

Arrogant, Overfed, and Unconcerned

by Jackie Pullinger

Jackie Pullinger emphasizes the importance of genuine ministry to the poor, reflecting Christ's love through consistent presence and compassion.

Duration: 53:19

Scripture: Psalm 102:9, Psalm 102:18, Isaiah 41:17, Ezekiel 16:49-50, Matthew 25:35-36, Luke 4:18, James 2:14-17

Topics: "Helping The Poor"

Description

In this sermon, the speaker shares a story about a young girl named Karen who faces many challenges in her life. Despite her difficult circumstances, Karen takes on responsibilities such as cooking, cleaning, and caring for her family. The speaker reflects on their own experiences of walking through a neighborhood and witnessing the struggles of young people and women. They emphasize the importance of reaching out and showing compassion to those in need, referencing Isaiah 41:17 which speaks about God's promise to answer the cries of the poor and needy. The speaker also reflects on their own privilege and the unfairness they perceive in the world.

Transcript

A Wicked City Called Sodom, and this scripture is in Ezekiel 16, verse 49 and 50. In case we think we know why Sodom perished, this is what Ezekiel 16, 49 and 50 says. Now this was the sin of your sister Sodom.

She and her daughters were arrogant, overfed and unconcerned. They did not help the poor and needy. They were haughty and did detestable things before me, therefore I did away with them, as you have seen.

They were arrogant, overfed and unconcerned, which led to their perishing. One more thing that will happen as we minister with the poor. You'll find that they don't need training in evangelism.

One person once gave a definition of evangelism as one poor man telling another poor man where to find bread. And that's just it. And we have these old grannies.

Now these old grannies live in cages. I mean they're called cage houses. It's like they're a bunk bed.

And they've enclosed, they may be three tiers high, but they've enclosed each tier with wire netting. So the granny can keep her clothes and belongings inside and lock the cage. So we have all these old grannies

and they're terribly funny.

They're all about four foot nothing. And they can't read. And we have people who have met a granny and then prayed for the granny and then prayed for another granny and prayed for another granny.

And then we have a sea of grannies. I mean a sea of grannies. And we can't stop them coming, you know, because all grannies have got sore wrists.

And you only need one granny's wrist to be healed. And she's told all the other grannies. Because they're always talking about their wrists.

I mean they talk about their backs and their wrists. And they're very interested in their backs and their wrists. And they have places where they gather in the park because you can't stay in your cage all day.

And so they tell the other grannies, Oh, you need to come and meet Jesus because he touched my wrist. And they bring their friend and we pray for their friend. We don't explain a whole lot about Jesus, but we do sort of, like I told you.

They run to fetch other grannies. We don't give them a personal evangelism course. They couldn't read the book anyway and they wouldn't remember it was Wednesday.

But they run to find the other granny. This is what will happen when you minister with the poor. Ministry of the poor will be much, much slower than any other ministry to start with.

And I think the reason it will be much slower than any other ministry is it's got to be realer than any other ministry. You see, I can stay here and I can talk to you and I go away and it's not very real. Because we just had a service.

This isn't ministry. It's not remotely. But to stay around the poor on Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday and then every week and then every year and then still to love them.

They will notice. They will notice. They can't resist their heart like that.

You know, they're all hoping there is one. They really are. They really are.

And why should they be impressed immediately? Oh, I know some of you will have power encounters and you'll get the word the first time. But really, they just want to know that somebody will keep coming. That would be the miracle.

That would be the power encounter. It's much easier to pray for the power of God to fall upon the block and go once. That's not really ministry.

That was an exceedingly short ministry trip. And it's OK. It's valid.

But it isn't going to build up the community of God's people. It isn't. And in the places where we want people to be built up, there aren't yet people.

So you'd better go and hang around a bit. And it will take a bit of time. And they'll know what he's like by what you're like.

And if you're impatient with them, they'll think that's what Jesus is like. And if you bless them when they curse you, they'll know that's what he's like. And when they ask if you always give.

By the way, you don't always have to give what they've asked for. But you always have to give. Always.

For your sake. If you always give when they ask, then they'll know what he's like. Because the only way they will know what he's like would be if you would go.

And so you'll live it with your life. And they'll read you like an epistle. And they'll understand.

And once they've understood, you cannot stop them from telling their friends. They can't keep it in. And they'll run around their friends going on to pray.

Isaiah 41, 17. The poor and needy search for water. But there is none.

Their tongues are parched with thirst. But I, the Lord, will answer them. I, the God of Israel, will not forsake them.

So that people may see and know, may consider and understand. That the hand of the Lord has done this. That the Holy One of Israel has created this.

When the poor cry out, the Lord will hear. And the world will notice. I often used to wonder.

Because there was a time I was walking around some drug dens. And I thought, you know, this is terribly unfair. I was born in a quite nice place.

I mean, my family was not rich. But we weren't poor. And I mean, I could go to school.

And we had a garden. And I was not immoral. But the people I met in Wall Street, the girls I met.

They only had to make one mistake. And it was the whole of their life gone. The whole of their life.

And maybe it wasn't even them who'd made the mistake. Maybe they'd been sold or tricked. Because there was a number of policemen that used to have parties.

In order to seduce girls, to sell them. That's how many men feel it's their right to live. And I thought, God, I don't understand why.

Why I'm born here. And they are born there. I don't understand.

Why? When I look at a hundred people in a drug den. Sixty of them sticking needles into their arms. And I know that the little girls are going to have to pay for it.

With their bodies. God, I don't understand. Why was I born here and they were born there? Why? For most of them it looks like there wasn't a choice.

I mean, it was just where they lived. Maybe for some in your cities. It's just where they lived.

But why? And the Lord answered me through Psalm 102. And this is what I want to finish with it. I sometimes call it an addict's psalm.

Because it's a psalm about a man who cannot eat. Who sits on a rooftop. Who is reduced to skin and bones.

Who is despised. Who is lonely. Who is outcast.

Psalms 102. And this is much like many of our poor. I eat ashes as my food.

Verse 9. And mingle my tears with drink. Because of your great wrath. And then in verse 13 it says.

You will arise and have compassion on Zion. For it is time to show favor to her. The appointed time has come.

Verse 17. He will respond to the prayer of the destitute. He will not despise their plea.

Let this be written for a future generation. That a people not yet created may praise the Lord. The Lord looked down from his sanctuary on high.

From heaven he viewed the earth. To hear the groans of the prisoners. And release those condemned to death.

So the name of the Lord will be declared in Zion. And his praise in Jerusalem. When the people in the kingdoms assemble to worship the Lord.

I found my answer. You see. Our people have been some of the most despised.

But not more than people a few yards from here outside. And this is what they say now. They say.

Together with the factory owner that I shared this afternoon. The rich one. They say.

Thank God. We were poor. Thank God we were addicts.

Thank God we were not born in the rich places of Hong Kong. For those people die. Without knowing their need of a savior.

And we had no other option. But to call. And when we called.

He heard. And when the poor cry. He always sends the savior.

I don't know if the savior always goes. Because it could be you. Whenever a poor man cries.

And they will be out there. There will be a woman saying. Is there a God? Is there justice? God if you are real show me.

And God will. Someone here or someone else who knows him. He'll say.

It's for you to go. I don't know if they will go. I'm not sure if God sends substitutes.

I haven't worked that one out. All I know is. Whenever he hears.

He answers. And he answers to the savior. Like us.

That's how they meet him. Otherwise he'd do the whole thing by dreams. And video.

He wouldn't meet people. And so they say. Thank God we were addicts.
But we tried everything. And we had no choice. We had to call out to the Lord.
And he heard our cry. And even better. Even better than hearing the cry.
This is what happens. In verse 18. A future generation.
Of people not yet created. Praise the Lord. Because of what the Lord has done in us.
The lowest. The poor. The despised.
The unnoticed. Those that were not. Wonderfully the world has heard.
About a savior who reaches down from heaven. And people who were not born. When our addicts were suffering.
Have come to know. The love of Jesus. See.
It's all redeemed. We who are the most poor. Have become the bearers.
Of the most good youth. And the world. Comes to Jesus.
And joins in the worship with us. But they have seen. Those that were condemned to death.
No longer. Prisoners. So I don't ask why anymore.
I trust. That it's all the other way around. God doesn't.
Love the poverty. Tomorrow I want to look at. Why poverty came.
Into the world. What we can do about it. I don't think it's God's will.
That much of the world lives like it does. Not at all. But I do know.
That he allows. This. For his purpose.
And that he will work redemption. Through this. And through the cross everything is turned around.
And we who are the lowest. Become the ones. With the brightest trumpets.
And we who were despised. Have nothing else to talk about. But him.
For he has heard us. And then the world does. And they run to him.
Whom they always hoped. Was true. So folks.
If you want to reach the world. By the earth. Go quickly.
Because there are many. Who even this night. Have called out.
God are you there. God will you help. They cannot free themselves.
They need. A savior. If you.

And close your eyes. You may hear them. Don't close your ears.

I'm going to ask. Some of you to come. And share shortly.

Who you hear. There's a woman in this city. By the name of Cassandra.

Whom my wife and I have had the pleasure. Of getting to know. She grew up the youngest of.

Several children. Her mother died when she was 13. Her father died when she was 15.

She had her first child when she was 13. And her second when she was 14. She didn't graduate high school.

She's never worked a day in her life. She's 34 years old right now. She's always lived off of the government.

She's an alcoholic. Since her teenage years. Her children are grown now.

And they're wildly off course. Her fiance beats her. To the point of.

Sending her to the hospital. And my wife and I. Took her out to lunch. Three Saturdays ago.

And we thought that we had done her. A great justice. She'd never been in a restaurant.

She didn't recognize any of the foods. On the menu. She was so uncomfortable.

All she could keep doing was say. Thank you, thank you, thank you. Sir, ma'am.

Much older than the both of us. She called us both sir and ma'am. And we thought we had done.

At least I thought I had done. Such a wonderful job. I have not been back to see her since.

She has no one. And I'm so sorry. I hear thousands.

And thousands. Of addicts. Living in the streets of Atlanta.

Living in the crack houses. That I used to live in. They live under the back porches.

And when people come out. From the houses. They beg.

They beg for just crumbs. So that they can maintain. That sickness.

That the crack brings on. The sickness in the mind. And I hear them.

Because. I am one of them. And after 16 years.

Of sobriety. And being taken to church. By some wonderful.

Christian people. And taught. The word of the Lord.

I never knew. The Lord of the word. And these people hear the word of the Lord.

Spoken to them. All the time. But they don't see the Lord of the word.

In the people coming to them. And this is what. This is what we need.
This is what I have. I hear Karen. She's one of our kids.
In Costa Rica. Lives on the same property. That we do.
There are six children in her family. Her mother. Is mentally ill.
Her father is an alcoholic. Their home. Has a roof.
And doorways. And part of it. Has a concrete floor.
Part of it doesn't. Her oldest brother found. Her father last year.
Hanging himself. Shut him down. Saved his life.
The father has now left the home. Karen goes to school. She cooks.
Cleans for her family. While her mother works on the farm. She irons.
And cleans. For other people. In the community.
And she's 16. I hear a lot of young people. Men and women living.
In parks. In little five points. And I've lived in the neighborhood.
For now seven years. Walked through that neighborhood. Every day.
And not stop. And say anything. Eyes wide open to see.
And not really doing. I see that they search. They want.
They're looking. They go for refuge. They put anything and everything there.
But. You just walk through that park. Every day.
And don't stop. Say hello to them. And.
I think that mostly. When my heart has been. Ready to get out of the country.
I think I need to turn around. And look. The place where God has put me now.
And pray. Reaching out. Being available.
Being vulnerable. And being. All I heard at first was.
The words. I was so. I heard it.
Yeah. I know these people. That there's a correct time.
For us to reach. Which we must do. In case.
When we get there. Our weeping is louder than theirs. They don't need that.

We may accompany them. In their weeping. It's the correct time.
For us to express our grief. Here or at home. We're in prayer.
And our sorrow. Where we've failed. A wicked city called Sodom.
In the scriptures. In Ezekiel 16. Verse 49 and 50.
In case we think we know. Why Sodom perished. This is what Ezekiel 16.
49 and 50 says. Now this was the sin. Of your sister Sodom.
She and her daughters. Were arrogant. Overfed and unconcerned.
They did not help the poor and needy. They were haughty. And did detestable things before me.
Therefore I did away with them. As you have seen. They were arrogant.
Overfed. And unconcerned. Which led to their perishing.
One more thing. That will happen. As we minister with the poor.
You'll find that. They don't need training. In evangelism.
One person. Once gave a definition. Of evangelism.
As one poor man. Telling another poor man where to find bread. And that's just it.
We have these old grannies. Now these old grannies. Live in cages.
I mean they're called cage houses. It's like. A bunk bed.
They've enclosed. They may be. Three tiers high.
But they've enclosed each tier. With wire netting. So the granny can keep her.
Clothes. And belongings inside. And lock the cage.
So we have all these old grannies. And they're terribly funny. They're all about four foot nothing.
And they can't read. And. We have people who.
Met a granny. And then prayed to the granny. And then prayed for another granny.
And prayed for another granny. And then we have a sea of grannies. I mean a sea of grannies.
And. We can't stop them coming you know. Because.
All grannies have got sore wrists. And you only need one granny's wrist. To be healed.
And she's told all the other grannies. Because they're always talking about their wrists. I mean they talk
about their backs.
And their wrists. And they're very interested in their backs. And their wrists.

And they have places where they gather in the park. Because you can't stay in your cage all day. And. So they tell the other grannies. Oh you need to come. And meet Jesus. Because he touched my wrist. And they bring their friend. And we pray for their friend. We don't explain a whole lot about Jesus. But we do sort of. Like I told you. They run to fetch other grannies. We don't. Give them a personal evangelism course. They couldn't read the book anyway. And they wouldn't remember it was Wednesday. But they run to find the other granny. This is. What will happen. When you minister with the poor. Ministry of the poor will be. Much much slower. Than any other ministry to start with. And I think the reason it will be much slower. Than any other ministry. Is it's got to be realer. Than any other ministry. You see. I can stay here. And I can talk to you. And I go away. And it's not very real. Because we just had a service. This isn't ministry. Not remotely. But to stay around the poor. On Monday and Tuesday. And Wednesday and Thursday. And then every week. And then every year. And then still to love them. They will notice. They will notice. They can't resist. Their heart like that. You know they're all hoping there is one. There really are. And why should they be impressed. Immediately. Oh I know some of you all have. Power encounters. And you'll get the word the first time. But really. They just want to know. That somebody will keep coming. That would be the miracle. That would be the power encounter. It's much easier to pray. For the power of God to fall upon the block. And go once. That's not really ministry. That was an exceedingly short ministry trip. And it's ok it's valid. But it isn't going to build up the community of God's people. It isn't. And in the places where we want people to be built up. There aren't yet people. So you better go and hang around a bit. And it will take a bit of time. And they'll know what he's like. By what you're like. And if you're impatient with them. They'll think that's what Jesus is like. And if you bless them. When they curse you. They'll know that's what he's like. And when they ask if you always give.

By the way you don't always have to give what they've asked for. But you always have to give. Always.
For your sake. If you always give. When they ask.
And they'll know what he's like. That's the only way they will know what he's like. Would be if you would go.
And so you'll live it with your life. And they'll read you like an epistle. And they'll understand.
And once they've understood. You cannot stop them. From telling their friends.
They can't keep it in. And they'll run around their friends. Praying and praying.
Isaiah 41 17. The poor and needy search for water. But there is none.
Their tongues are parched with thirst. But I the Lord will answer them. I the God of Israel.
Will not forsake them. So that people may see. And know.
May consider and understand. That the hand of the Lord has done this. That the Holy One of Israel.
Has created this. When the poor cry out. The Lord will hear.
And the world. Will notice. I often used to wonder.
Because there was a time. I was walking around some. Drug dens.
And I thought you know. This is terribly unfair. I was born in a quite nice place.
I mean my family was not rich. But we weren't poor. And I mean I could go to school.
And we had a garden. And I was not immoral. But the people I met in.
In Wall City. The girls I met. They only had to make one mistake.
And it was the whole of their life gone. The whole of their life. And maybe it wasn't even them.
Who'd made the mistake. Maybe they'd been sold. Or tricked.
Because there was a number of policemen. That used to have parties. In order to seduce girls.
To sell them. That's how many men. Deal with their right to live.
And I thought God I don't understand. Why. I'm born here.
And they're born there. I don't understand. Why.
When I look at a hundred people. In a drug den. Sixty of them sticking needles into their arms.
And I know that the little girls. Are going to have to pay for it. With their bodies.
God I don't understand. Why was I born here. And they were born there.
Why. For most of them it looks like there wasn't a choice. I mean it was just where they lived.

Maybe for some in your cities. It's just where they lived. But why.

And the Lord answered me through. Psalm 102. And this is what I want to finish with it.

I sometimes call it an addict psalm. Because it's a psalm. About.

A man who cannot eat. Who sits on a roof top. Who is reduced.

To skin and bones. Who is despised. Who is lonely.

Who is outcast. Psalm 102. And this is much.

Like many of our poor. I eat ashes as my food. And mingle my tears.

With drink. Because of your great wrath. And then.

In verse 13. It says. You will arise.

And have compassion on Zion. For it is time to show favor to her. The appointed time has come.

Verse 17. He will respond. To the prayer of the destitute.

He will not despise their plea. Let this be written for a future generation. That a people not yet created.

May praise the Lord. The Lord looked down from his sanctuary. On high.

From heaven he viewed the earth. To hear the groaning of the prisoners. And release those condemned to death.

So the name of the Lord. Will be declared in Zion. And his praise in Jerusalem.

When the people and the kingdoms. Assemble to worship the Lord. I find my answer.

You see. Our people have been. Some of the most despised.

But not more. Than people. A few yards from here.

Outside. And this is what they say now. They say.

Together with the factory owner. That I shared this afternoon. The rich one.

They say thank God. We were poor. Thank God we were addicts.

Thank God. We were not born. In the rich places of Hong Kong.

For those people die. Without their. Knowing their need of a savior.

And we had no other option. But to call. And when we called.

He heard. And when the poor cry. He always sends a savior.

I don't know if the savior. Always goes. Because it could be you.

Whenever a poor man cries. And they will be out there. There will be a woman saying.

Is there a God? Is there justice? God if you are real show me. And God will. Someone here or someone else.

Who knows him. He'll say it's for you to go. I don't know if they will go.

I'm not sure if God sends substitutes. I haven't worked that one out. All I know is.

Whenever he hears. He answers. And he answers to the savior.

Like that. That's how they meet him. Otherwise he'd do the whole thing.

By dreams and video. You know he wouldn't need people. And so they say thank God.

We were addicts. For we tried everything. And we had no choice.

We had to call out the Lord. And he heard our cry. And even better.

Even better than hearing the cry. This is what happens. In verse 18.

A future generation. Of people not yet created. Praise the Lord.

Because of what the Lord. Has done in us. The lowest.

The poor. The despised. The unnoticed.

Those that were not. Wonderfully the world has heard. About a savior who reaches down from heaven.

And people who were not born. When our addicts. Were suffering.

Have come to know of the love of Jesus. See. It's all redeemed.

We who are. The most poor. Have become the bearers.

Of the most good. Youth. And the world comes to Jesus.

And joins in the worship with us. But they have seen. Those that were condemned to death.

No longer. Prisoners. So I don't ask.

Why anymore. I trust. That it's all the other way around.

God doesn't. Love the poverty. I want to look at why poverty came.

Into the world. What we can do about it. They think it's God's will.

That much of the world lives like it does. Not at all. But I do know.

That he allows. This. For his purpose.

And that he will work. Redemption through this. And through the cross.

Everything's turned round. And we who are the lowest. Become the ones.

With the brightest. Trumpets. And we who were despised.

Have nothing else to talk about. But him. For he has heard us.
And then the world does. And they run to him. Whom they always hoped.
Was true. So folks. If you want to reach the world.
By the year 2000. Because there are many. Who even this night.
Have called out. God are you there? God will you help? They cannot free themselves. They need.
A savior. If you close your eyes. You may hear them.
Don't close your ears. I'm going to ask some of you to come. And share shortly.
Who you hear. What's the question? There's a woman in this city. By the name of Cassandra.
Whom my wife and I have had the pleasure. Of getting to know. She grew up the youngest.
Of several children. Her mother died when she was 13. Her father died when she was 15.
She had her first child when she was 13. And her second when she was 14. She didn't graduate high school.
She's never worked a day. In her life. She's 34 years old right now.
She's always lived off of the government. She's an alcoholic. Since her teenage years.
Her children are grown now. And they're wildly off course. Her fiance beats her to the point.
Of sending her to the hospital. And my wife and I. Took her out to lunch. Three Saturdays ago.
And we thought. That we had done her a great justice. She'd never been in a restaurant.
She didn't recognize any of the foods. On the menu. She was so uncomfortable.
All she could keep doing was say. Thank you, thank you, thank you. Sir, ma'am.
Much older than the both of us. She called us both sir and ma'am. And we thought we had done.
At least I thought I had done. Such a wonderful job. I have not been back to see her since.
She has no one. And I'm so sorry. I hear thousands.
And thousands. Of addicts. Living in the streets of Atlanta.
Living in the crack houses. That I used to live in. They live under the back porches.
And when people. Come out from the houses. They beg.
They beg for just some. So that they can maintain. That sickness.
That the crack brings on. The sickness in the mind. And I hear them.
Because. I am one of them. And after 16 years.

Of sobriety. And being taken to church. By some wonderful.
Christian people. And taught the word. Of the Lord.
I never knew the Lord. The Lord of the word. And these people hear the word of the Lord.
Spoken to them. All the time. But they don't see the Lord of the word.
In the people coming to them. And this is what. This is what we need.
This is what I have. I hear Karen. She is one of our kids.
In Costa Rica. Lives on the same property that we do. And.
There are six children in her family. Her mother is mentally ill. Her father is an alcoholic.
Their home. Has a roof. And doorways.
And part of it has a concrete floor. Part of it doesn't. Her oldest brother found.
Her father last year. Hanging himself. Cut him down.
Saved his life. Her father has now left the home. Karen goes to school.
She cooks. Cleans for her family. While her mother works on the farm.
She irons. And cleans. For other people.
In the community. And she is 16. I hear a lot of young people.
Young men and women. Living in parks. In little five points.
And I lived in the neighborhood. For now seven years. Walked through that neighborhood.
Every day. And. Not stop.
And say anything. Eyes wide open to see. And not really doing.
I see that they search. They want. They are looking.
They go for refuge. But. Jesus walked through.
That park. Every day. And say hello to me.
And. I think that mostly. When my heart has been.
Ready to get out of the country. I think that. I think I need to turn around.
And look. The place where God has put me now. In little five points.
And pray. And reach out. Being available.
Being vulnerable. I heard it first. I heard it.

In jail. I heard it. And know these people.

That there is a correct time. For us to weep. Which we must do.

In case. When we get there. Our weeping is louder than theirs.

We don't need them. We may accompany them. In their weeping.

Is the correct time. For us to express our grief. Here or at home.

Or in prayer. And our sorrow. For where we fell.

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