

Days of the Lamb

by John Ridley

The sermon explores the themes of God's judgment, the end of the world, and the hope of salvation through faithfulness to God.

Duration: 46:04

Scripture: Revelation 6:12

Topics: "The Wrath of God", "Redemption through Christ"

Description

John Ridley preaches on the profound imagery found in Revelation 6:12-17, emphasizing the great day of God's wrath and the cosmic upheaval that accompanies it. He reflects on the greatness of God and the significance of the Lamb, who bears the sins of humanity, contrasting the earthly powers that will ultimately crumble before Him. Ridley encourages believers to look up in hope, as the Lamb of God offers redemption amidst chaos, and he highlights the importance of standing firm in faith during tumultuous times. The sermon culminates in a call to recognize the Lamb's sacrifice and the hope it brings for those who trust in Him.

Transcript

The last book of the scripture, chapter 6, verse 12. And I beheld, when he had opened the sixth seal, and lo, there was a great earthquake. The sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood, and the stars of heaven fell into the earth, even as a big tree casteth her untimely figs, when she hath shaken of a mighty wind.

And the heavens departed as a scroll, when it is rolled together. And every mountain and island were moved out of their places. The kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens, and in the rocks of the mountains, and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the man.

For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able, the book of the revelation is a great book, because it climaxes the great revelation of the great God. David once said of our God, He is great, and greatly to be praised, and His greatness is unsearchable. How true that is when you come to the book of the revelation.

There are over 40 references, or just about 40 references to the word great in the book of the revelation. Everything that concerns God is great. Not small and significant and essential, it's great.

And here we've mentioned in this passage today, a great earthquake and a great day. And then, a great question. Who shall be able to stand? Look up dear friends, look up, it's a great earthquake.

And the sun has become black like sack cloth of hair. That's a strange thing that the sun should be black, the moon like a lake of blood. The stars so long held captive up in the sky are falling in showers of sparkling splendor, like things plucked off the orchard under a mighty hand.

The heavens are rolling up like scrolls about you. And all things celestial seem to be collapsing. Look around you.

Why, every mountain, those solid monuments of power are reeling, staggering, moving. And every island anchored to its place in world geography is gliding away to another place and settling in somewhere else. And all things terrestrial are in tumult.

And everything seems to be crumbling and crashing in the earth. And it's no wonder that the king, and the castle, and the mighty men, and the great men, it will have no termination. So that when the stable mountain outside, up yonder in the sky, legions of angels, millions of angels are singing of his glory.

Glory to God in the highest. And earth peace and goodwill to all of men. But on your hands, Lord.

On your hands, Lord, standing. The great day of his incarnation. The great day of the incarnation of God.

He's come in land-like simplicity. He's come in the fullness of Christ. He's come via the Virgin's womb.

He's come under the law. He's come in the likeness of sinful flesh. But he's come to redeem us from the curse of the law.

See that hand, quote, standing and gazing down upon that little land. It was a very ordinary name. When I was a boy, I remember in our city, we had a music NJ.

We didn't know. Poor aunt, she thought it was quite an ordinary name. We read of Nicodemus that came to Jesus.

And he had a pair and siblings. Quite an ordinary name amongst the Jews. In a believer's ear, it soothes his sorrow.

Heals his wounds. And drives away his fear. Jesus.

My father, Frederick William Faber, once asked the Lord to forgive him. To forgive him if he mentioned his name a thousand. I just got it down this morning.

Oh Jesus, Jesus, dearest Lord. Forgive me if I say, for very love, thy sweetest name and sweetest carol ever sung. Jesus.

So it was. She was listening. And she listened.

And then the call came from the menfolk. Who ruled with an iron hand. She turned and went.

As precious to a distinguished Earl of Old England. Way back in seven. And when he came up to the executioner's block.

Let me, let me just cry the name sweet Jesus. And when I say it for the third time. He put his head down on the block.

And he called out loudly, sweet Jesus. Receive my spirit. And then he called again, sweet Jesus.

Have mercy upon me. And then he cried, sweet Jesus. And that was that.

But in death or in life. They called him. When only a handful of rough, rugged shepherds took the stand.

And then another great day of the life. And you see there a rough, rugged figure. Clad in camouflage.

Skin around him. And a man with a firm fighting face. That's been preaching to the people.

That holds upon his words. And then suddenly you see his eyes sparkle. And radiate.

And his finger points and he says. Behold the Lamb of God. He turned toward the Lamb of God.

It's the grave day. And it's given to this rough. To introduce.

A holy lamb. An undefiled lamb. A blemishless lamb.

Not one blemish. He was penned up. You might say.

For three years. Just as the Israelites had to pen up that lamb for three days. Before the Passover feast.

He was penned up. In this awful human atmosphere of sin. For three years.

The prince of this world cometh. God put him. Now and still.

And the great. For the small. And the godly.

For the holy. All the brutal murders. All the violent impurities you can ever think of.

All the blatant blasphemies. You've ever heard. Heard out of pride.

Of course. All the venomous. All the temperance.

Of sinners. Violent temper. Shouting temper.

Bitter temper. Cranky temper. Irritable temper.

All the cruel jealousies. Even amongst ministers. And churches.

Cruel jealousy. All the envy. Even amongst the holy priests.

That stand near the cross. Who for envy. All those utterings.

Invidious envy. Those unkindness. Those caustic.

Those unkindly acts. All that slothful slang. That's hurled about.

To appear big and worthy. It's all going to be borne away. It's all going to be borne away.

In some way or other. God is his elect. By some means or other.

He will bear it. He will bear it away. For God said to me once.

Oh but he couldn't be. I'm his. No it wasn't.

Far away into the land. Until it is obliterated. Oh what a privileged day.

When you meet the Lamb of God. Well I had the privilege of meeting. I once had the privilege of meeting.

Introduced and privileged. The day you met the one. That you truly loved the best.

Charles King's. My real wedding day was the day. Yes presented to us.

Introduced. I met Evan. And he held out his hand.

And Evan Roberts. All on. There was Joyce.

And then the scene changes. Where the dear Lord was crucified. Poor mangled body.

Blood covered and bruised in all directions. A face so marred. That the original meaning is.

That it was disfigured. Disfigured. Many were astonished.

The bones jutting out in awe. Of the cross with their. Their thoughts.

Their smears. Their poking up the tongue. But to do it to him.

To wag the head in a knowing way. The dying of the youth. Oh what you mean.

He who was in the bosom. He who was once in the arms. He who was once.

He who was once. Full of all that grace. Empty.

Empty. It is our God. Even his father seems to turn the cross.

The day of his death. The death of the Savior. It's the death of sin.

He put away. His prayer. Oh let us think.

My sin. In all that guilt will I. In perfect love he dies. For me.

He dies for me. told me in every time, before the judgement rose, thy worth, O Lamb of God, thy merit, not mine. O how poor confess John the Beloved.

There were four women at least, and I don't know the date. It was in May the 5th, 1821, that a fearful storm swept over Satan, a dreadful storm, almost like an earthquake in its fury. And at that very time, Napoleon I was the great emperor of the French and the conqueror of almost everything.

And in that violent night, when every tree that Napoleon had planted was there in St Helena, one of his servant soldiers, who had been very close to him, and had been in bed for 48 days, very ill, had a dream.

And he heard the emperor calling him. And he got up out of bed, 48 days in bed, emaciated, poor, flatless, staggering.

He stumbled out of his room and along the passage and into the left chamber of Napoleon Bonaparte. And he got to the bed and he clung onto the bed and he said, I will die for him, I will die for him. The great emperor, the greatest soldier, perhaps the worst.

You'll never have the glory of redeeming. Christ has had honour, he has to die. And all the sins, where the mass hits to him.

And then the scene is jubbly early morning, can be scented everywhere. There's someone walking there with a grave. And there's a woman, near the sepulchre, weeping, piteously weeping.

And she turns in her anguish and she sees this noble form. And she proposes him to be the gardener. Oh, sir, he says, have you taken away the diamond? God, dead man.

Oh, but Bonaparte is a great day of the land. Oh, the fight, the battle won. Lo, our son's eclipse is o'er.

Lo, he sets in blood the day of the man that he bid die. For the tomb, he's conquered us. For the powers of evil, he's rinsed the scepter out of us.

He's torn the keys from the barrack of the jail. The keys of the sovereign. Oh, it's good to be lost.

However difficult it might be. However uphill you fight. How foolish you are, my son.

How foolish to betray. Only a little while. Only a little conflict.

You'd be looking back from the room. You wanted your own way, your own freedom. Burned from the back.

He appeared in the upper room that. Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord. See them springing up from all parts of the room and standing.

The disciples are on their feet. They're no longer mourning over a dead leader. On the day when Napoleon the first.

Nineteen years high. The day when all Paris turned out in her masses. To see that magnificent funeral coach driven through the street.

With all the pageantry of truth. An honored person it gives to see him take it. To place him there where through those amber curtains.

Poor old blind boy. Very old. Walked into a spacious drawing room.

Feathered away forward like this. He went right up. He said in solemn.

The emperor has returned. When our Lord rose from the dead. The church of God could say with certainty he has come.

He is here. Christ. They stood on their feet and they fought them successfully.

The scene has changed. That awful earthquake. Long after the church.

Bolshan then. When that sun turned black. Instead of being blazing black.

The sackcloth. And that moon instead of giving it's soft beautiful light. It's like a lake of blood.

And those stars that seemed to light itself. The heavens rolling back. A great white throne coming to the front.

And a crystal sea of splendor. And people waiting in all directions for rescue. Fall on us.

Fall on us. Hide us. From the face of him that stood among us all.

And the wrath of the Lamb. This great day of wrath. Ah.

The sinners in Zion on a prize. A prize for hypocrites. Who among us could dwell with everlasting fervor? Who among us could dwell with the devout empire? Who is the same creature that always had it? Therefore God would close that door.

When God Almighty. Holy. Settlement of a castle.

There is no delight in it for him. But he's in justice dealing with those. He's in justice dealing with those.

Every escape door will be closed. There'll be no mountain or rock or cave we can hide. Every other help will be halted.

You'll be brought to heel at last. And in that great day what hope will a man have? Who shall be able to stand? Who? Who? Those who have stood. Those who have stood.

Pray for the worthy to escape all these things. Way back in Israel. True fatherhood of Jehovah.

For whom I stand. There's a man named Daniel. And he's been put under commandment.

And when he knew it was all signed and sealed. The death of God shut the mouth of the Lord. The close of his grace.

The God of his grace. Thou shalt stand. Or when John the Baptist stood.

The next day John. And a few months later Paul. Praise him in the cross.

God will stand. And then you see Paul in a shipwreck. And you'll read these words.

That night Paul stood and said sir. You should depart from them. But now be of good cheer.

There'll be a loss of nobody's life. But the ship will be lost. For there stood by me this night.

The angel of the God whose I am. And whom I serve. And because that angel of God stood by Paul.

Paul. And I'm wondering if I'm. And all the communists.

The king was being brought back to Paris. Treated with the greatest indignity. And while he was treated.

And the communists saw him dropping out of their fingers. And so they permitted his own court. Monier had to come.

And Monier came into his room to visit the king. And he saw his bad state. And he prescribed an instant medicine to be given to him.

And he requested of them. And you have to be very careful how you request it. That they would permit him.

Just to watch the. And so Dr. Monier gave the king the medicine. And then he stood at the side of the bed.

The guards were stretched out in the most easy straw manner. The poor contentment turned in his sickness. And he stayed at the guard cell.

The world. And the hope. And rededicated their lives to.

And rejects all patience. Won't your heart. Would someone else do that?

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