

Hell - Keith David

by From the Pulpit & Classic Sermons

The sermon emphasizes the importance of warning others of the judgments of God and the consequences of not seeking salvation.

Duration: 58:02

Scripture: Matthew 6:33, 2 Thessalonians 1:9

Topics: "Radio"

Description

In this sermon, the speaker, Keith David, shares about his father's passionate preaching of the word of God. His father was deeply committed to warning souls about the judgments of God and the need for salvation. He would weep and plead with people, even his own family members, to turn to Christ. The speaker also mentions a powerful incident where his father placed a coffin in the church to emphasize the reality of death and the urgency of salvation. The sermon emphasizes the importance of being a watchman for God and warning others about the consequences of sin.

Transcript

Welcome to From the Pulpit and Classic Sermons. Each week we bring you a different message from some of history's greatest speakers in the Christian faith and powerful sermons for modern preachers too. This week we have Keith David with his message, Hell.

In 2 Thessalonians 1 verse 9 we read that He, Jesus will return. Hallelujah. He will return.

He will return in flaming fire. In flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God. Taking vengeance on them that know not God and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

He will return in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ who shall be punished with everlasting destruction. Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of His power. In Revelation chapter 20 John records the revelation given to him by Jesus of mankind's destination and he says in verse 11, I saw a great white throne.

I saw a great white throne and him that sat on it from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead. I saw the dead small and great stand.

I saw the dead small children and great grown-ups stand before God. Oh what a shock to the multitude who believed that when they died they land up in a little wooden box six feet under the ground and that's all there was to life. Nothing beyond that no purpose nothing to be accountable for.

There was nothing more to life than to be born do what you want as you want die land up that's it. What a shock it's going to be when they know that isn't it. I saw the dead small and great stand before God and the books were opened.

The books were opened and another book was opened which is the book of life and the dead were judged. The dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books according to their works. The dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books according to their works and the sea gave up the dead which were in it and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them and they were judged every man.

Every man according to his works and death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. The second death and whosoever was not found written whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast cast into the lake of fire.

That's a terrifying word soul. There's no mercy after death. You can scream you can beg there's no mercy no mercy.

Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast at the final thing into the lake of fire. The hands the hands that will bear the mark for all eternity God says those marks will never leave the hands of Christ bearing witness that he tasted death for every man but those hands it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of a living God. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of a living God if you have not prepared to meet with God through his death.

Before you die Hebrews 10 verse 31 it is appointed unto men once to die but after this the judgment. Hebrews 9 verse 27 it is appointed unto men once to die but after this so one thing. One thing.

One thing only. Judgment. God says you don't have to wait in eternity for the great white throne.

For your judgment to come when you die without Christ. That moment of death you are judged. If you die without Christ you are plunged into hell.

Christ the God of love spoke of a man lying in hell. Christ wouldn't lie. This man could see.

This man could speak. His physical body wasn't there. This man could feel.

This man could scream. I am tormented in this place. He could see what he's missed.

He could recognize. Can you imagine the hell of that? Who's there? Who made him? And no matter how he played Christ's name all he was told. There's a gulf fixed.

No one can come to you. No one will ever be able to come from this place to heaven where the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever. They have no peace day or night.

The lake that burneth with fire and brimstone is eternal. You are eternal so you will never die. You will never die.

You will never die. You will never die. You will never die.

You will never die. You will never die. You will never die.

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You will never die. You will never die. You will never die.

You will never die Our dreams never cease and life is a brief moment. I'm writing a book. This moment called life.

If you're not conscious already, that's all you've got. It's gone when you think it has begun. You're waking up in a fright young people.

I suddenly realise my time is so short. And it's like yesterday. It began.

Be careful, this moment, old life, what you do with it, in the light of eternity, be careful. In Ezekiel 33 verse 7, God warned this prophet, God warned this prophet, so thou, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel, therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me. When I say unto the wicked, when I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die, if thou does not speak and warn the wicked from his way, if thou does not speak and warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man will die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thine hand, if thou does not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thine hand.

But nevertheless, if thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it, if he do not turn from his way, he shall die in his iniquity, but thou hast delivered thy soul. Do you think this is the only man that ever lived that God would be so grieved at, if he failed to warn those who God intended him to warn of God's judgment? Do you think this is the only man that ever lived that God would be so grieved at, if he failed to warn the wicked to turn or burn? The old preacher used to say, if you preach that today, you'll burn. In the light, in the light of God's judgments, his warnings and judgments that are strewn across the pages of this book to anyone that opens this book honestly, and not as a hypocritical, lying, defying, perverted truth preacher.

In the light of all the warnings of God's judgment and hell that are strewn across the pages of this book, I would like to ask two fearful questions here this morning. Firstly, to the saved, saved from hell and judgment, to the saved, do you warn men? Do you warn men to flee from the wrath to come, to prepare themselves to meet with God? Do you warn men to flee from the wrath to come? How many men have you walked past? How many men have you passed since you have been saved, since you have been saved, that you could have warned, that you should have warned of what they will face for all eternity? Most of them, because no one warned, who could have warned. This world could be won in one year, ten

times, if every born-again Christian witnessed as they ought to.

This world could have heard the gospel, if every one of us did everything we could and should have. Don't doubt that. Don't blame God for the multitudes who don't hear.

Not this God. Secondly, I ask this question to the unsaved, to the lost, to the lost here today, does it offend you, does it offend you so, if someone warns you of the judgments strewn through this book from the heart of God, that any man standing in the pulpit that neglects to warn men, their blood will be on his hands, because of his defiance and neglect of souls? Does it offend you, if someone warns you earnestly, of the judgment you certainly, tragically but certainly will face for all eternity, if you reject the gospel of Christ while you are able to receive it? Does it offend you, if a preacher preaches the things that God himself said, that God of love warns and warns and warns and warns and warns? Does it offend you, if someone you know, someone in your family, some preacher, anyone dares to talk of the judgments of God, that you will face so? Most in this week that are going to face it are under the age of 20, because of the overpopulation explosion, most people on the earth are under the age of 20, did you know that? Most people who die every week are by far the majority, way over 50 percent, are under the age of 20 and die, as we should know, right now they will die. In their masses, sir, like waves is dying.

Does it offend you? Is it an offense to you, soul? My mother had nine brothers and sisters, her elder brother, his name was Peter, my uncle Peter, Peter was a very famous name in my country, South African champion, so were some of her other brothers, he excels, makes the most famous soccer team, football team in the whole nation, manager, trainer, other clubs and things that were South African champions, the teams, oh this man was something, in a sports crazy country. Uncle Peter was my father's best friend from childhood, when they were seven they would take the ball in the field and kick, always together, schooling together, my mother now marries Uncle Peter's closest friend, my darling father. Through the years he's always there, Peter's always there, all I remember is Peter arriving, with baked cakes and bread and fruit and everything, Peter arriving, always wanted to see daddy, always wanted to be my father, inseparable.

The years go by, there was this friend who was like a brother to him, at the age of 51 my father, an alcoholic, everything lying in ruins, his marriage, his children, everything, at the age of 51 my father found Jesus Christ. My father smashed the bottles, weeping, never touched a drink till he died, wouldn't have champagne, wouldn't have wine, nothing! He'd come in his home, he's destroyed my life, threw down his cigarettes over 60 a day for over 20 years, an alcoholic for over 20 years, weak and staggering, falling, never to touch these things again, picking up this book and devouring it like a man who's fired, a source of survival, who suffocated but couldn't get enough till he died of this book and the day he was saved. Daddy was mightily saved and he staggered every single person on this earth who knew him, was stunned, beginning with his children.

My father, what really did stagger us though, was from that day my father seemed desperate to bring everyone in his family, everyone he knew, everyone he loved, everyone had to come to Christ. He could not rest, he could not sit there speaking about sports, speaking about politics, he could not bear diverting from warning souls he loved. It staggered everyone, it bonded everyone, everyone was undone.

He wept as he pled with the souls that were his own blood. His friends, my father, warned, sweeping, with the scriptures he picks up, daily of judgments and hell for eternity, if someone rejects or neglects or does not find the Christ of this Bible in vital reality. Uncle Peter arrives and my father looked at him and began to weep as he warns reading of the judgments God sees are eternal on a soul that lives in sin and dies

unrepentant of that sin.

He pleads with Uncle Peter, my Uncle Peter stood quaking, have you ever seen a man quaking in fear? He quaked in fear, his eyes full of tears and mouth open, gasping in shock at who is telling him this. And we all looked wondering. Uncle Peter said these words to him shouting, Stop now and never ever speak to me of this again or I will hate you till you die.

We all looked waiting to see what my father would do to his best friend in this world. My father with tears said, Peter, if I stop, if I stop warning you then I will hate you, then I hate you. I cannot stop, I cannot stop till you find Christ.

My Uncle Peter walked from our home. He refused to see my father till the day he died. He would not look at my father, he would not speak to my father, he missed occasions, he missed... He wouldn't come to my father's funeral.

As that church flowed overflowing with people reverencing my father's memory, worshipping God, my Uncle Peter would not come to his closest friend's funeral. He'd have nothing to do with him even at his death. He would not acknowledge him.

Why? Tell me, can I ask every one of you? Does it offend you? I mean offend you if someone, even if it's someone you love, you learn to hate, you hate till they die. Does it offend you if someone in your own family warns you of what God, God tells them they must warn you of? I was preaching in the town a while ago and the gentleman in his home we were staying, he said something that really staggered me. He said that just prior to my coming, his brother had died at the funeral in this church, this large church in this community.

Everyone who knew him in life came. The family, the friends, the community, it was packed. The priest, sir, stood up and said, God has released him from his sufferings.

He gave certain verses, this man's in heaven. God has taken him from his sufferings and the torment he was in, from his excruciating suffering, from his sickness that's so long. God's released him.

We wouldn't want him back from where he is. Oh, he wanted to comfort everyone with scriptures. Eventually, this man, I was staying with him and his wife, he stood up to represent the family, to say thank you, like the eulogy, for everyone that had traveled from near or far.

And afterwards he stood and he said these words from the pulpit. As he turned to this priest who was sitting behind him, Sir, you said my brother has been released from his suffering and pain. He is now in a place, sir, you're wrong.

My brother has never ever known such excruciating suffering and pain as he knows now from the moment he died. This book, this book assures me of that, though I weep. And I will not let it be a lie, even his death become a lie.

He carried a Bible to church. Yes, but that didn't save him. My brother and every one of you in this building know died in his sin.

He never turned from sin. I pled with him, I begged him, warning him, quoting his sin. God assures us, be not deceived, no unrighteous person shall enter the kingdom of heaven.

Not that defilers shall enter therein and the names of the... He never ever repented from that sin. God assures me, and you, you will never go to heaven unless you repent of that. My brother died in his sin.

He would never repent. No matter how we pled, he died with nothing of ever repenting. So my brother is screaming in such agony now.

We never heard such screams, the agony he knew before he died. It was sickness. He said, brother, that preacher started to groan in anger, shaking his head.

In anger at someone who was telling what this Bible said. Is the truth. He was angry at truth.

Because truth offends, you see. That's why men don't say, they don't want to lose their tithe. Don't mind your soul going to hell.

Let me tell you someone who loves you, sir. Someone who warns of what he knows your plight is. A man who cares nothing for your soul, he just wants your tendons and your tithe so that he can have a beautiful car and pay the electricity bill and live in comfort.

He'll never warn you. What's the difference? He doesn't want your soul, he just wants your money. He said, brother, the rest is a church.

There were people all over groaning like the minister. No, in anger. And I said, listen, I don't know what the full repercussions of what I've done is going to be.

How ostracized I'm going to become for being truthful. But I will not let this opportunity go. Just in case there's one soul sitting here that's not hypocritically enough to deny this truth.

One soul that might take this and find themselves through my brother's death and through my warning at his death of what God says. One soul might be here that won't be offended by God or man preaching what God says. Who might seek God's salvation here today and then it's worth it.

Worth being ostracized by all of you and facing whatever persecutions you're going to put upon me. For being honest with God's words. In God's book.

Does it offend you if someone warns you of the truth? Does that make him a fanatical evil man? Doing something unacceptable to stand in the pulpit of God with this book and tell what God says? When God tells us he will be grieved. Deeply grieved. Their blood will be on your hands if you don't warn them.

God warns. Does it offend you, sir? Unsaved soul. Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord we persuade men.

2 Corinthians 5 verse 11. Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord we persuade men. Do you? Do you, child of God? Once again.

Knowing. What would a preacher say? You know what God says. Knowing the terror that we persuade men.

When did you last? When did you last try and persuade a man, a woman, a child to seek God and not face what you know they're going to face for eternity? Because no one warned them, most of them. My father, his mother, my granny was old and frail and sick for a long, long time and weakening by the day. Daddy

was so desperate that she didn't die without Christ.

It was so overwhelming we didn't know how to handle it. She didn't know how to handle it. This weak old lady, sickly, she says to me one day, Keith, listen, you've got to stop your father.

I can't take any more. He comes here, he sends preachers to my door in this beautiful place for the frail that Daddy put her in. The best there was in their frailness to be kept.

He sent preachers just about every day, telling me your son made me come to the door saying I've got to make sure you know about the meeting. Now you've got to come. Keith, my back is so sore I've got to sit there and listen to these men who never know when to end.

I can't sit through these meetings. I can't go any more. My eyes are so weak.

Your daddy comes along with a Bible and says now all these verses I've highlighted, there's a little markers there and you turn to them. All about the judgments of God upon souls for eternity and that you must be saved. She says, Keith, my boy, I said to your daddy I can't, my eyes are sore.

Look at my eyes, they were bloodshot, I must be honest. She says, your daddy comes now with the biggest Bible in the world. Look at it.

The prints are about this size. All marked. Now you can't argue you will read and I'll come back daily with more verses to mark and we'll discuss the verses you had.

I am not going to let you die without God. She says, Keith, listen I am grateful to God what's happened to your father. I see the change and I'm worshipping God.

I thank God. Don't get me wrong, boy. I prayed for you, my boy, since you were born every day.

I prayed when you went astray, when you broke everyone's heart boy. I was the one crying to God. When I was a young mother it was a depression, an economic depression recession across the world.

There was no work. My husband left me with three children. I had to wash clothes for hours until my hands were dry and warped and hurting every day day after day, month after month, year after year to stay alive.

To stay alive, my boy. There were times I couldn't stay alive and I cried weeping to God to help me to stay alive and Keith, when I prayed someone would come to that door and put food and groceries in my hands. When I cried, when I groaned as I was on my knees sometimes they would come.

You say I'm not a Christian why would God answer my prayers? I'm not going to hell, my boy. I'm offended now that you people change and become good and now you look at good people and say we're going to hell because we didn't know we'd do the wickedness you did. Now you tell your father to stop or I am going to be truly offended, my boy as others have become offended by your daddy the way he's carrying on.

So I went to my father and I said to him, father, you've got to slow down with granny. I appreciate your concern but daddy, granny is becoming truly angry like others. You've got to slow down daddy I'll never forget for eternity how my father stood when I said those words and began to weep.

He wept and he cried in such a way, these words to me that I am still shaken by what my father said to me. He said with a loud voice, my boy I stood watching my father die and I didn't have the gospel of Jesus to give him the way he died with such torment and fear of facing God and his sin the agony, the suffering, the fear the scream, the way my father died and I was helpless I will never see my father again for all eternity. I know that.

Don't you tell me to watch my father die like that. I don't care what you say my boy or others. While she lives and she's frail, she could go any day.

I will not slow down I will do everything in my faculty of my being to make her come to Christ and I will not slow down Don't you dare tell me to let my mother die like my father died. Now that I know how to face death with peace Let me shock you all. My granny was gloriously saved.

Not just saved, you know that this kind of worry, wonder is their food. When daddy heard that granny had been saved he said it's not enough God. I opened my eyes and looked at him and he's praying.

It's not enough God. I'm not satisfied You've got to let her live long enough to make me know she's truly saved. I want to see.

You saved her to be at peace and you know God touched my granny and gave her about 7, 8 years of better health than she had known for 20 years and my granny was so saved she nearly turned the world upside down Oh no more sore back. She dragged everybody with all their moans. You've got to hear the truth before you die and go to hell.

By the way Isa Noyes divided the scriptures and went with her mock Bible to soul upon soul. You've got to read I'm coming back. Hallelujah She was saved mightily.

How could she not have been saved with a son like that? I want you to ask yourself what hope did she have of not being saved with a son like that? Your mother to have a free will. But few can escape the love of Christ constraining us like my father was constrained by God's love for every man. When my brother 3 years older than me was saved he came to the church hating what he was doing He didn't want to go.

He thought these people are crazy. They're fanatics I don't want to be like this He feared becoming like these fanatical crazy Christians but he went just to pacify them and get them over his back He sat there and he thought to himself I don't want this I'm going to switch off. I don't want to hear this I'm not interested.

I don't want to be like this Can you imagine coming to church like what are you doing in church? Did you come here for God? I want you to answer. Did you come here seeking God? You sit there not wanting to be here. You're just pacifying people Sometimes you have to pacify them by coming otherwise you get a bit of moles Now people come to church nothing of God in their heart.

They don't want God Impossible. Someone's like that here today My brother couldn't switch off. Do you know why? He wanted to try but he couldn't switch off An old man stood in the pulpit.

The Godliest man I ever knew in my entire life was William McFarland He was all white, thin A bird in his heart was his book As few men could quote it in the history of the church And this man who preached as few men have ever been anointed in the history of the church I have no doubt of that. He stood there and tears poured down his face As he quoted the judgments of God One passage after the other from the

heart and the lips of God What God says will happen to the soul On and on My brother had never heard the word hell in his life from a pulpit And we had been to many pulpits. We used to change churches as we changed girlfriends And believe me we had a lot of girlfriends As unsaved, saintly, ignorant of what God said My brother had never ever heard A preacher in his life from all the churches we had been to Ever use the word hell, judgment, repentance Nothing judgmental.

It's just religion. No matter what you're living, no matter what you're going to walk out there doing You don't say them but that's what you imply. You're all Christians We're born Christians, born in a Christian country and you could It's a social God.

Oh my brother, the only time he ever heard the word hell Was in a blasphemous joke. Otherwise he'd never heard the word hell in his life Not from any pulpit, from any preacher in his life That preached what God says. If they don't preach the blood is on your hands Even if you're unsaved.

But you know it's there and you stand there With this book. As if you know This book. And people look to you to know what God's content and you keep the truth From them.

You either take away from this book or add to it Just pacify your doctrine, your understanding, your Leanings. There's a lie of what's in that book Just to be religious. Oh be careful.

My brother Listening to this man weeping. He'd never heard a man weep in the pulpit And this man believed this book, these judgments were so true He wept. I heard a preacher once say when I was a young Christian Can a preacher preach on hell unless he's wept over it Can he preach in truth on hell unless he's wept over it I remember sitting in that chair trembling And there was that statement My brother ran, he fell He was so fearful Enough weeping thrown before God And the old man left the siren and my brother was my salvation What percentage of people that came to Christ do you believe will come to Christ if it's just love You know God loves you.

Don't talk about their sin or judgment Would you give up sin just because God loves you Would you get desperate about your sin if you didn't know judgment The God of love warns you because he loves you of the judgment you will face And that he's made a way out. But you have to repent You have to turn or burn That's what this book preaches. And any preacher that doesn't preach it loud and clear Oh in one moment preacher you're standing before God and I pity your soul Do we have compassion on men's souls Now I'm going to need to stagger you here Does your compassion for the lost end Stop just at your little family Because they affect you.

You're praying You're truly growing. God saved this boy. Why? Because he's making your life a little bit easier.

Tell me where is your compassion You taste the death of every man. You know one of the words that staggered me most in my life Was John Wesley. When I heard That Wesley said these words I couldn't I haven't recovered to this day.

It turned me The world The world is my parish. Not the four walls Not the denomination. Not this little group Not those who have same mind doctrinally you know perfectly otherwise I don't care I just want them.

I want to influence them No the world is my responsibility Christ Jesus tasted death for every man this book says And the love of Christ constrains me to want Every man. I might not bring every man But I while

I have breath in my body would do everything in my being To win the world to God. Now did God mock such a man Was that presumptuous? A bit overboard That man brought two thirds of Britain's England's population to Christ.

Two thirds of a nation Turned to God under his ministry Never in England's history did anything like that ever happen before since The King of England When Wesley died said Wesley will be buried In Westminster Abbey Where the monarchies from the year 810 Lie. With their efficacies, their bodies Their tombs, their names Wesley will lie with the kings and the monarchy of England For never did a man greater service to England In our history than John Wesley The King of England said. You see France France had a bloodbath and the royalty and the nobility were wiped out Most of them slaughtered It was spilling over to England but God raised up Wesley The poor had mercy on the nobility Suddenly found respect for their souls The rich, the wealthy, the nobleness, multitudes Turned to Christ and suddenly found compassion on the poor that no nation Had ever sown in history And England paved a way for what a Christian nation should be In Wesley's lifetime and thereafter for a good while The world is my parish.

You know that his name Hundreds of years after his death still staggers Christians throughout the world Preachers, their hearts condemning them listening to his compassion His standard, his uncompromising goal no matter what rose up against him And what God did, do you think God mocks a man And even now all these years later there's few nations on earth that haven't been affected Greatly by John Wesley in their history since his life The world is my parish. Do you have compassion Sir of the soul beyond the borders of your own Inner circle because they affect you. Beloved I have met many Christians Many of them you have their books You have their videos.

You've sat at their feet. I don't know why God Did that. He mercifully helped that the godly of this nation and of other Nations in the world walked up to me putting their arms around me.

Many of them weeping And praying with me and for me. I've had the Privilege to be with godly, godly men across this world Men who every faculty of their being wanted to win the world For Christ and oh how God has used some of them beyond comprehension How much of the world has been witnessed to through their one Life. There are such men Who do everything in their capacity to warn every soul they can on earth while they have In my mission, the mission of society I belong to in Africa.

It's the second oldest mission in Africa That survived. Thousands of missionaries Went throughout Africa from this mission. The man who Was more fruitful than any other single worker in our History, in our mission.

His name was Ethelbert Schmidt I was saved the day he died. For some Reason his family took me under his wing. Under their wing And I sat and I knew throughout the nation, everywhere The soul would come to God through this man walking with God I knew this man and being in this home with this godly Woman and these lovely children, learning to love them.

I just Asked questions about the man I never had the privilege to meet. Now Heta One of the daughters, Henrietta, we called her Heta She said he had a sense of humor, you know, he was human A sense of humor, unlike jokes He saw the funny side of situations that were normal And used to laugh and make people laugh at the situation, even other missionaries Well, she said Our work, the AEB, the vehicles Trust me, I'm going to write a book on this, I think That we as missionaries had to drive. It warrants a whole Sermon.

You had to really have faith to stay alive in those vehicles But oh, she said the vehicle my father had And many of the others, she said, was a big Black van. That's what God gave him, that's all he had Not just a nice piece into the vehicle, but it was all big black vans You know, and all across it, all the workers used to write in big paint The judgments of God all over To flee from the wrath to come, you know, after death, what, and all All over, this big van that could hold a lot of workers And young people, but this is how she had to go to school In this big black van, she said She said, I would drive, there's daddy, he lets me out In the front of the school, hundreds of pupils all going up the stairs to school And every last one would just stop in silence with their mouths Open, most of them, looking at this van, the judgments of God Other children were all with their fathers in a dignified Way, you know, with lovely vehicles. But here I had to arrive With this horrific vehicle, and all these judgments And I used to crawl, you know, just look at them, my heart sunk And I used to walk past them, they looked at me passing, you know Oh, every day was a nightmare.

So one day I said to my daddy Daddy, wouldn't you let me climb Out of the car here a little bit before the school? I want to walk Isn't it a walk? Oh, all right. So she said Please, I got out of the car for the first time Since I started school, and I walked with my head up high No one was looking at me with their mouths open Silence didn't fall, I walked up those stairs And suddenly I heard this Hoot, you call it a horn Only that car had that sound I knew it was him Now this hoot is going on, everybody's looking at us So I turned, and daddy had run the window down And put his head out. Bye bye, Hector darling With all the judgments, you know.

So I said, that was cruel I wouldn't have done that to you If you were my daughter. Oh, she said he wasn't cruel, he just had a sense of humour Like you, and he just saw what was going on Amazing Otto Koenig, I don't know if you've heard of the pineapple story Otto Koenig, he was in my meeting I was preaching and I said the pineapple man, I shouldn't have said that It's a pineapple story, but anyway So he just looked at me a little bit down, you know, this Dutchman And big, long, grey hair, big grey hair, you know, well Godly man, Otto Koenig, and I have had some wonderful times at the den, sir In your country. Oh, he's a godly man What a wonderful man.

His book is all over the world and his life Mr. Gossard, I think, published on the pineapple story And influenced many martyrs. His tape's all over the world In Africa, the youth love Otto Koenig so badly That it's a bit of a problem. My wife says to me On the farm, all the cousins, all the family, all the young people Right in the night, now everybody's trying to sleep, and here on the farm, they're all lying on their backs All around the living room, in the lounge, listening to Otto Koenig with the tape Screaming with laughter, you know, at this man's honesty Of what he was, and how he cuts, and they're all laughing Suddenly the scripture's in front of you.

There's all She said, we'd all get up two o'clock in the morning, saying, you've got to put those tapes up now And the whole lot's screaming, no! Two o'clock in the morning Find me another preacher on earth, the teenagers, who'd say two o'clock in the morning, no! Hallelujah, that there's such a godly man If you haven't heard his tapes and the pineapple story series alone You're in poverty, insane That's so that you will get them, but what a wonderful man But Otto Koenig comes along when I'm preaching about annually This year he's coming also somewhere in Pennsylvania on this tour, and he Arrives and sometimes, oh, and I forget him, and when he arrives The people who've organized the meetings for me say, Mr.

Daniel Would you mind if Otto Koenig was here in the meetings, if we got him to preach also Everybody loves him, of course you must get him preaching So they got him preaching in between my services, and

everybody Talks to him, but he is something, he arrives Every year, not in a car In a hearse, now that's carefully, calculatedly Chosen for a reason, there's this hearse It's got a coffin in it, and with his white hair You know, stateliness, and dignity, and the suit, the black suit He drives, like the real thing, the undertaker And as he drives, now this hearse has got the scriptures Judgment after death, it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this Is the judgment, not only in this vehicle But all this big flock on the top, all the judgments Of God, and he drives through the freeways of America Wherever he preaches, well, I said, what happens when you drive I mean, what happens, people passing you Do they look at you, do they get offended Oh yes, especially these big lorries Strong, rough fellows, you know, these big things that are like their God It's their business, well, they drive and they blow This horn like you can't believe, it's like a foghorn from a ship You know, in their offence, they put their fists out Screaming, and shouting, and even swearing obscene words You know, a crazy fanatic And they give even obscene signs with their hands In their anger at someone who's got all the judgment He says, the Christians, oh they Hallelujah brother, they slow down, praise the Lord I said, you don't mind all these people Fists and swearing, and horrible obscene signs In their face, that's why I do it Because I want to know who to pray for, for God to save And there's no mistake, who's saved who passes me, and who's unsaved There they are screaming, yes, save him Lord, he's definitely going to hell Well, Otto Kuhning is red, but real Hallelujah, bless the dear Lord For such a man as that, I know a preacher in our country Years ago, he did this when I was young in the faith, he was so desperate Because so few had come to Christ, though he pleaded with them about the judgments of God And to come and escape, and it's in a very strange area I won't go into the details, but I've preached in those areas But here these people in their hundreds are sitting Sunday after Sunday, this man preaching the truth So he got desperate, so what did he do?

One Sunday morning, they all come to church There's a coffin, a big black coffin In the front of the church, on the wheels Borrowed bouquets all around, little pieces of paper, all writings All around this coffin, the lid is off The lid is off, it was dead be silent Death

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