

What Am I Doing Here

by Jenny Daniel

The sermon explores the question of personal purpose through the lens of God's loving plan for each individual, emphasizing the importance of surrender and the value of small actions in fulfilling that purpose.

Duration: 48:57

Scripture: Psalm 139:1-8, Malachi 1:6-8, Malachi 1:11, Malachi 1:13-14

Topics: "Finding Purpose", "Eternal Focus"

Description

In this sermon, the speaker shares a historical story of a young leader who faced a much larger army. The young leader demonstrated his unwavering determination and loyalty by commanding his men to perform extreme acts of sacrifice. The speaker then transitions to addressing the audience, emphasizing the importance of finding purpose in life. He gives examples of different individuals, such as a little girl longing for attention and a teenager burdened with responsibilities, and encourages them to seek their purpose. The speaker concludes by sharing a story of an old lady who found peace and contentment despite living in a difficult environment, reminding the audience to keep their focus on eternity.

Transcript

Shall we pray? Dear Father, we thank Thee for the wonderful testimony that we heard this morning and the wonder of what Thou canst do in a life. It was such a blessing and a challenge. And now, Lord, as we sit for a few moments to listen to Thy Word, we ask Thee that Thou would come and speak to us.

And, O Lord, that Thou would make our hearts still and that even in this morning we will hear Thy voice, we will heed Thy voice, and we will respond to it in our hearts. Bless us. We don't want to hear words.

We want to hear Thy words, Father. Come and bless us, in Jesus' name. Amen.

The Scripture reading is Psalm 139, Psalm 139, and it's to the chief musician, a Psalm of David. Psalm 139, Psalm 139, Psalm 139. O Lord, Thou hast searched me and known me.

Thou know'st my downsitting and my uprising. Thou understand'st my thought afar off. Thou compass'st my path and my lying down, and are acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, Thou know'st it already. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid Thine hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me.

It is high, I cannot attain unto it. Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit, or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there. If I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be a light unto me. Yes, yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee, but the night shineth as the day.

The darkness and the light are both a light to Thee. For Thou hast possessed my reins. Thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.

I will praise Thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made. Marvellous are Thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well. My substance was not hid from Thee when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest part of the earth.

Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect, and in Thy book all my members are written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there were none of them. How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! How great is the sum of them! If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand. When I awake, I am still with Thee.

Surely Thou shalt slay the wicked, O God! Depart from me therefore, ye bloody men, for they speak against Thee wickedly, and Thy enemies take Thy name in vain. Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate Thee? And am not I grieved with those that rise up against Thee? I hate them with perfect hatred. I count them mine enemies.

Search me, O God, and know my heart. Try me, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Today our talk is going to be about a question that I believe we've asked somewhere along the line in our lives, a question that each one of us probably has asked in times past, perhaps is asking today, and that question is, what am I doing here? When Noel and Roy were very small, we happened to hear a song being sung over a tape recorder, and in the song we heard a man that was desperate. He was very unhappy about where he was, and this croaky voice came out over the air, saying, what am I doing here? And you know, I never forgot those words, what am I doing here? Isn't that perhaps the cry of your heart, young and old? Oh, what a dreary existence is mine.

Beds upon beds wait with linen in line, floors that need dusting and food to be made. Wish in another bright era I stayed. Nobody listens or sees what I do.

Nobody hears all my plans that are new. Nobody shares my impossible goals. Nobody cares for me.

No, not a soul. I am the wife that's perpetually tired, groaning, complaining. I wish that I'd died.

Where is the laughter and happiness gone? Is it my fault that the home has gone wrong? Old and decrepit, I see it quite clear. That is the view of the folks far and near. When I would offer a word of advice, people jump up and leave me in a trice.

Quite in the middle of tales of my youth, they interrupt and depart, so uncouth. Where is respect and the care that is due? Is life worth living for me, I ask you? Child, youth or adult, life should not be dark, filled with no purpose. The prospects all start.

What is the remedy? Let me tell you. Find why you're here and you'll face life anew. Perhaps you're a little girl and you're locked up in a big family and you're shy and you're so longing to have your sisters, your brothers, your mother, your father listen to you, but they just haven't got time.

You've got dreams that you want to share, hopes, plans, but they really don't have time. And so you're hobbling along through life on your little legs and you're saying to yourself, what am I doing here? Perhaps you're an overworked teenager, you know, they load all the work on you because you're the oldest. I remember once in America speaking to a boy, he was about 15, and I said, now what do you do? You know, usually in America you make wooden things or you help with construction or something like that.

And then this boy with a bright face, I was so amazed, he said, you know, I am 15 and it's quite a gap to the little ones and they're much younger. So even though I'm a boy, I have to help with the housework because there's nobody else but me. And so that is what I'm doing at the moment.

Well, I was amazed. I felt quite rebuked. But anyway, so perhaps you're a teenage girl and you say, oh, I've got so much to do, you know, is life really worth living? What am I doing here? Perhaps you're a grumpy teenager, perhaps you're a misunderstood teenager, perhaps you're an angry teenager.

Back in South Africa recently I heard one teenager say, oh, why did I have to land up in this family? And why do I have to end up with these brothers and sisters? Perhaps you echo that and you say, what am I doing here? Perhaps you're a young lady and life hasn't opened up in the way that you thought it would be and you're becoming a bit more rigid and in your ways and you think, where's the niche that I've got a fitting? What am I doing here? Perhaps you're a wife and you either help meet to your husband, but all you're doing is you're helping to meet his needs and nobody's meeting your needs. Or perhaps you're the wife of a minister or a Christian worker and he's on the forefront and he's meeting all the people and you're just at home and nobody and you say, he's doing all the work, what am I doing here? Perhaps you're a granny, perhaps you're an older person, you're too scared to interrupt, you're longing for attention, your health is giving and you think, what's going to happen to me when my health collapses? And you're saying, what am I doing here? I feel so lost, dear Lord, upon this planet earth, so small, a tiny entity. What can my life be worth? How can my love be reaching me? I'm lost within the crowd.

My plaintive call for thee to hear expires amidst voices loud. What am I doing here, dear Lord? What worth my being here? Life seems so meaningless and void. None see my plaintive tear.

Ah, child, creation of my hands, my precious, precious one, look up to see my nail-scarred hands that bid you nearer come. I die to cleanse your sinful soul. I rose to give you power.

I live to lead you step by step, each God-appointed hour. You rear upon this planet earth to do my sovereign will, complete my tasks, do what I ask. You're calling, child, for full.

Isn't that wonderful? So, before we start answering this question, we've got to realize I'm not here by chance. It's not the act of man. I didn't just evolve.

But God placed me here. God wanted me here. And God has got a plan for my life right from birth, before birth.

God has got a plan for my life. And it's not a sort of a short-term plan. It's a long-term plan.

It starts from the beginning. And God has got a day-by-day plan for my life right until I step into eternity. I feel sorry for the Greeks and Romans because they believed in their so-called gods that these gods didn't really have much interest in what happened to them.

Plato and Aristotle said, you know, the gods are not really interested in what befalls man or just interested in the big events that happen to man. Cicero, the Romans, believed the same. Only the very important matters are interesting to our so-called gods.

But we have a god, as we read in the psalm, who is so full of love and compassion and interest in every detail of our lives. Not even a hair of our head can fall without his knowledge. Isn't it wonderful that we worship the only true god and that a god who's so great can have such compassion to reach so low right to where we are? I believe that God has got a manifold plan for each one of our lives.

Now, it's impossible to fathom the whole plan of God. It's got so many facets. And I believe only when we get to heaven will we stand back and wonder at all that was part of God's plan for our life.

And many things that we take for granted, when we get to heaven, we're going to look back and say, it was a sovereign god's hand upon our life. It was his dealings, his decisions, that brought things across our lives that we just took for granted. Why were we created? Now, if we read the Westminster Confession, and poor Samuel has been digging into it with his schoolwork, and it takes a lot of time because he's had to look up many verses, but why was I created? Why were we created? And the Westminster Confession says, let me just get it correct, to glorify God and to enjoy him.

Somebody else said in plainer language, it's really to have fellowship with God. That is why we are created. But it is impossible for us to have fellowship with God because of sin.

It says in Isaiah 59, 1 and 2, behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, neither is ear heavy that it cannot hear, but your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you that he will not hear. So God created us to have fellowship with him, but it is impossible to have fellowship with him because we are born in sin. And so that comes to the first part, I believe, and I'm going to look just at six of the facets of God's manifold plan for us.

Only six, there are many more. And it's three S's and three E's, and the first S we're going to stop at is the S of salvation. All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.

The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. We all know those verses. It is not the will of God that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

I believe for us to be saved there are four things that need to happen in our lives. And the first thing is repentance. And the times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent.

Repent ye and be ye converted that your sins may be blotted out when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord. Repentance. We need to repent.

We need to seek God's forgiveness. If we confess our sins, he's faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. We need to accept his death.

We need to accept him as the substitute offering, the payment for our sins, present and past. You know we all quote this verse, but as many as received him. But what is that him entail? I believe that as many as received him, he who died for my sins, he who paid the price for my sins, he who became the substitute sinless and spotless not to be denied offering for my sins.

But as many as received him, to them gave he the power to become the sons of God or the daughters of God. And the fourth aspect of salvation is that we allow his resurrected power to enable us to live a right. God doesn't only save us from sin, but he's within us to help us to stop sinning.

And that's wonderful. His power is there. His resurrected power to help us to live a right.

How can it be that I should be sought by almighty God? This black deceitful heart of mine washed by his precious blood. My sins line up in vivid hue. I shrink in horror, shame.

Can they be blotted out by God, cleansed, gone, each sordid stain? Repent! I throw my wretched self upon thy sacrifice. I cry, O God, forgive the past, because thou paid the price. And now forgiven, clean at last, I see thy hand ahead, thy gentle voice that calleth out.

Come, walk with me instead. So the first part of God's plan for us, why I am here, what I have to do here, is the plan of salvation. The second facet of the plan is surrender.

Surrender. Now someone said it's easier to die for God in one moment than to live for God moment by moment. Well, be that as it may, if we have not surrendered ourselves fully to God, we will still keep on crying, what am I doing here? Because life just won't make sense many a time.

Amos says, can two walk together except they be agreed? We have to be surrendered to what God wants of our lives, the path he's chosen for our lives, what he wants us to do with our lives. My child, it is a different path I've planned for you below. Lift up the roots you've planted deep.

I would not have them grow. You know so often we plant roots deep and it's our way, and God says, no, I want to. I want you, dearest child of mine, to let me lead the way.

Submit and let me be the one who governs every day. Within the home or far abroad, I have wisdom to direct. And when you are within my plan, dear child, I can protect.

Now I've found amongst the other books that I found at that wonderful little second-hand place in South Africa, there was a little book called Moody's Notes and Anecdotes, and it is Moody in the first person giving illustrations, and it was wonderful to read them. And amongst them, Moody speaks about his little daughter Emma, and he said Emma was asking and asking and asking for her mommy and daddy to buy her a muff. Do you know what a muff is? Yes, so she was, eventually after much pleading, they bought her a beautiful fur muff, and she was so excited.

And then Moody decided to take her for a walk. It was cold, it was icy outside, and Emma put her muff on, and she had her hands in, and there she was ready to walk with Moody. So Moody said to her, you know, Emma, it's very icy outside.

You're gonna slip. I think you must give me your hand. So Emma said, oh no, Dad, I can't take my hand out of this muff.

But you know what I'll do? I'll just let one little finger stick out, and if you hold on to this finger, I'm sure we'll do fine. Well, he held the finger, and it wasn't long before Emma had fallen flat on the ice and cried, and when that happened to her, she quickly took her hand out, and she gave him her whole hand. Now sometimes our surrender is just like that.

We say, Lord, I don't want you to have the whole, let me organize and arrange some of my things, most of my things, but you can have this little finger, and just direct me a little bit, and then I'll be fine. But what happens? Just like Emma fell flat on the ice, we fall flat on our faces, and then we turn and we say, well, why did this happen to us? And we don't realize it's because we haven't fully surrendered. We haven't actually given God our whole hand.

Now I was so blessed by Malachi. I was reading the prophets. I thought I'd read the whole of the little prophets and then look at the book and the background and so on, and I was so blessed by Malachi.

And Malachi is really a dialogue between God and the priests and the nation, and they speak, and he speaks back to them, and it's such a blessing. But in Malachi 1, verse 6 to 8, we read these words. A son honoreth his father, and a servant his master.

If I then be a father, where is mine honor? And if I be a master, where is my fear, said the Lord of hosts, unto you, O priest, that despise my name? You offer polluted bread upon mine altar, and you say, wherein have we polluted thee? In that you say, the temple of the Lord is contemptible. And if you offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? And if you offer the lame and sick, is it not evil, says God? Offer it now unto thy governor. Will he be pleased with thee or accept thy person, says the Lord of hosts? And then it goes on.

I'm going to skip to verse 14. But cursed be the deceiver, which hath in his flock a male, and voweth and sacrifices unto the Lord a corrupt thing. For I am a great king, said the Lord of hosts, and my name is dreadful among the heathen.

God is amazed that the priests and the people can think that they can offer to God the maimed, the sick, the blemished upon his altar, and expect God to be pleased. And he said, if you were going to do an offering to one of your rulers or the governor of the city, would he be satisfied with a sick, a blind lamb? How can you do that to me and expect me to be pleased? And isn't that what we often do with our full surrender? Lord, here I am. But actually, just take those things that don't really matter to me.

I want to keep my hold. I want to put in my stall hidden away the best that belongs to me, whether it's time, talents, whatever it is. I ask for the best of the flock, dear child, the offering you give me.

But what is this weak and puny lamb upon the altar I see? For the world outside you present your best, not a bit from them withhold, but from God you keep the choicest bits and give him the stale and old. I ask for the best of the flock, dear child, I am your sovereign king. For earthly rulers you cringe and bow, and the cream of the crop you bring.

What are your prophet words of love? They bring with them distaste, for I see a stilted sacrifice, and I know love's out of place. Bring me the best of the flock, dear child, for I demand your all. Don't speak of dedication when the best stays in your stall.

Let us be willing, when we make a surrender, to make a full surrender and say, Lord, the best and everything. Salvation, surrender, and the third S is satisfied with small things. Satisfied with small things.

You know, sometimes we think, well perhaps you don't think it in America, but in South Africa, sometimes we think that for us to mean anything for God, or to do anything that will really count for eternity, we have to do great things. There are people that think that that will hit the front of the newspaper. A woman turns the town upside down.

Meet the lady who changed the course of history. But you know, God is a God of small things. Zechariah 4 verse 10 says, for who hath despised the day of small things? And God wants us to be satisfied with small things, because I believe women more than anything else, the daily round, the common task, it's full of small things, but these small things are of vital importance to God.

Now there are two women in the Bible that strike one, and that is Esther. Esther would have hit the headlines. I'm sure if Esther lived today, we would see across the headlines, brave queen faces death to save her nation.

She certainly had to make a public stand in obedience to God. A public stand that drew their attention. But there's another woman in the Bible, and that woman is Ruth.

And you know what, I don't think she would have even made the local news. And yet her life was of as importance, great importance to God. And when we look in Luke, we find she's there in the genealogy.

Isn't it wonderful? Now her life was made up of little things, small things, everyday things, the kind of things you and I have to do. You know when she said to Naomi, thy God will be my God, thy people shall be my people, she wasn't only saying that, she was saying to Naomi, Naomi I'm going to go with you to the end, and I'm going to take care of you. Because she not only went with her, but she was there for poor old lonely Naomi.

When Naomi told her to gather grain from the fields, the wheat fields and so forth, it's the kind of things we have to do. We have to go to the supermarket to get food. Ruth joyfully obeyed and went to the wheat fields.

It's the small everyday things that she was willing to do, and look what God did for her. Now if we are obedient and joyfully obedient, to obey God in the little things that form part of our life, not murmur but do it with joy, who knows what God might have in store for us, what might be hidden, the boons and whatever that might be hidden behind our simple obedience. The bread you're baking, the sick child you're tending, the bed you're making, the encouragement you're giving, the clothes you're ironing, they're all part of the simple things that are part of God's sovereign plan.

And now we come to the three E's, and the first E that I feel is part of God's plan for our life is the E of eternal vision. The boys and I were many years ago at an agricultural fair, and at the agricultural fair we happened to see somebody walk across a tight rope, and he was high above the ground, and you know what was amazing, as he walked his eyes were fixed on the other side, and that is the only way he could keep his balance and stay on the rope. And you know for you and I to stay on the narrow way, we have to keep our eyes on the other side.

Looking unto Jesus, it said in Romans 12. In Moody's book I read another illustration about two ladies who were living in high social circles, and the one lady was on fire for the Lord, and she was concerned about the other lady because she felt that her feet were too earthly in a sense, I don't know how to explain that, but she was not, she didn't have the vision of eternity with her in a real way. So she said to her, come with

me and I want to take you on a visit, to visit somebody, and when you have visited this lady it will be such a blessing to you.

So they came in the carriage and they drove along, and the other lady was surprised. She said, are you sure we're going in the right direction? Because they came into a very slummy area of the city, and they stopped at a dirty tenement building, and the other lady got out and she pulled her dress a bit closer together, because around the building were children running in scanty rags, there was dirt, there were dogs, there was noise, and she thought, what are you bringing me here for? So she said, wait, it's better higher up. And so they entered the building, and there it was a dark entrance, and there were these rickety stairs, and so she said, we've got to go up.

So she said, are you sure? So they went up, and she kept golding her skirt around her, and I'm sure there were smells of food being cooked as they were in those buildings in those days, and she said, well, are you sure that you know what you're doing? She said, yes, come, it's better higher up. And eventually they got to, I'm sure, about the third story, and they knocked at the door, and when they opened the door, there was a simple room, but spotlessly clean. On the table was a bowl of flowers, and on a bed lay an old lady who was bedridden, but you know, her face just shone.

So the lady looked at her, and she said to her, and she spoke about God's goodness to her, and how wonderful it is to be able to live, and the lady said to her, but how can that be? How can that be? How can you be in this building? How can you be so close to all those horrible noises, the screaming, the shouting? I'm sure there was probably drunkenness there. How could you survive in this situation? So the old lady looked at her, and she said, oh, but my dear, I never forget, it's better higher up. And so if we will remember that, and we have our eternal focus, then we'll find that it's easier to bear what we have to bear here.

It'll make a vast difference to us. The second E that we have to consider is the E of endurance. Endurance.

Now I went to look at the those wonderful big Webster dictionary for all their meanings that they give for endurance. It gives for endurance, and there are many meanings. It says to press through to the end, and for a soldier it will be to carry on against all odds.

Isn't that speaking? To carry on against all odds. Now there's another South African word, which I don't know if you use it here, it's called stickability. And that's what we need.

That's the word for endurance. Stickability. To not give up whatever comes across our path.

In Webster's dictionary we see words like hard. I would say a hardened soldier. Is set, not pliable, I would say.

Fixed. God's image is fixed on us. And it's not erasable, I would add.

To bear, again I add, whatever comes. To brook whatever God sends. To suffer without resistance or without yielding.

To support without yielding, to force or pressure. Bear with patience, bear without opposition, and not to sink under pressure. Now in Moody's little book, he spoke of a young man who had 500 men under him.

And he suddenly had to face an army with 3,000 very equipped soldiers. And the king with the 3,000 soldiers sent an ambassador to the young man and he said, I honor you, you have only got 500 men. And he said, if you will surrender, I will treat you with honor.

I will treat you gently. Why don't you surrender? There's no chance for you with your 500 to defeat my 3,000. So the young man said to one of his men, take this dagger and plunge it into your chest in front of the ambassador.

So a man grabbed the dagger, plunged it into his chest and fell down dead. Then the young leader said to another man, come, jump down that precipice. So he ran to the precipice and he jumped down.

And the young man said to the ambassador, tell your king, I have 500 men who will do anything but surrender, who will rather die than surrender, who will obey whatever I ask them. And tell your king that by tonight he will be kenneled up with my dog in the kennel. Now that's part of history.

And the king was so petrified he fled with his 3,000 men and that night he was. He was kenneled up next to the dog. Isn't it amazing that a young man could gain such loyalty, such obedience? But in our Christian walk we say, oh, things are so hard, you know, it's just so hard to have to endure.

Why can't we endure when they endure death because of their love for their leader? Endurance also means to endure despite discouragement. Now Moody also says, we're sort of sticking with Moody today, but Moody says that there was a stage in his life that he was extremely discouraged. He didn't see fruit on his life.

It wasn't, I suppose it wasn't that he saw public fruit on his life and he was depressed and he had his head down and he just felt, you know, what is going on? You know, is it worthwhile? And one of his workers came to him and said, Mr. Moody, have you studied the life of Noah? So he said, now of course I know about Noah. He says, well, Mr. Moody, I suggest you make Noah's life a study. So Moody said he took the advice home and then he studied Noah and he said when he read Noah again, he saw with new insight.

Noah built an ark for a hundred years and the Bible doesn't say he was discouraged. And he said, this is what Moody said, if the recording angel didn't say he was discouraged, I can take it for granted he wasn't discouraged. A hundred years it took to build the ark.

And he said, you know what, Noah preached for a hundred years without one convert. And he said, if Noah didn't get discouraged by God's grace, Moody won't. I'm going to fight against discouragement.

And in our endurance, we also have to fight against discouragement to just go forward steadily. Can you be sinking and drowning when there is work to be done? Have you turned back from the plowshare, shirking the call of God's son? Think of the men of the Bible. Think of the stand that they made.

How can you shrink from the challenge when with their life they have paid? Every day God is demanding you to endure, to obey. Only the vigilant soldiers ready to be in the fray. You may be battling in our day with things that fill up your day and you are weary, despondent, wishing to run far away.

Your day is part of God's challenge. Your day is part of God's plan. Come, let's endure and go forward saying, by God's grace I can.

Now each one of us has got a different feel to plowshare in, but we've got to be willing for whatever God puts across our path and to endure. The last E that we have to deal with is the E of everyday alignment to God's plan. Everyday alignment to God's plan.

You know when I wake up in the morning the first thing I need to say to God if I'm fully surrendered is, dear God, today every member that I have must be in alignment with what thou dost want me to do. Now the biggest area that we have problems to be in daily alignment to God's plan is of course the area of our tongue. It's hard.

Why curb my tongue within the home? The world's outside, I'm all alone. If no one hears they will not know my family are suffering so. I sometimes see my daughter wince, a sister twitch, a brother flinch, but no one else has seen it too.

What matters what my tongue can do. But each day God was there he knew the cutting things my tongue could do. He watched the pain that without care I handed out with more to spare.

And yet it was a loving smile which said, my child, come stop a while. Let your tongue be my instrument that heals and helps from heaven sent. You need not hurt.

You need not slay. I'll take control of it each day and suddenly your tongue will be a precious messenger for me. In everyday alignment each of us have different pressures and sometimes we look at others and we think, you know they've got so much less pressures than we have.

But that's not true. If we got into their shoes I tell you we'd be scuttling back to our own shoes as fast as we possibly can. Because we can never envisage all that they're going through.

There was a very hyperactive lady and she turned to her older lady and she said to her, what do you actually do? And the older lady who read her thoughts said to her, nothing. Because that's actually what she thought. But the older lady was a prayer warrior.

She was somebody who ran a house that was always open to missionaries, had lots of people coming in. She was somebody who could just drop everything and listen to other people's problems and people opened their heart to her. So she certainly wasn't doing nothing.

But in the eyes of the hyperactive lady she was doing nothing. So beware as you look at others and think they have less than you have. The tongue makes me do the opposite of what God wants me to do and therefore I will be doing what I shouldn't be doing and the wrong reason that God wants me to be here for.

Early this morning I got out of bed. What was that horrible thing that I said someone was hopeless, would never achieve? Were those wet tears that I saw on his sleeve? What were the words that I chirped out at tea? Some funny comment for poor slow Betty? You're a snail. We must wait for your crawl.

Was that a sigh or a quick smothered ball? Was it at lunch that I said, is it fair neighbors have so much and still more to spare? Was it a hurt that I saw in dad's eyes who tries so hard all our needs to supply? I said this morning with ironing piled high, why should I do it? Why bother and try? Did I see mother with shoulders more bent? Was it my comment that to that slouch lent? Was I impatient when granny had told stories of youth that we'd heard hundredfold? Did I break in in the middle of one saying there's something that's got to be done? Was it a fragile look deep in her eyes? Was it a hurt my quick comment surprised? Will she be feeling a burden today because my tongue made her feel in the way? Lord, what distraction

has come from my tongue? Will thou forgive all the things that I've done? Cleanse me from sin as I yield it to thee. Only a blessing, dear Lord, let it be. And that is the whole reason, believe it or not, that we have a tongue.

Apart from eating and everything else biologically, we have a tongue to bless. That is what God calls us to do. And if we are in daily alignment to God's plan, our tongue will be a blessing.

Oh, what a treasure is found in the tongue, healing and soothing and saying, well done. Small as it is, it can change someone's life smoother for troubles and dissipate strife. Oh, what a nightmare can be that wee tongue.

Cruel, cutting monster. Just see what it's done. Work has been crippled and lives have been slain.

On someone's character, black, sordid, stain. Creeping and crawling and damaging too. Tongue, what an evil black creature are you? Next to life wayside, the maimed ones have lain, weeping in silence to deaden the pain.

Tongue, mighty member, misleadingly small. Woe if you're not in my surrendered all. Is there a path of destruction behind? Am I to all your sad workings quite blind? God, take the sharp little member of mine.

Make it a blessing as it becomes thine. Let it be ever an instrument true, drawing all people to heaven, to you. The last thing I want to mention under daily alignment is that somehow people think that if you fail in the home, it's okay.

But if you fail outside, you must not fail in the public eye. So many people might think if I don't fail in outside the home, if I fail in the home, it's my family's fault. So really, I can't be blamed for that.

But the home is crucial for daily alignments to God's plan. Because if it doesn't work in the home, let me tell you, it doesn't really work outside of the home. Remember the man that Moody spoke to, and the man said, Oh, Mr. Moody, I've come to such a place into my life that, you know, sin is not a problem anymore.

I don't fail. I'm in such a wonderful plane of victory. And Mr. Moody shrewdly looked at the man in the eye and he said, Can I have a little chat with your wife? And when he said that the man's face fell.

Don't go and ask my family about my Christian walk. Thank goodness they are silent ones. What if the girl should talk? It's safe to lose my temper there, to be both cruel and mean, as long as no one hears of it, or nothing has been seen.

But child, the home is paramount. It tests reality. You're real, if you're really real, within the family.

So let's recap. God made us. God created us.

And he has a plan for every one of our lives. And we need to answer this question, What am I doing here? And God says, I need you to be saved. Salvation is the first part of my plan.

Surrender is another facet of my plan. I want you to be satisfied with small things, the little things that are part of my sovereign will for your life. And child, I want you to have an eternal vision.

If you're going to stick on that tight rope of the narrow way, you better keep your eyes on me and on heaven higher up. I want you to endure whatever I bring across your path. And I want you not only to have

sacrificed, made that one big sacrifice, but right through the day, moment by moment, I want you to be in everyday alignment to my plan.

What am I doing here? I hear your plaintive cry as floundering upon the earth, you sink and moan and cry. What are you doing there? Dear child, how can it be you haven't fathomed t'was my love that gave your life to thee? To fellowship with you each day, to cleanse and make you whole. Dear child, I shed my very blood for thy repentant soul.

I long that you will seek my plan, my will, child, to fulfill, albeit pots and household tasks, my will is still my will. I ask for prompt obedience. I ask endurance strong, a single-minded pilgrim who does not harbour wrong.

You'll see life as a challenge to be God's very best. Despite the pretty hang-ups, you can pass every test. You're here to please your Master.

You're here to do His will. With God's help, you'll endeavour His precepts to fulfill. We have not got the gods that the Romans and that the Greeks had in their myths and in their stories.

They had gods who didn't care what happened to them. We have a God who knows our down-sitting and our uprising, who understands our thought afar off, who even understands the cry of despair that sometimes comes from our heart. A God who loves us.

A God who gave His life for us. Isn't that wonderful? I end with this. What am I doing here? Why was I ever born? Life's filled with so much sorrow, my path with many a thorn.

Is there a purpose for my life, a plan for little me? I'm drowning amidst the multitudes that make humanity. Ah, child, my dearest, precious one, you're here to do my will. There is a plan that on this earth you only can fulfill.

For this, I shed my precious blood to cleanse and save your soul. For foremost, child, initially, I need to make you whole. And then I'll ask that you will give to me yourself your all.

Don't leave the best lamb hidden and harbored in your stall. My plan for you has little things you need to do each day, each task a vital link that I require upon your way. Look up beyond the daily toil to heaven further on, for then you'll find its radiance shines on all that you have done.

Endure, my child, what I may send on your allotted way. Don't flinch and run, but persevere. My strength is there each day.

What am I doing here? Praise God what He requires of me, a pilgrim on the heavenly road towards eternity.

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