

A Bondslave Mentality

by Darrell Champlin

The sermon emphasizes the need for a bondslave mentality, a mindset of total commitment and surrender to God, in order to reach the lost with the gospel.

Duration: 26:07

Scripture: Matthew 28:19-20, Romans 8:35 - 9:3, Ephesians 1:11, Revelation 5:9-10, Revelation 19:16

Topics: "Servanthood"

Description

In this sermon, Dr. Darrell Champlin speaks about the importance of having a bond slave mentality towards Christ. He emphasizes the sacrifice and suffering that Jesus endured for humanity, highlighting his crucifixion and the shedding of his blood. Dr. Champlin urges young people to dedicate themselves fully to Christ, stating that without this bond slavery, the world will face a Christless eternity. He concludes by referencing Romans 8:35-39 and Chapter 9:1-3, emphasizing the unbreakable love and commitment that God has for his people.

Transcript

Join us now for the chapel hour coming to you from the campus of Bob Jones University in Greenville, South Carolina. Our speaker today is Dr. Darrell Chaplin, President of Independent Faith Mission in Greensboro, North Carolina. The title of his message is A Bondslave Mentality.

The text is from Romans chapter 8 verses 35 through 39 and chapter 9 verses 1 through 3. It's a joy to be here. Praise God for this place, for the invitation that we've had. Of course, I'm President of Independent Faith Mission, a Baptist board out of Greensboro, North Carolina, and we have had our representatives, the Phillips there, at the booth and appreciate all of you that have come by and have been a blessing to them.

God's eternal purpose is to call out from every kindred tongue, people, and nation a multitude redeemed by the blood of his Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, over whom he will crown his Son, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, King of kings and Lord of lords forever. This, beloved, is the passion of the heart of God that cannot be quenched, the obsession of his mind that he cannot deny, the vision of his eyes from eternity past into eternity future that will not dim, and the destination to which he is given, his omnipotent, eternal, immutable being, a destination he will not abandon. Open your Bibles, if you will, to Romans chapter 9. I'd like to remind you this morning that the task of reaching this world with the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ is a task impossible but to bond the slaves of Jesus Christ.

There was once a man of whom it was said that he suffered more than any man for the cause of Christ. Now, he's not a man listed on the great list of the heroes of the faith in Hebrews 11. But, beloved, I believe that the roll call of the heroes of the faith is still open.

They cannot be complete without the bond slaves who serve the God of heaven from the time of the Old and the New Testaments and the writing of Scripture until the Lord Jesus comes back again to this earth to call us to meet him in the air and to spend eternity with him in glory. They are not complete, beloved, without us. The roll call is not perfect without those of our generation.

No, this man was not a man of Hebrews 11 but a modern man. He wrote in his diary, constrained to say farewell to friends and earthly comforts, the dearest of them all, if the Lord calls for it, adieu. I will spend my life to my last moments in caves and dens of the earth if the kingdom of Christ may thereby be advanced.

He slept on dry corn husks, ate moldy bread, was lost in swamps and blizzards on horseback. He wrote in his diary, I coughed up much bloody matter this morning, a man, beloved, dying of TB, a man who gave the earthen vessel of his body in total commitment, who agonized in prayer for cleansing and for power and for the souls of men until at last, on August 8, 1745, the fire fell and hundreds of American Indians came to Christ, a man who died at age 29 in a bedroom in the home of his beloved fiancée, daughter of Jonathan Edwards, a man of whom the world was not worthy, a man whose name was David Brainerd. My question to you this morning is this, whatever became of the spirit of David Brainerd, whatever became of that passion for the lost that could not be quenched, whatever became of that obsession for the salvation of the lost that could not be denied, whatever became of that vision for the task that would not dim, that destination to which he had committed his very being, a destination he would not abandon, whatever became, beloved, of the spirit of David Brainerd, whatever became of the passion of the bond slave of Jesus Christ, for whom nothing was too hard and no price too high to pay to reach the lost of this world with the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I know from whence it came, and we find it here in Romans chapter 9, but let's read first verse 35 through 39 of chapter 8. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation or distress or persecution or famine or nakedness or peril or sword? As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long. We are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

For I am persuaded that neither death nor life nor angels nor principalities nor powers nor things present nor things to come nor height nor depth nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. So strange that Paul, having written these words under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, should begin chapter 9 by saying, I say the truth in Christ. He is about to say something to his people, the Jews, that is simply unbelievable.

No human being could utter the words that the Apostle Paul is about to utter. No human being would give that kind of sacrifice, would have that kind of passion, but he says to these Jews to whom he's writing, I say the truth in Christ. What I'm about to say I learned through my relationship with the Lord Jesus Christ.

May I ask you young people this morning, as you listen to what the Apostle Paul is about to say, do you have that kind of relationship with the Lord Jesus Christ? Is your heart prepared as was his? He says to his people, what I am about to say, I learned in Christ, I lie not. What he's about to say is so incredible that he has to testify, I'm not lying to you. My conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, it is by

him, indeed the Holy Ghost, that I write this to you.

Verse 2, that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. That's a very special Greek phrase, literally could be translated, I have consuming grief. It's a special kind of grief, it's the grief of an old man who has lost his wife.

I saw it in Spruce Pine, North Carolina some years ago. If you're from the South and you are here, but particularly North and South Carolina, Tennessee, in their churches there, they gather before the service to pray. And they'll say to someone, now brother so-and-so, you lead us in prayer.

And when he begins to pray, then everybody starts praying. And that kind of threw me off in the beginning. How can everyone pray together like this out loud? And then I understood that the God of heaven listens to multiplied billions of prayers across this universe every minute of every day of every year, and has no problem filtering them from the languages.

So I relaxed. We're giving prayer requests. An old man sat down on the end of the bench from me, began to give his request, and began to sob.

Oh, he said, I'm so ashamed, I wouldn't have come in if I'd known I was going to cry. And I said, slipped over, I put my arms around him, said, now brother, you cry and we'll cry with you. And we cried with him.

And at last he got control of his voice. And he said, brethren, my wife is dead, and it's killing me. And that's true.

We know as men. Our life dies when we're old, and it's not long before we're dead. We can't live without them.

The husband dies and the wife steams on for some years. They're stronger than we are. His wife was dead, and it was killing him.

And that's what Paul says. Something's on my heart that's consuming grief. It's like the grief of an old man who has lost his wife.

And at last he explains, for I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh. That word, accursed, is only used, as I understand, four times in the New Testament. It's anathema.

It's excommunicated. It's cast out. It's cut off.

I could wish myself accursed from Christ. I could wish that I go out to eternity with God's back turned to me, his arms folded, his eyes closed, that he will not look, his mouth shut, that he will not speak. I could wish that I go out into eternity destitute of the God of heaven, accursed anathema in the face of God.

How in the world, beloved, could he love a people like that? How could he love them after Lystra, in Acts 14, when they stoned him and left him for dead? You understand that on occasion they would put a person in a sack before they stoned him, tied them to a post. That meant you could come close, there's nothing but a thing inside of that sack. And when they had finished crushing, bloodying, and killing that poor person, they would drag that bloody sack out and toss it on the heap of garbage and let the vultures descend and the wild dogs and eat it down to the bone, and not even all of the bones would be left.

And they left him out there, walked away and dusted their hands and said, that's the end of this rabble rouser. But the Lord Jesus wasn't finished with them, and he said, Paul, rise, Paul! And Paul rose and went where? Right back into Lystra. I could wish, he said, that I could be accursed, that this people and those 40 who planned to kill me when I was taken from Jerusalem to Rome, how could he love a people like that? And we have a song.

We have an anchor that keeps the soul steadfast and sure while the billows roll fast into the rock that cannot move, ground and firm and deep in the Savior's love. And here he is trying to pull on the chain of the anchor of his soul, if somehow for his people's sake he could loose the anchor of his salvation, that his people might find salvation. Oh, Moses, back in Exodus 32, God says, the people have sinned.

He sends the Levites throughout the crowd, throughout the people. Three thousand men are killed. And Moses says, now, Lord, after telling the people, now you go off and you wait.

I'm going before the God of heaven. Now, Lord, if you will, forgive my people. And if not, O God, blot my name out of the book with them.

Bond-slave mentality. But it's always been this bond-slavery to the God of heaven that has been the only way of accomplishing the task of reaching this world with the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Look at the situation, as we heard it close, of early Christians.

Herod the Great killed the innocents in Bethlehem. That's Matthew 2. Herod Philip Antipas beheaded John the Baptist in Matthew 14. Herod Agrippa beheaded James and would have beheaded Peter had not God sent an angel and let him out through locked gates out of prison.

Herod Agrippa II kept Paul in prison to be beheaded by Nero. Oh, Nero, the grossly overweight, the vicious, the sexual, sensuous man that took the Roman circus to new depths of degradation, who created live brothel scenes on high platforms for the people to watch and lust and roar out their filth, gladiators fighting to the death, thumbs up or thumbs down, the Christians being blamed for the burning of Rome, Christians thrown to the lions, Paul beheaded, Christians found hiding in the catacombs, and 64 of them being beheaded in a day. All of the apostles, beloved, were martyred except John at exile in Patmos.

James the Great beheaded in AD 44. Philip scourged and thrown in prison and crucified in AD 54. Matthew beaten to death in AD 60.

James the last stoned and had his brains dashed out with a fuller's club. Andrew was crucified. Mark dragged to death at the end of a chariot.

Peter was crucified. Paul was beheaded. Jude was crucified.

Bartholomew was beaten, then crucified. Thomas was thrust through the sphere. Luke was impaled on a pillar, a sharp stake driven up through his body.

They called it hanging. Simon Zelotas was crucified and Barnabas was martyred in AD 73. They had, beloved, a passion for the lost that could not be quenched.

They had an obsession for their salvation that they could not deny. They had a vision for that task that would not dim, and they'd given their very being to reach the lost with the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ at any cost. Let me give you a list of those who went out to Africa in the early days.

You understand, the missionaries going to Africa realized that they probably would never return to the United States, and so many of them took their coffins with them. Miss Isabel Alley was dead in one year. Missionary Ayer lasted 21.

Miss Phoebe Bart died in four months. Miss Martha Coggesell was dead in three months. Missis Hoffman lasted three years.

Her husband, 16. Missionary Holcomb was dead in one year. Missionary Horn died in two years.

Missionary Messenger died after three months. Missionary Minor died in seven years. Missis Pash was dead in two years.

Missis Jacob Rombo dead in two years. Reverend Robert Smith dead in three months. Dr. T.R. Steele lasted six months and lost his life out there.

And William Hotchkiss wrote, I've dwelt four years practically alone in Africa. I've been 30 times stricken with malaria. I've had it.

It's bad stuff. Thirty times in four years. Three times attacked by lions.

Several times by rhinoceros. But I, let me say to you, I would gladly go through the whole thing again if I could have the joy of again bringing the word Savior and flashing it into the darkness that envelops another tribe in South Africa. And the meanwhile we have here in America what I call the Pepsis.

This is their prayer. I would like three dollars worth of God, please. Not enough to explode my soul or disturb my sleep, but just enough to equal a cup of warm milk and a snooze in the sunshine.

I do not want enough of him to make me love a black man or pick beets with a migrant. I want ecstasy, not transformation. I want the warmth of the womb, not a new birth.

I want a pound of the eternal in a paper sack. I would like to buy three dollars worth of God, please. They wear Jesus first pins and then the yuppies.

Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray my cuisinart to keep. I pray my stocks are on the rise and that my analyst is wise.

I pray that all the wine I sip is white and that my hot tubs watertight. I pray that racquetball won't get too tough and that all my shoesties fresh enough. I pray my cordless phone still works and my career won't lose its perks.

I pray my microwave won't radiate and my condo won't depreciate. I pray my health club doesn't close and that my money market grows and God forbid if I go broke before I wake, I pray my Volvo they won't take. And we laugh, beloved, but that's across the United States and it's here.

It has infected our young people and their passion is not to cross this world with the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Their passion is to capture and enjoy the American dream. Beloved, the American dream must die if this world is going to be reached with the gospel by another generation of bond slaves of Christ.

I'll read one more and quit. Bill McChesney wrote this, serving in the land of the Congo Belch. I want my breakfast served to date, he said, with ham and eggs upon the plate.

A well-broiled steak I'll eat at one and dine again when day is done. I want an ultra-modern home and in each room a telephone. Soft carpets, too, upon the floors and pretty drapes to grace the doors.

A cozy place of lovely things, like easy chairs with inner springs. And then I'll get a small TV. Of course, I'm careful what I see.

I want my wardrobe, too, to be of Nietzsche's finest quality, with latest style in suit and vest. Why should not Christians have the best? But then, O Master, I can hear no uncertain voice so clear. I bid you come and follow me, the lowly man of Galilee.

Birds of the air have made their nests, and foxes in their holes find rest. But I can offer you no bed, no place of eye to lay my head. In shame I hugged my head and cried, how could I spurn the crucified? Could I forget the way he went, the sleepless nights and prayer he spent? For forty days without a bite, a lonely fasted day and night.

Despite rejected, on he went, and did not stop till veil he rent. A man of sorrows and of grief, no earthly friend to bring relief. Smitten of God, the prophet said, mocked, beaten, bruised, his blood ran red.

If he be God and died for me, no sacrifice too great can be. For me, a mortal man to make, I'll do it all for Jesus' sake. Yes, I will tread the path he trod.

No other way will please my God, so henceforth this my choice shall be my choice for all eternity. And ten days later, he was lined up with his missionary compatriots and shot to death in the Congo. Bond slavery to Christ, young people.

Without it, without your bond slavery to Christ, this world is going to go into a Christless eternity. Afraid of what? Afraid to feel the Spirit's glad release, to pass from pain to perfect peace, the strife and strain of life to cease. Afraid of that? Afraid of what? Afraid to see the Savior's face, to hear his welcome, and to trace the glory gleam from wounds of grace.

Afraid of that? Afraid of what? A flash, a crash, a pierced heart, darkness, light, O heaven's art, a wound of his counterpart. Afraid of that? Afraid of what? Afraid to do by death what life could not, baptize with blood a stony plot till souls shall blossom from that spot. Afraid of that? Young men stand up and go to war with Satan over the souls of men and women, boys and girls, across this globe.

God help us. We need another generation of bond slaves. Father, bless this portion of thy word to our hearts, I pray.

For Jesus. You've been listening to the Chapel Hour, coming to you from the campus of Bob Jones University. Our speaker was Dr. Darrell Champlin, President of Independent Faith Mission in Greensboro, North Carolina.

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