

# Dizzy Heights

by Charles Anderson

---

*Charles Anderson's sermon 'Dizzy Heights' explores the profound truths of Ephesians, emphasizing our elevated position in Christ and the hope found in grace.*

**Duration:** 45:01

**Scripture:** Isaiah 51:1, Matthew 6:33, Ephesians 2:1-2, Ephesians 2:12-13

**Topics:** "Christian Life"

---

## Description

In this sermon, the preacher reflects on the profound message found in Ephesians chapter 2. He compares the spiritual journey to climbing the peaks of the Swiss Alps, emphasizing the rare atmosphere one experiences when reaching the peak. The preacher shares a story about sharing the gospel with a Japanese woman, highlighting the simplicity and power of John 3:16. He then delves into the three different attitudes towards sin and the world that are outlined in Ephesians 2, emphasizing the need for moral strength to resist and overcome the world's influence.

---

## Transcript

This morning in our opening study, I suggested that we explore some truths that are found in Paul's magnificent letter to the Ephesian Assembly of Believers. And I suggested that instead of some sort of a verse-by-verse exposition or a chapter-divisional type of approach, instead I would seek with you to find the high point that is revealed in each of the chapters that we'll consider. I have borrowed someone else's imagery of this epistle.

Someone has said that the letter to the Ephesians is the Alps of the New Testament. It is the Switzerland land of the scriptures. And the moment we mention Switzerland or the Alps, we think of those magnificent, awe-inspiring, overpowering, towering mountain peaks that characterize the land of Switzerland.

And it is indeed true that this letter probably unfolds for us the highest of concerning God's plan and purpose in a redeemed life. It's not an ethereal thing only. It's a very practical epistle, because it does deal with the very practical problems of life.

These Ephesian people were in a difficult circumstance. I reminded you this morning that they were slaves under the Roman Empire's dominion, and that their lot was therefore a very perilous one and difficult one. And yet Paul is here pointing out the fact in this letter that it is possible for them to live above those circumstances, to be a conqueror, if you please, or in the language of his later epistle to the Romans,

more than conquerors.

Is that a possibility? It was for them. Is it a possibility for us? Yes, indeed it is. No matter what our circumstances in life may be, and for some of us they may have been more grim and threatening and difficult than for others, but no matter what those circumstances, it is possible for one to live an overcomer's life.

We can be victor over our circumstances. And this, I think, comes about only from an understanding of our glorious position in the Lord Jesus Christ, and that is most magnificently expounded in this letter. And I have suggested that each of the chapters will reveal a special, shall I call it a special, peak that towers above the rest of whatever the chapter talks about.

And we're seeking in each of these chapters that we'll have time to consider one of the peaks, perhaps the highest level of truth to be found in the chapter. And tonight we come to a very familiar chapter indeed, Ephesians chapter 2. I wouldn't be surprised that if we should take the time here and say, let's see if we could resurrect from memory this entire chapter from this audience, I wouldn't be surprised that we could probably recite the whole chapter. And with very few exceptions, we would cover every verse and every phrase in the chapter.

That's because it is such a familiar portion of Scripture. But maybe tonight God will say something fresh or new to us that will help us and encourage us in the way. If I were to entitle this chapter, I guess I'd call it Dizzy Heights, because really when one reaches the peak that is found here in this chapter, it's a rare atmosphere one is breathing.

Some years ago in one of our frequent visits to Switzerland, I determined that that summer we would crisscross the whole country, get as much of it in as we could. So we hired a little Volkswagen and it struggled its way up through the Alpine peaks many times. And I wondered oftentimes whether it would really make it, but it did.

And on one occasion as we drove out, and some of you may indeed be just as familiar with Switzerland as I am at this point, we drove out of Interlaken, which is one of the beautiful spots of Switzerland, up towards the little village, beautiful village of Grindelwald, high up in the Alpine peaks up there. But there's a place where the road splits and to the left it goes up, climbs up, up, up, up to Grindelwald. And then to the right it goes in another direction, and I had never traveled that direction before.

So I said to my wife, let's pursue this and see how far we can go. So we went as far as the road would take us, and it took us right smack dab up against a huge Alpine mountain. It didn't go any farther.

We came to the end of the road. So I said we have to go back. We turned around and went back, and I said on the way I noticed something.

I noticed that there was one of these cable car affairs going up the mountain, and it seemed to me that it was climbing exceedingly high. What do you say we try that one? So we pulled our car over and parked, paid the exorbitant fee to get on this cable car. And if you're faint-hearted, you ought to ride one of those cable cars.

But fear not, if they're manufactured by the Swiss, they're safe. They say if they're manufactured by the French, don't ride them. But at any rate, we went up as far as this thing went, and they said get off.

And we go up again. So we got another car up, got to another station, and said get off and get another one. And before long we had climbed five times up on these cable cars to the very top.

And that day was one of those breathless, beautiful days in Switzerland with clear vision. I shall never forget the sight. It seemed to me that the mountains were like a frozen sea.

They were like huge waves that had been frozen in land, and one could see way over into Italy. And I don't know how much farther you could see, maybe even over into France. But there it was, this beautiful, magnificent peak.

And on the top was a restaurant, one of these circular restaurants. And it's the place called Schilthorn. I understand that a moving picture was made at that very place with one of the famous spies in the spy stories that everybody reads.

Well, we stood up there in that rare atmosphere. I suppose we must have been 13, 14, 15,000 feet above sea level. And I assure you that when you get that high, it's a little hard to breathe.

You breathe much more slowly, and you suck in as much as you can get in every breath. It's rare, rare atmosphere. And it is a rare vision that you catch in a high peak like that.

Now, I feel precisely like that when I read Paul's word to these Ephesians in the second chapter of his letter. And maybe tonight, before we're through, you will be breathing a little harder because the atmosphere up here will be rare indeed. Now, let me just ask a question.

Just suppose you were a mountain climber. I told the folks this morning, I'm not. I like to climb mountains a la helicopter.

You know, it takes you up and drops you off and comes back and gets you. But suppose you had climbed a high mountain, one of these peaks we're talking about. You made it, you're there, with all your paraphernalia and whatever.

And you've come to the top of the mountain. And you collapse for a moment until you get your breath and recoup your strength. What would be the most natural attitude you would assume, do you think? Well, I'm going to suggest to you three attitudes that I think anybody would assume in such a situation.

First of all, I think you would look back over the trail that you've climbed to the point where you started. Wouldn't you think so? Where did we begin this climb? Oh, way down there, that little tiny village that looks like a little Christmas tree village. Yes, that's it.

That's where we began our climb. And we would recall the torturous climb all the way up, that agonizing climb, that sometimes most discouraging effort we made to reach the peak. So we would review the past, the trail over which we'd come.

What would be the next thing you think you would do? Well, I think it would be perfectly natural to then say, well, look where we are. So this is the top of a mountain, eh? This is what I've seen from down in the valley many, many times and wondered what it was like. Most of us probably, when we see a sharp peak mountain, we think that it's kind of like thus of thee, and that when you arrive, you put one leg on one side and one leg on the other, and the mountain peak is between your legs.

But you may be a bit surprised to discover that it's flatter than you think. There's a plateau maybe up there. It's big enough for a number of sporting fields.

So this is the top of the mountain, eh? This is where we are. Let's enjoy it because we have to go back. Let's enjoy it while we can.

That would be the second attitude. And then, of course, what would be the third and most natural attitude would be to stand here and say, what can we see from this point of view? What's the advantage of coming up here to a mountain peak? To climb it just because it's here, as we often hear? Well, there must be some other and perhaps better reason. No, we want to see what you can see up here that you can't see anywhere else.

How far can one see? How far away are the horizons? So you look off into the distance. Three points of view. Now, in Paul's writings here to the Ephesians, you will notice that these three attitudes are very clearly delineated here in the chapter.

Notice with me, please. In the beginning of the chapter, he writes as follows, You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins, wherein in time past. Notice the time element? Time past.

That's the view down the mountain from whence we've come. You walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now works in the children of disobedience, and so on. And in verse 12, he continues the thought that at that time you were without Christ, being alien from the commonwealth of Israel, and so on.

There's the view in the past. We might denominate that our former condition in sin. He talks about our former condition when we were yet dead in our sins and our trespasses.

And then, please notice verse 6. Or perhaps we ought to say, no, verse 13 first. But now, now in Christ Jesus, you who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. And then verse 6, and he hath raised us up together and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

That's all now. That's our present position in grace. We enjoy that.

Now, if you will notice verse 7, that in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus. That's looking off way out to the far horizon reaches. That's the future, if you please.

There he's describing our future exultation in glory. Very clearly outlined for us. In time past, he describes our former condition in sin.

But now, he talks about our present position in grace. And then in the ages to come, he discusses our future exultation in glory. Now, with that approach and these perspectives, I'm going to suggest that I just list a couple of things in connection with each of these points.

Let's think a little bit about our former condition in sin. You remember the prophet Isaiah's call in chapter 51 of his prophecy. First verse, he says, hearken unto me, you that follow after righteousness, ye that seek the Lord, look unto the rock whence you are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence you are digged.

I think that's the prophet's call and the Holy Spirit's reminder of what we were before the sovereign redemptive grace of God took hold upon us. We were dead in our trespasses and sins. And it's a good

thing to remember now and again the pit from whence we've been digged.

It's a good thing to recall what we were before the Lord exercised his saving grace toward us. Now, we must not tarry there. There's some people who like to just mull over this and turn it over and over and over, and these ugly memories will eventually embitter us.

No, we mustn't do that. But we mustn't forget either. No matter how strong one grows in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, he must never forget that he is nothing but a sinner saved by the grace of God.

All too often I meet some of the saints who are filled with such pride. It's a horrible thing, their kind of pride. Pride in their knowledge of the scriptures.

Pride in their ability to put the pieces together in such magical fashion as to overwhelm us sometimes. And I feel humbled, but I'm also abashed by the pride. Someone said there's pride of place and there's pride of race and there's pride of faith, but the worst kind of pride is the pride of grace.

God must hate it with a very special kind of hatred. No, we must never forget the pit from whence we have been digged. The prophet reminds us of that.

So it's good for us to look back over the trail of the past and remember what we were. So in order to maybe make it easier for us to remember it, I'm suggesting that Paul here lists six dismal minuses, I call them. Six dismal minuses that marked our former condition in sin.

These are the things he says we were living without. We didn't have anything other than these minuses occupying our lives. First of all, he says in verse one, you were without life.

No matter what we were, we were dead in our trespasses and sins. This explains the failure often of men to respond to the overtures of divine mercy in Christ. They're dead and they need the quickening of the Holy Spirit of God to understand their true condition.

And he says at that time, you were without life. Not long ago, I read the testimony of an erstwhile hippie, an American hippie. He got converted.

And in talking about his past life, this is what he said. Speaking of the people in the movement in which he had been so long and intimately apart, he said, we hippies, we saw the shallowness of the straight society. We saw how little love there was in most marriages, how little satisfaction there was in the accumulation of material goods, how hypocritical our liquor guzzling elders were about the evil of drugs.

We did not want what they had. But since we were not Christians, we had no valid alternative. That's a good word.

Since we were not Christians, we had no valid alternative. And because we could not make the meaningful and significant changes that were needed, we made the superficial changes that were all we knew how to do. So we changed our dress and our hairstyle.

We substituted loveless non-marriages for loveless marriages. We used our own drugs instead of alcohol. We despised status and material goods, but found ourselves living off the charity of the straight society that we rejected.

Pretty sad. But it's a description of a whole generation of youth in this land who are dead in their sins and don't know which way to turn, don't know how to get out of the condition in which they find themselves. But let's not cast our stones at these, because if we think very carefully about it, we'll say, but you know, that's exactly what I was before I was saved.

I was dead to the life in God. I knew nothing about life. I thought it was alive.

I thought I was living, but I didn't know that I was dead, that there was no life, no divine life at all in me. Terrible. All right.

He goes on to say the second dismal minus is this. He says, at that time you walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now works in the children of disobedience. He says you were controlled and dominated by this present world system.

And you had no moral strength to resist or overcome it. How true that is. Men think they can overcome their sins.

They can break the shackles till they try. And then they discover they have no moral strength at all. Why? Because they're dominated and controlled by another power.

So we were without life and we were without strength. But he goes on to say, also, at that time, verse 12, you were without Christ. Oh, what a terrible condition to be in, to be without Christ.

When I think about this picture of climbing up the mountain in that kind of a status, I apply it to my own life. And I think when I was unconverted without the Savior, there were two or three times when I did such silly and stupid things as to imperil my own life. I can recall them as a young man thinking that it was the macho thing to do, jumping off a bridge onto a speeding freight car underneath and balancing, rolling around on top.

And you were top dog if you made it. If you didn't make it, you were a dead dog. But I often think with a chill, suppose I had not made it.

I would have died without life in God. I would have died without Christ. And I would have been in hell for a long time right now if I'd slipped and fallen.

See, at that point, awful to think that we were climbing along through life without these and with these characteristics. At that time, you were without life, you were without strength, you were without Christ. And the verse proceeds to say, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel and strangers from the covenants of promise.

Now I admit that proper exegesis of this verse would mean that these were probably Gentiles who had no part at all in the special covenants of promise that God made to his people Israel. Perhaps that's what this verse and this phrase really means. But if I may, without too much violence, pull it out, I'd like to say that no promise of God was valid as far as we were concerned when we were dead in our sins.

We had no right to claim any of God's promises, and the book is full of them. The only promises that were applicable to us were those that promised salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus. And any sinner may lay claim to those promises.

But to be living one's whole life without a single promise from God, stop and think about it. What would your life and mine be like this evening if we did not have those abundant promises that make our lives meaningful and rich and helpful and happy? When we need guidance, a promise. When we need light, a promise that He'll grant it.

When we need comfort, His promise of His presence and so on. To be bereft of all of these promises, how barren would life be, all right? We were without life, without strength, without Christ, and without promises, the promises of God. That verse proceeds to say furthermore, and it opens up the depths of despair to us, having no hope.

Oh, to be without hope. They say that the psychologists have studied some of the prisoners of the Korean conflict, and they discovered that some prisoners died in prison under the same conditions in which others survived. The food, whatever it was, was the same.

The conditions were exactly alike. And psychologists have said, what is the reason that some died and others didn't? And they've come to the conclusion that those who died lost hope. No hope that they would ever be delivered or rescued.

And when hope is gone, then life itself is not worth living. Well, the Bible says we were without hope, without hope. I often think of some of these basso profundos who sing their defiant Henleys Invictus.

You know how it runs. Out of the night that covers me, black as the pit from pole to pole, I thank whatever gods may be for my unconquerable soul. And then the soloist goes on to say, in the fell clutch of circumstance I have not winced nor cried aloud.

Under the bludgeonings of chance, my head is bloody but unbowed. And then concludes, it matters not how straight the gate, how charged with punishments the scroll. I am the master of my fate.

I am the captain of my soul. A defiant boast, empty boast. Dorothy Aday, a fine Christian writer, responded to that by writing a contrasting poem.

She says, out of the light that dazzles me, bright as the sun from pole to pole, I thank the God I know to be for Christ, the captain, the master of my soul. Since his sway of circumstance, I would not wince nor cry aloud. Under that rule which men call chance, my head with joy is gladly bowed, humbly bowed.

I have no fear, though straight the gate. He cleared from punishment the scroll. Christ is the master of my fate.

Christ is the captain of my soul. That's the exact opposite from hopelessness. It's hope in Christ.

Well, then he finally comes down in verse 12 to the final abysmal truth, and without God in the world. What a terrible thing to be without God in the world. You know, friends, the only place where one finds agnostics and atheists is in civilized countries where they've heard something about Christianity.

Did you realize that? Pagan peoples are never atheists. They believe in a God of some kind. I was on the island of Formosa once.

I often say this to my wife. I say, now, if you don't behave yourself, I'm going back to my Formosan girlfriend. Now, unfortunately, I brought a picture home once, and she saw her, so she's never worried.

But this lady, oh, what a lady she was. I saw her coming down out of the hills, down to this little place where we'd stop to get some fruit. And the moment I saw her, I was attracted to her.

And I said to my missionary friend, I must speak to that lady. Look at her. How can I describe her? She was scrawny and thin.

Oh, so thin. It was hot. I tell you, the temperature must have been hovering in the high 90s at that point.

And she was wrapped up close to her neck with a heavy Japanese army overcoat pinned at the neck. She had bandages around her legs. She was barefooted.

She had straight black hair parted in the middle, pulled tightly in the back, and tied in a little bun. Her face was so wrinkled, it looked as though she had been out in the sun for 20 years and dried up. She had roomy eyes, and she had in her mouth a corncob pipe, which she puffed very quietly.

And when she spoke, I noticed that she only had two teeth. Fortunately, they met. And her mouth was devoid of teeth.

And there she was. And I said, I'd like to say a word to her. Now, you know, the Japanese had held Formosa for a long time.

And I had a Japanese gospel of John. So through the mouth of my missionary friend, I approached her, and I said, I'll not lengthen this story too much, but I said to her, this little book I want to give you is a gift, and it's a great story about love. The love of God, the God who made the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and all the animals, and all the trees, and the grass, and these mountains, and he made you, and he made me.

And he had a son, only one son. And one day he sent him all the way from his house in heaven to this earth, and wicked men took him, and they hung him on a cross, and he died. But he died there for your sins and for mine.

I was struggling to make it as simple as possible so she might grasp it. And I opened the gospel. I can't read Japanese, to be sure, but I'd been giving out enough of these gospels.

I knew where the verse was. So I put my finger on John 3.16, and I said, that's the verse that tells you how that God so loved this world that he gave his begotten son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life. And she listened.

She took the pipe out of her mouth, and she listened very, very carefully. And then she mumbled something. I said, what did she say? He said, she says, oh, those are good words.

They make me feel so good here. They're good words. Then she put her pipe back in her mouth, took a puff, took it out again, and she mumbled something else.

I said, what did she say? He said, she says, but maybe your God is not really the true God. And if I gave up my gods for your God, and he is not the true God, I would be without a God. And how can anyone live without a God? Profound philosophy that.

How can anyone live without a God? That little Formosan lady said long ago. Well, we did. We did, yes, we did.

Some of you lived for years without God. And I did too. There I was, dead in my sins, without any strength to fight the tide, without Christ, no promises to support me in my life, no hope for the future, and no God in which to believe.

What a tragic, tragic condition we were in. That was our past, our former condition in sin. But now, notice that verse 13, but now, that's now, right now, in Christ Jesus, you who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ.

Now, I've already eaten up a major portion of my time, and so I can only tick these off. And over against those six dismal minuses, there are five blessed pluses that mark our present position in grace. Let me just name them.

First, we were made alive. Oh, do you know you're alive? I don't mean physically. Some of us say sometimes I don't know.

If you're like me, I get up in the morning, I put one leg out, and I say, thank God that one works. I wonder if the other will be as good. I put that one out, and when they both work, and I can stand up, I say, hallelujah.

There are some people who can't do that. But I can. Thank God for that.

And I have life. But more blessed, more wonderful is to know that I have eternal life. We had an old believer in our church.

He was a Scandinavian. His name was Nelson. He was a Norwegian.

An old brother, Nelson, was a staunch Christian. He had two magnificent characteristics. One was a pair of eyes that would pierce right through your head.

When I looked at him, I always felt he was reading every thought in my mind, as well as the calendar hanging on the wall behind me. He looked right straight through you. And the second thing was he was blessed with a magnificent voice for open air preaching.

He never needed an amplification system. Oh, man, when he opened up, it was marvelous. His voice would carry for a couple of blocks.

One day, I made the mistake of asking him how old he was. He never should have done it. Brother Nelson, how old are you? He looked at me, and he said, how old I am.

I am just. Eternal life minus 82. That's how he reckoned his age.

Eternal life minus 82. This little bit of stuff that we're enjoying here is just rubbing off the edges of the glorious eternal life that we've got. All right.

We are made alive. Verse 13, you were made nigh. The wall of sin that separated us is now broken down.

Third, you are raised with Christ. Verse 6. Fourth, you are seated with him. Also, verse 6. And fifth, we are his workmanship.

That's a beautiful word in the Greek. It's the word poema, p-o-e-m-a. Drop out the alpha on the end, and you have the English word poem, p-o-e-m.

We are God's poetry. Oh, it's beautiful to know that God writes lovely, beautiful, magnificent poetry out of the stuff of redeemed lives, and he's writing a new line, a new verse every day in your life and in mine. We are his poem.

So there they are, the five pluses. That's our present position in grace. Now, I want to conclude with that.

Way up here now, we've got to take a peek at the horizon across the way. How far can we see? In this epistle, as perhaps in no other, do we find the apostle using lavishly the superlative when he describes God's relationship to his own. Do you notice what he says in verse 7? That in the ages to come, he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus.

I've already indicated to you that when I was a boy in school, I struggled with English grammar. I had difficulty recognizing adverbs and verbs. If I met them on the street, I would have difficulty recognizing one of them.

Well, we were studying, as I recall at the time, this business of positive, comparative, superlative. The teacher, I must have muffed it somehow, so she asked me to stay after school. It wasn't because she was particularly fond of me, and I knew that, but it was because I needed what she had to say.

So she started out by saying, now, I understand you're struggling with this matter, but just use your imagination. She said, now, for instance, the edge of this desk here is straight, right? I said, yeah, yes it is. She said, that's positive, see? But this edge over here is straighter than that edge.

And I already started to have problems in my head. I didn't say it to her right yet, but I thought, now, she said that was straight. Now, how in the world can that one be straighter than this one if this one's already straight? Well, I'll let her go.

And so she said, but this edge over here, this is the straightest of the three. I said, but teacher, didn't you say the first was straight? Yes, well, you have to admit now, don't you, that this one has to be a little bit crooked if this one's the straightest of three Why didn't you say so? She gave up. She said, let's try again.

So she said, we'll use the desk. She said, this edge is smooth. Feel it? It's positive.

But this edge along here, that's smoother. That's comparative. And I thought, there she goes again.

But this edge here is the smoothest of the three. And I said, by that time, something's got to be a little rough. Can't go on saying smooth, smooth, smooth, smooth.

But it is. It's the way it is. It's the way our language is constructed.

Now, that's what Paul does here. What is God going to do for us in the ages to come? So we look out from this mountain peak. In the ages to come, he's going to show his grace toward us.

That's positive. No. The riches of his grace.

That's comparative. The exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus. That's wave upon wave upon wave upon wave upon wave upon wave of superlative grace to be shown toward us throughout all the endless ages of eternity in his kindness toward us in Christ Jesus.

Doesn't that take your breath away a little bit? To think that that's what God designs to do in you and me and for us in the ages to come. Well, it's difficult to comprehend this, but I think of a very simple illustration with which I want to conclude now. We had a boy in our church who was the most timid and self-effacing young fellow as a high school boy that I can remember.

And one day during the war, he was conscripted and sent overseas in a combat unit. And the day he left, his mother and father called me and said, would you come and pray with us for our boy? So I did. And I remember his going.

And for a while in the days of his training, and then until he went overseas and even afterward for a while, they got regular letters. But after a little while, suddenly the letters stopped. And the weeks lengthened into months and they didn't hear from him.

None of us knew what was going on. But one night his squad sent out ahead of all the rest of the fighting men. His squad was ambushed and they were caught in crossfire and he was wounded.

A bullet pierced his back, came within a very tiny fraction of his spine. And there he lay bleeding profusely and saw every one of the men in his squad cut down by German machine guns. And he was the only one alive.

He fainted. When he came to, he was looking up the barrel of a machine gun as a German soldier held it right up there against his face. He was about to pull the trigger when a sharp command and a German officer said, we want this man for interrogation.

So they picked him up. They took him to a German hospital behind the lines and they threatened to amputate his legs unless he gave him information and all the rest of it. Finally, when he recuperated, they put him in a concentration camp and life was terrible.

They nearly starved to death and in the wintertime nearly froze to death. And this timid boy became the boy whom the other prisoners sent out. He got out time after time out of the camp and would forage in the village nearby for food and get it back into the camp.

He became very clever at that. Well, one day he and another prisoner escaped from the German camp and they were free only a few hours when they were captured by the Russians. And the Russians put them in a prisoner of war camp and the conditions there were worse than they were in the German camp.

So they escaped from the Russian camp and went back to the German camp. And on their way back, they were met with American soldiers and they were set free. And that's why his letters didn't come.

But in that interval, early one morning, five o'clock or so, I received a phone call. It was his distraught mother and she said, Pastor, could you come over right away? You were here when our boy left. We want you here now.

We've just gotten a telegram from the government and we haven't the courage to open it. We want you here when we do. So I went over and I remember it very clearly.

The father sat here, the young brother there and the mother. And she handed me the telegram and said, will you please open it and read it? So I opened it and it began, the President of the United States and the Commander in Chief of the Allied Armies regret to inform you that, and I could hear the sobs already, your

son is missing in action. And I said, we mustn't despair.

That doesn't mean he's dead. It merely means maybe we didn't know this. Maybe he's been captured.

He's just missing in action. Well, those parents, for the months that followed, seized upon God's promises and dared to believe the Lord that their boy was safe. And then one day when the war was over, I got another phone call.

And this time his mother said, Pastor, will you come for lunch today? Our boy's coming home. He's arriving at Newark Airport at 11 o'clock this morning. And he'll be home at noon.

And we want you here. You were here when he left. We want you here when he comes back.

I said, of course. So I went. When I walked in the door, I said, Mrs. B, when I walked in this house, now this was I think in August, I said, I thought I smelled pumpkin pie.

She said, you did. That's one of his favorites. I said, well, at first I thought it was huckleberry pie.

But I thought, no, it's pumpkin. But then I took another whiff and it seemed, she said, you're right, it was huckleberry pie. She said, that's one of his favorites too.

Well, now I said, you'll forgive me, but there's so many nice smells in your house today that I detected what I thought was a good, wonderful, old-fashioned apple pie cooking. She said, it is. I looked down on the dining room table and there were cakes.

You wouldn't believe, three or four cakes. And one of them, one of my favorites. I love devil food cake that has that kind of icing that you put your finger in and it comes up like this.

Oh, it's just beautiful, you know. And there was one of those. She said, that's his favorite.

I said, calling her by her name, I said, look, you're going to kill your boy with a spoon and a fork. You're going to do what the Germans and the Russians couldn't do. She said, yeah, but it's our boy and he's coming home.

And you know, somehow I understood what that mother felt like. Her beloved boy was coming home and there was nothing too good for him. Whatever he liked, she gave it to him.

She had it ready. Pie after pie, cake after cake and other things as well. She was showering the exceeding riches of her love upon that boy.

That's how it's going to be.

---

Audio: <https://sermonindex1.b-cdn.net/7/SID7926.mp3>

Source: <https://sermonindex.net/speakers/charles-anderson/dizzy-heights/>

# *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](http://www.sermonindex.net)**