

(Steps Towards Spiritual Perfection) - My Soul

by A.W. Tozer

The sermon emphasizes the importance of seeking God alone and experiencing the supernatural light of God, which is beyond the power of proper visualization and cannot be achieved through human effort.

Duration: 46:45

Scripture: Genesis 22:14, Psalm 16:8, Isaiah 55:11, Matthew 6:33, Romans 8:31, 1 Corinthians 2:9, Revelation 22:13

Topics: "Spiritual Perfection"

Description

In this sermon, the speaker emphasizes the importance of having a personal relationship with God. He highlights the tendency of people to rely on others for spiritual nourishment, but encourages individuals to seek God for themselves. The speaker uses the analogy of a hungry man seeking a teacher for knowledge, but still feeling empty in his heart. He emphasizes that true fulfillment comes from having a personal encounter with God and allowing Him to heal and satisfy the heart. The speaker concludes by referencing a biblical passage that speaks of God calling His beloved to rise up and experience the joy and beauty of His presence.

Transcript

Now, I wish that it was possible to preach the positive sermon and never introduce anything else to the positive mind. But every Christian knows there are two poles to an electrical system, the positive and the negative. I want to begin by saying that there is a vast difference in tone between the text which I have read and the great Bible giants and the shining souls that have lived through Bible times and present-day Gospels today.

You think, for instance, about the man David, how David sought after the Lord back there in the book of Psalms. As I had a friend who asked me what the book of Psalms had to say to the old dog, I told him, so God said to this Lord, when shall I come and appear before God? And, oh God, thou art my God, ever will I seek thee. My strength, my strength is precious to thee, my strength is longest to reach, and the ground takes the land where no other.

Through thy power and thy glory, I have seen thee in the sanctuary. And then, sweet to thee, who take my soul and follow it hard after thee, thy right hand doth uphold me. Now, that's the language of the man David.

He will come, next to the Old Testament, he will come to Guinea, back with Abraham, and chasing all the way down through, they were a search-pitch, a rock. And the difference between them and us, and between the tone of their lives and the tone of our lives, is that they sought him, and found him, and sought him still, and found him and sought him again, and found him and sought him more. But we believe on him, accepting and seeking no more.

Now, there is a difference, and there is a difference in my heart, and I can't say but that I can, I can think about some great souls, some great souls, and I will speak tonight about them, and how they're very amusing to us, because they are associated. They're dead and gone, and we're going to pray to them, and they have overtures for us. They get their verses before we get ours, from Jesus Christ our Lord.

Their merits come from the same fountain as ours does, and ours is the same as theirs. So, we're not deifying them, and we're canonizing them, but they mean they're music, because they're associated with this search that Paul expressed here, where he said, I count all things that lost me, doubtless I follow after, if I may after the end, and I forget the things which are behind, and I reach forth unto those things which were there. The good music, say the name of Augustine, and Tyler, and Jacob Bain, and John of the Tempest, and Richard Rowe, and Bernard of Thervaux, and Bernard of Keeney, and John of the Cross, and Madame Dionne.

Why do those names sound to us? Why do they bring us up like tuning an instrument when we hear them? Not that they're nice names, and not that these had anything to do, and I don't have potential information, but that they were associated with the longing, thirsting, and proud. And Nicholas of Keeney, and Dan Thrasher's books, and Lorenzo Sicoli, and Ceneron, and Henry Cecil, and Samuel Rutherford. Introduced it with Henry Cecil, brother, that said there is a difference between hearing a root neatly played and only hearing that one has been played.

But he said some musicians, I guess a word to this effect, could only hear that there has been a root played, but they've never heard it played. Well, that was Henry Cecil, and then there was Samuel Rutherford, and Tilton, and Weaver, and Samuel Kane, and William Law, and John Newton, and Samuel Hedley, and Kay Stegman, and Paul Gerhardt, and Sennett, and Dobridge, and you can name them, and their names are musical names. And why are they musical names? Because they associate them with a thirst, it's told.

We see them as the deer that's been chased by the hounds, thirsting, longing for the water, and saying, Let me alone for my soul to see God. And they pound him, and they chop him again. And what a tragedy it has been in our time that we are taught, believe on him, accept him, and see him no more.

And that's where we are today, and what I'm trying to do, my brothers, is to serve you to want to see God. I don't care so much exactly what you receive at a given time. That's not the point.

So, you aim the arrow towards the target and look it away. So, it is the target of the arrow to its target. It is direction and motion that matters.

If God is the direction, and if we're moving toward God, I'm not so concerned that we have a great emotional upsurge. Not at all. What I want to see is, as the old book that I've been recording from, ever more crying after him, thou lovest.

If that is the testimony of your soul, ever more crying after him, thou lovest. When you say that, Mr. Closer, I've heard of people who got blessings like this, and that's what I'm looking for. I hope you'll receive.

But in the meantime, I'm not too deeply concerned, because what you want, sir, is a heart that ever more cries after him, thou lovest. And a heart that's crying after the one he loves, he's better indeed than the heart that has settled down to what he has. So, there's a book of the Old Testament that very few people read.

The fewest ones, I don't like to read it because it's a little raw. It's the song of Solomon, and most people don't read it because they don't know what it means. But it was the very, the very joy of the great souls that I've been telling you about.

Bernard started to write a series of sermons on the song of Solomon, and he had only preached the sermons on the first chapter when he died. He finished it over there in glory, but only the first chapter. I have his book on the song of Solomon.

The song of Solomon seems to be loved so much. Oh, how in his presence my soul takes delight, and it's taken directly from the song of Solomon. And it is the story of a girl who is very deeply in love with a young shepherd.

And yet she is so beautiful that a king demands her favor, and he is paid a royal to her shepherd, a simple shepherd who doth his work in the day of the night, and comes to seek her and calls her to the latter. It's quite a wonderful love story indeed, and it has been understood so by the Church as being the deviouses shepherd, the rejected shepherd, and the world, with all it offers, has been the king, demanding or coaxing and winning, trying to rule and win our love while he waits, gathering ladies in the night and the world. And that's the story.

We'll admit a great many songs about it. Listen to this one. Sweet is the odor of thy breath, thy name poured forth through all the places of heavenly fragrances.

Thy precious name, the virgin's love, drawn by thy unseen from above, they run, they please to thee. Thou shepherded Israel in mine, the joy and desire of my heart, for closer to me in our time I long to reside before thou art. Ah, show me that happiest place, that place of thy people's abode, so safe in an exodus you gaze and hang on a crucified god.

If I could even find a company of people that could go that far, I'd be a happier man than I am tonight, for there with the lamb you give thy flock, there only I covet to rest, to lie at the foot of the rock or rise to be hid in thy breast. To there I would always abide, and never a moment depart, concealed in the clenched of thy pride eternally held in my heart. These great souls that I've mentioned, that day they talk about God, but our belief is, I believe on Christ, let's go have a soda.

Christianity, brethren, if you don't have, I said this morning, I repeat it now, if you don't have a return to this kind of thing that I'm teaching about to you now, present-day evangelicalism will be liberalism in 30 or 25 or 30 years, because we'll always remember that the Church never runs on its head. The Church runs on its heart, always remember that, and always remember that the Holy Ghost never fills a man's head, but the Holy Ghost fills a man's heart. And the effort today to take Christianity, and this is all learning and all philosophy and all science, which is being made by some evangelicals, is going to get a cold thumb from Almighty God, and he will let them go their blind way to liberalism at last.

You'll see it little by little by little, protesting they're not while they are. But somewhere God will have himself a people. I don't know where they are, but God will have himself a people, and they will be those who evermore cry after him they love.

Now, I want to point out to you that this is no place for human effort. As God says, be wary in this work, travel not in thy wits nor in thy imagination. He says, now remember, in your longing after God, don't try to think your way through, because you see in all this there is an element of unknowing, a deep divine abyss of the Godhead.

I won't settle for anything less. Now, I'm not, I'm going to try not to be critical, but I won't settle for anything less than the deep divine abyss, the soundless, unrelenting sea of being that we call God. It is there, and it's beyond the power of proper visualization, and it's utterly and completely futile in trying to think your way through.

And that's been our difficulty in the day in which we live. A young man gets hungry in his heart, and he goes to see a teacher, and the teacher shuts him down, and begins to think of him, and pretty soon he's all fixed up, and he goes away, says thank you, thank you, doctor. He's all fixed up, but he hasn't achieved a thing.

He has been caught in his head, but his heart still goes away hungry. This is the old man of all the creatures and their works, and even of the works of God himself, a man made too great to have fullness of knowledge. Now, let's get that.

Don't throw the head away, you're going to lose it. And so, of all the creatures' honors and their works, and even the works of God, can a man have in his head? He says, that's all right, they're too great, a man can have fullness of knowledge, but of God himself can no man have me. Not that we can't think about him, but that we can't think around him, and think equal to him, and think up to him.

He may well be loved, but not sought. By love may he be gotten, and by love may he be held, but by thought never. How then can we know him? With a devout and pleasing stirring of love, to pierce that cloud of darkness, and strike upon it with a sharp guard and longing love, for it's decisive enough and make it in faith, though yet undergobbed, without any other cause than himself." There's that word, himself, again, and I have been noting lately how often that word, himself, occurs.

Did you know that this society almost began on the word himself, Christ himself? And it was himself that gave us the message, but we're awake on this day and we're satisfied with the works of God and the theology of God, but you'll never get there that way, my brother. You'll bump your foreheads and you'll never get there, because thought engages the intellectual element in the gospel, and there is an intellectual element in the gospel, remember that. Remember that one of the attributes of God is intellect, and there is an intellectual element in the gospel, and that's what we call theology or gospel.

And thought engages theology. Thought engages doctrine and is necessary and right, and however, it is that beyond the intellect which is need and seek. It is that which you can't get through to your head.

Now, one song says, The spirit breathes upon the word and brings it close to sight. When the spirit breathes on the scriptures, how much more wonderful the scriptures are than when they are merely taught, when we merely hear them expounded. The expounding of the word of God, without the spirit breathing upon it, can be, if not a harmful, at least a useless thing.

And this thing sometimes is beyond the sacred page. What? Beyond the sacred page. Not apart from the sacred page, not away from the sacred page, not contrary to the sacred page, but beyond the sacred page I speak thee, Lord.

The sacred page is not to be a barrier to block our way to God. The sacred page is not to be a substitute for God, though it is made that by millions of people. The sacred page is not to be the end, but only the means toward the end.

And God is the end. It is God whom we seek, my brethren, with a naked intent unto God. There we have it.

It is decisive enough, a naked intent direct unto God, and without any other cause than himself. Now, the parent area is, should we have the text, we have the experience, and most evangelicals settle for that. Should we have the text, we have the experience, and they're always all wrong.

Should we have the text, we have the text, but the experience ought to result from the text. But we can have the text and not have the experience. Here I remind you, people remind me of an heir, a rich man, a very, very rich man dies, and he leaves a will.

And in that will, he passes on to his only son all of his riches, running into the millions of dollars. So the heir gets the will, borrows it from the lawyer, and carries it around. Then he's ragged and hungry, ragged and hungry.

They do a cross on the street and walking around in ragged jeans, and they say to him, my poor fellow, you're in bad shape, you're ragged, your skin so and so, and your teeth must be cold rather like this, and you look hungry, you're pale. Oh, don't talk that way to me. Listen to this.

Then he opens the will, and unto my dear son, Charles, I do take. And then he names bonds and stocks and poverty and yachts. But poor Charles is satisfied with the will.

He's never had it probated, he's never had it taken, he's never gotten anything. He simply has the will. So you and I go around to get the decision, and we're mean, and we're hungry, and we're tame, and we're pale, and we're dry, and we can see the rags that we wear.

And some evangelist comes along and troubles everybody by saying, you're ragged and you're hungry-looking and you're weak. And we whistle up and say, what a way to talk, what a way to talk. Am I not accepted in the beloved? Do not I have everything there is in Jesus? Is not God my father, and am I not an heir to God? And these old people are ragged the only way down the street.

But you're getting that it's one thing to have the will, it's another thing to have what is a will. And the will of God is one thing, but to have the will of God is another thing. But I want to tell you, as the old man said, be thouware, and don't try to think your way through.

Some of you have come up to a point where you've plopped your way up as far as you can get, and you'll never get any further with your head now. You might as well just put it to rest. I want to give an interesting illustration and show how this was.

I've used this before, but I illustrate with it here. The progress of the high trees into the Holy of Holies. Do you remember there were three places? There was the outer course which had no roof over it, and the sun shone down.

And when the priest was there, he had the light of nature. Then he passed through a veil, and when the veil fell back in place, that was called the Holy Place. And in there, there was no light of nature.

There was an artificial light, a light that the priest himself made and lighted and kept lighted. But that wasn't enough. There was the Holy of Holies.

That holy spot where the can of glory burned and burned and burned. And there, there was no light of nature. The Holy of Holies couldn't get in there, and there was no artificial light, no ecclesiastical light, no long-tailed, coated preacher employing in a ministerial room.

None of that stuff could help him there. That it was the supernatural light of God, he thought. It was the shining from the mercy seat.

And so when the priest got in there, he had nothing, absolutely nothing. Would you like to be a high priest in those days and know that the God that made heaven and earth was running in fire between the wings of the chariot, that that great God with a thousand attributes and his sea of endless, boundless beings, this terrible God that made heaven and earth and the sea and all the things that are there, this God was there. And the priest was moving towards that God.

He thought it was right above to help him. That's very good. Sure, that's just a normal nation.

That's natural things. And they went a little further and got an artificial light. That's just the art of it.

But he had to go on until there was no natural light, no artificial light for the supernatural shining. And there in the presence of the supernatural shining, he had nothing to protect him but the blood, and he had nothing to assure him but the character of God, and he was all alone. Nobody could go in with the priest.

They could help him, his helpers could help him to get the veils apart, but they had to back away with their eyes averted. They could not enter into that holy of holies. That was alone for the priest with blood, and the blood protected him from the burning, for he would have burned as a leaf, burned in a fire, except the blood was there to protect him.

And he had no assurance, nobody there to pat his back, nobody there to show him a check, nobody there to reach him, nobody there to tell him a story, nobody there to help him. He had nothing but the character of God's assurance, and he was all alone. My brethren, when you meet God finally, it has to be alone in your heart.

It would take the crowd to get you converted if you haven't been converted. It would take the crowd to get you through to the fullness of the Holy Ghost if you haven't had, and don't know anything about what I'm preaching about. So there's a loneliness there, there's a loneliness.

I heard a grand old preacher preach it. It was one of the greatest, two greatest sermons I ever heard in my life. One was preached here by Fred Steering, called, "'As we find our delusions of God, who can explain us?' The other was preached by Max Wright, when he preached on spiritual aloneness.

And here we are, alone, alone. People don't want to be alone, they don't want to be. You young people, you don't want to be alone with God, some of you.

You want the crowd around you, you want people there that can laugh, you want people there that can take the heat off. You want friends around you that can support you and comfort you. But if you ever get

through the way you should, and if ever your longing heart finds the water, it's going to be alone.

I don't mean you won't be able to be with you, but I mean you will be alone even though you're surrounded by a crowd. You know what I mean? To be all alone even though surrounded by a crowd. God has to cut every maverick out of the herd and band him all alone.

All alone. He doesn't do it by mass, but it's all alone. And though those three thousand that were converted that day were all converted, each alone as if there had been no other.

And when the Holy Ghost came and came upon each of them, said the Scripture, each of them, he didn't say it sat upon all of them or not. It sat upon each of them, and each one went through the distance as if he had been all by himself. So when that remarkable Irish woman was pleased to be able to get God to do anything she asked him to do, this little woman up in Canada who died some years ago, they said the Bible tells her that Ann prayed as if God were her father and you had no other children, as if she was God's only child.

There's what I mean, my friends. We want to help each other, and we'll do as far as we can. But God wants us to tread through where there is no natural light to help us.

We can't lean on anything natural. And where our denomination shows up to among us, denominations have their place, and I'm not against them, but they can be a great curse if you don't watch it. He will lean upon our denomination.

I read a letter in one of the current Evangelical magazines of a man who said, "I have accepted the doctrines of such-and-such a denomination, and I expect it's going to be a great curse.' He had allowed somebody else to make up his mind for him. That's why millions of people are considered Catholics, because somebody does their thinking for them. Somebody assures them.

Somebody says a word of assurance and consolation. And all of their thinking has been done, and all of their responsibility is taken by somebody higher up, and all they have to do is obey. Now, is that unkind? I hope it isn't.

I don't mean it to be so. I only say this is why certain great religious denominations can go to their people. They never say, "It's you and God for it.

You have to find God as it is found in the water books. You have to seek God alone, and I'll help you and quote scripture and sing to you and do my best that when it's to meet you, it'll be by yourself.' You can't take an authority of somebody. Nobody can come and say, "All right, it's done.

I'm hereby now, as of today, this hour, declare you all right.'" I almost got there myself another day. Some happy woman said to me, "I think you've got it.' Well, I thank God I found out that, because that should have been the end of me. Somebody pointed at me and said, "You've got it.' But that isn't what we want is, I repeat, ever more crying after him and all of it, and looking for, looking in his direction with nothing, nothing but a naked intent unto himself, a naked intent unto God.

I want God and want nothing more. Now, what shall we do?' So Christ has removed all the legal hindrances, for that I am glad. I heard a sermon today by some fellow with a very young voice.

I didn't wait to hear him out, so I don't know who he was, and I don't know from where he preached. But he was very carefully pulling all of the nerves out of the passage to be justified, to be resenting, which is in transduces and so on, telling how that was figures of speech that were being used, figures of speech, and figurines had been on somewhere else. And when he was through, all I had was an illustration.

Brethren, they can't rob me. I'm too tough an old bird. I won't be robbed.

And let them try to rob me, but I won't be robbed. I believe that when Jesus Christ said, He will redeem me, he meant he will redeem me. And I'm not going to be chewed away by some guy telling me that was a figure drawn from a slave market.

And when he said, I'm justified, I'm not going to be chewed away by some fellow that said it was an oriental illustration drawn from a court of law. Maybe the illustration or the figure was drawn from there, but back of that figure is the hard core of reality. And my life and future and hope depends upon that being more than an illustration.

It's a glorious, solid, hard core of fact, harder than the rock of Eden. So, Jesus Christ removes all illegal hindrances. The word legal starts me off to say that, but yet I defend it.

I believe that there's legal reasons why I ought not to go to heaven. I believe that there are governmental reasons why I ought not to go to heaven. I believe that a holy God must run his universe according to holy law.

And if he runs his kingdom according to holy laws, I don't belong there, because I've broken every one of them, either intent or in purpose. And so there's got to be a justification somewhere, there's got to be a redemption somewhere. Something has to be done to legally permit me to have God and God to have me, and it's been done.

Thank God it's been done. We've grown these trees. So remember that every illegal hindrance has been taken away, and there isn't a thing that can stop you except yourself.

Not a thing in the right world. And all that gets to the fullness of God is yours, and there's not a reason why we can't enter in. If we still evermore try asking and listen to him with a naked intent of love.

Well, then I point out to you that the only way to get in is to believe our way in. I have tried to deal with people who try to think their way in. A man used to come to me and talk about the word great.

He was a very deep student and a very deep thinker. I think he was. He read widely and quite a few lodges.

And he was trying to equate St. Paul with Charles B. Kennedy, and to arrive at a definition of great that would satisfy him. Well, the last I heard of him, he had become a paranoiac and believed that the United States government, I think it was, was pursuing him or something. He was just downright schizophrenia.

And he'd gone off, you know. He'd gone off because he was trying to think his way in. Oh, brother, you know there's a time when all you can do is believe.

Believe God. Believe what he says. Believe and love.

Believe and love. The old brother says, God himself came and said, may well be loved, but not taught. By love may he be gotten, and by love may he be holden, but by thought never.

The great God Almighty that serves the universe and overflows into immensity can never be surrounded by that little thing you call yourself. You're intellect never, never met. He knows that all you can do is to stand at the lowest point of the twofold of God, and think down there.

You never can rise to the face of God. But love and faith rise. Love and faith.

These, these, by these we can know God. By love and faith. Now, I want to tell you that the very happy knowledge that there are no vacuums in the Kingdom of God.

You know what a vacuum is? It's an empty place where there isn't anything, not even air. And nature abhors a vacuum, so they say, and that wherever there's a vacuum, unless it's protected by a hard shell, air recognizes earth, or water, whatever it be, and the Kingdom of God also abhors a vacuum. When you empty yourself, God Almighty recognizes.

And the reason that we're where we are is that we are satisfied with what we have. But if you have been emptying yourself, you'll find that God will recognize a vacuum. Somebody wrote this, Drawn by my redeeming love, after him I follow fast.

Drawn from earth to things above, drawn out of myself at last. See, nothing salvation can't do. Drawn out of myself at last.

You know that's the trouble? And that's the trouble with so many of you, with so many of us. We've never been drawn from earth to things above, drawn out of myself at last. What a happy hour when we've been drawn out of ourselves and there's a vacuum.

And into that vacuum rushes the blessed presence. Listen to this. You must know that it does not consist in anything else than in the knowledge of the goodness and greatness of God, and of our own nothingness and equalness unto every human, in subjecting not only unto him but for love of him unto every people, in the renunciation of all will of our own, and a complete resignation of ourselves in his good place.

And all this should be willed and done by us simply for the glory of God, and for his pleasure alone, and because he thus willed and meant to be thus loved and served. And this is the law of God, and set by the hand of the Lord himself in the heart of his faithful servants. This is his easy yoke, and this is his burden light.

So will Paul, one of the great saints of our days. And here is the wonderful thing, friends. Whenever the Holy Ghost talks, he always says the same thing to everybody.

I have mentioned names from Augustine, or from David on down, to later times. And we can read their hymns and read their devotional books, and we'll find that they all add up to the same thing. A faithful and a heathen, a Calvinist and an Arminian, an Episcopalian and a Catholic, as he lived in the day when it was power and light.

And they add it up to the same thing, so that the Holy Ghost doesn't say two things, he says one thing. And he says the same thing to everybody that's listening to him. And so, I can quote from almost anywhere, and not be contradicted, because the same Holy Spirit says the same thing to all of his faithful.

He says, pour yourself out, give yourself up to me, empty yourself, bring your empty earthen vessels, not a few, bring them, and empty yourself. Same thing. For the glory of God alone, they all say.

For God himself says, Paul, through 1 Corinthians 1 and 2. Not mentality, not intellect, but the Holy Ghost. Who knows the things of a man but the spirit of a man that's in him? Who knows the things of God but the Holy Spirit? So, if you can't turn your way up Jacob's Ladder, hand over heel into the kingdom, and if you can't think your way through, you can only love your way in and believe your way in, and come and meet me just like a child, and drawn by your Redeemer's love, come and pour yourself out, until at last you're delivered from yourself. You know, that's your only problem yourself.

You say, if you had a better pastor, I'd be a better Christian. I wish that could be so, but you know it wouldn't be. The better the pastor that you've got, and the better Christian he'd be, the more peril he'd be in, because you would tend to become a Christian parasite and lean on him.

And often the most spiritual people are in churches where the pastor can't teach his way out of a wet paper sack. And the reason is that they have no help from the pulpit, so they seek God alone. So if you get too much help from the pulpit, you tend to be a parasite, and lean on your pastor.

I don't want you to lean on me. I believe in the priesthood of delirium, and I believe there's men here that hear the voice of God as surely as I do, and have as much right to speak as I have. And ordination to me is, first he said, no man ever laid his empty hands on mine, people.

And ordination to me is just that. If the God Almighty hasn't called a man into the Lord daily until the child comes home, he will still be a beggar. So, my brethren, it fits me that you're troubled.

It fits me that you will get delivered from yourself, drawn out of myself at last. What a noise it'll be when you're drawn out of yourself, when you're stuck so far down in the mud of your own ego that God pulls you out, and there'll be a sound that can be heard of blocking you, and you'll be pulled out of yourself, and you'll stop speaking with somebody, and you'll stop speaking with the Lord, and you'll get to kill others. You just know so much.

Brethren, God can be loved, and by love he may be gotten, and by love he may be whole, but by thoughts never. So, he said, be careful. Don't try to, don't try to enter into yourself a deeper life by your wisdom or your imagination.

Don't try that. But look unto God thyself. Keep God in your own heart.

I don't mean it's not all right to go to all this, and peruse and pray, that's another matter. I'm talking about the loneliness of the soul that may be cut out of the crowd, cut out all fine sense. Even as a little woman pushed herself toward Jesus, and she was so Christy in the crowd that they were pressing him on every side.

But one lonely little woman, surrounded in Christy jostles, touched him in the clear. He turned and said, Who touched me? And they said, Well, that's a clue. You say, Who touched me? And you're in a mouth, crowded on every side in Christy jostling.

You said, Who touched me? Oh, I didn't mean that. He said, I mean, who touched me in the face? Who touched me with love? Who touched me? And the rest of them were merely jostling. And so we have crowds, we have meetings where people just jostle, that's all.

Just jostle. He's there, but they're just jostling. Somewhere, some little soul pushed through and touched him.

And in love and in faith, she touches him in the heart and feels. You know what a lot of us need? We need to have our hearts healed, you know. We need to have the ointment put on our heart.

Is there an old song? In Gilead? Yes, yes, yes. There's a ball in Gilead. My friends, I don't know what else I can say tonight.

And I want to leave you and say to you that your beloved is gathering lilies. And if you watch, you'll see him putting his hand to the left and say, Come, my beloved, rise up, for the rain is over and gone, and the singing of the birds is heard in the land. And if you're not like the poor guy, you know what's the matter with her? She said, Oh, I've got ointment on my hand.

They use it even back there. She said, I've got ointment on my hand, and I have my nightgown and so on. I'm all on my top.

I can't possibly get up. And so sadly, he went away. And then her heart began to condemn her.

She jumped up to her old arm and started acting, but she said, I couldn't find it. Oh, you've got his exam, she said, declared. Have you seen? It's right on his real shoulder.

That's what's the matter with her. She was telling him, tap on the ladder. She said, I can't come now.

I'm sorry, honey. I'm all covered with ointment. And he went sadly away to his work among the hills.

But she followed him. And the watchman saw her and banged her around. And she went to the pigeons and said, have you found him? And they said to her, what is he? What is he above others that you're looking for? And she said, he's all together lovely.

And I was cool enough to miss it that season. I was cool enough to miss it. He called and said, come on, come on.

Sometimes I didn't hear him. I heard him, but I didn't have the heart to go. Now I see what I've missed in case he was looking for me.

And at last, he said, I found him in my old life. And when she found him, he was full of it. Finally, he existed from the fourth year of the sun and bright of the sun and clear of the moon and terrible as an army was banished.

To none other than that same beloved. Oh, my friend, he's very near to us. He'll never be anyplace but very near.

He's grief and he's sad, but he's very near. And he waits. He waits for a dracula to form inside your heart.

He said, what is in my heart? Well, I don't know. But whatever it is, it's got to get out. And when you pour it out, he comes in.

Believe it. Will you be able to see him? By yourself. Don't lean on somebody beside you.

Don't trust somebody else. By yourself. Alone.

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