

3 Stir Me to Give

by Helen Roseveare

Helen Roseveare calls believers to be stirred by God to give themselves fully to His mission and service.

Duration: 44:31

Scripture: Exodus 35:4-29, Matthew 6:33

Topics: "Surrender To God", "Radical Giving"

Description

In this sermon, the speaker shares a personal story about a moment when they almost missed an opportunity to share the gospel with someone in need. They emphasize the importance of giving all of our time and resources to God, rather than just a portion. The speaker also mentions the challenges they faced in Africa, where time is slower and more limited. They describe how they had to make sacrifices and work harder to accomplish their mission. Overall, the sermon highlights the need to fully surrender to God and be willing to go wherever He leads.

Transcript

I lived 20 years in Africa, and we don't do anything without object lessons, because we reckon you forget everything we tell you, but you see something and that you remember. But I gather that you've all had a rather unfair advantage over me. You know more about me than I know about myself, because I walked into my bedroom a little earlier on this evening to get changed.

I had a fit. I thought I'd walked into the wrong person's bedroom. I backed out hastily.

There was someone in there. Then I only found it was a large picture of me. I gather that there's one story you weren't told during the biography.

Perhaps there are a few others as well. But one little anecdote you didn't know was that although I'd been 30 years a doctor, I still faint at the sight of blood. And somebody asked me a couple of evenings ago, well, what do you do when you operate? I said, I always close my eyes for the first incision.

Certainly after the privilege of listening to Mr. Davis this morning, and again Mr. Dunlap this afternoon, one feels a little bit small. But they both told me I wasn't to feel like that. I mean, they didn't tell me personally.

They both told all of us we weren't to feel like that. They both said we were to be what we are and not what somebody else is. But I'm certainly not them.

I would like to turn us to read for a moment from Exodus chapter 35. Exodus 35, when Moses came down from the mountain, having received from God the vision of how to form and create the tabernacle. And he wanted to call all the children of Israel into the job.

He wanted everybody in on it. They all got to have their part in making the tabernacle. And I believe in the same way today, I believe God would call all his children, everyone, everywhere, who knows and loves Jesus, in on this task of creating the tabernacle of God not made with hands.

The bringing in of every tribe and nation and tongue throughout the world into his church. And that we've all got to get in on this. This has nothing to do with age groups.

It has nothing to do with linguistic abilities. Or any of the other things we sometimes make as excuses. I want to speak a little more tomorrow night about this funny thing.

People say, well, I haven't really had a missionary call. And I always feel tempted to say, well, I'm glad you haven't. It's not scriptural.

We'll touch on that one tomorrow. Exodus 35, verse 4. Moses said to all the congregation of the people of Israel, this is the thing which the Lord has commanded. Take from among you an offering to the Lord.

Whoever is of a generous heart, let him bring the Lord's offering. Gold, silver and bronze, blue and purple and scarlet stuff, and fine twined linen. I guess by then half his congregation had switched off because that's all the stuff the wealthy would have.

And there weren't many wealthy with them walking through the deserts. And the trouble with so many meetings, I guess this isn't really true here tonight, is that once a missionary starts talking, folks switch off because, well, you know, it's not for us. It's all right for them.

So then to be sure they were all in on it, he said, and goat's hair. End of verse 6. You didn't even have to own the goat. You would go around and gather the goat's hair off the thorn bushes, off the brambles, and bring it in.

You didn't have to be tall to reach up above. The goats were short and it was all down below. Anybody could do it and bring it in.

Tanned ram skins, goat skins, acacia wood. This was the ordinary shitting wood, the wood that lay around the place. They didn't even have to cut it down.

It was driftwood. All they had to do was to bring it in. They'd got no excuses left.

They were all to be in on this job that Moses wanted done. Oil for the light, spices for the anointing oil, and for the fragrant incense, onyx stones, stones for setting, for the ephod and for the breast piece. Let every able man among you come and make all that the Lord has commanded.

Verse 20. Then all the congregation of the people of Israel departed from the presence of Moses and they came. Everyone whose heart stirred him and everyone whose spirit moved him and brought the Lord's offering to be used for the tent of meeting, for all its service, for the holy garment.

So they came, men, women and children, all who were of a willing heart and brought to the Lord their offering. Thirty years ago I had the joy of coming to know the Lord Jesus Christ as my own personal

saviour as a freshman in pre-med school. And the sheer overwhelming joy was just to me unbelievable of knowing that Jesus Christ, God's Son, so loved me that He died for me.

Not just for all the world, but for me. This was to me so tremendous. I remember that night going to bed and trying to thank God for this overwhelming joy that had flooded my heart that He loved me, He cared, He knew.

And saying to Him, Please God, if you can possibly find it in your will to do it, would you give me the privilege of letting me be a missionary. And I'd never known anything else. I still rather wonder how you get converted and don't become missionaries because, well, it seems obvious and automatic.

Well, six months, seven months after that, I was at a big meeting in the north of our country of England, the Keswick Convention. And on the last day of the Keswick Convention, the big Friday missionary meeting, with over a hundred others, I stood to signify that I would go anywhere that God sent me. And we were singing a hymn.

And the first verse of it goes, Stir me, O stir me, Lord, I care not how, but stir my heart in passion for the world. Stir me to give, to go, but most to pray. Stir till the blood-red banner be unfurled or lands that still in heathen darkness lie or deserts where no cross is lifted high.

And I really meant it. I remember after the meeting, going up into the mountains in the Lake District to have it out with God, and I said to God, Okay, I do mean it today. Today I want you to go and stir me.

I don't care what it costs. I don't care how it's going to be. Stir me, God.

Stir me right through till you make of me what you want to make of me. But I said to God, you know, I guess I knew myself fairly well. I said, God, I shan't feel like this tomorrow.

When you begin to do it and it begins to hurt, and I begin to draw back, I said, please, God, hands off. I've had enough. I've had all I can stick.

God, don't listen to me when I say stop. Remember that today I said go. And I guess that's what he's been doing ever since.

Well, six years ago, Easter 1970, we had a rather dramatic or traumatic week at the college where I teach in Northeast Zaire, where I had the privilege of helping with the training of national medical evangelists. We'd gone back after the rebellion in 1966 to total devastation and destruction. And we started in to build a new college.

And we'd just finished putting up the first building. It was the biggest building I'd ever had the privilege of helping to put up. And we'd got it complete with the classrooms, laboratory, the nurses' arts classroom, the auditorium.

Everything was, the basic building was finished, but there was a lot of work still to be done on it. And we were going to have it dedicated to the Lord's service at the annual meeting of the Board of Directors, a very posh name for a very humble meeting of missionaries and church pastors. And we were suddenly told that, quite outside their control, the meeting had had to be moved forward by three weeks.

So instead of having four weeks to get ready for it, we'd only have one week left. Well, that may be bad enough in this country, but you try doing that in Africa, it's absolutely devastating. We only have two

speeds in Africa, slow and stop.

And if you put, when you put them into shock, it's always stop. And it was just, it was fantastic. So we really got down to it.

We started school that week at six in the morning instead of 6.30. We cut out the luncheon break. We cut out breakfast break. We cut luncheon down by half an hour.

I confiscated the football. And at 2.30, all the world got down to work. And anybody who knew how to do anything, we got all the local carpenters going to make us chairs for the assembly hall.

And as soon as they arrived, one boy was given ten chairs to sandpaper and another boy got on varnishing them. We just hoped they were dry before the board sat on them. And two boys said to me that they knew something about painting.

So I gave them, much bigger than this, I gave them a large gallon pot of white hard gloss paint and a couple of brushes. And I sent them off to paint the woodwork that had been already prepared around the doors and the windows and the blackboard frames in the classrooms. I then went off to see that other people were doing their jobs.

We had to clear out the brick rubble. We planted flowers. One great joy of living on the equator, we planted canna lilies on the Wednesday and they were flowering on Saturday for opening day.

You couldn't do that. And, well, the moment it came, I went to see how my prize painters were getting on. And I moved into classroom one and they weren't there.

And I was rather surprised. I moved into classroom two and they weren't there. And I was not only surprised, I was now suspicious.

I moved into classroom three and there were my two prize painters. They were singing. They were chatting.

They were enjoying life. They were going in and out of the paint pot. They were going up and down the woodwork.

And absolutely nothing was happening. They didn't seem to notice it. And I touched the woodwork of the door frame as I walked in.

And there was a sort of brown sticky goo. I moved across to them. I looked over their shoulders as they were working.

And there, halfway down the paint pot, was a solid white mass of paint. And all the precious linseed oil had gone. I gave them a lecture on stirring.

I went to get another pot of paint. Rather devastating in Africa, we'd had to send for our twelve tins of paint down to Kinshasa. That's a little bit further than going from here to Winnipeg.

It had taken five months to come. And when it did come, there were only seven pots left. Five had been stolen.

I got out another precious pot and demonstrated to them stirring. It's quite hard work. You've got to go right down to the bottom.

You've got to keep going until all the solid stuff at the bottom is stirred in. There must be nothing left at the bottom that's hard. It's quite tough stuff.

And you've got to keep on at it. Little by little, it will change colour. The brown linseed oil will work its way in and it will become white.

And now when you paint with it, it'll do the job it was meant to do. It won't go so far, but the woodwork will change and it will do the purpose. And so, once again, having demonstrated carefully that you keep going, you keep going, it's no good being impatient, it's no good thinking you'll get there quickly, which, of course, is always what I want to do on a demonstration, and that... you stir right through to the bottom.

Now when you paint, you'll find that it has changed colour. And now when you finally put it onto the board, the board will change colour too. And now the paint does what it was meant to do.

This, of course, doesn't. I haven't stirred enough. I promised I wouldn't make a mess up here.

I'd better stop. I went off to see the other workmen. And, uh, after a bit, I suddenly thought, I forgot to tell you, you have to keep on stirring.

It's no good stirring just once. You have to keep on at this job, or it settles out again. I went back to see them.

Sure enough, paint was settling out, colour was changing, going back to being brown. They hadn't spotted that. Next morning, being at heart a teacher, I took the matter up in Bible study at six o'clock in the morning, and I gave a Bible study on the matter of stirring.

Quite scripturally, quite scripturally, Peter has it in 2 Peter 1, 13, As long as I am with you, I think it right to stir you up. And I explained that I think God wants to do it with every single one of us. He wants to stir right through.

Not just the superficial. He wants to stir right through to the bottom of everything you are, of everything I am. And it doesn't matter about age group, background, upbringing, or anything.

He wants to get hold of us and stir us till we are one consistency. There won't be any division between Sunday and Monday through Saturday. I remember once, uh, coming down the valleys in South Wales, I'd been out preaching on a Sunday night, about 10 o'clock at night, and I had to be on duty in the hospital at 10.30. I hadn't noticed I was in a speed limit, because I was blown down by a police cop.

I was terribly ashamed. Here I was coming back from preaching the gospel, but I was mostly ashamed because it was Sunday. You see, you wouldn't have worried me if it had been on Monday.

I'd have been different then. Well, it's getting this thing right through so there isn't any separation between so-called religious and so-called secular. That we'll become one.

One consistency for Jesus. Anything we touch will show Jesus. Everything we'll say will show Jesus.

It'll be just one paint. And we've got to keep on at this stirring. It's no good doing it once.

It has to be done every single day. It has to be done every hour of every day. So that one consistency keeps going to be Jesus only all the way through.

Then he'll do what he means to do. I remember at the end of prayers that day, one of the senior students closed the meeting in prayer, in French, rather haltingly. It was the government language and they're not at all fluent at it.

And he prayed something like this, Go on God, stir me. I don't care what it costs. Then there was a long pause.

Then there was a great rush. He said, I do care what it costs. I care a lot what it costs, God, but never mind, stir me all the same.

Well, there it is. I wonder how many of us are willing to pray that prayer through the rest of this conference. Go on God, stir me.

I don't care what it costs. And even if I do care what it costs, God, never mind, stir me all the same right the way through. And it'll touch everything.

It will touch our pocketbooks, yes, but much, much more than that. The hymn writer there in the third line said, stir me to give, to go, but most to pray. And God willing, what I would like to try and do is to think tonight on the stir me to give.

Tomorrow night, God willing, to stir me to go. And Friday night, stir me to pray. On these three different aspects of it.

And on this aspect of stir me to give, you're going to say, surely a missionary isn't going to stand up there and talk about giving, why not? That's just because you think about cash. Didn't say cash, didn't mention cash. I don't think the hymn writer was thinking of cash.

It's stir me to give everything I am, Lord. Stir me to give myself, my talents, my time, my ambition. Well, it'll include cash.

Parents, it'll include children. Everything. Stir me until I'm willing to give the whole lot.

Stir me to give myself so utterly to you, God, you can do what you want, where you want. I just will give one story on this money business so as to get it out of the way. Because, you know, we're on the other end of it.

You lot may do the giving, we do the receiving. And it's terribly exciting, our end of the story. Sometimes, of course, we fail you because we don't write home and tell you enough detail as to just what has happened.

You must forgive us. It's true that some of us do tend to work about 24 hours a day, seven days of the week. And letters seem to get squashed out.

But I think of one day, I hadn't been out in Africa very long, back in 1953. When I got out there, I was devastated. Our mission works in a region, well, I suppose it's about a quarter of the size of your province.

But anyway, it's big enough. We had half a million people. Today, we have about one and a half million people.

We've trebled our population. And I was the only mission doctor. And, you know, I'd gone out there full of all the enthusiasm of all I was going to do, but the ink was hardly dry on my general practitioner's diploma.

And overnight, no right race in Africa, I was the senior chief consultant of everything from pediatrics to geriatrics and everything in between. But it was a terrifying moment. You suddenly realize there's no one to ask advice of, no one to get help from.

And then it came. I arrived on Tuesday night. Wednesday morning, I did my first clinic.

It was unbelievable. They just poured in. I guess that first morning, about 150.

Poured in. They were all mums carrying crying babies and dragging laughing children. And all the mums were talking.

The noise, the smell, the heat, the frustration. I didn't understand a word they talked, and they didn't understand a word I talked. And in the end, we got so desperate that if they rubbed their heads, I gave them aspirins.

If they rubbed their tummies, I gave them Epsom salts. And there came the moment when I just couldn't stand anymore. I just thought, God, I can't.

I can't. I just can't go on. If I could just get ten minutes to myself, I can get my thoughts straight again.

So I went over to my home to get a cup of coffee, to just get away from them all for a few minutes and get peace with God again. I'll go back and face some more of it. When I got to my house this particular day, this was after I'd been out there about five months, I guess, there was a man, an African and his wife and two little boys on the veranda.

I didn't want to see anybody at that moment. I just wanted to get away from them all. So we went through the usual courtesies, and then I thought he'd go away, but he didn't.

He just stood there. I asked him what he wanted. Well, he said, I want work.

Oh, it was great relief. I said, well, I'm not an employer. You want to go over to that man on the other side there, that house there.

He does all the employment. No, he says, I want work from you. I hesitated.

So what sort of work? Well, he says, I'm a cook. I've been cooking for missionaries for 18 years. He fortunately did not say he'd been cooking missionaries for 18 years.

I asked him why he'd left his last employer. I thought if he's got a reputation for burning the cakes, I didn't want him. So he didn't answer me. In dead silence, he rolled up the left sleeve of his shirt, looking straight at me.

There at the top of his arm was the mark of leprosy. I said, oh, no, God. It wasn't that I minded treating leprosy patients.

It wasn't that. But that would mean just one more clinic. In those days, leprosy patients were treated separately.

You couldn't have them in the public clinic. This would mean another two hours into my timetable. I thought, so mean of God.

He must know I was overworked. I couldn't put any more into my timetable. And I said, no, God.

You know, if you start arguing with God about treating leprosy patients, as we would say in England, you're on a losing wicket. They happen to be his favorites. So anyway, I said, well, God, if I did treat him, I couldn't have him in my house cooking for me.

Whatever would my mother say if she knew I'd got a leprosy patient cooking for me? I think all that God said to me was, she doesn't need to know. So he came into my home and cooked for me. And we built him a home outside mine.

And then we built a new little clinic place. And meanwhile, we sent off to Kisangani, 450 miles away, for the drugs we would need and the equipment. And the day came when the big box arrived and we opened it together.

And he was all excited and pounced on the drugs and the bandages. And I pulled out the inevitable bill. Well, it was written in Belgian Congo Francs.

And the bottom of the column, it said the total was 4,320 Belgian Congo Francs. That would be about \$65.50. Well, I didn't have 50 cents available. Never mind \$65.

And I said to God, well, this is your affair. Anyway, I didn't want to treat leprosy patients, so it's up to you. You can pay.

And I just pushed the bill in my Bible. Well, the end of the month came and the rule in the mission was that all bills had to be paid by the end of the month. And there was no money available at all.

There was not anything even that I could borrow from. There just was no money available. And I went to work that last morning of the month, puzzled.

I felt God had been mean. I mean, what's \$65 to the Lord? Nothing. Out there in Africa, that was the price of one cow.

And God says all the cows on a thousand hills are His. I felt He could have given me one. But there wasn't anything available at all.

And I was bitter in my heart. I felt God had failed me and let me down. And anyway, it was His affair.

When I went back at midday to lunch, my cook was there, all excited. Please, Doctor, come quickly. Come quickly.

There's a brown envelope on your plate. Well, we both knew where the brown envelopes came from, the office. Well, he said another missionary brought it across.

He's very sorry. He went to his house yesterday and he hadn't noticed it should have been for you, so he sent it over to you. So together we opened the precious brown envelope and shook out its contents.

And Ansel pounced on the money and started to count the money. And I took the piece of paper. And the bottom of the piece of paper, the total, was 4,800 Belgian francs.

I did the math quickly. That'd be 480 francs, the tie. That left 4,320 Belgian francs.

It was the exact amount I guess if I'd been a bit more polite to God and a bit more believing he'd have sent a bit extra for pocket money, but there you are. And, you know, then I saw up above that that gift was made up of three gifts. There was a gift from a couple in North America whom I've never met.

There was a gift from a couple in North Ireland who've since become close prayer partners. And there was a gift from a Sunday school group in the south of England. Some of those gifts may have been on the way anything four months, five months, going through all the different bank exchanges from America to England, from England to Belgium, Belgium to Congo, Congo up country, and every time it goes through a bank exchange they take a bit more off.

And yet when it arrived and the three were put together and do you know that two of those gifts it actually wrote against them this is for your leprosy work. And four months before I didn't have a leprosy work. I didn't intend having a leprosy work, but he knew.

That's the other end of this money business. It is exciting to be in the giving business because you just don't know what God's going to do with it. And it is thrilling.

But of course it isn't only cash he's talking about. It's things. I remember I'd been out there about three years.

I was called out one night to the maternity. We worked hard, but despite everything we could do the woman died in childbirth. And I was left with a little tiny premature baby and a little two year old girl orphaned by the death of her mother.

I said to the pupil midwives our biggest problem is going to be to in order to keep this baby alive is to keep it at a steady temperature. We have no incubator out there with no electricity. I said alright.

One nurse went out to get the boxes we put the babies in and the cotton wool we wrapped them in. Another midwife went out to fill a hot water bottle. Another one stoked up the fire.

One of them came back in and said I'm awfully sorry doctor. I boiled the kettle. I took the hot water bottle.

I poured the water into the kettle and suddenly boom! Burst hot water bottle. And she said it's the last hot water bottle. You have a saying it says it's no good crying over spilt milk.

Well in Africa you might as well say it's no good crying over burst hot water bottles. They don't grow on trees. And no drug stores down the road to buy another.

I said alright. You put the baby as near to the fire as you reasonably can. Sleep between the baby and the door.

Your job is to see it does not get into drafts. Next day at midday I was having prayers with our orphan children at midday. Any of the children who wanted to gather around for prayer time as I did every day.

I gave them various different things to pray for. And amongst the prayer requests I told them of this tiny premature baby and how difficult we were going to find to keep the baby alive. I mentioned the burst hot water bottle.

I told them of the little two year old girlie who was crying because her mummy had died. During prayer time one of the children a ten year old girl Naomi took the matter up in prayer in the usual very blunt way of our African kiddies. Please God send us a hot water bottle.

It would be no good tomorrow God the baby would be dead. Please send it this afternoon. And then she added and while you're about it God would you send a doll for the little girl so that she'll know you really love her.

As always my problem with the children's prayers was could I really say amen. I didn't honestly believe God could do it. Oh I know God could do everything.

I love that hymn we've been singing in God of the Impossible. Of course it's super but I mean there are limits aren't there. I mean you didn't really see there wasn't really possibly you could cope with that one.

And you know I'd been out there three years. I'd never had a parcel. They just don't come.

And a mail only came every now and again when somebody happened to be coming in the right direction. And anyway if anybody from my home country did send me a parcel who would put a hot water bottle in. I live on the equator.

Well midway through the afternoon I was teaching in the nurses training school and somebody came across and said there's a car outside your house doctor. I went across by the time I got there the car had gone. There on the veranda was a large 22 pound parcel all done up with spring and United Kingdom stamps.

I think I felt the tears then. I felt I couldn't open it alone. I sent the orphan kiddies and we opened it together.

On the top there were lots of these lovely bright knitted vests that they love. I was throwing them out with their eyes lit up and just praying please God there must be enough vests to go around everybody. Then there were knitted bandages for the leprosy patients and they looked a bit bored.

Then there was a large bar of soap and they looked more bored. Then there was a nice packet of mixed fruits sultanas and currants and raisins and their eyes lit up they had to make a nice batch of cookies for the weekend. Then I pulled out the brand new rubber hot water bottle.

I cried. Naomi was in the front row of the children. She rushed forward and said if God sent the bottle he must have sent the doll and she dived into the parcel with both hands and she pulled out the dolly from the bottom.

She'd never doubted. She just looked up at me with bright eyes please mummy can I go over with you to the maternity to give this doll to that little girl so she'll know that Jesus really loves her. That parcel was on the way five months.

Five months before God had constrained a Sunday school group to put a parcel together. Some Sunday school teacher to put in a hot water bottle even for the equator. Some child in England to put in a doll for a

little one out in Africa because God wanted to answer a child's prayer that afternoon.

I tell you he's some God isn't he? And this is it if you'll let him stir you in this giving business so that you get in alongside of this sort of giving. Giving of our money yes, giving of our things but it's not only that. Giving of time.

I remember a day not so very long ago to my shame it had been one of those days I don't know if you ever get them but I'd been called about half past one in the morning to go down to the operating room and I'd operated for this woman things didn't go just according to plan so I stayed and sat with her for about two hours and it was just coming up to dawn by the time I got home it wasn't worth going back to bed made a cup of coffee I got my Bible out and I got ready for the new day.

I went down to school at 6.29 and the students arrived at 6.31 I considered they were late they considered they weren't late and I grumbled and they growled and that's how I started that day off and it just got from bad to worse about 11 o'clock in the morning someone came and passed a note through the window of the classroom where I was teaching you can almost hear my students suck in their breath they know the doctor hates to be disturbed whilst lecturing and I opened the little note it's from the head man of our village who'd gone down that morning in the school truck down to the local markets to buy food stores for the college for the week and just a quick sharp note please come at once and I knew Basiliano would never send me if it wasn't urgent well he'd got the truck down there and

so I had to borrow someone's bicycle and we live in the foothills of the Ruinsori mountains and every road is a switchback and it never seems to matter which way I'm cycling it's always the hilliest way and it was midday sunshine in the tropics by the time I reached the marketplace I felt like it and down there there was a fairly ugly scene the man the chauffeur of the truck was a Mubudu from a northern tribe the man who said he'd been hit was a Mohamer from a southern tribe and I had a group of angry Mubudus and a group of angry Mohamers fortunately I knew a little of each language and could move in between them and little by little sort the thing out but time was going by by the time I eventually got everything sorted out and got the truck and everything else and got back to school I'd

lost two lectures I'd lost two and those had to be made up in an already over full timetable in the evening we had a staff meeting oh I trust your staff meetings are always all they ought to be ours sometimes are but that particular night I wanted to put something through quickly urgently and I don't know what it is when I want to do something quickly and urgently but all my staff gets suspicious so they want every detail given out why why why all down the line and I think they're pig headed and they think I'm stubborn well by the time I got to bed that night at ten o'clock I was feeling pretty ashamed of myself and I was telling God I was sorry I'd made a pretty good mess of the day I just didn't know what to do I just what to do I just didn't know what to do I just didn't know what to

do I just didn't know what to do just didn't what to do I just didn't know what to do I just to do I just didn't know what I just didn't what to do I just didn't know what to do I just didn't know what to do I just didn't know what to do I just didn't to do to do I just didn't know what to do I just didn't what to do I to do I just didn't know what to do I just didn't what I just didn't what to I just to do I just what to do I just didn't know what I just do I just didn't know what to do I just didn't know what to do I just didn't know to do I just to do I didn't I just didn't know what to do I just didn't know what to do I just didn't know what to do I just didn't what to do I just didn't know what to do I just didn't know what to do I just didn't do I just didn't to I didn't know what

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