

Small Things

by John Ridley

John Ridley's sermon emphasizes the profound significance of small things in our faith and daily lives.

Duration: 50:56

Topics: "Faith And Humility", "Spiritual Growth"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher emphasizes the importance of small things in the eyes of God. He refers to a biblical passage where the Prophet cries out about studying the day of small things. The preacher also mentions James, the practical apostle, who highlights the power of a little fire that can kindle a great matter. He shares a personal childhood experience of being tempted by small books while buying groceries, illustrating the allure of small things. The sermon concludes by discussing the significance of small things in a world that is constantly expanding, emphasizing the importance of recognizing their value.

Transcript

I am asking you to look at the Word of God in two passages. The Old Testament, Zachariah, the fourth chapter. Reading a rather peculiar passage of Scripture, but very deeply spiritual.

From the fifth verse of the fourth chapter of Zachariah, through to the tenth verse. And then we'll come to a very practical, easy-to-be-understood-down-to-earth passage in the book of James, in the New Testament. Zachariah four, at verse five.

Please remember it's the Word of the Living God, which liveth and abideth forever. The Word that never passes away, forever settled in heaven. Then the angel that talked with me answered and said unto me, knowest thou not what these be? And I said, no, my Lord.

Then he answered and spake unto me, saying, this is the Word of the Lord unto Jerubabbel, Jerubabbel, the governor of Jerusalem at that time, who had the responsibility of the city and the building of the temple. Saying, not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts. Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Jerubabbel thou shalt become a plain.

And he shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shouting, crying, great, great unto it. Moreover, the Word of the Lord came unto me, saying, the hands of Jerubabbel have laid the foundation of this house. His hands shall also finish it.

And thou shalt know that the Lord of hosts hath sent me unto you. For who hath despised the day of small things? For they shall rejoice and shall see the promise in the hands of Jerubabbel. With those seven, they are the eyes of the Lord, which run to and fro throughout the whole earth.

Now from that deeply profound and spiritual passage, we turn to a down-to-earth practical passage in the third chapter of the epistle of James, the first verse. My brethren, be not many masters, knowing that ye shall receive the greater condemnation. For in many things we offend all.

If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, unable also to bridle the whole body. Behold, we put bricks in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us, and we turn about their whole body. Behold also the ships, which are driven of fierce winds, though they be so great and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small help, withersoever the governor lifts it.

Even so, the tongue is a small member, and boasteth great things. Behold how great a matter a little fire can do. And the tongue is a fire, a word of iniquity.

So is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and seteth on fire the course of nature, and it is set on fire of hell. May God add His blessings to the passages of His word. I notice in my little book, whereby I have a record of many sermons preached throughout the world, that I've preached well over 90 sermons in this pulpit, from that far away September day of 1919, when I was just back in uniform from World War I. Over 90 sermons.

It's rather difficult to find new methods just for Stanmore in some respects, but I've never preached this method before. I'm not guaranteeing that you mightn't hear a distant sound of bells that you've heard in other days, some of the old hands, you know, before we finish the weekend, but I've never preached this method in Stanmore before, and I think it's a vital method. Because in a world that is ever enlarging, a big world, and a world that seems to be coming bigger with the invasion of space, how essential is the supremacy of the small things? How vital is the importance of the small things? Oh, I don't know, there's some I don't think is so important or vital.

I think we're living in a world where the big thing counts. I want to tell you, my dear friend, the small thing counts with God. That's why the prophet cried out, who has destroyed the day of small things? And James, the practical apostle answers, behold, how great a matter, a little fire kindling.

There is a young man who understands nothing about great transactions, and the speaker was a financial king, seated in his luxurious London office, talking to a business friend. And through the open door, they heard two plants talking together, and one of them said to the other, there you are, I've just about balanced the budget. Only a hake me out, that's nothing.

And like a flash, the financial king said to his friend, there's a young man who understands nothing about... Hake me, make pennies. Pennies, pounds. Pounds, fortunes.

Behold, how great a matter, a little coin can kindle. When I was a very little boy of about six or seven years of age, my mother sent me across the road to a humble store off of our humble home to buy a few groceries. And I handed the list to old Mrs. Worth, and she started to attend to the order, and she turned her back on me, and started packing up the butter or something in the old-fashioned way in which they dug them.

And I saw some tantalizing little books. They were not paperbacks, but paperfronts. The whole of the front was covered by beautiful little... And a few minutes after, I received the parcel of groceries and walked back over the street and placed the groceries on the kitchen table, and this precious little... And suddenly... Oh, I said, oh, Mrs. Worth, did she give it to you, she said.

And I said, no, no. Beginning to tremble inwardly. Well, she said, how did you get it? She didn't give it to you.

Oh, I... I said, I took it. You go straight back, said my mother, with great firmness in her voice. You go straight back, and you ask Mrs. Worth if you can have that book, and without asking for it.

And I went back very trembling, I can tell you, across that street. I wondered what was going to happen to her little three-quarter-inch books. It's all right, you can have one.

And I went back feeling like I'd won a kind of a little victory over my mother. Oh, my mother did good work that day. She nipped in the bud a possible great sin.

For nearly all great robberies begin with petty thefts. The little dishonesty. Oh, preacher, someone might well say in the congregation, why are you trifled with hyphenies in advertisement books in days in which we live with space exploration, marvelous inventions, electronic power.

They're only trifles. That's right. They're only trifles.

But who? Who has to despise the day of small things? Why, that swan sculptor, Michelangelo, the master sculptor of the ages, kept walking away at the back of that statue until one man in desperation said, oh, sir, it's as smooth as it can be. Yes, he said, and trifles make perfection. More than that, trifles count with God.

Who has to despise the day of small things? The whole group. The whole group. How great am I? A little fine.

Kindred. Those two texts are true when you face three of the greatest facts in life. When you face three of the greatest facts in life.

Face the fact of sin. And sin is a fact. Those texts are true.

Oh, that wonderful garden planted eastward in Eden with every beautiful tree you could imagine, with the peace of the paradise of innocence, and our forefathers given the right of that garden to eat of the fruit of any of the trees, with one tiny trifling little prohibition drawn round one tree in the midst of the garden, the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and the word God Almighty said thou shalt not eat of it, for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die. And then came the tempter to Mother Eve and said, Hath, God said, the dose of death. And then the direct line, thou shalt not die, thou shalt be a God, known good from evil.

She saw it was something to be desired, and after all, it was only a little trifle if she does make a mistake. And she passed the forbidden fruit, gave it to her husband, they both did eat. And according to the Scripture, they fell away from God.

The fall, theologically, the disaster of the human race. All the sorrow, the suffering, the sordidness, the slaughter of the human race bound up in that little bundle of a tiny trifling prohibition. Why? Because you're

conflated with God.

Because disobedience is a deep, devilish sin. And when God says a thing, He means it. And you've got to obey it.

Or count the cost. If you will count the cost. Out there in the cursed earth, sweating by the sweat of his brow as he digs in that cup with thorn and thistle, you can hear the groan of Adam, I didn't know what I was doing.

You can hear the shriek of Eve in the travail pains of birth. Oh, that I'd never touched before. How great a matter a little trifling disobedience can bring about.

Beloved, are you obedient to God? God now commands all men everywhere to repent. Are you obedient to God? Again, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, you have no life in you. Is there obedience to God? Oh, don't be a trifling.

Don't be a trifling. It doesn't really matter a small thing counts with God. I don't think for a moment that Cain meant to kill Abel at the beginning.

They both came to offer their sacrifices. Cain, the prince of the earth, which he felt for his own, though God had given all the grace to enable him to eat the harvest. Abel, a lamb of the flock, the slayer can come through blood to the Lord in his own appointed way.

And because the Lord had not respect unto Cain, that he had respect to Abel's offering, Cain's countenance fell. Do you ever see a countenance fall? I've seen some people in my meetings in the countenance. I've been talking at times to people and suddenly, because of the nature of the... Be careful, Cain.

He's your brother. He's your brother. That's all right.

I won't do him any harm whether I hate the fellow. Ah, hatred. That hellish, tiger's cat of hatred that springs up in the heart.

Have you never heard a woman say, Oh, I dislike her. You've never heard a man say, I don't stand the fellow. Be careful of her.

It can develop to a hatred that is like unto murder. Who so hateth his brother is a murderer. And you know no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.

When they met in the field, that tiger cat of hatred sprang forth and with one blow Cain killed his brother. How great a man a little fire of hatred can kindle. Beloved, save yourselves from hatred by quenching in the grace of Christ the first seeds of dislike, the first rising of resentment.

Keep a heart that is free from malice and anger. You never know. You never know.

We're living in an age of violence. We're living in an age when men hit and strike left and right because the demons of hell are abroad. Oh, what great a matter a little fire can kindle.

I don't think for a moment that Sodom and Gomorrah were always putrid places. But I think there came one day into the mind of a man in Sodom a filthy thought and instead of throwing it out of his mind he

fiddled with it, he caressed it, he nursed it, he meditated upon it, he imagined things from it, he whispered it to another man and to another and to another and it went like wildfire through the community and after years the whole place is a sink of sordidness. Oh, said Abraham, to God spare the place, spare it for ten righteous men.

Yes, I will spare it for ten righteous men, he said. But when Abraham rose up early in the morning and went to the high place and looked towards the city oh, how great a matter a little fire of filth had kindled. The whole place was wiped out and even the two women that were rescued with the one righteous man had the awful stain of the city upon them.

What an age we live in for filthiness. An old comrade of mine from the second world war wrote to me a couple of weeks ago I got the letter this week rather in which he was speaking about the years we were together in the army when he came to the Lord in our advance at a sick ministry in the army and he said it's a different world and it's a dirtier world than in those days. Was he right? I think so.

It's a world where impurity prevails in many a mind in many a heart it meets you in the exorcism it meets you when you come up against the ordinary bookstore it meets you constantly in the conversation of men and women Oh, Timothy keep thy heart pure with the cry of Paul not an easy thing to do No, the fight for purity is a tremendous uphill fight but God is able if you trifle with filthiness if you trifle with immorality if you trifle with that which is defiled in God's sight behold how great a matter a little fire kindles Oh, John said a dear fellow that I loved who was aiming for the ministry and had been found in a place of ill fame Oh, Johnny said bursting into tears I learnt this kind of thing at a boarding school the other side of the world years ago and it's got me down now I learnt it I didn't despise the die of small things yes, I did despise I let the small grow to the large poor broken heart of man of course impurity can break and shatter the spiritual life and then I don't think for a moment that Judas meant to sell the Lord Jesus Christ at the beginning he was one of the selected twelve he had hopes of the Messiah's kingdom he desired to be in that kingdom but as the hopes began to fade and the cross loomed up in the distance Judas spurned to an old weakness John said he was a thief he kept the bag and he bared or he took from that bag that's the idea of it oh I expect he meant to pay it back I expect it was to be squared up but just a little helping of himself from the bag a little dishonesty but the time came and he said the whole thing has failed concerning Jesus of Nazareth what will you give me and I will betray him to you precious pieces of silver down he said for the love of money as one man said it's in every man's heart and he got to quench it for it will get the better of him and he got his bag of silver and he never spent it he went back and threw it down before the priest and went out and hanged himself behold how great a matter a little fire fire a little a little fire a little fire with emotion, he didn't know. He realised that sin boomerangs back. You know on this platform, a way back 46 years ago, the first time I ever came to Stanmore in uniform, there was another comrade of mine in uniform, and another one named Len Greenberg who was going in for the ministry under Kluger.

You know that comrade only about two months after I stood here on that 11th or 14th of September 1919, that same comrade who was preparing for new life in the land that he loved and had fought for, who had been through Gallipoli, part of Gallipoli campaign and through part of France, and had got back safely, and was welcomed home, was rushed to hospital. His father rang me one Saturday, crying, praying for Alex. He said, pray for him John, oh pray for him.

I said, what's wrong with him? He said, he's got blood poisoning. I said, how did he get it? And he said, he scratched a pimple in his nose last Wednesday, and this is Saturday. The poison was racing through him.

It raced through many of us. I nearly died myself with blood poisoning after World War One, where our blood was low. They didn't have the same medicines and things to deal with it.

And when I rushed out to that coast hospital that Saturday afternoon, he was in a mad delirium, and Monday he died. On Wednesday, I followed him to the grave, helped to carry his coffin out of St. James, Kirk, Sydney, with the Union Jack rake round it, marched behind the gun carriage and heard Chopin's funeral march in all its pathetic stride. And I thought through deliberately, and prayed.

And he scratched a pimple. Dead. Dead.

Dead within a week. Behold, how great a matter. A little fire, kindle.

Behold, a man who'd been through so much, taken so quickly by scratching a pimple. And you can go on scratching the pimples of pollution in your life, and the sores of sin in your life. Keep on scratching them as the years go on, never willing to victory, never gaining the supremacy by the Holy Spirit, always trifling with sin, until perhaps, at last, being in hell, he lifted up his eyes, and saw Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom, and said, Father Abraham, send Lazarus to dip his finger in water, and cool my tongue, I'm tormented in this flame.

Son, remember. Remember the past. Remember, there's a great gulf between the sticks.

We can't go to you. You can't come to us. Behold, how great a matter.

A little fire, kindle. But look out for the spark of the fire. Don't let it get to the flames.

Oh, the texts are true, my friends. They're true when it comes to sin. And all of us know they're true when it comes to sin, if we're honest with ourselves.

But listen, the texts are true when you come to the Saviour, when you come to the Saviour. Do you remember that Christmas morning long ago that you often sung about, away in a manger? Picture it for a moment, that maiden mother wrapping up that tiny little thing, a little child just born in swaddling clothes, and placing that little bundle in a manger for a bed. Think you can see the shepherd glancing in and gazing at that little bundle there? No one could be smaller, humanly speaking, than that little child just born.

But bound up in the swaddling clothes is the great matter of the world's redemption. Yes, he grew up in favour with God and man. There was no trifling thing he left undone, God would or man would.

And then he came to 30 years of age, he came to John of Jordan to be baptised, and thus it becometh us to baptise him, and let me be baptised in him. No little point of his father's will will he veer from, or divert from. Suffer it to be so now, thus it becometh us, us to fulfil all righteousness.

And he grew up, and he went out to his ministry, and he gathered that great company of 5,000 men besides women and children, and he said, when shall we buy bread that these may eat? Oh, two hundred penny worth of bread's not enough to feed this great company. But the lad, a little lad, with five loaves and two small fishers, was brought by Andrew, and was willing to surrender his little lunch to the Lord Jesus. And the Saviour took that small lunch, insufficient even for a boy, let alone for a vast multitude.

And he gave thanks, and he broke the bread, and the fishers, and gave to his disciples, and kept on giving, and kept on giving, and kept on giving, and kept on, until the vast multitude was fed, until it was

overfed. They'd had enough. And there were so many crumbs and pieces on the grass that he said, gather up the flag and remind that nothing may be lost.

Not a crumb lost of that gift given to Jesus. And I've often thought of it, if a person truly, unreservedly gives himself back to Jesus Christ, not a hair of his head shall be lost. He'll redeem you, rescue every hair of your head from the power of the enemy, no matter what he may do to you in this world.

Oh, no despising about Jesus Christ. He didn't despise the little children. Suffer them to come unto me, and forgive them not, for as such is the kingdom of heaven.

He didn't despise the little woman who broke the alabaster box of ointment, and annoyed at his feet and his head. And they all found fault and said, to what purpose is this waste? The money should have been gathered from sales, and it would have served the poor. Let her alone, he said, let her alone.

Whatever this gospel is preached, this that this woman has done should be told as a memorial of her. Oh, man, in that mansion of ours tonight, how great a matter that little fire kindled, whatever this gospel is preached, it's going to be told of her. All through this age.

When he went through Jericho, he stopped there under the tree where the little man of the city had climbed up. The detested man, small in size, small in reputation, undesired, despised, sneered at, disliked, hated. He stopped us there, and said, Zacchaeus, make haste and come down for the day.

I must abide if I help. And he made haste and came down and received him joyfully. Oh no, they're all offended.

He's gone for good. Was a man like that a sinner? Oh, but he didn't despise the little man. The Lord deals with little things, little things.

Yes, the people that are not so important and big as those that have headlines in the paper, the Lord has time for them, thank God, and loves them. And so these little people that will be humble enough to receive him and to love him, he went through, he went through the cross. He didn't despise the weeping daughters of Jerusalem.

He didn't despise the brutal soldiers driving in the spikes through his hands and his feet. Father, forgive them, they know not what they do. He didn't despise the repentant feet when he cried, Lord, remember me when thou comest to thy kingdom.

There are the eyes that are blind to thee today, so thou be with me in paradise. Oh, paradise. Did you ever think of paradise? Did you ever think of the beauty and blessedness of the garden of God? Heaven's glorious golden garden.

Did you ever think of the fact that Paul was caught up into paradise? Did you ever think of your day tonight where you'd be? With Christ in paradise. And he was a sinner, right to the closing moments or hours of his life, an awful sinner, but he was obedient to the repentance call. He was obedient to that dying Redeemer, remember me.

He didn't despise the poor suffering mother at his feet on the cross, woman behold thy son. He didn't despise a world lying in wickedness where he went into the unutterable darkness of the three arrows of the cross, and no one can fathom that. He didn't despise us when he died the death that was to deal the death

load of sin.

And coming out as the darkness began to break away, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the Scripture might be fulfilled. Then he didn't despise the Scripture. He's thinking back to the 69th psalm.

In my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink. It must be fulfilled. That's the Scripture.

The Roman soldier met that thirst with the sponge dipped in vinegar. And when he had received the vinegar, he cried with a loud voice, it is finished. Oh perfect life of love.

All, all is finished now. All that he left his home above to do for us below. No work is left undone.

Of all the fathers in his fold, his sorrows, one by one the Scripture has finished. It is finished. And I take a glance up as I often do in these days in the earth and mind.

And I see that vast heavenly home. And I catch a glimpse by sight of those millions that no man can number, clothed in the white raiment of bliss and with the palms of victory in their hands. And I hear the song of that triumphant multitude, worthy is the Lamb that was slain.

And I think they are like him. They look like him. Their garments seem to light like his garments.

Their faces are like him. Behold, how great a matter that little bundle of timber. The text is proof when it comes to the Savior.

And that proof certainly, you'll bear with me a few minutes, that proof certainly when it comes to the salvation of the soul. All that's true there. Who has despised the day of small things in the salvation of his soul? Captain Niamundi.

Here he's come from Syria, a leper, to be healed of the leprosy. And he comes to the door of Elisha, to the gate of the prophet. And the prophet goes in, or rather, the servant goes in to tell the prophet.

And the servant comes out and simply says, go and wash in Jordan seven times. And he turned away in a rage. He threw into anger.

We've seen them dip in the waters of Jordan, when the great wizards of Damascus could meet his knees. I thought, the scripture tells us, he said I thought that the prophet spoke, I thought. Why must I do that? And he would have gone back with his leprosy for the last hour of his life.

And he's awful dead. But his servants were wise enough and warm enough to say, my father, if the prophet had given you some great thing to do, you would have done it. Oh, how true.

If I could just erect my tower of good works to each heaven, I'd do it all right. Because I'd get the praise. But that's not God's job.

Why not rather wash and be clean, they said. Yes, he said, you're right. You're right.

And he turned back a humble man and he went down to Jordan and he dipped in Jordan's water seven times. And then, lo, his flesh has come to him like the flesh of a little child. He's like a born again man.

And he went back to the prophet, humble, rejoicing in the God of Israel. Of course, you always do that when you get down low. You rejoice in God's salvation.

It's such a wonderful thing that he saves us without work. He saves us on the ground of problem gracious by the tidy sand. He saves us in the simple little way that's so easy that men who are proud, and women who are horsey, and even young people with their self-confidence, thrust it back into his system.

What's that a young fellow to me in the inquiry room? It's to trust. There's something to that effect. That's the inquiry room I'm saying.

You wouldn't do the humble thing. All you've got to do to be saved is two little things, trust. That's the first.

Only trust is. Only trust is work. Only trust is precious blood that cleanses from all sins.

Only trust is invitation. As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the children of God. Only trust is call.

Come unto me. Only that lies in the heavy light, and I will give you rest. Only trust is work.

Trust him. No doubt on him, and trust him. Trust Jesus.

That's all you've got to do. Except one other little thing. That must follow.

And testify to him. There's no escaping that. No escaping.

In Romans 10 and 9 it goes the other way about. Whosoever, or either confesses Jesus as Lord, confesses with his mouth Jesus as Lord, and believes in his heart, trust. God raised him from the dead, shall be saved.

But the order of God generally in the Scripture is to believe, and then testify. Trust. Trust in the fact it must be balanced, or it's through.

Permit me to tell you this story as I close. When I was up in Townsville with the chaplain in World War II, and right there in the Baptist Manse one night, there was a great company of servicemen, Air Force men, soldiers. And amongst them a group captain in the RAAF.

Name was Fred. And I knew him in our earlier days. I knew his family very well.

And Fred suddenly said in the course of general conversation round that room, in the burning heat of a summer night in Townsville, he suddenly said John did you ever hear how I was converted? And I said no Fred, I'd love to hear it. Tell the fellows tonight how you were converted. I always like to get a person to tell how they're converted, to never know what might lead another person to be converted.

So I wanted him to tell the whole company. Well he said John you remember my old mother don't you? Wasn't she a godly Christian? I said she was Christian through and through Fred. Oh lovely woman, yes dear old soul he said.

I know that I caused her a lot of trouble. I was the black sheep of the family. And he said in due time I went off to sea to get away from all that song singing of him singing in the home island and everything.

And he said I came back several times doing marine engineering. And then I landed home once when I was pretty well set in the luck of resistance to God and to Christ. And I was home for a few days and all of a sudden he said to me Fred I wonder, that's the chap that says something about put up your hand if you want to be praised for.

Stand to your feet, stand to your feet not from me, no no I won't take you down. I said turn away from her and walked away. And when I went outside I thought fellows, he's telling all these boys you know, I thought fellows he said what a cur you are.

Your mother's done everything for you down the years and you couldn't take her just to hear her favourite preacher when she's old and can't go without some help. Yes what did she say there as I went out? Alright Fred I can't go then tonight. Oh I must take her.

So he said I went back with very bad grace and I said alright mum I'll take you down to your lamb tonight. Oh she said thank you very much Fred and your brother and sister will come. He said alright they can come I'll take the lot of you.

He said I tell you I wasn't very pleasant until I got in the car and drove them all. And when we got inside that church he said was packed out. See a church packed like that on a weeknight.

And he said my mother shot along and he said a man was beckoning. The last place I went I was feeling bad and bitter about things and he said the service started with a few hymns and suddenly Mr Lamb said let us hold that cushion on the pulpit with all his might and praying as though his soul was going up to heaven. My I thought that man darn it no doubt about it.

He's not fooling the things of God. It's over me boys is what he said. I listened.

I listened to him preach for an hour or more on the second access. And I said I granted in it was remarkable. And when he came to the close he said now let's bow and pray.

I said it's coming now it's coming now I know it will come. And then he said yes sure enough hold up your hand if you want to be prayed for tonight. Just up with your hand where you are.

And he said suddenly something oh I got the thought inwardly. And he said a tear started to run down my face. And I grabbed my right arm around to try and get my handkerchief out of my trouser pocket and I dug into layers with my elbow.

What are you doing lady said. And I said I cried. He said I dried my eyes as we sang the last hymn.

Didn't ask us to come forward at all. I wouldn't have gone he said I don't think. I don't know I was so upset I walked straight out of the church and I got into the car and they all came they didn't say a word.

They didn't hear what had happened and I drove them back home. Let them get out drove the car into the garage went straight up to my room. Picked up a bible my mother had given me two years before.

I never read it. I opened the door and God speaks to me I think. He said I looked down and immediately I was reading let not your heart be troubled.

You believe in God believe also in me. I do I do I said Lord I believe I believe with all my heart I do believe in Jesus as my savior. He said I went to bed and I was a bit restless.

I knew there was something else had to come. He said I got up in the morning I didn't talk to them much. I went into town as soon as I could and I got what I wanted back home.

He said I bumped into one of my old comrades from the ship. Chap like myself and they do well kind of said oh Fred he's going to win Fred. What what what do you want to tell me something.

No I'll be alright. Oh have you got some chips Fred. Yes he said I went to your lamb place the chaps were laughing.

What are you talking about. Lamb place. Who's lamb.

Did you know. Oh I'll tell you the truth I converted to Christ last night. I took him as my savior he said.

I'm trusting Christ as my. Oh congratulations old man he said and shook hands and so on. And I was through boys he said I was through.

I knew it. I got the testimony out for Christ. I'd given my first confession to Christ.

I knew it had to come. I felt that the trust was there but I had to talk about it some way or other. I had to testify and it was through.

Oh my dear friend some of us are not through. We're through in one angle and we're not through in the other. Some of us are through trusting people we trust Jesus to the full.

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