of God is upon us, for he has anointed me, singular, to give sight to the blind, to preach the gospel to

the poor, to heal up those that are broken, and to preach the acceptable year of the Lord and the soon coming day of his wrath.

Oh, that they might be one, Jesus said, as I am one, that we might come into the synagogue as he came into it, his whole being fitly joined together, every part, mind, body, soul, and spirit integrated, efficiently working together, every part supplying that for which it was intended. There the Lord commanded a blessing for evermore. Someone has said we all know the value of a fearless individual's testimony to the truth.

How much greater then would be the concerted power of a corporate body testifying to the world that God's children can fellowship in perfect harmony. When the church is one, then shall the world believe. Isn't this justice, son? I'm going to ask you to bow your heads.

Precious holy Jesus that prayed this great agonizing prayer for those that would come and also believe on the word that we might be one Lord, even as you are one that the world might know that the father has sent you for to know you in Christ Jesus is life eternal and precious God. We have to admit we have been ignored and rejected and spurned. We have not shaken this world as we ought.

We've gone on with programs and devices. We're willing to spend dollars, but we're not willing to spend ourselves. A fragrance needs to go forth on a body being prepared for burial.

A precious holy ointment needs to be poured on the body for its final end times ministry, but we have locked it up in the alabaster boxes of our own selfish lives full of fears, full of suspicions, full of jealousies, full of resentments. But a woman came bearing an expensive alabaster box with a precious ointment and broke it and poured it upon the head of the Lord as he said it. And you said precious God that wheresoever this gospel should be preached in all the world that this that this woman has done shall be spoken of for her as a memorial in every generation.

I want to ask you in the name of Jesus as our heads are bowed in the concluding moments of this service and as we prepare our souls and spirits for the ministry of God through these days, a God who is speaking earnestly and deeply who is speaking not to titillate our ears, but to affect our lives in the most real and practical ways where we are and where we live in our bedrooms and in our homes and with each other. There's a God who's waiting for something plastic, rigid, hard, stiff, jealous, ambitious, and proud to be broken. The Lord is sitting in our midst waiting for that one who brings his alabaster box oh so handsome, oh so accomplished, oh so well spoken, oh so willing to serve, oh so correct, oh so gifted.

But it's not the box that's going to save the world. It's the precious ointment within and something needs to be broken right at the bottleneck, right at that stubborn and stiff place that's been holding back the flow of the life of God that has been keeping us from being one as he is one.

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