

Jesus Christ Is All in All

by Kathryn Kuhlman

This sermon emphasizes the importance of Jesus in life, the responsibility that comes with mountaintop experiences, and the need to be dependent on the Holy Spirit for true spiritual growth.

Duration: 40:07

Scripture: Psalm 127:2, Matthew 17:4-9

Topics: "Jesus Christ"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher shares personal experiences and observations about the challenges and responsibilities of being called by God. He mentions the tragic events in Saigon and the impact it had on him and his wife. The preacher emphasizes the importance of recognizing the true calling from God and the evidence of soul winning and power in a person's life. He also highlights the purpose of spiritual experiences, reminding believers of the responsibility to share the gospel and win souls for Christ.

Transcript

This is tape LW-2229. Copies may be obtained by writing to Springs of Living Water Tapes, P.O. Box 32636, Spring Lake Park, Minnesota 55432. Catherine Kuhlman was best known for her unique ministry of healing.

She authored the books *I Believe in Miracles* and *Nothing is Impossible with God* and many others. In this tape entitled *Jesus Christ is All in All*, Ms. Kuhlman shares insights from her personal experience on the centrality of Jesus in her life. I stand here today expecting great things from Him.

And I promise you something. I'll stay here, I'll stay with you as long as I see that there's anyone in this sanctuary or any place on these grounds who needs me. And whom I can help today.

Believe, that's what I'm here for. But whatever you do, don't see Catherine Kuhlman. There's a glorious presence of the Holy Spirit in there.

You can't be anywhere in this holy sanctuary without feeling the wonderful presence. And I pray that not one person shall leave these grounds today the same person that you were 9.30 this morning. Many of you folk saw and heard Garth Hunt on one of our telecasts.

You know him as the man who's been in Vietnam for the past 10 years. A professional hockey player who's wonderfully healed by the power of God. His conversion was wonderful.

Garth Hunt and his wife and the family of five children felt the call of God to go to Vietnam. And God used them all to stay there under the Christian missionary alliance. They were in the same compound with the Zeemers and the Thompsons.

And as you well know, both Mr. and Mrs. Thompson were killed by the Vietcong, leaving their children orphans. Mr. Zeemer, that marvelous man of God, was killed by the Vietcong. Mrs. Zeemer is seriously hurt.

Six missionaries, all in the manner of hours, were killed recently by the Vietcong in Vietnam. And Garth Hunt, his wife, the children, returned to the United States and Canada to make their decision as to whether to return or to stay here in the United States and Canada and just minister. After the telecast, it was about 11.30, almost midnight, and the lobby of the hotel, I passed through, I had been praying with someone, passing through to go to my room when suddenly Garth Hunt stopped me, called my name, and he said, I said, yes, what in the world are you doing? He said, I prayed until I could pray no longer.

I've walked the floor. I've cried out to God. I have a decision to make.

I have a vital decision to make. What is God's will? Shall I go back to Vietnam? Shall I go back to Saigon? He said, I don't know. I only know that my Lord has left a decision with me.

They'll guarantee me nothing, just nothing. They can't guarantee me anything. He said, watch, if I'm killed, there's practically no provision made for my wife.

If I'm killed and Mr. Zeema and Mr. Thompson were killed over there, he said, there's practically no provision for my children whatsoever. And I want you to know, yes, some of the sweetest children I've ever seen in my life, twins, a boy 10, a girl 12, the twins were 7. And the Lord has said, make your decision. It's left with you.

He said the other night, Betty, my wife, was watching the telecast and watching the news commentators, and they were showing pictures of the very street where we lived in Saigon, where our compound is. And he said, Pastor, we're sitting there watching the telecast and recognizing some of the places on the street and seeing lying dead on the street some of our own friends having been killed, murdered by the Viet Cong. He said, suddenly she began to vomit.

And she turned as white as a ghost. She said, God, I can't go. And she walked out of the room.

And it haunted me. It haunted me. I walked the floors.

What shall I do? I began picking the phone. I heard a man sob. He's a big man.

He's a strong man. I heard that man sob all the way until his sob filled that lobby of that hotel. He cried unachievably.

He said, I can't get the will of God. Somehow I feel it's talking to you. It's almost like talking to God.

What shall I do? I faced the hardest situation in my life. And I said, I can't tell you. No one can tell God's will for me, and neither can anyone tell God's will for you.

But I said, you know, this is the way I always feel about it. Never had any regret. Never.

I've always felt that at some place along the line I had missed God's will and had to spend the rest of my life with regret, knowing I had missed His will. It would be, you ask me what I would do? Before I would compromise, I would go. And I walked away.

I was there the morning when they left. I was there when they went to the airport. No one knew what had happened that night.

I saw the children. One of the little girls was carrying a wheel of a bicycle. Another little girl had a wheel of a bicycle.

I said, what in the world are you doing? Oh, she said, David wanted the bicycle so badly when they got over to Malaysia because the children were going to go to Malaysia to school. They were going to leave the children in Malaysia with the Toms children who were orphaned by the Viet Cong. And so she said, we're all helping to get the bicycle over for David, 10 years old, when he got to Malaysia.

And each one had a part of the bicycle, you know. And the little girls, you know the little cardboard box, I think it's \$2.98, you get them at Montgomery Wards with a little plastic doll in it and a few little dresses to fit the doll. The twins had the little box.

So just each one with a sweater. And I stood there and told them goodbye. The look on Debbie's face, the wife, I said, what are you going to do? Her lips quivered.

There was no answer. I can't remember Grant Hunt even saying goodbye. He had fought and won the battle in his own heart.

And they left. And I stood watching them and I thought, there goes the saints of God. I'm glad I'm in the Shane family there yet.

I got a letter. I brought it along, just one paragraph I'll read to you. Dear Miss Kuhlman, I'll read the one paragraph.

We left the school Monday after dinner. This comes from Malaysia. And our goodbyes with Donna and David were quick so that the tears wouldn't come.

However, when it came time to say goodbye to our three little girls, our sweet Sandra just saw, saw, saw, and of course, this tore our hearts. I waited until we were driving down the mountains to shed my tears. Certainly these partings are hard, but it's for his sake.

And we know that he'll sustain the children as he is sustaining us. I shall remain with God in Saigon. A little boy just seven years of age from Columbus, Georgia sent a letter to his dad in Vietnam with a sergeant there.

And he said, Daddy, why can't you stay at home with us like some of the other kids' daddies do? Do you have to be away from us? Can't you stay at home? And that sergeant wrote back to his seven-year-old son, and he said, Son, this thing of being a soldier is more than wearing a uniform. This thing of being a soldier is far more than marching in parade. It's far more than hearing the beat of a drum.

Son, this thing of being a soldier costs something, and sometimes it costs one's life, you know. Sometimes I think we get caught in the ecstasy of it all. Oh, it's glorious, it's wonderful to be in the house of the Lord.

And we say, Lord, lift me up and let me stand. Higher ground! Higher ground! Son, there isn't a single one of God's righteous children in this place this morning. But what yearns and seeks and cries out for greater mountaintop experiences.

And I tell you to help me. I don't care who you are in this place today. I don't care where the righteous faith of God is, anywhere in this universe.

Who is more hungry for deeper and greater experiences than the one who stands before you this very hour? Nobody knows the hunger in my heart. Nobody, nobody, nobody knows. Until every atom of my being cries out for greater spiritual experiences.

I climbed the mountain, but I want to go higher. I want to go higher. I've learned something.

I've learned something. And if somehow I know that I haven't the ability, I don't have the vocabulary in myself, I can't tell you. I'm relying on the Holy Spirit to let you see what I cannot put into words.

If it were possible for me to just lift my heart out and put it before you, you would know. I've lifted and relifted that glorious mountaintop experience. Peter, James and John, before I've had deep experiences, I used to almost end them and think wouldn't it be wonderful, wouldn't it be glorious to have been one of them? Think of the glory of it all as they stood there on the Mount of Transfiguration.

Think of the glory of it all. Think of what it must have been like to be standing there in the flesh. They were not transfigured.

They were standing in the flesh, in bodily form as anyone in this sanctuary this morning, and suddenly they beheld something that no human eye has ever beheld. They saw Jesus. They saw him in a different light than they've ever seen him before.

They saw the glory. Transformed before their very eyes. They saw the glory.

That glory brighter than the brightest sun. And standing on either side, one was Moses, and the amazing thing is they recognized him immediately. And there was Elijah, and they recognized him immediately.

So they'd never seen him before and they knew, they knew. Tremendous glory of it all and immediately Peter, in ecstasy, cried out, oh this is so glorious. Let it last forever.

Let it last forever. And he wanted to capture it. He wanted to do something.

Something to make it last forever. And very quickly his human mind began to function. He said, let us build three tabernacles.

Let us build, let us build, let us build. One for Moses and one for Elijah. Let's capture it.

Let's stay here forever. Never leave us. Never leave the glory.

Something happened. In a few moments they discovered they were being led down the side of the cliff. They found themselves walking down the side of the cliff.

And when they got down there in the valley, the crowd was waiting for them. The hungry were waiting for them. The sick were waiting for them down in the valley.

Oh, that glorious mountaintop experience. It's so marvelous. But my beloved brethren in the Lord, remember that with that mountaintop experience there goes a responsibility.

There is never a mountaintop experience for what there is a responsibility. I tell you to help me. I bear my soul to hear this out.

There are times when I would give anything in the world if he had never called me to preach the gospel. I'm a human. I'm as human as any person in this auditorium.

I'm as human as any woman in this place. I am a woman. I have my weaknesses as any human being.

Know that. And there's many a time I've looked up and in the flesh wished that he had called somebody. How nice it would be to even be a farmer's wife in the Zora.

You'd be surprised how often I've driven those country roads. There's Mrs. Steppencamp. There's Mrs. Proctor.

They're a nice little family. They gather their eggs, be satisfied with a few cows. They think they have a few worries.

But they can go to bed at night, tired in body, and lie down and sleep good sleep. And sleep all the way through. And I'll wake in the crack of dawn.

Beloved, that responsibility that goes with those mountaintop experiences, only God knows. Only God knows. Only one who's been called knows.

You only see the servant on the platform. And a thousand sit out there and end the day at once. All you see is the one who comes out and sinks and sinks the servant.

And you only see the one for three and a half hours. And when the crowd leaves after a final prayer, then you say, isn't it glorious? Isn't it wonderful? If only I could be like that. You don't know the price that's paid before that one walks out on that stage.

I slept not more than one hour last Saturday night. Nobody knows but God. Yes, beloved, being a soldier is something more than a uniform.

Being a soldier is something more than walking in a grand parade. Being a soldier is something more than the beating of the drum and hearing the applause of the crowd. When you know, when you know, when you walk out on that stage and you know that you are nothing of yourselves, you know how helpless you are.

You know, you know, you know, you know. There are some who can plan the service. There are some who can plan a sermon.

But, beloved, when you are led of the Spirit, the Holy Spirit is not a person. He is not a power that you can use. He is not a person that you can use.

The Holy Spirit must use the best. There's a black doorknob that for 20 years has haunted me. A black doorknob in Carnegie Auditorium, Northside, in Pittsburgh.

There are four steps that lead up to the door that I have to open before I walk out on that platform in Carnegie Auditorium in Pittsburgh. And I've walked those four steps for 20 years. And that black doorknob, I've held it in my hand until I've almost broken the bones in my hand.

I've gripped it so. But I know that when I pull that black doorknob, that door opens. And I know that out there, there are those who've come from great distances.

I know there's those who are there with the last ray of hope. There are those who've paid a price. Perhaps a daddy out there, with a child in his arms, with a life in this matter.

And the best doctors in the world have said, there's no hope in his head. Return to God. A scumbag little mama out there.

And two daughters of a son has brought their mother. And how often, I bare my soul to you, have I stood before a precious little old mama, and her children standing there, and they'd say, pray for her, she's dying of cancer. And I think about mama, and I pray as earnestly as my own mother that I was praying for, but I know that I know that I know that I have no healing virtue, I have no healing, do you know what I'm talking about? Do you really know that? Do you really know what I'm talking about? Do you really know the helplessness of it all? Oh, you say, but Miss Kuhlman, you should have faith, you should believe God.

You should be able to know better than anyone else what a big God he is. I do, I do, I believe in it with every atom of my being, I take my life on it, and yet, I also know I have to yield my body, I have to yield myself to him, so that the Holy Spirit can work through the body. What if I fail? What if I fail? What if I fail in my consecration? What if I fail in my strength? Last Saturday night, the responsibility, the responsibility, I knew there'd be 7,000 people packing a shrine auditorium, oh, sure I'd come out smiling, sure I'd come out smiling.

And sometimes I think I walk so rapidly, I walk so quickly, because I can hardly wait for the anointing of the Holy Spirit. It's normal that I do not say I remember the Holy Spirit all the time, if I did. I'm human in this place.

Don't look to me as one who's perfection. I'm human. Do you know the feeling? Do you know the feeling? Do you know the feeling when you depend on the Holy Spirit and the anointing of the Holy Spirit, that glorious anointing? Do you know that wonderful experience when he takes over completely? And it's as though you were completely detached from everything.

Completely detached. It's as though you were standing on the sideline and you were watching him work. There is a place where you become so fixed.

Do you know what I'm talking about? Beloved, what something watches? Isn't anyone living who believes more in the baptism of the Holy Spirit than the one who stands before you this hour? Oh, you know it. No human being who knows Catherine Kuhlman, who knows anything about the ministry, but what knows is that here stands one servant of the Lord who believes in the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Who believes that wonderful experience that they had in that upper room? I believe in it.

I believe in it. But I'm going to tell you something, my friend. There's much more to being filled with the Spirit than speaking in an unknown tongue.

There's much more. There's much more. There's much more.

And sometimes I think we get so carried away with the act of saying it all. We get so carried away with the thrill of it all. Sometimes I think we get so carried away with the speaking in an unknown tongue that we forget the purpose.

Sometimes I think we get so carried away with the speaking in an unknown tongue that we forget Jesus entirely. We forget Jesus. We forget Jesus.

We forget Jesus. I would not belittle the speaking in an unknown tongue. You know that.

It's scriptural. It's scriptural. I believe in it.

But, beloved, there's more to being filled with the Spirit than the speaking in an unknown tongue. There's much more. If you want to know the genuine from the counterfeit, beloved, watch for the evidence of soul winning.

Watch for the evidence of power in that life. There are literally thousands today in this wonderful hour when He's pouring out of His Spirit upon thousands and thousands and thousands and literally thousands are being filled with the Spirit. And thousands are speaking in an unknown tongue, beloved.

And that's marvelous. But don't forget the purpose of the experience. Along with the experience there goes this tremendous responsibility.

There's a responsibility of soul winning. Please stop your machine at this point.

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