

Men Reflecting God

by A.W. Tozer

The sermon reflects on the significance of the land of Palestine and the lives of biblical figures, highlighting the importance of faith, sacrifice, and God's presence.

Duration: 45:44

Topics: "God's Character"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher emphasizes the importance of seeking God's presence and worshiping Him in spirit. He uses the analogy of God being three blocks up, and encourages the audience to persevere and hold on to their faith until they reach God's presence. The preacher also highlights the story of Jesus revealing Himself as the Messiah to a woman with a questionable reputation, emphasizing that God's grace is available to all. He urges the audience to avoid pride and self-righteousness and embrace the simplicity of the Gospel message. The sermon also references biblical figures like Abraham, Joshua, and David, highlighting their faith and obedience to God as examples for believers to follow.

Transcript

First he said, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in the land nor yet in Jerusalem worship the Father. Ye worship, ye know not what ye worship, because salvation is of the Jews. But the hour cometh, and now is, that the Father, the true worshipper, shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth.

God is spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. And leading up to that, let me notice again the earlier verses there, verse 5. It says, Jesus left Judea and departed into Galilee, and he must needs go through Samaria. And he came to a city called, and that city was near the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph.

And Jacob's was there. I read those verses to bring before you, so familiar and so plentiful in the New Testament. I think how pleasant and how inspiring that you have walked with Jesus in old Palestine, before the dust of the centuries had obscured the sight of the friends of God.

For the friends of God crossed and crisscrossed through the passing of the years. The little land we call the holy land, many of their footsteps have been lost in obscurity. Palestine has been a land that has been fought over, and marching armies have trampled many sweet highways down into the bog.

But when our Lord walked among men, time had not done its work as fully as it has done it now. Changes were not so radical and many. Civilization had not come like a swarm of locusts over the earth.

And a great many of the places that were so familiar to the Old Testament were to those of the New. The historic scenes could be identified as they can't now. And almost every valley and hill and mountain and stream and cave had a historic and meaningful significance.

And I myself walking around with our Lord and his disciples, or going out with his disciples as they went two by two to the kingdom, and moving up and down through the land we call the holy land. It was once called Canaan, and then called Palestine, and today has still a different name. But then it was a land of promise.

And you wouldn't have gone very far then until you reached the place where the altars of Abraham had been. For Abraham had left altars strewn all over that land. There was an altar at the place of Sikkim, I read, and in the valley of Mori, and at the mountain east of Bethel, between the eye.

And wherever the educated eye of a Jew went, he landed upon some hill or plain or plateau, or a mountain, or beside some river, where Abraham had built his altar. For there was no temple then, when the Lord of the Chaldees walked with his people in that wide land that God had given him and his seed at. And wherever Abraham went, like Johnny Appleseed went to the west, leaving apple trees coming up behind him, to bless future generations, a man of faith, wherever he went, left an altar there.

A simple stone altar, for there was nothing any better. And sandstone, the plain, unhewn stone that Abraham had picked out with his own hands out of the hillside, and formed into a home-made altar, where he offered his sacrifice and his prayers unto his God. Those simple altars became holier things than if they had been builded by some Solomon or by the richest men.

For the heritage this man Abraham left to his nation and to his seed after him, the heritage of a praying man, and there were many things that he didn't have, but Abraham was incurably addicted to the habit of prayer, and of prayer. And the altars of Abraham were every place. And I think of that mountain altar, where a lot, in one historic and notable occasion, shook hands and parted, for their herdsmen couldn't get along, and they decided that they would love each other and not quarrel, but shake hands and part, and strike out two different ways.

The man of God gave his young nephew the choice, and he said, You go wherever you want to go. And Lot lifted up his eyes and looked at the plains of Jordan, and chose them for himself. And Abraham raised his hands and blessed the ambitious young man, and turned away silently back to the plains of Mamre, where the grass was sparse, hardly able to sustain Abraham.

But Abraham had seen a city that had foundations, whose builder and maker was God, and he cared little for the green valley. So they separated there. And then years later, when Jesus and his disciples walked those ways, no doubt where they were, and they could be identified, and perhaps how you see that plateau there, there's where Abraham and Lot shook hands and parted.

And as we look down on that valley, Lot was tempted to go with his family to his own terrible sorrow and chagrin. And those spots of grass yonder was all Abraham had. And I think they felt better, and were better men, and their faith. And then think about that plain there before the city of Sodom, down on Jordan, where one time afterward, well, Abraham was called upon to take the army out of his house, but had got

himself in a jam, and was carried away.

And Abraham came down, and when he came out before the plain, on the plain of the valley of Jordan, he was met this character called Melchizedek. Nobody knows very much about him. He comes like a comet, and the man has no past and no future, and thus becomes a sort of picture of Jesus Christ our Lord.

But he had his feet down on the ground, and he knew this man. Abraham had been a blessing, and he called him up and said, Abraham, name your son. He said, name what you want, and it's yours.

And Abraham said, Maker of heaven and earth, that I will not from you, lest you say I'm rich. Then he turned and said, these boys that help me, it's all right, if you want to, if you feel that it's worth this for me, I don't want anything. So Abraham turned his back on old Melchizedek, and they parted never to meet again.

And Abraham kept his, and his high honor. And I suppose that when they passed by that plain, as they did sometimes traveling around through that enchanted land of Palestine, that one would remind the other, for they had no books, no radio, no television, no five minutes of the latest printing press to roll out books, trash for everybody to read, nothing to distract the mind. They knew only of the Old Testament, and they knew only one land, and that was their own land.

They knew only one religion, and that was the religion of Abraham and of Moses and to the fathers. So they had nothing to talk about but something spiritual and religious, something of the sheep and the cattle and the hillside and the clouds and the rain. And so they talked familiarly.

And when they saw that place, some simple marker where Lot and Abraham had parted, they talked about it and said, here's where Father Abraham did that noble thing. Over to his nephew, whatever he wanted, and here's where he proved he meant business by refusing to get from a king, lest the king should take some of the glory from God. I think that was an education in itself.

I don't know what they would kill him. But I know that that was a general introduction to Old Testament, that you can't get in any Bible school now, brother. Then I think of old Mount Moriah, that little old mountain there where Abraham offered Isaac.

And as they went, they must bowed their heads a bit and felt real solemn as they moved past that little mountain where a man and put the wood on his back and said, let's get up. And they expected what Abraham expected to offer his son, Isaac. There was a picture of consecration, the surrender of the man's heart.

And when they passed by old Mount Moriah, I think for it, and there even was the old cave of Machpelah. Maybe I'm a sentimentalist. I asked brother McAfee, and I'm literally in love with the Bible and Bible names.

Whether I am or not, but I do know that Abraham and Sarah were man and wife for many years. And when Sarah was 127 years old, she lay down in that last sleep until they're awakened by the judgment trumpet. And Sarah whispered a gurgling goodbye to the bearded old patriarch and died.

And Abraham stood still, tall and strong, looking at his old wife and looked down on that old wrinkled form, that old, filled with wrinkles, lying frozen a hundred times, wrinkles, only the faintest trace of the beauty that once had been so dangerous that Abraham had to tell his only real sin to guard himself from death.

When Abimelech, he said, you're so beautiful. You're my wife.

They'll kill me to get you. And I'll tell them I'm your sister. She was his half-sister.

But he did tell that half-sister. And there she lay now in her old wrinkles. And the old man said, I must bury my dead from before.

So he went out to look for a place. He owned all the land. God said, Abraham, it's all yours.

And yet he hadn't a place to pitch his tent that he could call his own. And when his dead died before him, he had no place to bury her. So he went out to the sons of Heth.

And he said, gee, from the sons of Heth I have a little cave up here that I'd like to bury. And they said, Abraham, take it. It's yours.

Don't ask us. It's yours, whatever you want. And the old man, simple pride and high faith in God once more, came to the front.

And he said, I don't want to take a place for nothing. I don't want to die knowing that I have laid my dead in the land that was given to me. And the price, and I'll pay it.

And Ephraim said, well, the price is so-and-so. And the old man counted out the money and said, it's mine now. And then he lay his dead away.

And when they passed the quiet, solemn old cave of Machpelah, Abraham slept beside the old wrinkled form of Sarah, his wife. I think there was something wonderfully sweet and solemn and elevating scene. Yes, it was Palestine, that holy land.

But you know, they didn't stop there, but the man Jacob. And as Jesus and his disciples crossed and criss-crossed that land and traveled all over it and were covered with the dust of the journey, they must have come to the place Beth-El, meaning the house of God. And you never get tired reading it, the story of how Jacob went out from Beersheba and went toward Haran.

And he journeyed to a certain place and stayed there all night, for the shadows were falling. And he took of the stones before his pillows, and he lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and lo, a ladder set up on the earth, and the top reached to heaven.

And he saw God ascending and descending upon it, and above it God stood, and said, Jacob, this is all yours, for I am the God of Abraham, the Father, and the God of Isaac, and all this around about you is yours. And Jacob came out of his sleep. Surely this is the house of God, I do exceedingly dread and fear, for this is none other than the house of God.

This is the gate. And there he set up his pillar, and anointed it, and prayed, and made his vow, and called it Beth-El, the house of God. And youth, his disciples, went past the town of Beth-El, the house of God.

There did not rise up in them, and they did not live over it. In faith, the story of Jacob the wild, turbulent Jacob, and his conquest by the God, was there at Beth-El. And then twenty years after twenty years of discipline and cheating, if not cheating at least, skinning sharp bargains, after twenty years of life that was not of, God called him back again to the altar, and on his way back to the altar at Beth-El, he stepped one step ahead, and beside the river of Jabbok, where the ford crosses the stream, he wrestled all night long,

meaning the face of God.

I don't know, but I think without adding it, I can say this. I believe that I can say, while I cannot locate it either in the scriptures, or I believe he had gone on to that, or the heart of God. He began with the house of God, and went on to the face of God, and before he had suffered, and suffered enough, and had gone down into Egypt, mourning for his son.

I believe that he, we can say, that he went on to the very heart of God. And as they passed Beth-El, they thought of Jacob's wrestling, and as they passed Peniel, they thought of the war. And how limping old Jacob, went out to be Jacob no more, but now Israel, while the ages roll, was an enchanted land, a wonderland, a land filled with significance and meaning, a land where with God and every hill had been a spot where an altar had been erected, and every town had a history, faith, and obedience.

The friends of God had crisscrossed the land, and their footsteps were everywhere. But come on to this fellow, Joshua. For Joshua had also gone over the land, and had left his trail there, to Jericho, which was victory.

And everybody knows how Jericho stood in the path of Joshua, the son of man, who came out from the river Jordan, that it stood up in terror when he spoke the word. And on he moved, marched, God said to Joshua, march round the city, and so in terrible, increasingly terrible silence, they marched day after day, around the city, until the seventh day. They shouted with a great shout, and the walls came tumbling down.

And then in their confidence, in their overconfidence, without remembering that you can only be victorious, they allowed sin to enter the camp, and in the valley of Acre, they suffered their tragic defeat. And I suppose when our Lord passed the city of Jericho, oh, he smiled and said, you remember Joshua? And when they came to the valley, they remembered Achan, the man for whom the valley was named. For Achan had brought the curse to the marching armies, and they fled from before Achan, and a thousand of them were slain.

And when Joshua fell on his face and said, why the defeat? God said, the defeat is because you were in your midst, and when they found the stolen goods, it was all over. I suppose they looked at that pile, a pile of stones over there, and maybe stopped and had a good-natured debate over which pile of stones was the tomb where they lay, reminding them that God is not only a kind God of victory, but also he is a kind God of victory. Then how could they pass by Gibeon? When the armies of God were facing the armies of the alien, and the whole thing looked doubtful, and there wasn't time for Joshua to finish his amazing and successful campaign, he suddenly saw the sun stand still on Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Adjelon.

And the sun and the moon obeyed him, and gave him time to finish the job and drive out the foe. And after the passing of the year, you think that when men passed by the little mountain of Gibeon, they didn't remember Joshua and his famous man, and the sun stood still. But when they saw the low-lying valley of Adjelon, how could they forget the moon, who stopped her phases and her motion long enough to obey the voice of a daring man who believed in him? I say, Joshua and all the histories enriched their lives.

And then what shall we say of David? I think that they took away from David, because those traveling men, as they passed along, surely they sang as they went, and it certainly was not a bad thing. Maybe they had chanted one of the psalms, Jesus and his disciples. They did in the garden of Gethsemane,

having to went out to the valley of Gethsemane.

And it seemed to have been a common thing for them to sing the psalms of David as they went. I ask, how could they escape David? You know, Wordsworth, in that great narrative poem, a great philosophical poem, Wordsworth tells about Bruce. Bruce was what to Scotland what maybe Washington or Lincoln might be to America.

And Wordsworth condensed it as he could do into it. He said, Bruce fought for Scotland and left his name like a wild flower to bloom throughout all his loved country. Wherever they went like a wild flower, they found a little red-headed Bruce, a little freckled Bruce, a little Scotch Bruce, blossomed everywhere throughout all Scotland.

Bruce had fought for Scotland and left his name like a wild flower. So David fought for Israel. And there was hardly a spot and hardly a cave where he hadn't been, and hardly a hill that he hadn't taken, and hardly a mountain he hadn't climbed.

David was like a wild flower throughout all that holy land. And as they traveled along, they would only be human. Some plateau covered with grass and maybe with sheep grazing there.

And Philip might say to Bartholomew, I wonder if David wrote the 2030s back there one night. I wonder if the 19th Psalm might have been written under that tree over there, or one tree that is the descendant. For David was everyplace and his name like a wild flower.

And then there was the man Elijah. I don't know if they ever got that far north, really, but if they ever got as far north as they came to the mountain where he got his name, Elijah the Tishbite. Elijah wasn't a city-bred slicker.

Elijah was a reverend product of a ministerial sausage grinder. Elijah came down from the stormy cliffs and projecting ridges of the mountain. And he had in him all the strength and hardness of the rock and the wild love of liberty that belonged to the Israelite.

He screamed on hurray there among the rocks. And when this man of God came down and faced the king of Samaria and dared to stare down the unkingly king, the unroyal of the domineering Jezebel, the royal mouse, who feared to call his name, she dared to cut her finger. I'd like to have been that woman's husband just long enough to tell her off once.

But this man of God, this poor man of the flesh, poor the man of God, he was afraid of his wife. And she was a wicked idolater from old Sidon, a giver of veils. And whenever she whistled, he danced to her music.

And one day there appeared a strong, vigorous old man smelling of the ozone of the Tishbite. And he looked down at that mouse, and he trembled under his shame. And Elijah took over and was king from there on.

And I suppose when they passed by Tishbite that far north and looked at the old mountains of Gilead, they said, thank God for old Harry Elias. Thank God for that. There couldn't but be better men because Elijah lived.

Oh, but brethren, you'll find that everywhere. I'm sure you'll find it everywhere. Because there were the high mountains of Lebanon and the turbulent waters of the Jordan.

I even like such names as Beersheba, don't you? I used to say when they met, they said, from Beersheba even under Dan. And when an old Jew said it's from Beersheba, Dan, you didn't fool around, brother. You knew you'd been somewhere.

That was their expression. Oh, Beersheba. Oh, well, even under the city of Dan.

And then there was Eshkol where the grapes grew as large as grapefruit, I think, because they picked off one, two men to carry one bunch of grapes. And as it says in the old song, you know, they found the grapes of Eshkol there. Well, it must have been wonderful to have walked with Jesus and walked in Jerusalem and to have lived in those times while the footprints of the friends of God were still to be seen.

And so Jesus came to the city of Sychor, the well that Jacob had given to his son Joseph. And he sat down on the well's edge. He came out that woman of Samaria, the cursed city, and asked for, he asked her for a drink.

And here he sat. He's relaxed. So then, that ancient well was told of faithful Jacob and the water of God and the gifts of his loved boy Joseph that have been kept alive in the memories and traditions of the Hebrews all the way up and down.

And now Jesus sat there. Who was it? Oh, it was in him and through him and by him and forth it had written. It was of him that David had sung.

And it was of him that Abraham had spoken and Abraham had looked. And it was to his city that Abraham had traveled. And all the rest, Joseph's mighty armies were only the dim four-figurings of this one who sat relaxed well off of Sychor.

He had come. I that speak unto thee am he, he said. And so all this wondrous shining history comes alive.

And all its significance and all its significance and rocks themselves in a simple token. He sits tired on the well of Sychor. Abraham had not dreamed in vain, nor had Abraham given up his son in vain.

And David had not fought in vain, nor sung in vain, nor worshipped in vain. And old Elijah had not faced out uncarnal in vain. He had come to revelation to a woman, and not a very good woman she wasn't, not a very good woman.

Why did he choose this woman? There were so many other women, trim, neat, carefully tucked up and maybe dried up, and a lot of them everywhere, who had said, I have kept thy commandments. I have done nothing amiss. They were all in detail, one of them.

But I do know that this woman came out to him, the woman who had sinned. And here's that, the man who had never sinned. And the man who had never sinned had come because the woman had sinned.

And the man whom Abraham had seen and reached his day was now sitting available at the well of Sychor, which Jacob had given unto his son Joseph. It's a miracle. And the Lord made his wondrous revelation, one of the profoundest revelations, emancipating revelations ever made, he made to this woman.

First of all, the lady's sewing circle raised her eyebrows and said, Look, this man talking to this woman, yes, he's talking to this woman. Why? I don't know why, but I wonder if it could have been. Because he found in her a hungry heart, she had five husbands.

The man she was now living with was probably number six, and he wasn't her husband, Jesus said bluntly. She found husbands couldn't satisfy anybody. They'll find that out in Hollywood sometime, but they don't know it yet.

But she found that out, and she was beginning to wonder if all this succession of fish that she was pulling out of the matrimonial sea was ever going to satisfy her poor heart. And Jesus knew all that, and he saw her coming. He said to his heart, Here's a woman, she's got an open heart, she's hungry, she's thirsty, and she's humble, and she's got a lung.

She's got a lung. Not in Israel did I find it. These crims, these fiskers, I didn't find it there, but I found it.

So he sat and talked with her, and led her out, and then made his revelation. She was embarrassed and tried to hide, and said, O Prophet, Prophet, I see you are a prophet. Now tell me, she said.

He said, Tell me. You know, there's a difference between you Jews and us Samaritans. We say, worship in Samaria.

You say, worship in Jerusalem. He said, Because we know whom we worship, and you don't know whom you worship. But nevertheless, I've got good news for you, lady.

I want to tell you the time is coming when it won't matter who you worship. I've got good news for you. I want to tell you that there will be a day when neither in your traditional Samaria, nor in sacred old Jerusalem, where there is a stronghold of Zion, and where Solomon built the temple, and where for centuries the priests waved their centers, and the city of the great king, the house of God.

I've got good news for you. Neither in Jerusalem, nor in whom men worship the Father. She was very new.

You'd say, Oh, she needed two years in Bible school to be able to come to Jerusalem. She was raw out of Samaria, fresh right out of the woods. Remember, she'd crawled out of it to come after water.

And Jesus began making a revelation to that woman that was so poor that there are seminary professors in this city that don't know it yet, and men who have lived spotless lives, and learned men, and theologians, and thinkers. There are in the churches and schools of our country who have never yet seen what the women of Samaria saw by aspiration. They're celebrating Lent now.

A few weeks ago you could eat pork. Today you can't eat pork. Woman, I have somewhat to say to thee, the time is come already when men shall not worship God in Lent, nor in Samaria, but in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh us to worship him.

And on that Friday, when our breast-beating and Baalitish cuttings have gone the limit, and masses of half-saved and non-saved people all over the world have gashed themselves and starved themselves, stashed ashes on themselves to make themselves sorry that Jesus died, on Good Friday they'll really have some good news for you, either on Good Friday nor Blue Monday. They'll worship the Father, but he so worships the Father, worships him in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh him. Oh, that was news.

And there are professors with degrees like this. You could put them on a tail for a tail, or on a kite for a tail, in the windy Mayfool weather. But they've never found out what to put in their uncertain background, found by a flash of inspiration, that this religion is inward, this is a spiritual thing, a spiritual thing.

And there were the priests in their order, and there was the incense, and there was the tradition, and there was the enchantment of all the places we've mentioned, and there was all the externalities of religion. And in the middle of all that, the essence of the beating heart of all the meanings, he stood and said, of all this beauty and tradition and meaning and elevation and inspiration, it's all now into this. I am he, and whosoever believeth in me shall have water that he'll never need to come to this well any more, but water that'll spring up unto eternal life and be a well.

And this woman understood, and raced like mad back to the city to tell the man that she'd found him, whom Moses and the prophet Jesus Christ, the Son of God. And so he took religion out of days and places, out of Samaria and Jerusalem, out of Good Friday and Lent and Easter, and he put it in the human breast. And he said, true Shekinah is man, and the human soul is a moving sanctuary, a portable church.

And every human breast that believes in Jesus Christ is a Bethel. And I can call his place, Pameo, the face of God. And he can work of God.

And he will be in you, said Jesus. I don't know where else it was ever said, in you, said Jesus, in you. Now there is a sense in which we live in the heart of those that love us.

There is a sense, I know, in which we inhabit the breast of those that love us. There is desire, and there is memory, and there is presence. Normal human beings have not, after going from the presence of someone they love, but what is them and around them, even though they knew they were not there? It's a trick of the heart, it's a psychology, it's feeling rather than fact.

But it's true and wonderful, and the world cannot destroy it, and distance cannot destroy it. We live in the hearts of those that love us. But that's only an emotional thing, only a feeling, only a symbolic thing.

One can never enter another's human heart. So Jesus, our Lord, said, The Father seeketh such to worship him. They that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

And he that believeth on me, from within him shall flow rivers of living water, and it shall be a well of water, springing up unto eternal life. Oh, were you and I fit, lady? This was Jacob's well, and we smile appreciatively when we think of Jacob giving it to Joseph. I won't be around much longer, and I won't need this well.

This is yours. So Joseph said, Thank you, Father, and took the well, and it was a good well and good water. But Jesus said, You won't need it, because I'm telling you that I'll transfer the wells inside your breast, not in feeling only, not as a symbol only, but actually and really inside your breast.

And I'll inhabit you, so the true temple is the human breast, and the true priest is the believer, and we need not walk away from the house of God. There are little churches here and there, and I suppose they are very good, and I'm glad for them. There are chapels here and there, where the doors are never closed all day long.

And into the evening, people off the street come in and sit down for a few minutes. That's a very good thing. But oh, how tragic to say, God is three blocks up.

Three blocks up. And if I can just hold out to get there. God is in the box.

Three blocks up. And I'm so weary and tired and heartache, I want to commit suicide, but if I can just hold out three blocks, I'll get where God is. Oh, man, I have some good news for you.

Not in that box three blocks up there, not in that temple, not in this church, not in that sanctuary, not in that camp meeting tabernacle, but right where you are now. And if you will open your heart and receive him, you will have a moving sanctuary to be with you all the rest of your days. And you never need to hurry to get where God is, be where God is.

And you never need to leave the church walking slow, with reluctant steps, hating to leave the place where God shows his face. For you will have found Peniel, the face of God, and Bethel, the house of God. And you'll carry it with you, a moving sanctuary.

This is what Jesus told us yesterday. And this is the message that the church is slowly moving back, back seasons and days and years and places and sanctuaries and shrines, back to the paganism of yesterday. Oh, that we might see that whoever worships the Father in spirit and in truth, he of whom Moses and the prophets told is Jesus Christ the Lord, taking him, loving him, following him, trusting him, obeying him, believing on him.

Put your confidence in him and you'll have your sanctuary. You're worshiping him in spirit and in truth. For the Father seeketh not.

I don't know any number our choir does that I like better, maybe, than the sweet little number, For the Father seeketh not. For the Father seeketh not to worship him. If he's seeking you tonight, if I could do something good that I could stir you, and we'd have a packed house next Sunday night, if there was something big and dramatic and colorful that I could supplement this message with, I could say, God called you to worship the Father, now we'll bring on, and we'd have some fella shoot at a flying saucer.

I'm sure you'd rather I turn my back on all this and walk out, go to bed, kneel with a brother in Christ, and worship the Father in spirit and in truth, before I'd sell the religion of the Spirit down the river and violate the holy principles of the New Testament. Jesus gave this revelation to a woman of a spotty reputation, and she responded with a bounce. From that hour on she had the water that was never drawn from a well.

More favored men and women might not be in danger of allowing our pride and self-confidence and self-righteousness to this simplicity, to this wonderful message. Let's watch. Lord, I thank thee, and I thank thee for the faith once delivered, amen, for all the music and poetry and artistry, all the hymns of the religious spirit, all the bleeds of holy men and the visions of sage and seer.

We thank thee for the places that are marked, mindless, of men who once walked on earth, good men and true, faithful men and true. And we thank thee that all our activities in faith and belief and discipline and prayer and warfare all led us to him who is its fulfillment. Now we have found him.

We have found him the oldest of everything we ever did, this wondrous man who never sinned, who will sit and talk to us who never did. I will thank thee for this miracle, this wonderful, shining miracle, and who came from men. Blessed Jesus, receive our thanks.

We thank thee, Lord, we thank thee. We pray that thou will help everybody here tonight to open his heart, her heart wide to the Savior. And it will come in an instant in his wants, and plant a well there, and spring

up and spring up and on while the ages go by, up unto eternal life.

Lord, help us, help the borderline tonight, help any who may be partly backstreet, and help any who may be wandering, help any who may be doubting. Teach me this night, may there be a quick turn of the Spirit to the God of Spirit, who keep us fast, again to worship in Spirit and in truth. We ask thee, Jesus.

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