

(John - Part 42): Life After Death - the Death and Raising of Lazarus

by A.W. Tozer

The Bible teaches that human life is to be perpetuated beyond the grave, with consciousness, personality, and memory preserved.

Duration: 53:36

Scripture: Psalm 90:12, Ecclesiastes 12:7, Isaiah 65:17, Luke 16:9, Romans 8:18, 1 Timothy 6:19, 1 John 3:2

Topics: "Expositional"

Description

The video is a summary of a sermon by a German theologian named von Hügel. He emphasizes that the only things that seem to move people's emotions in this world are worldly things like business, sports, travel, and pleasure. However, von Hügel argues that the only things worthy of moving our emotions are those related to the world to come, to eternity. He encourages the audience to use their money wisely, knowing that even small acts of generosity can have eternal significance. Lastly, von Hügel reminds the listeners that the knowledge of life after death can help us endure difficult times.

Transcript

A certain man was sick named Lazarus of Bethany, the town of Mary and her sister Martha. His sister sent unto Jesus, saying, Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick. When Jesus heard that, he said, This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby.

These things said he, and after that he said unto them, his disciples, Our friend Lazarus sleepeth, but I go that I may wake him out of sleep. Then they said, Lord, if he sleep he shall do well. Then said Jesus unto them plainly, Lazarus is dead.

Then when Jesus came, he found that he had lain in the grave four days already. Bethany was near to Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs off, about two miles. Many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary to comfort them concerning their brother.

Then Martha, as soon as she heard that Jesus was coming, went and met him, but Mary sat still in the house. Then said Martha, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know that even now, whatever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee.

Jesus said to her, Thy brother shall rise again. Martha said, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said, I am the resurrection and the life.

He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this? She said unto him, Yea, Lord, I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world.

Then, verse thirty-four, Jesus came and said, Where have you laid him? And they said, Lord, come and see. And Jesus wept. Then said the Jews, Behold, how he loved him! Some said, Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died? Jesus therefore, groaning in himself, cometh to the grave.

It was a cave and a stone was laid upon it. Jesus said, Take away the stone. Martha, the sister of him that was dead, said to him, Lord, by this time he stinketh, for he hath been dead four days.

Jesus said unto her, Said not I unto thee that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God? Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up his eyes and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. And I know that thou hearest me always, but because of the people which stand by, I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me.

And when he had thus spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave clothes. And his face was bound about with a napkin.

Jesus said unto them, Loose him and let him go. And many of the Jews which came to Mary and had seen the things which Jesus did, believed him. But some of them went their ways to the Pharisees and told them what things Jesus had done.

Now the Bible has a way of setting forth abstract truths and then surprisingly, unexpectedly illustrating them by some miracle or some never-repeated wonder, in order that we might have by illustration the truth which we had before only by mental apprehension. Now one such truth is the life after death. It is taught through the entire Bible but is dramatically illustrated here by the raising of Lazarus.

Now the teaching of the Scripture which this miracle of our Lord illustrates is that human life is to be perpetuated beyond the grave. To a group of persons reared in a land like ours where the Bible is the common property of all citizens, this does not come as a startling announcement. But to a Mohammedan or a Buddhist or a Shintoist or an Animist or a Zoroastrian or any of the a thousand religions of the world, this is wonderful truth, or would be.

For it means that Jesus Christ came and brought life and mortality to light through the gospel. And the Bible teaches that human life is to be extended into the eternal future without end. But the Bible is plainer and clearer than any other religion because it is authoritative and final.

And it teaches that these things are to be present and perpetuated, which I shall name. One of them is consciousness. If you were ever unconscious, you know that what passed while you were unconscious was lost to you.

And it was only when you returned to consciousness that life had any meaning at all for you. You might lie in the queen's palace and be surrounded by the royal servants. And if you were unconscious, it would mean nothing to you.

You might be carried by some mysterious power through some of the wonderfully beautiful islands of the world. But it would mean nothing to you if you were unconscious. It is consciousness that gives meaning to life.

And any kind of immortality, which is taught by any philosophy or religion, that ignores consciousness is robbery. And whoever teaches is a thief and a robber. For he is teaching that we are to be forever in a heaven or a palace called heaven but not know it.

If you could be in heaven and not know it, you would not be any better off than if you were in hell and not know it. It is the knowledge of it, the conscious experience of it that gives heaven its meaning and hell its pain. So our consciousness is to be perpetuated on into the future world so that we will know consciously and be aware and experience.

And the Bible teaches further that this second ingredient is to be present, personality. We are not to be angels as some imagine, and we are certainly not to be naked souls. We are to be personalities.

You are to be a personality. I don't know exactly what personality means. I know what the old psychology says about it.

That is emotion, will, and intellect. But I do not know that that is a very good explanation. Certainly it's not an exhaustive definition of personality, but at least those ingredients must be present in personality.

Now, I mention this because there are those who teach that we are to be perpetuated beyond, but not as personalities. Something is to happen to us. We are to be dissolved into the flow and flux of things.

And if that is the case, if I am now a personality and have consciousness, but at death I am to be dissolved as a personality and not have consciousness anymore, our personality, then I might as well be annihilated. In fact, that would be a kind of annihilation. But the Bible teaches the perpetuation of personality beyond death.

It teaches first, and further, and I'm glad, the perpetuation of individuality beyond death. You are an individual. Did you ever stop to think? I don't think very many people think in the day in which we live, because we don't have time to think.

We have our thinking done for us in Washington, New York, and piped to us over the ABC system. But anybody that'll stop and think a little bit, it's a wonderful thing that you are you and not somebody else. Did you know that there never was a human being yet alive that wanted to be anybody else but what he is? Not the humpiest, ugliest, crooked-nosed, slant-eyed fellow that hobbles down the street ever would consent to be anybody else but himself.

Now, he might look at a baseball player and wish he had his body. He certainly might look at some movie star and wish he had his looks. But you never could get a man to say, and me that I wish I were somebody else.

God has made us in his image, and part of that is individuality. I am myself, and you are yourself. And we could not consent in a million years to be anybody else but ourselves, our own individual self.

That's more precious to us than all the diamonds and rubies and gold of the world. So God says, I've given you your individuality. You will be yourself while the ages roll.

You will be yourself in heaven above. You will be yourself at the right hand of God. You will be yourself when you walk in, leaning on the arm of your beloved, and are presented without spot before the throne of God's glory.

You will be yourself. You will not be somebody else. There are those, of course, who teach trans, what do they call it, reincarnation and transmigration of souls, and have lots of long names.

I've always discovered that the more foggy the doctrine, the longer the name they invent for it. And they have invented a long name to mean that when you die, you're going to reappear somewhere else. They're going to push you down one, but you'll come up somebody else.

Well, I'm not going to settle for that. I'll ask God for an isolation. I'd rather cease to be than be anybody else.

That isn't pride, and it doesn't mean that there shouldn't be a thousand others shining the glory more than you or I, but it does mean that God made me me, and not somebody else. God made me me, and he didn't make me you, nor you me, and there never can we meet, and never can we mingle. We'll touch and fellowship, but we'll never change our individual being into the being of somebody else.

It would certainly be no. What a clown that devil is. What a cynical humorist he is, that he can teach people that if they will abstain from certain meats, and will perform certain fasts, and take certain pilgrimages, that when they die, they can be reborn as cows.

You'd think even the devil would know better than to pull that on people, but he has harnessed that kind of doctrine onto whole nations for generations, and there are women in India today with all the modern education that reverently hope that if they drink the water from their husband's feet, the bath water from his feet, and do other humbling things, that they'll have the high privilege of being cows when they're born again in the next world. That sounds funny. It's not funny.

It's a vast, cosmic, cynical, cruel, sadistic joke the devil has played on men made in the image of God. And I'll not settle for any cow. And I'll not settle for being somebody else.

If God had ordered it that I could die tomorrow, three weeks later be born, a man with the brain of Shakespeare, and the brilliance of Napoleon, and the mathematical genius of Einstein, and the grave solemnity of Lincoln, and not be myself, I'd say, excuse me, God, please. I want to be my little old no-good self. You made me that way, and I don't want to change.

I want my own individual personality to persist after I'm dead and beyond. That's what the Bible teaches, incidentally, exactly that, that our individuality will persist, and then our experience and memory of that experience, it's that that gives life its rich quality, experience and the memory of our experiences. You have a marvelous treasure stored up for you.

There are those who have jewel boxes. They keep costume jewelry and little bits of jewelry not costing very much in it. They look pretty, but they wouldn't sell for much.

There are those, then, who can afford to have real jewel boxes with vast wealth stored there. But I can tell you of a jewel box which God has given you in which you can compress more riches than Solomon ever knew. That old King Midas was a pauper compared with what can be stored away in the jewel box of your memory.

The experiences you've known, both pleasant and unpleasant, the marvelous experiences you have known, the high emotions that you have felt as the winds of time and space played over you as a harpist overed a golden harp, and you've got that all stored away. And the psychologists say we never forget anything somewhere in what they call the subconscious. I don't know what God calls it.

As soon as I find out, I'll use that term. But I have to borrow their term. In the subconscious, you never forget anything.

Recite a poem in Sanskrit, and then put you into hypnotic sleep, and you can repeat that poem back again word for word, inflection for inflection. Nobody forgets anything. A professor of Greek once had a maid.

She was dusting around his office. Something happened to her. She became ill and went into some sort of partial coma or delirium.

I don't know what they call it technically. But she was raving on, and to his surprise, or this was years later, she left the professor, and he may even have died. I don't know.

But this was years later when she was in this state. She was reciting Aeschylus, the Greek poet. And somebody said, well, this woman hasn't even been educated in our ordinary great schools.

How could she know ancient Greek? And then they found that she used to dust around the study of this professor and hear him read aloud the poetry of Aeschylus and Homer. She was reciting. Stored away somewhere there in the subconscious.

She didn't know she could do it, but the subconscious knew, and no experience ever disappears. It riches and mellows and takes the beauty of the skies as a sunset, but it never dies. And so memory and the experience, and the memory of that experience, shall persist.

For it is experience and the memory thereof that give to life its riches. And if immortality meant or persistence beyond the grave meant that we were to come up all brand new, it would mean that all the riches would be lost out of our lives. Suppose that you got complete amnesia tomorrow morning or tonight at midnight, complete amnesia.

Everything you loved and everything you'd experienced and enjoyed, everything you dreamed and hoped, all that may give your life its vibrancy and riches, all suddenly disappear. You'd be a zany indeed, a dead walking man, walking about on the earth with no reason for living and no music, nothing, nothing to enrich you. You'd be a hollow shell of a man.

But God says your memory of your experiences and all that you have known will be perpetuated beyond the grave and beyond death, on out into the future world. That's what the New Testament teaches. It teaches it so clearly and fully that only a fool could doubt it.

And now what assurance can we have that this is so? We have the assurance that there was one who came down from heaven above and was born to the Virgin Mary to suffer under Pontius Pilate, and to rise again the third day and give assurance to all men that the doctrine the Bible taught was true, and that he who had had experiences for thirty-three years died and entered the grave and in three days came out and picked up those experiences and forgot none of them, carried his individuality, his personality, his memories, his experiences, and his consciousness on with him out and walked around and baked fish on the shore of Galilee and talked to his disciples and left beautiful teaching behind him and then soared

away to be a high priest at the right hand of God. And from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. And this is all the assurance we need.

God has given us one sample man, one sample man, whose individuality persisted beyond the grave, whose memory, whose personality persisted, and in a smaller way he illustrated by Lazarus. Because when Lazarus went down into the grave and came back out again, he had been dead four days. Why did Jesus carry two days and give Lazarus a chance to die? And then why did he carry and give him the chance not only to die but to begin to decompose? So no devil, not even the devil, would have the brazen effrontery to say Lazarus wasn't dead.

The stench that came out of the grave when they rolled the rock away told the story, Lazarus was dead. And his own sister turned modestly away and said, don't roll the stone now. Leaking around that poor-fitting hole in the ground there comes evidence that my brother is dead.

And when he came out of the grave, do you suppose he knew where he lived? Certainly he walked straight there. Suppose did he talk to Mary and Martha? Do you think he knew them? Do you think as they sought around afterward, after the wonder that this had worn off, do you suppose they ever smiled and chatted over the fun they'd had when they were kids? Does my sister Mildred and I often meet and laugh over the fights we used to have? Why, before we were converted? Why, sure, Mary and Martha and Lazarus talked about old times, talked about their mother and father that had gone, about their old home, about that sick spell they'd had. They told him what he didn't know about how he'd died and all the rest after consciousness left him, that his physical consciousness left him.

He didn't know, but they told him. They brought him up to date on how things had been when he was dead. Sure, all that he had, his memory, his experiences, his individuality, his personality, and all that made him Lazarus, persisted beyond the grave.

He died again, and he's dead now. The Bible teaches that because another greater than he lived and died and rose and didn't die again, Lazarus is all right. Don't worry about Lazarus.

Don't worry about any saint that ever died. It was the guarantee. And Jesus Christ, our Lord, came out of the grave and carried out with him his memory, his knowledge, his experience, his personality, his friendships, his ties, his loves.

We know it's all right with us. It's all right now. So don't ask the foolish question, will we know each other in heaven? Don't ask that foolish question.

It's got a doubt at the very root of it. The worm of doubt is eating at the very root of your flower. Of course, we'll know each other.

And the old Scotsman, Jamie, sat by the bedside of Jeannie, his dying wife. He said, Jeannie, do you think we'll ken each other in the world to come? And she said, don't ask foolish questions, Jamie. Do I ken you now? She said, yes, you know me now.

But I wonder if you'll know me then. He said, do you think I'll have no less sense then than I have now? Of course not. In the same sense, the same knowledge, the same ability to sense personality will follow us all out there, year into the world to come.

When Jesus our Lord had risen from the dead, he said, Mary, and she turned and said, Rabbona. She knew him because his knowledge of individuals, his personality, all that made him Jesus, had persisted beyond the grave. Now, what does all this mean? Well, what does it mean in practical application? Well, for instance, it makes this life a preparation for the next life.

It takes away the period. There is no period. The trouble with sinners in the world is that they put a period after me.

Einstein died, and they put a period there, and then put a monument up and say, that was Einstein. Mary said, they've taken away my Lord. She didn't even say the body of my Lord.

She said, they've taken away my Lord. No period there. God doesn't deal in periods in this world.

He deals in colons and semicolons and dashes. When a man dies, God doesn't put a period there. God puts a dash there and says more later.

Carries it on over to the next page. Starts all over. So this life is a preparation for the next life.

If this life was all, then I fail to see how existence could be justified. How God could make a man intelligent enough to know he had to die and then let him die would be a contradiction I think no philosopher ever could untangle. My cat that sleeps on the rug at home is getting as big as the rug.

She'll die, but she doesn't know she's going to die. And God didn't visit her with the knowledge she's going to die to let her die. He lets her die without knowing she's going to die.

But God lets you know that you had to die and gave you the consciousness of it. And then for God to let you die and put a period there, it would mean the throne of God was guilty of dishonesty. Thou madest life in man and brute.

Thou madest man, he knows not why, but he knows he was not born to die, and thou hast made him, thou art just. So pleaded him, a Tennyson, that the God who made man and made him to know he wasn't born for a finality and a period and an end, but that death was only a semicolon, only continued to the next page. God then maintains his honesty.

He can't be blamed for cruelty nor sadism. What the devil would like to have is think this is the end. It isn't.

And this life is a preparation for the next life, that's all. We're getting ready for the life to come. So that is a powerful incentive to religion, and a powerful incentive to go to the book that knows.

And that book will turn us to the one who can help us, the sample man, the man who was dead and rose again. And then the fact that human personality and consciousness and life persist beyond the grave teaches us how to use our possessions. Jesus said, Lay not up for yourself treasures on earth, but lay up for yourselves treasures above.

In 1 Timothy, listen, it says, Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who gives us richly all things to enjoy. See that they do good, and that they be rich in good works, and ready to distribute, and willing to communicate, laying in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life. Now if Paul hadn't believed in perpetuation of my personality beyond the grave, why would he tell me that I was to lay up in store for myself a good foundation against the time to come? And then in the 16th chapter of Luke,

our Lord Jesus gave them the parable of the unjust steward, and then he made the application, as I find it here, 16.

He said, I say unto you, verse 9, Make to yourselves friends by means of the mammon of unrighteousness. Now what does he mean there? The mammon of unrighteousness is money. And he said, Make to yourselves friends by means of the mammon of unrighteousness, so that when this world fails you, they, those friends, may receive you into everlasting habitation.

You ever see that? It's there. And it's not only there, but it's illustrated by money. And what Jesus taught there was this, that in the course of my life, a certain amount of money comes into my possession, and that I can so use that money as to bind men to me in friendship for the world to come.

And when I die here and I meet them there with that quickened knowledge and penetration of understanding, they will know that it was my gifts and my money that made it possible for them to live. And I think that's the most powerful missionary incentive in all the wide world. I don't know anywhere in the Bible any incentive for foreign missionary giving that's stronger than this.

But I give \$500 to missions this year, and unknown to me beyond my ken, that \$500 will go to buy food or a car fair or a donkey or a cart or something for a missionary. That may win somebody, and in the world to come when that quickened understanding makes all things plain, God will introduce me to somebody that my money has won. And they will receive me into eternal tabernacles because I've made friends of them to help a man in this world, and the chances are he'll turn against you.

But in that day when sin's removed, nothing like that will be true. So it teaches us how to use our money. And friend, if you don't know, you'd better learn quick how to use your money.

Because this life is only just a little line going to be continued over, and you'll pick it up again after we have that little experience we call death. All that you are and have by way of personality will be carried on. And then the other thing is that the knowledge that there is life following death renders hard times tolerable.

There is a certain restful humor in some things religious people do in all seriousness. Now that song colored brethren sing, I'm so glad trouble don't last always. We smile at that and learn that men write about that, and they say that's because they were one-time slaves, and because they had nothing in this world, they pushed what they wanted up into the world to come and invented a heaven.

For there were any colored slaves down in Dixie, there was a Bible that told us that we could endure anything in this life because it was only a wink of an eye, and the real life, the spotless life, the endless life was over there. I'm so glad trouble don't last always. And it's been told I suppose thousand times and a hundred of those times in your hearing of the colored brother that said with great seriousness that there was one passage of scriptures that helped him more than any other when he got in trouble.

He said when the road gets long and hot and dusty and hard and full of thorns, and my friends turn their backs on me, and sickness visits me, he said the passage that I love the best is the passage that says, and it came to pass. He said, I know that this has only come to pass, and if I just wait around it'll pass. And that was a delightful misunderstanding of the text, but I think it was delightful.

He got more out of that than all the Greek theologians who could get possibly out of the book of Romans. When things got tough he said, thank God it came to pass. It isn't going to stay always.

Troubles don't last always. And we used to sing in camp meetings, there's a better day coming, I know, I know, it will not always be so, it will not always be so. There's a better day coming.

Now we smile at these brethren, we think we're very much superior to our colored friends in camp meeting friends who shouted and sang such songs. And with deep appreciation and great reverence I take my place with them. I've read the classics, and I'm wholly unfamiliar with what the philosophers teach, but I'll take my place with simple-hearted men who believe God, and who find the hope of a future life makes this life's troubles tolerable.

You can put up with it if you know it came to pass, and that it'll pass and heaven will bloom out, and the bright rose of Sharon shall shed its heartsome bloom, and one time more, with all of your rich personality intact, you will walk streets that are gold and gaze upon the face of your loved ones again. Do you know what, incidentally, what makes hell intolerable? The fact that it didn't come to pass, the fact that hell will remain hell. To walk up to a suffering saint and say, bear it a little while longer, brother, it can't last, he'll smile and shake off a tear and say, thank God, and go ahead.

But where is he that will go to the soul lost in hell and say, it can't last? It will last, and that's what makes it intolerable. But because troubles can't last here, and because we know that we're only now going through the, so to speak, the labors of birth, and soon we'll be, by the grace of God, born into a new day, carrying all the riches of our lives with us, personal riches, I don't mean the riches of this world, certainly. We can endure it and put it up with us.

Now again, knowledge that we are perpetuated beyond the grave tends to detach us from earthly things. If this life were all, common sense would say, get all out of it you can. But knowing that this is only the kindergarten, and that we have the long, long road to go yet before we graduate, and then when we graduate, we'll still be only beginning anew in a land that is fairer than day, instead of our motto being, get all you can out of it, our motto is, put all you can into it, and make this life as rich as possible by giving in sacrifice and prayer and self-denial and detachment, free yourselves from the burden of this world and put everything you have into it and lay up a good story against the time to come and lay hold on eternal life.

A great German theologian, von Hügel, has written a work that I have tried to read and have not had yet time, but I bought a two-volume set, and I opened the first volume and looked at the first chapter as I rode along on the train one day, and that's as far as I got, but that was far enough for this time. Here's what he said in effect, it seems that the only thing that will move men's emotions are the things of this world, and the only thing worthy to move their emotions are those things of the world to come. Only time moves men, and only eternity is worthy to move men.

Oh, brother, why is it that the only thing that will stir people is business and sports and travel and sex and food and pleasures and fun? That's the only thing you can move. People in the newspapers know it. They know that if they show a picture of a seductive woman and a beautiful baby and an animal, those three will keep the public buying their papers.

They know that things that pass away move us, move us, shape us and change us. The nation goes into the throes of a world series once a year. Things that don't matter move us, and only that is worthy to move us which never passes away.

Only eternity has any right to my loyalty. Only the world to come has any right. And yet you can't get people moved by talking about the world to come.

Only the world that is. Oh, eternity, eternity. Did you ever try to think about how long eternity is? Let's think of the shores of Lake Michigan, all the vast shore of Lake Michigan.

I don't know how many hundreds of miles it might run around that shore. Think of it, the sand. Take in all the sand dunes of Indiana.

Clear on around the shores with all of its sand. Let us imagine a pigeon coming down from God once every ten thousand years and taking one grain of sand away, waiting ten thousand years and coming for another grain of sand. And when the last grain of sand on the ten thousand-year visits had been plucked up and carried away, eternity would be in its early morning.

Yet eternity doesn't move people, it's only time that moves them. Great God, what has sin done to us? What has sin done to us that we are sons of eternity and live as children of time? What has sin done to us? How has sin poisoned us? How has it driven us morally insane? How has it blinded our eyes? We resist the eternal voice, and when we resist the eternal voice, we're left victims of time, victims of time. Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, time speeds away.

And the little electric clock moves as fast as the old grandfather clock ever did. Time gets away. How long since it was January 1st? Today is May 1st.

Time speeds away, and we're the victims of time. But God's put eternity in our hearts, and he has said, children, if you will trust in my son and dare to believe him and rest on his love, time will mean nothing to you. The nervous tick-tick of the clock, with the slow motion of the passing of the wheel of the heavens, will not change you at all.

Everything will be all right with you. But it's Jesus Christ that makes the difference, for he said, I'm the resurrection and the life. This is not a poetic thought I'm bringing you tonight.

It's not a dream. It's not a wild, rash hope. It is a proved fact.

One of our brethren died and rose again and never died again, and can't die while the ages roll. One of our brethren, with shoulders like mine and hands to grasp, lips to speak and eyes to see, and feet to walk down the street, one of our brethren, blood of our blood and bone of our bone and life of our life, stood before the brokenhearted sisters and said, I am the resurrection and the life. He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die, and those who are dead shall live again.

Our brother, one of us, puts his arms around us and gathers us in. He shall lead his flock like a shepherd. He shall gather the lambs in his arms and carry them in his boat.

I recommend him to you. I recommend Jesus to you, Jesus Christ. I want to tell you something in closing.

If I did not know Jesus Christ, I think I would desert civilization and go somewhere and lie face down and fast and pray and beg whatever gods there be to annihilate me. If he would consent and consider it, to annihilate me, the voice that said be would say to me, unbe. He wouldn't, but I say I think I'd try it if I didn't know and couldn't know Jesus Christ and he was nothing to me and I knew he could be nothing to me.

I wouldn't want to live another hour, and I wouldn't want to dare to die, but I'll hunt for no caves and beg God for no annihilation. I'm glad I was ever born, glad my father ever married my mother, glad a baby was ever born into the Tozer household, glad I'm alive, and glad that Jesus Christ found a poor wandering

sheep with his wool all torn and dragging where the barbed wire fence had torn me and saved me and made me his child. By the dear grace of God, I stand without fear.

Who's Satan? Who's Billy Nicholson calls him that dirty old pig? I wouldn't dare thus to speak to him, but secretly I think that's what he is, and I think that he's a sadistic demon, and he wants every one of you to get engrossed with time and your looks and your clothes and your friends and your car and your radio and your job and your cabin and where the fish are biting the bait and where you can get it wholesale. Dread God, make hucksters out of us, hucksters and hecklers, and send us out. Some people, don't be careful, they look like George Washington.

They've looked at his pictures so often and so lovingly, not on the wall, but in their wallet. We'll be like that which we love. And if some artist with keen godly vision could draw a picture of a man and make what was in that man show out, some fine-looking fellow with a hundred and fifty dollar suit on, imagine that he looks like Gregory Peck.

One eye would be a radio set and the other eye a TV set, and his hair would turn into an antenna, and his legs would become whitewall tires, and if he looked like what he loved, we'd put him in a museum, because he's a composite of things that are of time passing away. But I believe the day will be when we look like what we love, and if we have loved eternity, somehow God will let eternity come on our features, and I have seen a few like them. I know old brother Hall, and old brother Craig, and some of the dear other brethren that I used to know, who had long since ceased seeing anything in time.

They looked at you with that faraway look, and when they raised their eyes to pray, their faces to pray, there was something of the glow that must have been on the face of steam. I sat, as I've told you, in the Heinz home once. We sat at dinner beside Jeffrey, and I tried to engage Jeffrey in conversation.

I rode in an automobile with Jeffrey, trying to engage him in conversation. You couldn't do it, couldn't do it. He was looking far off, and I saw maps, and diacs, and headhunters, and blowguns, and gospel pots, and baptized wild men all passing before his vision.

The little things of this world, the things that are of time that all pass away from, and only those things matter that we're geared into eternity. Converted diacs, they were. My brethren, the day will be when we look upon his face, and we shall be like him, and we shall see him as he is.

For that day we live. Are you living for that day? Come on now. Are you living for that day? Are you trying to make sales, get ahead? Or are you trying to be, forget the world, and live for the world to come? Remember, this life is only a schoolroom, a preparation for the life to come.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom, and as the choir sang tonight, then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. And that day has no tremor, no fear, the Christ. He gives his individual body back to the earth that so sweetly gave it to him.

It's hers, and he lets her take it. And he gives his spirit back to the God out of whose heart it came. It's his, and he lets him take it.

And he perpetuates himself. God perpetuates him beyond all time, and all history, and all history to be. Are you a Christian tonight? If you're not a Christian, God forgive you, and help you in pity.

I don't care if you're as rich as Rockefeller, you're to be pitied. I don't care if you're famous and well-educated, you're a pitiful creature. If you're not a believer in Jesus Christ, you're a pitiful creature.

I don't care if you're as beautiful as a Madonna, you're a pitiful creature. If you don't know Jesus Christ as your living, loving, present Savior. Let's pray.

O Lord, Lord, thou hast brought life and immortality to life through the gospel. Thou hast set a candle in every Christian grave. Thou hast sanctified every floating Christian body in the vast sea.

Thou hast sanctified every dry fleck of dust that was once a tabernacle of the Holy Ghost. Great God, thou hast taken the darkness out of the future, and thou hast set a thousand suns there. We thank thee.

Thou hast made the bitterest pain tolerable. Thou hast taught us to solemn over our days, as those whose days are given as a school for the world to come. We pray for any who may be lost in this room.

We pray that they may turn their hearts back to thee, back to the scriptures, back to the cross, back to the blood, back to the Savior. O God for our young people. O God, thou knowest this terrible day.

O God, thou knowest this terrible day. We're inventing vaccines to keep them from dying of polio, and we're keeping them alive to teach them to be fools and to live like fools and die like fools. My God, how confused everything is.

We're licking one disease after another. We've pushed life expectancy up from 34 years to 60-some years, and all those years that we've gained on earth were wasted. My God, forgive us.

We're stupid. We're as beasts before thee, O Lord. My God, we pray nobody might go out of this building tonight that hasn't found thee as his God, and Jesus thy Son as his Savior, that doesn't know that immortality has come to him in essence, an eternal life in fact, and that now he can spread his wings and soar out and rise and become enamored of those things where Christ set us at the right hand of God.

O my Father, don't let anybody here tonight be lost, we pray. Save our young people from the assimilations and nonsense and foolishness and chatter and all the devil-inspired traps and tricks that would ruin them. Save them from their own lust, save them from their own high spirits and hot blood, save them from their poor ignorance.

Great God, save our young people. Save them all. Add to their numbers.

Make them such magnets that they'll draw other young people in off the street. They won't wait for them to grow up from the kindergarten, but they'll come in off the street to see what makes these young people happy-faced. My Father, do something for us.

Spread the gospel message. Bless every man who at this hour in this city may be ending his sermon and inviting people to the front. Bless, we pray, every gospel preacher.

May Satan suffer a major defeat tonight, in the kingdom of God a major victory, receive a major victory. Help us now as we wait upon the Lord.

Source: <https://sermonindex.net/speakers/aw-tozer/john-part-42-life-after-death-the-death-and-raising-of-lazarus/>

Grow in Your Walk with Christ

Listen and read messages that will stir your heart for Christ and point you to deeper repentance and devotion.

- 50,000+ Sermons from speakers past and present
- 3,900+ Classic Christian Books freely readable online
- 1,200+ Bible Translations and Commentaries
- Over 450k forum posts — Join our vibrant online Christian forum

www.sermonindex.net