

If Only You Knew

by Kathryn Kuhlman

Kathryn Kuhlman's sermon emphasizes the transformative power of being born again and the peace found in a relationship with God through Jesus Christ.

Duration: 27:02

Scripture: 1 Thessalonians 4:13

Topics: "Christian Life"

Description

In this sermon, the speaker shares a personal story about adopting a Korean child. Despite the language barrier, the speaker wanted the child to feel their love. The speaker describes the emotional moment when they had to leave the child behind, but later returned to hold her one more time. The sermon emphasizes the love and security found in Christ, comparing it to the joy of being adopted into a loving family. The speaker encourages the audience to embrace the security and peace that comes from having God as their heavenly Father.

Transcript

I believe in miracles. You know that I believe in miracles, too. But I believe in miracles because I believe in God.

And there is no greater miracle than that new birth. I would give anything in the world if just now I had the vocabulary to tell you what it's really like to be born. But it's something that's spiritual.

It's something that you have to experience yourself. I had taken the plane from San Francisco and was flying to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. And on that same plane were some Korean children who had been adopted by American parents.

Oh, I would say there must have been about seven, eight, maybe nine. The dearest Korean children you ever saw in your life. They were dolls.

I should like to have had any one of them, or all of them. I think the youngest must have been a baby about eight months old. Maybe a little younger, but not much.

And the oldest was seven years of age. The little seven-year-old had a sister four years of age. They were the sweetest.

And when we got to Chicago, the stewardess said, now we'll wait until all the other passengers are off the plane, and then we'll take the children off so there will not be any confusion. She said, the men and women who have adopted these Korean children will be waiting at the gate for them. And I said, have they seen the children they have adopted? No.

No, she said. They have never seen the children. They have no idea what they're receiving.

And she said they've already been adopted and we're so thrilled for the children. And so I waited. Because, you see, I would fly on to Pittsburgh on the same plane.

And when everyone else had deplaned the missionary picked up the baby in his arms. He carried her. The stewardess took a couple.

I took the sisters. The little seven-year-old and the little four-year-old by the hand. And we walked down the ramp.

I shall never forget. It was a sight that no artist's brush could ever do justice to. It was something that the greatest artist in the world could never paint.

As these men and women who had adopted these Korean children were standing at the gate, looking, looking, waiting, some smiling, some without any expression on their faces whatsoever. The expectancy on the faces of others. And here we came with the children.

And the missionary stood there and he had cards and he'd call out, Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so. And a man would say, Here! And the first one was the baby. And tenderly he took the baby and handed it over to the man who was to be her new daddy.

And the baby just nestled in his arms. And the first thing she did was to pull at his coat lapel, looking up into his face. And he smiled into her face.

And then the missionary called out, Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so. And someone else would say, Here! And then he'd say, This is... And then came the moment when he called the name of a Mr. and Mrs. Somebody else. And they both said, Here! He said, The sisters are yours.

And I was standing there with a little seven-year-old by the hand and a little four-year-old. And the man who had said, Here! looked at me and he said, Katherine Goldman. I didn't know for a minute but he thought he was adopting me.

He said, Where'd you come from? Well, I said, I was just on the plane. And here they are. The wife took the younger of the two sisters and kissed her.

Loved her. And the man stooped down to kiss the seven-year-old sister when suddenly, without warning, she began to cry. She became hysterical.

That cry haunted me for days and days. In the night, in the stillness of the night, I could hear that child screaming. There was no expression on her face whatsoever and the great tears would just roll down her cheeks.

And she stiffened. I did the only thing that I knew what to do. I put my arms around her.

Before I knew it, the only words that would come forth would be, If you only knew, God, if you only... That was all I could say. It was the second time in my whole life that I ever had an experience like that. The time before was when Mama died.

And I went to the phone to call my oldest sister to tell her that Mama had... And when she said, Hello, nothing would come forth. Nothing. No words would come out.

I was absolutely... And in this moment, that crying Korean child, all I could say to her, If you only knew, honey, if you only knew... And the whole time I was thinking, Honey, if you only knew, you'll never be hungry again. Never. If you only knew, you'll be loved all of your life.

If you only knew you're in America now. You're in America now. There'll always be little shoes on your feet.

There'll always be clothes on your body. You'll always be warm. There'll be a nice clean bed to sleep in.

You won't be hungry anymore. But I forgot the language barrier. I couldn't understand what I was saying.

But that time they were calling my plane and I had to go. And she was standing there still crying bitterly. Hysterical.

And they couldn't move her. Only God knows the memories of that childhood. She was old enough, seven.

Little do I know what her memories were. Yet she didn't know what was going to happen next. Only God knows what she'd been through.

And I had to leave her. And I rushed away. And then I couldn't.

They were holding the door of his plane for me. I came back just once more. And I took her in my arms.

And even though she couldn't understand what I was saying, I wanted her to feel my love. Maybe that would help. And I hugged her close.

And I ran to catch the plane before they closed the door. My last words were, If you only... In this moment, I feel just that helpless. Insane to you who've never been born again.

Those of you who have never accepted Christ as your Savior. If you only knew. Don't you realize that life really doesn't hold a real meaning? For that somebody who's never been born again.

Not really. That's the reason you're so restless. There's no real purpose.

Not really. If you've never been born again. Do you know what it really means to be born again? Do you really mean? It means that in accepting Jesus Christ as your personal Savior, His blood blots out your every transgression.

And you stand justified before Him by faith. But that's such a small part of it all. Really.

In that moment, the One who is now the great Creator. And that's one thing we all have in common. God is our Creator.

But He does not become your Heavenly Father until you accept His Son as your personal Savior. And in that moment, when you accept Jesus and accept what Jesus has done for you and accept the part of Him, it's a personal transaction. It's then that the great Creator becomes your Heavenly Father.

If you only knew. If you only knew what it really means to be able to look up in the midnight hour. That relationship.

It's a personal relationship. It's a relationship that is unlike any other relationship. Oh, that security.

I feel I could go through anything. I tell you the truth. So believe me.

I could go through anything as long as I know that He is my Heavenly Father, loving me, caring me. I'm in the hollow of His hand. I'm overshadowed with His love.

Life holds meaning for me. I have a purpose in living. I have a purpose.

If only you knew what it means to have the peace of God in your heart when you come to that loss. And I don't believe that I have ever, in any of our heart-to-heart talks, talked to you about that loss when the old heart takes us. That day without its tomorrow.

And that's one thing we all have in common, whether you're rich or whether you're poor, regardless of race, regardless of your status in life. That's one thing we have in common. Know that.

You may not want to think about it. You would rather that we didn't talk about it. You'd rather just act as though it wasn't going to happen.

It will happen. As surely as the old heart is beating now, there's coming a day when that old heart is going to take us alive if you only knew how wonderful it is to have the peace of God. The other day I was at the cemetery.

One of my ushers had gone home to glory. I'd never had an experience quite like it. The family was seated there in front of me.

Friends were there. Those who had carried his body so tenderly to the cemetery were standing there. I had taken the roses and began picking the petals and they'd fallen into the open grave.

And I've said ashes to ashes and dust to dust. You've heard it over and over again. But in that moment there was the glorious presence of Jesus.

And I knew it wasn't death. This isn't death. Death is glory.

It isn't dark. It isn't stumbling, groping, or even faith. It isn't grief.

It's having my last tear wiped away. It's sunrise. It's morning of my eternal day.

It isn't even praying. It's speaking of faith and it's glimpsing the wonders of love. This is the end of pleading.

Pleading for strength to bear my pain. Not even pain's dark memory will ever live again. How did I bear the earth life before I came up high, before my soul was granted its every deep desire, before I knew this rapture of meeting face to face, the one who sought me, saved me.

I stood there and read it, that glorious portion of the Word of God. I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that he sorrow not even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first. And we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with.

Wherefore, comfort one another. And when I had finished reading the Scripture and the service was over, no one knew, only to have that glorious hope, to know that death does not end. I stood there a few moments, there was no yesterday, there was no weeping, and yet there sat, composed, but with a faith, with a confidence, with a Christian experience, there sat the three grown sons.

There was no hysteria, there was confidence, there was faith. The service, the cemetery was over, and yet no one moved. And I did something, the most natural thing in the world.

There was one empty seat next to one of the daughter-in-laws, and I walked over and sat down. We sat there, and I said, you know, I guess we're just waiting for the trump of the Lord to sound. I guess we're just waiting for that glorious resurrection morn, that moment when resurrection life flows through that body and the dead in Christ shall be raised, even the likeness of the body of our risen Christ.

And the Bible tells us this is real. This is as real as God Himself. This is as real as life.

Believe me, death does not end at all. I give you His Word, the highest authority in heaven and earth, and you can stake your very life on thus saith the Lord. Death does not end at all.

It's just the beginning. The rest of the book is real. It's having your last tears.

This isn't death. This is the end of pleading. This is the end of suffering.

It's the end of heartbreak. It's the end of disappointment, if you only knew. If only I could do to you just now the same thing that I did to the little Korean girl.

Put my arms around you, whether you're ninety-one or whether you're nine. Whether you're in the springtime of youth or whether the hands are so worn with the toil of the weary day and the hair is turned to silver and you're so unsure and you're so uncertain about that day without its tomorrow. If only you knew how wonderful it is to have that security in Christ Jesus, to have the peace, to know that God is your Heavenly Father.

It's only the end of faith. Faith becomes a reality. It's the end of hope.

Then I can look up and say, Oh, faith, you've stood by me so many times. I don't know what I would have done without you. But in that moment, faith becomes a reality.

I say, hope you've been so wonderful. You put stars in blackened skies. You put doors in blank walls.

But I won't be needing them anymore, faith. But love, love I take with me. For in that moment, for the first time, I will know you only live.

I have neither half my faith, neither has it entered into the mind of any human being. The wonders and the glory and the beauty of all that God has given only to only I. Father God.

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