

The Secret of Miracles Revealed in Jesus's Life

by Kathryn Kuhlman

The source of healing is the Holy Spirit, and we must look to Jesus, not our own faith, for healing.

Duration: 28:15

Scripture: John 8:32, John 14:12, John 14:16-17, John 14:26, John 16:13, Acts 1:8, James 1:17

Topics: "Miracles"

Description

In this sermon, the speaker emphasizes the role of the Holy Trinity in our lives. God the Father is seated on His throne and is the giver of good and perfect gifts. Jesus, the Son, is at His right hand and through Him, we receive salvation and healing for our bodies. The Holy Spirit, who is present on earth, works in conjunction with the Father and the Son to do everything for us that Jesus would do if He were physically present. The speaker encourages listeners to focus on Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, and to recognize that any faith we have is a gift from Him.

Transcript

This is tape KK7 in the Springs of Living Water Tape Library. Copies may be obtained by writing Springs of Living Water Tapes, PO Box 32636, Spring Lake Park, Minnesota 55432. Lecture Side 1, featuring the message, The Secret of All Miracles Revealed in Jesus' Life.

Perhaps the question that is asked to me most is, when did you realize that God had given you this ministry of healing? May I make something very clear in the very beginning, and that is the fact that Kathryn Kuhlman is not a faith healer. If you forget everything else that you've ever heard about me, always remember Kathryn Kuhlman has never healed a human being. I have no healing power.

I have no healing virtue. I would not even go so far as to say that God has given me the gift of faith or the gift of healing. I would not even go so far as to claim any gift of the Spirit.

For you see, I am so convinced that if one has been so richly blessed, and if that one has been given a gift, it'll be something so sacred, something so precious, that one will guard it very carefully. And the Holy Spirit is never boastful. I'm afraid to tell you that when there are those who come to me and boastfully speak of some gift that the Holy Spirit has given to them, I shy away a little because knowing the person, the Holy Spirit, I have learned that He always glorifies Jesus.

He always magnifies Jesus. He is never boastful. Never.

And when one has been given some gift of the Spirit, that one will always acknowledge that it is still the supernatural power of God. It is still the power of the Holy Spirit. And the Holy Spirit through that gift and through that yielded channel, that yielded vessel, will continue to glorify and magnify Jesus.

No, my friend. I have no healing power. I have no healing virtue.

I want that clearly understood. For a few minutes, you and I are going to have one of those good heart-to-heart talks. And I shall try as simply as possible to reach your understanding regarding the key to these great miracles that take place.

A little knowledge and an overabundance of zeal always tends to be harmful. And in the area involving religious truths, it can be disastrous. Very disastrous.

Not long ago, a well-meaning person painted my portrait in oils. To the artist, to the one who painted my portrait, it was a masterpiece. But our radio engineer, who happened to be in the office when I was unwrapping the picture, took one look at it and in his quiet way commented, an overabundance of good intentions, but no talent.

Often I'm prone to react in exactly the very same way to those who have so much to say about faith. Those who claim to know all about divine healing. Those who profess to be authorities on the subject, who claim to have all the answers regarding the manifestation of God's power, even to the point of judging those who fail to receive healing from the giving hand of God.

In the early part of my ministry, I was greatly disturbed over much that I saw occurring in the field of divine healing. I was confused by the many methods that I saw employed. I was disgusted with the unwise performances that I witnessed, none of which I could associate in any way whatsoever with either the action of the Holy Spirit or indeed the very nature of God.

And to this very day, there is nothing that's more repulsive to me than the lack of wisdom. And I'm putting it very mildly when I say the lack of wisdom. There's one thing I cannot stand, and that is fanaticism.

The manifestations of the flesh that bring a reproach on something that is so marvelous, something that is so sad. Too often I had seen pathetically sick people dragging their tired, weakened bodies home from a healing service, having been told that they were not healed simply because of their own lack of faith. My heart ached for these people.

I knew how they had struggled day after day, trying desperately to obtain more faith. And then, when they were not healed, they were rebuked by the fact that they had not had enough faith to be healed. Having been told that if they had had sufficient faith, they would have been.

I could see the defeat in their faces. And I saw that because of their lack of teaching, their lack of knowledge, that they were looking to themselves, almost to the point where they were trying to heal themselves through their own strivings, rather than looking to the great physician, rather than looking to the one who is the author and the finisher of our faith, Jesus Christ, the Son of God. It was almost as though faith to them was something that they could manufacture, they could work up, something they could take out of their pockets, look at, and then say, Do I have sufficient faith? Is it enough? Is the quality, the quantity enough to heal my poor sick body? Forgetting the great physician, forgetting the power of the Holy Spirit, looking at themselves rather than to God.

But what was the answer? Again and again, I was to ask myself the question, Why were some healed and others not? Was there no balm in Gilead? Was faith something that one could manufacture or work up in oneself? Was it something that could be obtained through one's own goodness or moral status? Was it something that could be procured in exchange for serving the Lord, or through benevolence? I knew that God could not lie. I knew He had promised. For I believed every word in the Bible.

I knew the promise was there. I knew He was all-powerful. I knew in my own heart that there was healing, for I had seen the evidence from those who had been healed.

It was real. It was genuine. It was a part of God Himself.

It was His promise. But what was the key? I could not see the hand of God in man's zeal. And I saw the harm that was being done in attributing everything to the lack of faith on the part of the individual who had not received His healing.

Inside myself, I was crushed. My heart told me that God could do anything. My mind told me that through ignorance and the lack of spiritual knowledge, there were those who were bringing a reproach on something that was sacred, something that was wonderful, something that God had promised to all.

No preacher had to tell me, no theologian had to tell me that the power of God was real and that God knew no such thing as a miracle as such. But I was assured of these facts as I read the Word of God. The Word was there.

The promise had been given. There was surely no changing of God's mind and certainly no canceling of the promise. I think that no one has ever wanted truth more than I have sought truth.

Yes, it seems that I have sought truth all my life. Even to this very hour, I do not believe that there is a person that is so hungry for the things of the Spirit. There is no one who is a greater seeker after his truth.

I remember well the evening when I walked from under a big tent where a divine healing service was being conducted. The looks of despair and disappointment on the faces that I had seen when told that only their lack of faith was keeping them from God. It haunted me for weeks.

Was this then the God of all mercy? The God of great compassion? I remember that night. With tears streaming down my face, I looked up and cried, They've taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid Him. And I remember going to my room and sobbing out my heart to God, praying for light on the truth.

I can take you to the very spot. I can take your hand and walk with you down the streets where I walked that night. I can take you to the very room this hour where I prayed as I had never prayed before and sought Him as I had never sought Him before.

Fortunately, I had learned a very valuable spiritual lesson early in my ministry, one which was to come to my aid now. I had learned that the only way to get the truth is to come in sincerity, absolute honesty of heart and mind, and let the Lord Himself give one the blessed revelations of His word and through the word make His presence real and His truths known. If you want real truth, go to Him.

He is the source of all truth. If you want knowledge, if you want to know the way, He is perfect knowledge. He is absolute authority.

There is no greater authority than the Spirit of the living God. Sometimes I think that we perhaps with great sincerity and in our search for truth, go to other sources than the real source, the mighty God Himself, and He reveals the truth through His word. At no time in my search did I profess to wear the robe of infallibility.

I did not seek as a dogmatist, nor as one with a closed mind, but only as one who was daily learning, willing to be guided by the Holy Spirit, longing to be taught to the Father, as one who was hungry for deeper spiritual knowledge, not from man, but from God. And I went to the highest authority and sought from Him the great revelation. I waited expectantly for the answer, and it came.

It will always come. One night, during a series of services that I was conducting, a very fine Christian lady arose from where she was sitting in the audience and said, Miss Kuhlman, please before you begin your sermon tonight, may I give a word of testimony regarding something that happened last evening while you were preaching? And quickly recalled that I had spoken the night before on the person of the Holy Spirit. At that time, I knew very little regarding that wonderful fellowship, that constant communion with the Holy Spirit.

But I had been given a very simple message regarding the person of the Holy Spirit. I clearly recalled the sum and the substance of that message. God the Father is seated upon His throne and is the giver of every good and perfect gift.

At His right hand is His only begotten Son, through whom we receive salvation and the healing for our bodies, and in whom every need of our lives is met. The Holy Spirit is the only member of the Trinity who is here on earth and working in conjunction with the Father and with the Son. He is here to do anything and everything for us that Jesus would do were He here in person.

That was a part of the message that I had given. I listened it now as the little woman spoke. As you were preaching on the Holy Spirit, she said, telling us that in Him lay the resurrection power.

I felt the power of God flow through my body. Although not a word had been spoken regarding the healing of the sick, I knew instantly and definitely that my body had been healed. And so sure was I of this, that I went to my doctor today and had my healing verified.

The Holy Spirit then was the answer. An answer so profound that no human being can fathom the full extent of its gifts and the full extent of its power, and yet so simple that most folk miss it even today. I had my answer.

I understood that night why there was no need for a healing line, no healing virtue in a card or a personality, no necessity for wild exhortations to have faith. That was the beginning of this healing ministry which God has given to me. Strange to some because the fact that hundreds had been healed just sitting quietly in the audience without any demonstration whatsoever.

None. Very often not even a sermon is preached. There have been times when not even a song has been sung.

No loud demonstration, no loud calling on God as though He were deaf, no screaming, no shouting, but in the very quietness of His Spirit. And there have been times, literally hundreds of times, when in a great miracle service there has been so much of the presence of the Holy Spirit that literally one could almost hear the beating, the rhythm of the heartbeats of thousands of people as their heart did beat as one. In the stillness of that moment, I have more than once slipped my feet out of my shoes for the ground whereon I

stood was holy ground.

No screaming, no manifestations to flesh, no exhorting, no admonishing, just the very presence of the Holy Spirit. Yes, that was the beginning of this healing ministry which God has given me. Many have been the times when I have actually stood awed at the great moving of the Holy Spirit.

Many have been the times when the power of the Holy Ghost was so present in my own body that I've had to struggle to remain on my feet. Many have been the times when His very presence healed the sick bodies before my eyes and I stood speechless, knowing better than anyone else that I had nothing to do with those healings, nothing whatsoever. My own mind so surrendered to the Spirit that I knew the exact person being healed, the sickness, the affliction, and in some instances the very sin in their lives.

And yet, to this very hour, I do not pretend to tell you why or how. I do not know. From the beginning as now, I was sure of two things.

First, that I had nothing to do with what was happening. Second, I knew that it was the supernatural power of Almighty God. I'd been satisfied to leave the why and the how to Him.

For if I knew the answers to those two questions, then I would be God in the light of God's great love, in the light of His tenderness and compassion. The Holy Spirit revealed to me my worthlessness and helplessness of self. His greatness was overwhelming.

I was only a sinner saved by the grace of God. The power was His and the glory was His. And there's something I found out a long, long time ago, and that is the fact that He'll not share the glory.

He'll not share the praise with any human being. The glory, the praise, shall be His forever and ever and ever. You know, sometimes I think that our chief difficulty is that we seek healing instead of the healer.

Of what use to look for light and disdain the sun? The woman that had the issue of blood was not struggling to grasp a lifeline of deliverance by the power of mental apprehension. All that she wanted to do was to get to Jesus. All that the poor, miserable wretch on the Jericho road did was to just crowd into that heart-rendering cry the story of His own helplessness and His belief in the love and the power and the compassion of Jesus of Nazareth.

Even though our blessed Lord did tell him that it was His faith that had made Him whole, yet I am sure that what faith He had was given Him by the Lord Himself. The presence of the Nazarene was the source of faith in the days of old. And it is the presence of Jesus, the power of the Holy Ghost, that is the source of our faith in these days of doubt and unbelief.

For the Word says, without Me, you can do nothing. May I exhort you, get your eyes off of yourself. Get your eyes off of your own faith.

Stop struggling. And in this moment, look to Him who is the author and the finisher of our faith, the Lord Jesus Christ. For any faith that I may have, He is the one who has given it to me.

Any faith that you have, or will ever have, is the faith that He has given to you. Please stop your machine at this point and turn your cassette over.

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