

He Gave Himself for Us

by John Ridley

John Ridley's sermon emphasizes the profound love of Christ demonstrated through His sacrifice and calls believers to respond with faith and service.

Duration: 47:41

Scripture: Matthew 6:33, Romans 8:31, Romans 8:37, Galatians 2:19-20, Colossians 1:27

Topics: "Faithfulness To God", "Eternal Destiny"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher discusses the story of Joseph from the Bible. He highlights how Joseph's brothers sold him into slavery, but Joseph remained faithful to God. The preacher emphasizes the importance of not giving up on the Lord, even in difficult times. He encourages the audience to enjoy their relationship with God and reminds them that they have a soul that will ultimately determine their eternal destiny. The sermon also touches on the power of God and the need to surrender one's life to Him.

Transcript

In relation to 2nd Chapter, 1st Sentence, we have the central clause, the sum and summit of Christianity. And another one, perhaps, the verse that includes it. There it is.

I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live. Yet not I, but Christ lives in me. And the race which I now live in the flesh, I live by the face of the Son of God, who loved me and gave this birth for me.

And I'm only going to speak on that last clause of the verse, the Son of God who loved me and gave himself for me. It is the year 1852, and the path of war is in progress. At the very line of war is a great history of warfare.

Nothing compares to the world wars of our century. For the war, nevertheless, and men with hearts, and women with weights and boots, toil, suffering must be endured. And I want you to see a transport, one of the newest in the British project, sailing down the west coast of Africa.

On the 25th of February, 1852, five hundred soldiers on board severely fought the army in the field. One hundred women and children. In those days, many of the relatives went out with the troops to the seat of warfare, and as the troops went forward to battle, their relatives were behind to receive them on the side.

And their warfare ship was sailing, a hundred women and children, designed to defy a hundred ships. And they descended in time, what is, away in the distance, two miles across the waters, they could see the sun

rising on the African shore. And in the other direction, the ocean was calm and restful.

In a couple of days, they would arrive at port, and proceed forward to their headquarters. All of us tired at sea. The capitals had no landing.

It was long before the gates of bombing came. Therefore, we did enjoy this last night, as you will see, with the dance, and the songs, and the drinks, and the jokes. And what we had to punch through came in the near future.

But what's left tonight, under the dance and the fun? You never know. You never know. Don't knock thyself at tomorrow.

Thou know'st not what the day may bring forth. There you are in the morning, the 26th of February, 1862. That transport, far ahead, over an uncharted lot.

And ripped out his late father's house. And then, through the volume of water swept in, fell in a hundred men immediately into what we call at the 12,000-million-ton bunk that the Egyptians built. And we realized, more than that, that there would be a planet of the West for us, because we only had six lifeboats and more.

We turned immediately to former citizens, who resisted the mind of the Turks, and said, finally, at any cost, hope these Turks stayed. There would be a planet that was ageing and actively locked up, and they couldn't teach them step-by-step how to bring the intruder or watch out. And Simon's feet knew couldn't swim.

Couldn't swim. After they ran out on the foot deck, and gave their ever-afterward praises to all of us, they embarked, my friends, and saved the driven intruder. But they announced their arrival.

Those men stood harsh. Only three spoke to us. They stood up on the foot deck, prepared to go down to death in sharp insects of water to get those illumined children ashamed.

Two of us were useless. Four of the last boats were packed instantly with illumined children, and flew away from the doomed vessel. Former citizens constantly said to the men, stand hard, stand hard, and save the driven intruder.

Once those who broke forward, and rushing to a man who had been ordered into a race of heroes, took a bow from his hand, and said, stay to them, fight them on that as you can, give it to her, so that I know what it means now that you are impaired over the sin of a man who stepped back and bowed his head in the prayer of repentance. And those men both flew and died in the dark, sharp insects of water. In one of them's active capacities, General Alexander Russell, who was in command, told me that he had killed a war officer who was just joining his regiment at the time, and by his edge was a woman brushing a baby.

And weeping pitilessly, because of the outcome, was up there on the fifth deck, standing like a rock for the salvation of the women and children. Suddenly, the ship, hitting hard, hurling its human crushes into the sharp insects of water. All of us, in the defense of the Revolution, had to crawl into the mud first.

The splinters of flames poured in one shot, and whacked down into those people in water, and their helplessness of repetition. Hopefully still alive, from the shore. And in that confusion and fury, one poor soldier put his hands on the gunwale, while Alexander Russell's face was burning down to the flames, with

anger, lifting his head up, and said, Mr. Russell, let me in, sir, let me in.

Take your hand off, Alexander Russell. You look like it. Take your hand off.

Then a scream from the woman by his side. Oh, Mr. Russell, he said, he's my husband. Let him in, Mr. Russell, let him in.

That's when the man spanked in the sixth deck, in a cataract, for saying, the gun was killed by officer, but only in six seconds. I'll take him, he said. He was out into the water, and pushed the man up into his own suit.

And the fear of God took over. And Alexander Russell was innocent again. And of all the heroes that perished in the might of the perfected disaster, none could compare with Alexander Russell.

Oh, I must admit to this, he does appear dark to me, when that same soldier and his wife, and the little baby at the bottom of his life, grown to a head of fifteen or so, of all the homes so big in England, that they're standing in their homes, and they're looking at portraits up there on the walls of Alexander Russell. And the father is telling the story once again to the boy who always wants to hear. He's telling the story of the person here tonight.

And then he comes up to that vital part, where he's got eyes open. And the boy is ready. Well, so he said.

He was a good man. You know, I gave you love, too, in the love letter of your last name. And he gave me so much for that.

Yeah, you've got something like the experience of the Apostle Paul. Very much so. Standing up to Paul's introduction on his full silence, with all the pomp and pride and sympathy of an officer of the Church, of the Jew, with official permission from the priests, to destroy the Christian Church in Damascus.

And he's got all the power behind him. You know, he's got those advisers and sects of Islam, the Abbasids down there in Damascus. What? I don't know, buddy.

You don't know what an angel's been born. And I have heard a voice, darling, in the Hebrew tongues, called, called, like persecuted sounders. It is hard for them to speak against the priest.

Well, the grand precipice of his soul was on the rugged basis of the rock of Aden. And he stood. He stood.

God can speak the Father's word when He wants to. And that's when the lady prayed by the hand. The lady was a poor, helpless, blind, sick, congenial lady.

The lady was displaced from Damascus into the house of Judas. What a house, I mean. The house of Judas.

When they came to see the grand precipice rising in darkness, what happened to that sort of darkness? I believe with all my soul, dear friend, that sort of darkness passed through one of the most awful experiences of sin in the midst of hell ever possible. I believe He saw with His eyes that His soul was a cistern, landmark of heaven. With that queenly glow He shone like the star along the coastline.

And I believe He longed for heaven. It was all He longed for, heaven comes on. Because in between Him, sinking down in the waters of persistence, and that cistern headland of heaven, there are many sharks.

Sins. Sins of omniscient incorrigence. Secret sins, open sins, public sins, private sins, vile sins, sexual sins, dispositional sins.

Sharks in all directions. All He could only get from those folks to take Him over, and land Him closely on that headland of heaven. He feels Himself being dragged down, dragged down in the waters, dragged down hopelessly in the shipwreck of His soul.

A rotten, corrupt, ungodly, dying sinner. And He feels Himself on the very verge of hell, with the hot air coming up. Why try this for salvation, He says.

Then He seeks to heal Himself with His unholy, invisible hand. How could those billows of rain lift it up unto Himself, and say, I could survive this Christ? He then speaks to Him that He died in this Christ, avoiding that He died at all. The law is an issue that appears to be in the way, as can be, but thou mayst pursue thy Christ, and be filled with the Holy Ghost, and the souls close to His eyes.

Faith works, that's God. This works in the figure of God. He was the Son of God.

He loved me, and saved and spoke to me. He never forgot His grace. It's twenty-two years after the experience, when He writes this epistle to the dimensions, and He says, the Son of God loved me, and gave Himself for me.

Oh, I could understand Him loving Peter, out of His passion and devotion. Oh, I could understand Him loving John, for that tender, clean affection that He showed in the last supper. Oh, I could understand Him loving Barnabas, for it is His heart and benevolence and tolerance for other men.

It means that He's been perfectly just. I've lived a difficult, hardened, harrowing, and narrow-minded life. Oh, death was resting under His mercy, still reserved for me.

And my God, He brought what I am, me, to keep Him to His side. Gave Himself for me. He gave Himself for me, and for others.

Gave Himself with purity for my impurities, His holyness for my hatred, His love for my lovelessness, His kindness for my heart, His truth for my falsehood, His faithfulness for my unfaithfulness. His goodness for my guiltiness, His love for my sin. Oh, the son of God, the son of God, the son of God, loved Him, loved Him, and gave Himself for me.

Do you look at that love, God? Do you look at that out, out, deep, slow, wondrous, precious, fear-free, uncharitable love of Him? Is it not? That's the one thing you are driven of a true Christian dying son. That's no tax paid to the mind. To love Him, love the Lord, and save Himself.

You listen to that auditorium of the oppressed. That auditorium that brings life to the spirit of the lost God. The love of God, the time of God, love, love you, carry Himself for you.

That's another auditorium that writes famous crucifixions with sweet, sweet thought into your mind. comfort in my heart, in my hurt little heart, and my pain little heart, bring help for me, bring help for me, for the pains, the spitting, the sclerosis, the stagnance of the hooting spruce, the bitter nails, the hard-sassing spear, the darkness of death and hell, all crowned with the close father forsaking him, yes, that is the desert of my sin, that answers to my sin, my sin is so great, and needs all that, and will be set aside with nothing short of all that, my sin alone, in heaven or earth or heaven, is the full justification of all that, all

that borne for me, by my maker, my Lord giver, my Redeemer, for the better of every person, he loves me, God expects of me, yes, wondrous comes of us, and that was the year 1720, and it's long after the mass that rose tonight, long after, but the fateful hour has arrived in 1720, and as in the first century, and I want to introduce you to Nicholas Lewis, Nicholas Lewis, he's a renowned figure, but he hasn't reached any place of renown yet, but he's a noble, and he's going into royal service, and in those days, there are men like that, but look at him, he's traveled to the back, and Nicholas Lewis, when his friends pass away, he's traveled, just in luck, before he enters into the court service again, and he's come to a certain city in Germany, and he enters the great art gallery, and he dances upon a piece of hard paint in those days, called to hold the man, and he's like a man who's sheltered in the wafers of the battle front, just ahead, rich and poor, a face all on land, with eyes that seem to be drowned in silence, a face that you couldn't look away from, and underneath it sits a renowned artist that was not decided for me, but was well done for me. Nicholas Lewis got down, and because of that picture all that afternoon after the trophy was passed, he brought him to the desk, and he had to ask all the partners and sources for all to see.

Jesus. I have but one passion, Jesus only. Yes, distinguished man, how distinguished a doctrine I am, yet I have one passion now, which is Jesus.

Jesus only, and Jesus has proved it. Proved it. Proved it.

You say, oh yes, I'll come to Jesus, I'll give my thanks to Jesus, I'll receive Jesus, and I'll love him for my son. Proved it. Jesus has proved it.

I was so pleased to see Nicholas Lewis to come to St. John's, thanks to his terrific faith. And his friend Chuck Lewis was in luck, was the same woman as he was. Well I'll tell you now, Jesus.

Did you see the moment? This man, before God, laid down the lady of his choice on the altar. Gave it up to God. And when he reached up there, he found that what had been a desperate struggle for himself was no struggle for the lady.

She had chosen St. John's. She was very happy to love the other man. She decided for the other man.

Oh, poor, poor Nicholas Lewis. Poor, poor St. John's. When you find yourself in a way that you wouldn't enjoy it, and you just keep having a run now, let them have their joy themselves, and God will give you a bit of comfort.

Oh no, no, says St. John's. Jesus only. He rushed to Cancer Park the very next day.

And he went to it and rejoiced with her. Now, my dear friends, it's much easier to wish for those that wish than rejoice for those that rejoice. You'll be so sick of being a broken person, that when someone's got it over you, and they've one-choked up you, you try and tell them it's not so easy to rejoice for them, their victory, and you haven't got it.

That was the big thing, Nicholas Lewis. The countenance of God. And two years afterwards, God gave him a fair partner.

Count you a good day. The catch, the catch was there first. And then, you'll remember a little later, how they came over from Malaysia, poor pilgrims, driven out to their own centre, seeking shelter, and they prayed to where since they'd got sick was, at a place called the Watch Tower, Perna.

Really, the Lord's Watch, Perna. And he gave them shelter there in refuge, on the hillside. And they all gathered together for prayer and for worship.

And he tried to get up to the poor chap's father's house. They made a bond with him, and fathered with each other. They were never getting along well.

That was a trick. Father treated him badly for a month. Poor things and so on.

They owed God for prayers. One memorable Sunday in 1917, in 1727, they had the visitation of God at the Communion service, silent, like the breath of heaven, by Joseph of Nazareth. They all felt it.

They all wondered. They all gazed round to the countenance. They groped down and begged.

Those kids slumming up. They fell in love. Sisters and daughters were slumming up.

They clasped hands. They vowed, vowed to protect. And the Malaysian revivals.

They started the prayer machine, which went on for a hundred years. Relay after relay. Never relax.

Never hold back. Never moment. The last prayer for a hundred years.

And when that hundred years was over, the Malaysians had spent what? One thousand, one hundred and ninety-nine million. At the end of the year. Oh, what a time.

One day, kids and girls, kids and daughters, started throwing away some potions. Throwing them into the fire. And one potion refused to burn.

And at last, because it was blowing out of the fire two or three times, he picked it up. And he read these words. Oh, let us in thine nail tree.

Out call it. You let them free. And he showed it to some of the brethren.

They leaned over his shoulder and he said to them, Oh, let us in thine nail tree. Out call it. And he let them free.

And so much they feel. To take that pot for that to the ends of the earth. And they came to play mighty vividly for many years before the modern missionary movement started.

And they showed up. Jesus and the Western and the Bible showed up. God honored that little country that had forgotten any random thing since the days of Hippocrates.

All came from a man who was frozen down in the fire. A man who caught his feet in the sun of God's love, killing himself. Now, do you think anything to me, dear friends? Have you ever looked up to Calvary and said, You ought to tell me all love.

That will not let you go. I will give you my little portion of it. Have you ever healed itself? That life you owe? That torch you owe? That blood you owe? Have you ever followed Him with all your heart? With one your heart? Well, that was Calvary, the little account for you, for having one your heart.

The part from the year 1877, far after the Midrashian revival, but it's another revival. We are moving between new missionary accords. Many people are coming to Christ.

Many communities are being stirred and revived. Who is on the right? He was an American preacher. And the depression wasn't bad yet.

It was worse than it was. Christ took all his preaching sisters, killed his great pastor, and set his faith alongside the rest of us. And the right people really trusted Christ.

And they had to do that. And he invited the mission in London to dinner. And they dined at the same old hotel where they dined.

And after that meal, when the other man had been giving me tips for the races, and this man, Mr. Beeson, had been putting them aside, going on for these ethics, and you don't seem to have any. No, I don't believe it. No, he said.

But where are we going tonight? Well, he said, I'll leave it to you, Benson. Well, Mr. Benson, what? Well, he said we're going to Rouen. What? Rouen, he said.

No, we will not, he said. That's where those two American evangelists have used the place tonight. Tonight they shall remain.

What? What? Who? He said we don't want to go there. It was for family sake. He said, I say, put me away in the back.

And he provided. He took his face along and put me in the back. And sure enough, they joined in.

They joined in right like my brother down here under my nose. Oh, what a hopeless place that lady spent. And split for the country.

And lost Ireland. Since all the arguments that he had here are true. Ireland.

Well, he said, I'll go there. He agreed. He went to go and say.

And for the third time, the Lord cast him in glory. And he was right out in front. And then he interviewed Lindsay first.

Now, Mr. Mooney, he said, you see, I'm a racing man. And I've come to drive. Does that mean I've got to give up my racing? Does that mean I've got to give up my car? Does that mean that I've got to give up the fear that I love? And I'm going to dance with Mr. Mooney.

Does that mean I've got to give that up? Well, now, Mr. Stubbs and Mooney, I think you've asked me to say that. Racing means death. Second means damned.

I don't belong to Hamlet and Jefferson. The other things, well, go on if you're damned with them, but you're in a sorrow. You're alive in a sorrow.

And once you're in a sorrow, the joy of being so blessed that those other things will go away. You won't be enjoying them any longer. Good night, Mr. Stubbs.

Good night. Remember, God's right with you. So he sorrowed his life for me.

He gave up death. And he struck the joy of the Lord in his heart. You know, dear friends, when you're really damned, you get the joy of the Lord in your heart.

I don't know. It seemed to me that day after that I was converted. And so I was.

I believed in the Lord. And I was up for it. God drove me up for it.

That's what Stubbs did with his own hands, Stubbs. He went down to his factory seat, and when he arrived, he looked, he was plain dead tired, and people were ground up in the service. What's happened to all the Stubbs? And his horseman said to one of them friends, you know, it's like this, he's got the same stick as I have, don't you? If any man's in his place, he's a new creation or a different design.

All things have passed away. All things have become you. All things have passed.

All this disgusting monopoly about circuses and theatres and dances. He can't get two or three preachers down every weekend. Glorious Stubbs.

And that was a shoddy thing, you know, for three fine undergrad sons who couldn't stand that kind of thing. They'd attack them. Man! God! This! God! That's the place now where they'll become pretty sure of that.

Come with me, I'm going to show you. They were just fractured as it were. They were great criminals.

Outstanding men, their daddy hadn't even come to class. And they tried to make him out of these creatures. They got behind one of them who couldn't see the horse too well.

And like the Christ painted for him, they did that last six weeks of life and did some fine. They let him get their head cut away and then they put their horses to the gallows behind him. And the horse was the pundit of the hill.

The poor chap in front of his horse cut it off. He couldn't hold it. He was cut out like an old man.

And I think it was the next day that the preacher got him home on the back of the three of them. And the greatest criminal of the three of them, he said, Charlie, as he came up from the nest, he said, Charlie, are you a Christian? He said, yes, I am, of course. So I'm not the kind of Christian you think I am.

But I believe in Jesus Christ ever since I was that age. And I believe in the church too. And he said, he said it exactly close to the church.

He might have said it later. And the preacher said, Charlie, do you believe in John, the priest of sin? He said, yes, I believe in him. Well, he said, do you believe that God so loved the world that he gave his own little son? Yes, I believe that.

But do you ever believe that in him should not perish forever the last in life? No, no, I don't believe that part. He said, I don't believe that part. Well, what an inconsistent fellow you are.

But I believe that part of the statement and don't believe the other part. Yes, he said, it's a pretty inconsistent. How long he doesn't continue being inconsistent.

So he asked Charlie, he said, if someone gave you a gift at Christmas, what would you do? Well, he said, I'd thank him, I'd thank him for it. The gift of God, Charlie, the gift of God is Jesus Christ and Son of Life. Would you thank him? And he said, thank you, God.

God is touching that man's heart. He even tried to go around that, to the corner. Thankfully, he had one second of reading of an excellent transcript on the fifth century of a happy life.

He gave his life back to He put aside his legal career. He did a tremendous thing. He came into 40,000 towns from his father's estate and handed it straight over to the Missionary Corps.

And then he launched out to Syria, to Africa, to India then, and there actually did it last. He found there, as I told you last night, along with his like-minded wife, Lucinda Stewart, he founded the World Wide Evangelization program. Why? He said it's Jesus Christ.

He got it. And God is pleased. No sacrifice can be too great for those of us who are here.

That's foundational, isn't it? Of course it is. But at the end of his lifetime, that's the life of it. My family, they come here, but I can't give up to God now.

He's got it all. And if God's word is difficult, then hallelujah, hallelujah. A cricketer, a count, a counselor.

The Son of God loves cricketers and counts and counselors and the choir. Right? Without individuals, with me, with me, without me. Goodbye, dear friends.

Be there with me just once. Please come for God. Oh, and I read something in the paper the other day about a certain man saying the great thing, you know, that has been linked up to a prince, you know, that just what I thought was the right thing for a man, it fills a gap for me to be a prince because all wonderful things are done by a prince and a king.

And it is nice to be loved by the son of a general, the son of an admiral. Nice to be loved, perhaps, by the son of the leading man, the prime minister. Yeah, it's better to kill my enemies, better to kill the son of God, the son of the highest, the son of the blessed forevermore, the son of Israel, the son of God, the wonderful incarnation born of the Virgin, the one that never sinned, the one that went about doing good, and to love us.

You can't. No, no way. It doesn't pay to be killed.

That would be crazy. It doesn't pay that. It doesn't pay to be loved.

It pays to be loved. That's what they thought especially when they saw Jesus weeping there by the grave, and they asked us to hold, and they said to hold. How did that? How did that? A little later, in the garden of Gethsemane, thou knows there in his agony was great crops of plants flashing down to the ground.

The angel of the agony surely is saying behold, how did that? A little later, when lifted up from that cross, in the pains and agonies and anguish of the crucifixion, what did he say? Father, forgive them, they know not what they do. Oh, said John the Mary, behold, how did that? How did that? Not very long after in that way was struggled down with millions and millions of those white flags, mostly people surrounding the regimes of the angels, and all those, and to him who loved us, and lifted from our sins in his low blood, he's lost that pain, and it's the greatest thing in the world to take a little while. He loves me, me, in our infancy, in our oldness, in our girth, in our young manhood, our young womanhood, in our strong fertility, in our age of years, he loves us, in our soreness, in our sinfulness, in our sensuality, he loves us in the fruit of our sin, in the fruit of our corruption, he loves us still, and behold, and behold him coming, he's saved, he's saved, he's coming, he's coming.

The good, the bad, the dire must be the good, the holy, the unholy, the heavenly, and the earthly, the living, the earthly. No love was ever fulfilled like the love of Christ. He saved himself to death at the cross, right? And in Eastern times, a new arrival arrived, a man went forth to Christ, for me, for thee.

God found his blessed head, blood-stained his heavenly frame, cross-laden arms spread for me, for thee, fierce with his hands and feet. Three hours, four hundred feet, fierce rays of noon, five feet, for me, for thee. Christ, you have found thy Lord, my God, make me holy, my God, flesh, breast, and feet divine, for me, for thee.

He was old, struck twenty at times, and at heart, for he was one of those who were struck, but rarely spoke his feelings, was sitting by a gateside. He was very silent for rest of times, he was extremely silent now, in his passion. For the last, he roused himself and said to this poor suffering, thy wife, ah, Lazarus, never has woman been loved, but angels have been loved.

Ah, he said to the saints, ah, cats with worms. All thoughts could be but words. I knew it, God, I knew it, but all satiricists trampled thy fine foot.

I'm pining for that sweet woman, and I have to die with her, in my lonely grudge for life. I've made the good notice that Jesus Christ had to die to be our life, and pining for a grudge for life. He doesn't want to die, because we're all people, poor, less seeking, denying people.

When he made that grave prison stage of the Easter power, by the fear of Christ Jesus, he told him again, he loved him. And again, he responded to him. And again, he responded to him.

Marcus, my husband, was near to die. I will keep this little. Tell my darling that you love him.

And again, and again, and again. Tell him constantly that you love him. Tell him to call you all to the Holy Spirit.

Tell him to go to church, because it all sounds cold and indifferent to him. Tell him that I love him. Tell him that you love him, because he loves you.

I thank you, dear friends, for the two great competitors for your soul and mine. Two great competitors. There's an adversary, of Satanic power, that asks for us to keep us under the curse of our sins.

There's an adversary, who is aligned with God's right hand, and asks for us to bring us under the consolation of Calvary. But he did that, out of compassion to his father. And then they give him that contempt.

Then they tell him that they love him for a reason, and hopeless as that love is, they're going with God. And so he's seen that the crowd over his head, and he's asked for it. He has to die to get it.

He doesn't regard the cross. He doesn't regard the cross as marks on his hands, and his face, and his brow. He doesn't regard the cross as the only death on earth.

That's what Christ said. That's something that you must give him to be saved. You know, to hold that cross and say that's enough.

Not thinking that that's enough, and go on with the same old life of negativity. Unbelievable stuff. Blood, food, rocks, and roots, and never save the second life.

My own. Dear Lord, I give myself away to the Lord, and I can do everything. Dear Savior, through the Lord, never take from me when thou shittest on my clothes.

Oh, Lord, the same for me. We love you. Let us bow before this body.

Let our hearts bow before him for a few moments of quietness. We thank God for those dear friends of God who have graciously insisted upon this communion and amended us here tonight. For whom he paid the supreme price.

For whom he ensured the death of our enemies. For whom he paid to subdue the cross to which God replied. Lord, we're saying some of you have never come to Christ.

You haven't even thanked him for the power he has in you. Don't you want for tonight? God will help you to do it if you've got a will to desire that. There are some of you that have lost your first love, and you've drifted back from Jesus, and you haven't got a heart that hands and feet for him, and the love that searches for him.

Tell him again that you love him tonight. Come back to him. Give yourself a breath for him.

Some of you do want to do it. Well, I must say, you've got to give your grace to do it if you're humble enough just to ask for prayer. But Lord, ask for prayer and strengthen to respond while they're bowed fast in God's presence.

Those of you who would like to get ready for the night in the shadow of Calvary's cross, and in the shadow of a Savior's infinite love, would you just quietly raise your hand and let me know that you'd like to get ready for the night so that you might respond to God's peace in the heart of the night, and gladly ask the Savior to come into your heart and give yourself to him. Just raise your hand where you are and let me pray for you tonight in the presence of that great light that the Lord speaks of. There are some of you here that would like prayer, that you might make that response to Jesus.

Just lift up your hands where you are, and God bless you, my friend. God bless you, my friend. God bless you, my friend.

God bless you. God bless you. God bless you, my brother.

God bless you, my sister. God bless you, my brother. God bless you.

Somebody else, if you give your prayer quietly up, God bless you, my friend. God bless you. Somebody else, while they're bowed in God's presence, just quietly lift that hand.

God gives great opportunities, dear friend. You're going to close your heart against the infinite kindness of God. And you're going to lift that hand up quietly and say, pray for me.

I have not much love for Christ, but by his grace of God, I'll give him a fresh surrender tonight, or I'll give him a first surrender tonight, and I'll pray God to give me a love worthy of such a state. Well, I think some of you could raise your hands for that. You need to do it now, just as when I speak to God.

Just lift up your hands. God bless you, my brother. God bless you, my brother.

That's Christ. That's a victory for you. God bless you, my brother.

God bless you, my brother. God bless you, my brother. God bless you, my brother.

God bless you, my brother. God bless you, my brother. God bless you, my brother.

God bless you, my brother. God bless you, my brother. God bless you, my brother.

God bless you, my brother. God bless you, my brother. God bless you, my brother.

God bless my brother. God bless you, my brother. God bless you, my brother.

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God bless you, my brother. God bless you, my brother. God bless you, my brother.

God bless you, my brother. God bless you, my brother. God bless you, my brother.

God bless life out of you. Some of them live their lives away from you. Some of them live their lives within you.

Let them abandon this life, Lord.

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