

# Five Spiritual Vows

by A.W. Tozer

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*A.W. Tozer's sermon emphasizes the transformative power of Jesus' words and the necessity of faith and conviction in spiritual healing and conversion.*

**Duration:** 47:42

**Scripture:** Ezekiel 37:4-8, Matthew 4:17, Luke 5:24-25, John 5:8-9, Acts 2:37-38, Revelation 1:17-18

**Topics:** "Vows"

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## Description

In this sermon, the preacher discusses the story of a man who had been paralyzed for 38 years. Despite his long-standing discouragement, the man had to make a decision to obey and get up when Jesus commanded him to. The preacher emphasizes the importance of faith in taking a leap and believing in Christ, even when it seems irrational. The man's obedience resulted in a miraculous healing, as the power of God flowed through the word of the Lord and brought life to his bones and flesh. The preacher also warns against the misconception that following Jesus means seeking help for personal gain, emphasizing the need for a genuine relationship with Christ.

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## Transcript

At the pool of Bethesda there lay a great multitude of impotent folk, blind, half-withered, waiting for the moving of the water. And a certain man was there which had an infirmity thirty-eight years. When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he said to him, Willst thou be made whole? The impotent man answered him, Sir, I have no man when the water is troubled to put me into the pool, but while I am coming another steppeth down before me.

Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed, and walk. And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed, and walked. And on the same day was the Sabbath.

Let us pray. O God, our hearts, we confess to thee, have been greatly stirred and deeply moved by the songs we have heard tonight, all of them, particularly this wondrous golden voice, the song of Jesus, the lover of men's souls. We pray this hour, we pray that we may be raised up out of the dust and mire of earth, and given a view of the cross, the wounded lamb, from whose bosom there flowed that boundless salvation, so rich and so free.

Let it roll over us tonight in billows, we pray. Let it roll over us as the billows went over his soul, let the saving billows go over ours. Help us as we look into the scriptures, Lord, tonight.

We ask it in Jesus' name, amen. Those of you who were here last Sunday night remember that I preached on the impotent man at the gate of Bethesda, at the sheep gate by the pool of Bethesda. But this act of divine mercy by the one who is the eternal Word has yet many, many merciful words to speak to us.

So we want tonight, reverently, to come and to draw near and hear what God the Lord may yet have to say to us from this story. The passage says that Jesus said unto him, Rise, take up thy bed, and walk. And immediately the man was made whole, took up his bed, walked.

Now, when our Lord Jesus said to the man at the pool, Rise, take up thy bed, and walk, it is to be understood as a command. But it is to be understood as a command that was impossible, for the Lord commanded here the impossible. He not only commanded the impossible, he commanded the unimaginable.

For this man could not get up, much less take up, for the command was, Get up, take up thy bed. This man could not get up, certainly could not take up, even as much as the simple pallet upon which he lay. And yet, our Lord commanded him to do both, to get up and to take up, and this impotent man was in a state of chronic invalidism.

He had been in that state for thirty-eight years. His muscles had atrophied to a large extent, his body had stiffened and taken shape till a kind of living rigor mortis had set in, and for a man to get up suddenly after thirty-eight years of lying flat, and to pick up or roll up that bed of his and walk away with it, was unimaginable. Nobody around there would ever have dreamed he could do it.

He never had the remotest notion that he would ever do it, and anybody looking on, even a physician, would have smiled and said, This is unimaginable, this is impossible. Now, I say this man was in a state of chronic invalidism, and he could not talk his way out of it. I don't know what was wrong with him, but it couldn't have been any like thing to keep a man flat on his back thirty-eight years.

Impotent means without any power, helpless, powerless, palsied, probably. But lying there for thirty-eight years, and he couldn't talk his way out of this. We're living in the hour of big talk and much talk.

They said that Thomas Carlyle preached the virtue of silence in thirty-nine volumes. He said, Be still, and then took thirty-nine books to tell it. And you may accuse me of somewhat the same thing, but it's still true that we are living in a time of much talk.

Words, words, words. He filleth his belly with the east wind, said the old man Joe, and the east wind is flowing over many vocal, set of vocal cords these days, and we are told that we can talk ourselves up. But this impotent man, after thirteen years of this, couldn't talk himself out of his condition.

But there are many today that recommend it. They say that we ought to try it. If you'll simply talk up, talk up, you can do it.

But he couldn't do it, and not only could he not talk his way out of it, he couldn't be talked out of it. Nobody else could talk him out of it. Now, there's a new religion that has come to pass, lo, in the last days in which we live.

It is a jolly come-lately among the religions because it doesn't go back very far, and it's based upon the theory of the subconscious. And woven in with this doctrine of the subconscious, there are a great many strange theories by Sigmund Freud. And this teaching is simply that human ills result from morbid

memories and fears mostly contracted in childhood, and that these can be cured by being talked out.

The idea is that if you simply start talking, the well will begin to flow, and pretty soon the poisonous juices somewhere within you that are causing your trouble will reach the surface and overflow, and you'll be all right. Now, that has given us many a school of thought, and many a practice. It has gotten into the churches in the day in which we live, so that we are now teaching pastors that if they can get people to talk, just get them to talk, get them to talking.

The idea being that a man can talk himself out of influence, he can talk himself out of simpleness, he can just talk his way out. Now, I wouldn't say that it's not true that confession, and information, and a certain unburdening of myself or yourself to another might not help. I think it does help, for the scripture says, confess your false one to another.

So, I believe it is entirely true that certain surface difficulties can be helped by being talked out. If a fellow is blue and someone comes up and cheers him a bit, and shirks him up, and shows him that the cloud has the silver lining, he hasn't seen the silver lining, and if it's pointed out to him, it may help him a little, and help him over the hump. I don't say that there doesn't come some help from talking.

I believe that you can make yourself better by just talking. Just walk out on the sidewalk and stick your chest out and say, I can do it. Well, you can't, but it doesn't hurt to say that, and it helps you a little bit.

It's a psychological lift, I believe. It's a good thing. But I believe that when it becomes a religion, as it has in the day in which we live, that it is nothing else than a delusion that is leading man to death and to hell.

Because you can't talk the impotent man strong, and you can't talk the sinful man clean, and you can't talk the polluted man pure, and you can't make the dead soul live by talking. This man couldn't get out of it, and all of the modern understand-yourself-and-talk-out-your-couples school of religious dentists never, never would have been able to help this man. He'd have lain right there and died.

So, that's the reason that I haven't very much time to say about these religious fellows who call themselves preachers, but they're no more prophets of God than were the 400 prophets of Baal who served under Jezebel. They use the name of Christ, but they drag in the theories of the subconscious, and the theory of Sigmund Freud, and the complexes, and all the rest. And the result is that it's a dreadful delusion that is leading men on the way down to death, and finally to hell.

Now, Jesus Christ could say this impossible and imaginable thing. He could say to a man fifty-eight years helpless, indolent, get up and take up. And the reason he could say it was that there was power in his words.

There was no power in the infinite man's words. There was no power in the words of those that lay around with him there in their helplessness, or the people that passed by and tossed a grudging coin. There was no power there.

The power lay in the word of Jesus. He said a little later, it is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing. The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.

God Almighty's words are living words. They're creative words. Think back yonder in the beginning when darkness was upon the face of the deep, and waters covered everything.

And God said, let there be light, and there was light. And God said, let the waters be gathered together, and the dry land appear, and it was so. And God divided the light from the darkness, and the darkness he called night, and the day he called light, and the morning and the evening were the first day.

And God said to the earth, bring forth, and it brought forth. And God said to the air, let birds fly, and they flew into the sea, let fish swim, and they swam. Whenever God spoke, there was always power accompanying his speaking.

When man speaks, it's only as powerful as the man who speaks. And the infinite man, as the word implies, was a man without power until his words were without power. But when our Lord Jesus Christ said, get up, take up, there was something in the voice that said, get up, take up, that enabled a man to do it.

As when he said, let there be, and there was, he sent his word and healed them. And by his word he formed a crooked serpent and made the stars to shine. The word of the living God is a powerful thing.

And when God Almighty speaks, it has the power of ten million times ten million of these bomb-play things that we're hearing so much about today all over the earth. The hydrogen bomb, the atom bomb. There's dynamics in his word.

There's creative power there in his word. There's life-giving power there in his word. When Ezekiel went into the valley of dry bones, and there were the bones all about him, lying dry and behold, they were very dry, baked by the wind and parched by the sun.

And Ezekiel said, God said, Ezekiel, can these bones live? And Ezekiel said, my Lord, God doth not. And he said, preach to them now, preach to them. What did he say, preach to them? Did he say, go quote, quote up the great Egyptian thinker? No.

Did he say, here I have a little book from the Orient, a book that dates way back to the early days of the Japanese empire, and it's a beautiful religion. Go read a chapter. No.

He said, speak the word of the Lord unto them. So the man of God went and preached the word of the Lord to them. And as the word of the Lord went forth, power went forth, and a great rattling began, and bone went to his bones.

And God encouraged this prophet to preach on, and he preached on. And as the word of the Lord went forth, power flowed from the central heart of God into those bones, and flesh came up over the bones, and they took form, and skin crept up over the flesh. And then he said, talk on, talk on, because this is the word of the Lord.

And as he spoke the word of the Lord, life came into them, and they stood up on their feet. Not a hand was put out to help them. It was all the word of the Lord.

When our Lord said, get up and take up, there was so much power in there that it was not difficult. The unimaginable happened before his eyes. The impossible became possible.

That which could not be was, and that which no one ever dreamed could come to pass, came to pass simply in the sight of all who were present. Now, notice here, there had to be a response, and this is really what I want to get at tonight. There had to be a response on the part of the man who had been sick.

Immediately he was made whole, and he took up his bed, and he walked. The ability to obey came with the decision to obey. I know how dull that sounds, but if you get hold of it, it might help you.

That the ability to do the impossible came with the decision to obey God to try to do the impossible. He said, get up and take up, and that was impossible. But there was power in those words to make the impossible possible, and to bring to pass that which could never happen in nature, and there had to be a decision in the heart of the man who lay there.

After 38 years of non-expectation, 38 years of chronic discouragement, he had to make up his mind to obey, to get up. Now, my brethren, from here on I want you to listen very closely. Even if it's boring, I want you to listen.

In the soul's encounter with God such as this, there is what we might call a zone of darkness where the action is obscure and out of our hands, where the sovereign God steps in with his all-creative work, with his life-bringing work, where he steps in and performs that secret and mysterious act which the soul cannot understand. I wish that the whole Church of Christ might see this, and that we might get off of the businessman's attitude toward religion, and realize that just as there was a zone of darkness there psychologically for a moment, as the helpless man heard a voice telling him to do what he couldn't do, and his mind wouldn't, couldn't analyze it nor understand it, and he could not know what was happening, yet his will responded to the command of God, and as his decision was made to obey, even though reason told him he couldn't obey, and history, 38 bitter years that have told him he couldn't obey, and all his non-expectation within him told him he couldn't obey. In that awful, shadowy, obscure moment between impotence and bounding health, between lostness and saveness, there was that something, that mysterious working of the sovereign God, doing for the man that which he could not understand, and never to this hour has been able to understand.

My brethren, there is a moment between the saved and the lost moment when the soul stands poised, timidly, the creative word has been spoken, rise, take up, get up, and take up, and yet there is no power there. It's just as powerless as before, and faith has to do something wonderful. Faith has to make a leap across the gap, and dare to do that non-reasonable thing, that super-rational thing, and believe on Christ regardless.

This man lay there, and he knew he couldn't move. He managed to talk enough to be heard, but that was about all. Now comes the command, get up, take up.

Too strong, active command, and this man knew he had nothing to lose. Thirty-eight years of it, what could he lose? And so a kind of divine panic descended upon him, and a despair, and a daring and he said, if I lie here, I'll rot, and I haven't much longer to go. Here is a strange, wonderful man about whom I've heard things.

I don't know who he is, but he's here, and he's different. And he said, get up and take up, and his soul, in that moment of critical, obscure darkness, decided to obey, and leaped across and believed. And where before there had been evidence, now there was strength.

Where before he was unable to move, now he could stand up on his feet, all because there was a response in his heart to the creative work of the living Christ. Now, I want to talk a little bit about psychology of conviction. I hesitate to use the word psychology.

I might just say the laws of conviction. What do we mean? It's a word nobody ever uses anymore. When I was even a young fellow, they'd say, Jim is under conviction.

I haven't heard that word for a long time. Nobody gets under any conviction anymore. Maybe we use other words to mean the same thing.

I wouldn't be unfair about it. But they said the man was under conviction, and in the days of the early Methodists in this country, oh, not only the Methodists, the Salvation Army, the men used to get under such blistering conviction when they preached in the early days of the Salvation Army that it was almost a kind of epilepsy for a moment. They were in such despair, such terrible, existing agony of body and mind, just for that dark moment when they were being commanded to do what they couldn't do.

They were being commanded by the bold, ringing voice of Jesus Christ to get up and live like Christians. And they were bums and knew it, and sinners confirmed. But now they were being commanded by the gentle, roaring, light-bringing voice, get up, get up, get up and move and live and be saved.

And I say that the sense of the despair that comes from knowing we can't be good, the frightful sense of a self-actualization that comes from knowing that we can't live as we should live, and yet we'll perish if we don't live as we should live, all this will drive men, sometimes it drives men to suicide. It drove one man to suicide. One classic example was the Judas Iscariot.

He looked into the tender eyes of Jesus Christ and hated himself like hell, and went out and slew himself in a rage against himself. That was not a response to the wooing voice of God. That was despair that heard no voice, despair that had no faith, conviction that had no crops and no place to look, self-actualization that had no fountain in which to cleanse.

And Judas committed suicide. And it's not unknown that when revivals move over the face of the land and the white flesh of God walks among men, and by contrast the violent serpentine twistings of our human walk suddenly reveal to us, such conviction comes to the human heart. It's known that men have put an end to their lives because they had no voice, no light, no fountain, no hope.

But it's not the will of God. That's when Satan wins. When conviction comes upon a man, the terror of God is upon his soul, and the stinging lash of conscience, and the sense of lostness and despair and drives the soul into a corner, corners it, grinds it between the upper and the nether millstones.

Jesus was drowned in Gethsemane gardens. That's conviction. But it's something we don't have anymore, and the imperfection of present conversions is being talked about by everybody.

Everybody that is making any surveys on the religious scene, asking questions and investigating, everybody is deploring the imperfection of present conversions. They're saying we're not getting conversions. The conversions we do get are not radical enough, not extreme enough, not revolutionary enough.

They can be explained. There isn't any of that mystery in it. There isn't any of that sense of human defeat and divine triumph.

There isn't any of that despair that drives men to tears. They're all saying that, but nobody seems to know quite why. I think I know why.

It is because we have no conviction. There is not that sense of despair, that thing that Isaiah felt and gave voice to when he said, I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips. Or that Peter felt when he said, depart from me.

I am a man, an unclean man. Or that Job felt when he said, I will lay my hand upon my mouth for I am vile. Or that David felt when he knelt in the ashes and cried out to his God that he was sinful, and that God was holy.

Or that Daniel felt for Ezra or Paul. Because this divine element, we think, only has the theological element. We get converted theologically, but that zone of darkness that we call conviction, that being when pushed into a corner and backed up by God Almighty and the Scriptures, and driven until we see how wicked we are, and how we deserve hell.

People are not preaching hell much in our day, and it's because there's not much sense of sin on it. When we know how sinful we are, hell will seem a moral, logically necessary thing, even to the man who's going there. It will seem perfectly logical, morally logical, that I should go to hell after I know what sin is.

When we lose a sense of sin, and there is no feeling of guilt upon our hearts at all for anything, we just know we need some help. We need somebody to help us box in the ring, and knock home runs, or run our business, or fly our airplanes, or sell our goods. We need a helper.

And so we seek Jesus Christ. Oh, what heresy, what damnable heresy, what hell-born heresy! That Jesus Christ should be given a red cap and a uniform, and made to carry suitcases for impenitent souls. And yet it's happening in evangelistic circles today.

All you have to do is just hop twice in any direction, and you can find a meal somewhere where some fellows are sitting around congratulating themselves that they've been born again, and they know they've been born again because they've got help now when they go out selling. They've got help now when they need help. God has ceased to be this sovereign I Am, and has become the servant of a kernel people in fundamental circles.

No conviction? Of course not. The only thing that was wrong with us, we had all sinned in Adam, and old Adam gets all the blame. He's a red-headed boy, can't help it, you know.

If his hair's red, he blames Dad. It's his father who gave him the red hair. What do you say? Care to talk? Well, you see, I didn't do it.

I had a father who was red-headed. As long as you can blame it on somebody else, there's no conviction, no sense of guilt. You'll never get driven into a corner and make a sweat.

But when we are driven by the Holy Ghost, driven, driven, hunted, turned by the Holy Ghost as a beagle hound turns his way through the autumn forests and fields, following a nemesis on the trail of the poor beast, following on and on, so the Holy Ghost follows some people, and drives them on and on until a sense of their own guilt comes over them. John Newton, the slave of a slave, they said he was. John Newton got sent the sense of despair, that zone of darkness he moved into, until he knew he was lost, and knew he was going to hell, and knew that he was a sinner, and knew that he had to die.

And they said he used to look at the dogs whooping down the street and say, oh God, I wish I was a dog, because a dog can die and never rise anymore. But I have to take that sense of guilt. It's not on us

anymore.

The only thing that's being preached now by way of repentance, men are being told they've got to be politically good or Stalin will get them, and he's dead. But they've got to be good and believe in Christ, or else there'll be an atom bomb right through the city of them. But that sense of personal guilt, brethren, as long as sin is only in the mass, you can always hide your cowardly head in somebody else's bosom.

When I was a lad, I used to hear it, and occasionally I'll read a book like that. But if I heard a sermon like that, I'd get out as soon as I could reach the exit. But it's the we-done-it type of preaching.

It's always we, we, we, we, we, and the preacher takes himself in, and he makes everybody feel comfortable. And the prayer is, Father, we do every day things we shouldn't do, forgive us, and we'll leave every day undone things that ought to be done, forgive us. And the preacher makes himself comfortably sinful in order that he might make his congregation comfortable in their sinfulness.

Nobody's very bad, of course. Never drink anything any more infamous than Coca-Cola, because taken for granted, we were not bad like that, but we're just all a bunch of sinners, and dear Lord knows it. The result is nobody has any conviction on them, no sense of guilt, and religion has become cute and cozy, and prayers often simply brazen chatter.

Have you ever heard these Jesus dear prayers and Father dear prayers? I've heard them. Oh, Father dear, come and help us. Oh, Jesus dear, how we love you.

Brazen prayers. There's Isaiah, a learned, polished courtier, a poet in his own right, clean and good, a Jew, and he sees God. And suddenly a sense of undone-ness comes upon him until he trembles before his God.

He says, My God, I'm a man of unclean lips, no cute praying there, no brazen chatter, but an awful sense of the presence of a holy God. And if this could come to us, it would cure a lot of our ill just like that. Just as to a man who's dying of suffocation, you don't have to do a thing to him except open the window, heat it in fresh air.

Just as a man dying from dehydration, all you have to do is get him water. So all we need is to have to be backed into a corner and made to sin all by ourselves, not comfortably with a whole crowd, but all by ourselves. Oh God, I was born in sin, conceived in iniquity.

I have sinned and come short of thy glory. I did it, I'm to blame. This can't be laughed at nor shrugged off.

There's nothing comfortable about it. Oh God, sin is sin. Whenever we get that back on us again, there'll be conversions, and there'll be conversions of a kind that'll be so radical, so explosive, so sudden, so all-embracing, so revolutionizing that it'll be like a birth, which indeed it'll be.

But in our time, we're all so nice, and so we chatter our little prayers to Jesus, and our religion is cute and cool. My God, what a miserable business it all is. I'd rather fold up my Bible and add weak, bitter tears to do it, but I'd rather respect my Bible enough to close it and lay it reverently away, and leave the church and walk out of its doors, turn around and look sadly at the friendly people and never come back, than to accept this biblical and righteous, cozy, cheap, snug, lovemaking type of religion that's happening in the day in which we live.

Brethren, we need a visitation of awful, awe-inspiring convicts that will bring despair to the souls of men, until they're driven into a corner, and God Almighty drives them into the darkness, until they throw up their hands and say, God, I'm an inferent man, I'm an inferent man, I'm an unclean man. And then in that hour, that strange, wonderful, mysterious thing takes place. The voice of Jesus pounds to our hearts, take us and walk, shake our back.

Strangely enough, the newborn soul can do it, and he doesn't know how. Something's taking place he never can explain. And I hear these cozy chatterers get up and say, I was there when it happened, and I ought to know, and a lot of those these cozy songs.

Oh, I'm a little afraid for my friends. I wonder if they were. This poor man could never tell.

He could never tell. He only knew one thing. He knew that he used to be an inferent man.

Now he was able to walk, and he knew Jesus Christ had done it. And that's about all he knew. The wonderful, mysterious, the vibrant, life-bringing voice that said, Get up! It all came to him as his heart responded.

He leaped and responded. His heart responded, for he was driven to despair. What could he do? A helpless wretch, 38 years lying on his back.

Bluntly, the supernatural element is not present in religion in our day. You get a little more of it when you sing such songs as we sang tonight. You get a little more of it.

But I have been in meetings where the supernatural element simply wasn't there. It simply wasn't there. And any psychologist with any sense of head at all could take a pad and pencil and sit down and trace back and identify everything you saw in the meeting.

It was all human. There wasn't any miraculous element in it. No supernatural essence there.

The soul was never driven into darkness. It keeps knocked out from under it, and finds itself sinking into despair and cries, God help me! It never happens. All is on the human level, with religion tucked off as an orchid on the lapel.

It's not a part of the real thing. I want to see the Lord revive us again in the day in which we live. But you can have all of the manufactured revivals you want.

You can have all of the manufactured religions you want. Workshops, all-in-one talks, communications, you can have it all. I don't want any of it at all.

I'd rather take my New Testament and go off under a tree somewhere and spend my Sundays there, bring a book and a Bible, and to mingle with these cozy religions who make Jesus Christ a great big pal. Oh, my brother, when John saw him, when John was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost, and when John saw him, he fell at his feet and was dead. And Jesus picked him up and said, stand on your feet.

He stood on his feet and said, now listen to what I want to say to you. He said, rise and walk, and so the man got up. And confidence came to him, and it came to him as confidence, and it came to the people as proof they saw what had happened.

If he had not gotten up, his healing wouldn't have meant very much to him, and it wouldn't have meant anything to the people around about. Christ said to him, now listen, change your pattern of living. I've given you a life.

Now change your pattern of living. Quit living the way you've been living. They tell us now, except Jesus, you don't have to do anything differently.

Except Jesus, you don't have to change a thing. Everything is all right here at Father's house, and it's a lovely world, and there's nothing wrong, except Jesus. That's all that should matter with you.

Christ said, change the whole pattern of your life. Get up. You used to lie down.

Get up now. You used to lie on that old mat. Get up and take the mat, and walk around with it under your arm.

A dramatic turn. Something happened to you, and of course you got into trouble immediately. The old deacons looked at him and said, fine young fellow, but altogether we'll have to cool him off.

And they said, don't you know this is done on the Sabbath day? Here was a happy man, newborn from the gutter, with a dirty mat under his arm, walking around there with shiny light in his eyes. And they said, it's the wrong time of day to shine. Shut your eyes.

Don't let that light shine out of those beaming arms of yours. It's the Sabbath day. Go around looking miserable.

You didn't know him. He thanked God for a humble, humble fellow just as he was. He'd never been anywhere.

He'd been 38 years lying on his back, and you don't get far. And he'd never been around, and he wasn't sophisticated. He hadn't traveled.

Just lying there. He didn't know a thing to do when he knew what he was told. I ought to preach the third sermon on this, basing it on his words, the man that healed me told me to do it, and that's my reason for doing it, and show that if Jesus Christ can deliver me, he's earned the right to command me.

I don't know whether I will, but I ought to, to ever get around him. Now, what about you? If you're new created, why don't you begin to live like a new created soul? If you say you've accepted Jesus Christ, why don't you take up your mat and get out from that mess where you've been for the last 38 years? Change your way of living. Order the pattern of your life.

Get out and prove you're a Christian. Drop the old claims that have been your damnation almost. Put away the old life and start over.

That's what he commanded here, and the man did it. You don't even know his name. Some of the dear and aimless saints that have gone to heaven.

You'll find them there, and you'll identify them, but this man will be one of them. It's always been the method of Jesus to corner a man, find the man that had no health, ask him if he wants to get well, drive him to a corner, nudge him into a moment of darkness there, and then say, get up. And when he got up, he said, now go tell everybody, go on now, let your light shine, let it be known what you are.

If this would begin to happen among the people of God, there'd be a revival. That would be a revival. You wouldn't have to import it at great expense.

That'd be it. You know what I mean, people? When you were converted, what kind of conversion did you have? Think for a minute with me now. Did you just accept Jesus because somebody told you to, or was there any of that sense of darkness and sin and despair and loss? And then did your heart even start to believe in Christ? It did, thank God, that's the way it's done.

But if it didn't, I'd consider seriously whether I'm converted at all or not, because there are millions who say, Lord, Lord, that would be driven from the presence of the Lord in that terrible day, and I don't want to be one of them. A man's better lose his right eye and his right hand and his right foot, yeah, and his life also, and to go on deluded to the end in time that he's been a religion, a follower of that cozy, cheap religion of the hour, but had never known what it was to hear the life-giving voice come in like a golden tone to his heart and make him live. That's conversion, and enough of that to revival.

Make God's hand, make God's hand.

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# *Grow in Your Walk with Christ*

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