

# Becoming a Solider God's Army Requires a Personal Calvary

by Keith Daniel

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*The sermon emphasizes the call for Christians to engage actively in spiritual warfare as soldiers of God, embodying sacrifice and commitment to spreading the gospel.*

**Duration:** 44:21

**Scripture:** Isaiah 55:6-7, Ezekiel 33:11, Romans 2:4, 1 Timothy 6:12, Hebrews 3:15

**Topics:** "Dying To Self"

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## Description

In this sermon, the preacher talks about the power of the word of God as a weapon. He shares the story of William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, who fearlessly marched his soldiers into crime-infested areas to bring the message of God's love. Despite facing violence and opposition, Booth's soldiers, including former prostitutes and criminals, were transformed by their encounter with God. The preacher emphasizes the importance of personal surrender to Jesus Christ and the willingness to deny oneself for the privilege of carrying the cross.

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## Transcript

Some verse says that there will be a famine, a birth, a famine of truth, of the Word of God being preached in truth. That's a prophecy concerning, I believe, now, and the remnant will rise up every way. That we'll be willing to make incredible sacrifice of travelling if they hear there's any truth being preached.

And I think that's what's happening in our world today. It is something that's just, you can just identify with, and say this is an uncompromised presentation, even if it comes through a weaker man, we're going to hear him. So I do bless God for the remnant of God's people, that travel from state to state all over, and fly from all over this country, to hear these messages that God's done in my heart.

It's a great privilege God's given me, having such lovely people, and trusting, and praying for me, and attending all these meetings. I don't think I have to say thank you to anyone else. If I forget anyone, forgive me.

Craig for fetching me at the airport, joyful face, hospitality in your apartment, brother, letting me walk around Portland. I'm not really a city person, but I was so sick of sitting. And I had one afternoon off for the first time since I arrived in America.

The plane actually arrived in time for me to have about four hours of walking. I walked, and walked, and walked, and Craig didn't mind. And he brought me here, and taking me home after this, so I can catch the airplane at ten to seven tomorrow morning.

It flies, from Portland. Now, I'm doing something wrong, otherwise Craig wouldn't be making this start whistling. Do you want me to put my voice up, brother? I've got to do something to stop this whistling.

Okay, if it whistles, it's like someone standing behind you whistling while you're preaching. You know, you want to try. You people won't have any confidence in this poor man with all his protections of himself, you know.

When you get tired, your mind is ten times harder to concentrate. Mental tiredness. So have mercy on the poor man, okay? There's nothing of venom in my heart, or carnality there.

Just a begging. Help, help me to survive. I want to.

Because I, through more than anything else in life, I suppose, am standing in the pulpit. It's a great privilege God gives you, young man. You know, if God's leading you to one day say, to all ambition, no.

I couldn't stoop to that. Don't stoop to become a king, if God calls you to be a preacher. Who said that, who knows? Now, who reads biographies? Right, that was Carey, William Carey.

The great, godly Carey. Oh, bless the Lord. Who said this? Only one life to live.

It will soon be past. Only what's done for Christ. And left, he left a mansion.

And went into huts. And dung floors. Who said that? Hudson Taylor.

No, that wasn't, that was C.T. Studd. And yet, we won't go on with all the question time now. Young men, don't stoop to be a king, if God calls you to preach.

I don't think I've ever sensed God's presence, apart from one occasion in my life, to the degree that I sense him almost every occasion I stand in the pulpit. That's why I love the pulpit, more than anything else. I sense God here.

And there's no, in thy presence, there's fullness of joy. You'll never know greater joy than knowing yourself in the presence of God. This side of heaven.

Father, keep us under the blood of Jesus, and come wash me in the blood of faith again, and fill me with the Holy Spirit, who know in my heart and my mind, and every faculty of my being, and the word thou hast given to me, and the heart of each person here, that we may leave this building different, change radically from when we came. By thy grace, for this is our desire, in Jesus Christ's name. A great general, in a great army, once wrote careful instructions, once wrote careful instructions, to all those soldiers who had enlisted to go to war for their king.

He expected, he expected every soldier to carefully read and obey these instructions. He expected every soldier to carefully read and obey these instructions, before they dared to go out to battle. His instructions have been recorded in this holy book, have been preserved for us, in this holy book that he wrote, for every soldier that would ever go, or dare to go to war for their king.

And they are found in Ephesians chapter 6 verse 10, Finally my brethren, be strong in the Lord, be strong in the Lord, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. Put on the whole armour of God, put on the whole armour of God, put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wilds of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, having done all, having done all to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness, and your feet softened with the preparation of the gospel of peace. Above all, above all, taking the shield of faith, above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

Hallelujah. Wherewith ye shall be able to quench, to undo, to put to nothing, anything Satan holds at you, anything Satan's got to give you, wherewith ye shall be able, above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, the sword of the Spirit, the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God.

Praying, praying always, always, always, with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, in watching their perseverance, and for all saints, above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. This same general wrote specific instructions to a young exemplary officer in that army, who he esteemed above all other men. There's no man like this.

This exemplary, godly young man was called Timothy. And I want you to listen to the specific instructions he gave to this godly, exemplary, example of all, of all the believers. What was the first letter he wrote to him? 1 Timothy, chapter 6, verse 12.

1 Timothy, chapter 6, verse 12. Fight the good fight of faith. There is a fight in Christianity, brother, sister.

Don't doubt that. And it's holy, it's sacred, it's a commission. Fight the good fight of faith.

To 1 Timothy, 1 verse 18. 1 Timothy 1, verse 18. This charge I commit unto thee, son Timothy, according to the prophecies which went before, on thee that thou by them mightest war.

Go to war now. There's a war God wants you to go into. If you're right with him.

That thou by them mightest war a good warfare. Holding faith and a good conscience, which some having put away, concerning faith have made shipwreck. Holding faith now, go to war, that thou might to them war a good warfare, Timothy.

2 Timothy 2, 2 Timothy, chapter 2, verse 3. 2 Timothy chapter 2, verse 3. Therefore, thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Are you a soldier of Jesus Christ? We have no understanding, no concept, no conscience, or consciousness that there is a war you should be involved in. There's nothing as pathetic as a Christian that doesn't know this is a war he's in.

Because he doesn't know what's going on. And oh, he must be confused. Oh, he must be confused.

2 Timothy 4, verse 7. 2 Timothy chapter 4, verse 7. I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith.

I fought a good fight. Hallelujah. This godly man, this godly man has the great General William Booth, the great General William Booth who led the Salvation Army to literal war once God got hold of him.

He led the Salvation Army to literal war once God got hold of him. He shook and angered the evangelical church worldwide to the core worldwide when he fearlessly cried out these words. The true church of Jesus Christ was never meant to sit at ease in monuments of wealth and luxury as it does.

The true church of Jesus Christ was never meant to sit at ease in monuments of wealth and luxury as it does. They are called to deny themselves, to take up the cross, and to follow Christ to death, to death if need be, to reach the souls he has died for with the gospel. They are called to deny themselves, to deny themselves.

When did you do that? Or don't you know such language in your testimony, in your life of ease? You sing onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war have you ever won. As a soldier of God, deny yourself. Taken up the cross and followed Christ to death if need be, to reach the souls he has died for with the gospel.

And beloved, he cried, he has faced the death for every man, for every man. He is the propitiation, the way to God, the atoning sacrifice, for our sins as Christians, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world, God said, every man. There's no man unreachable.

And he began to shake the world, who's cried out, this world is a battlefield between God and Satan, and pity the Christian who doesn't know it. This world is the battlefield between God and Satan for the souls of men. And we are charged to be soldiers of the cross.

We are charged when we are saved, according to 2 Corinthians 1, chapter 5, verse 17 onwards. The moment you find God, the world is your responsibility with what you know and have found. Booth said, the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, not human weapons, but mighty, through God to the pulling down of strongholds.

There is no stronghold Satan has on any man on this earth that we cannot pull down and undo to reach that man if we take up the weapons God has given us through faith. With the sword of the Spirit to undo anything that the damage done in the hearts and consciences and minds, there's no one that cannot be reached with the weapons God has given us. Every man is our responsibility.

Every man is our responsibility. And the closer you are to God, brother, the more you will have the whole world on your heart. For God says, go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every Christian.

God now commanded all men, everywhere, to repent. Booth was despised. He was so despised by the evangelical church worldwide they were his greatest enemies at the beginning.

They were so shaken and so rebuked that they began from the pulpits across the world, many multitudes of the leading churches, evangelically, to denounce this man that unethically took to the streets. But Booth began to quieten those condemning words. Suddenly it was no such a forceful cry when he began to reach the unreachable.

Booth, it was said, could not pass a drunk once in his life. I don't know another man that could be set off in this world's history. Booth was incapable of passing a drunk lying in the gutters or a broken life, woman or man, in the gutters in the streets.

He knelt beside them and he wept and he lifted them up and he carried them and others carried them. He clothed them, he fed them, he housed them. He prayed them through and soon, soon, multitudes of drunks, multitudes of drunks and prostitutes, multitudes, not some.

An army was growing that was beginning to make the world tremble, an army of the unreachable in the eyes of most. Booth said to the church, you're too good for God to use you. If most sinners on this earth came in your church door, you would feel uncomfortable and they would be uncomfortable by the discomfort they see in your eyes.

Unless it's your class, your culture, your standard, you don't want them. God wants you to stoop to the broken and that's who he came to reach, the broken. They destroy lives and how is he going to reach them if it isn't through us because we've become too good for God to use.

He marched one day past one of the great buildings of our faith, Evangelical, and there were scowls, scowls from the crowd. And he had dressed these drunks and prostitutes and broken lives and criminals who had come to Christ, a few score, in an army uniform. Booth never wanted a denomination to rise up called the Salvation Army.

It broke his heart when it had to be so. He wanted the world to look upon the Evangelical church worldwide as the Salvation Army of God, not a church. He had nothing in his heart for a denomination.

Nothing. As he marched, these men clothed not in shining, lovely material from the best tailors, but the cheapest, haggard material he put into a uniform in his own way that staggered everybody who was so unique. He put badges.

He put a helmet. He took these men and had across them blood and fire. And he said, we have one weapon.

You will get to know how to use this, he said to these drunks, such were some of you that were washed. Hallelujah, no one can't be reached. This is our weapon.

The more you can handle it, the more God will use you. He tried as he taught them. These drunks he prayed through who became holy men of God.

As he marched past this one great building, singing onward Christian soldiers, marching as to war with a cymbal, a bowman and a big drum, and one or two trumpets playing weakly. And voices not the best choirs. Heaven was hallelujahing such singing because they weren't singing words that meant nothing.

What percentage of the hymns you have sung, brother, sister and young person, meant nothing? They were marching to war, many to death. You know when the world stopped condemning Booth? You know what it was? His soldiers lay dead in the streets, beaten. Their skulls beaten open by the wicked criminal elements where he marched and said no territory belongs to Satan, that we cannot undo and reach the worst.

So he marched. And on the front page of the world's greatest newspaper, they began to report on a war that had never been reported on, the war between God and Satan. Do you know why? Because even the unsaved had to take note of a man that no one was unreachable in his eyes.

Soon a hundred thousand strong army rose up in this world through this godly man. In many parts of mainly the British Empire, colonies, he went, it somehow had an open foot to him, and he reached, Booth reached him. He reached him.

He marched to the brothels, town upon town. He marched with his army of women, who many were prostitutes, many were gutter women, that he picked up and carried to salvation. You ever done that, brother? Have you denied yourself having to face up to sacrifice for a soul? Where it's going to cost you? More than just say, here's a number, I want so many to God.

I wouldn't give one effort if it's going to put me out. Outside of the brothels, they say his voice was so piercing, it undid anyone. No one was not undone by this man's voice.

God gifted him with a voice that swept through the buildings. As he cried out on every occasion the scriptures condemning their sin, outside of the brothels, upon brothels, upon brothels, upon brothels, in city upon city, he would march carefully with his army, singing and then, with no loudspeakers, would cry that everyone in those buildings heard every word, even if the windows were closed. So gifted was he with the voice God gave him.

He wept mostly when he preached, they said. They say his harshest word throbbed with such love. His harshest word throbbed with such love.

Men and women who had never ever had once in their life a conviction of sin were broken within minutes, weeping and sobbing under conviction by the compassion. Strongly as he cried out the condemnation before the next breath came, that man was crying out that he tasted death for every one of you. While you were yet sinners, knowing your sin, Christ died for you.

He will in no wise turn away anyone who comes to him through Christ Jesus. It's not the will of God that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance through Christ Jesus, who shall call upon the name of the Lord. God will save him, shall be saved.

Whosoever will, let him come. Now is the acceptable time. Today is the day of salvation.

If you will harden not your hearts. Now I can save you, now. Come while you can.

Come while you may. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found. Call ye upon him while he is near.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him. And to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. But oh, seek ye the Lord while he may be found.

Don't harden your hearts. Now I can work. Tomorrow may be too late.

If you will harden not your hearts, as they did here in the day of provocation. Now I can do something. Oh, turn ye from your evil ways.

Why will you die? God cries. God cries. Why? Oh, his harshest word was suddenly engulfed by love.

This is a staggering thing. Reported now at this occasion on the headlines of most of the world's prominent newspapers across the whole world. Front line, as normally given for the great wars between nations, was now the war between God and Satan, for a man demanded that even the conscience of the lost had to

repent.

With solemnity they reported. As he cried, the brothels, they streamed out at his head, never longer than twenty minutes. I don't know if that's true, but there's one statement I read.

Every prostitute was on their knees, weeping, broken. God loved them. They knew they were condemned.

They just didn't know how much God loved them in this. In spite of this, he hates your sin, but he loves your soul. They came to Christ and put on a uniform.

When they stood, the moment they stood, proved they could stand. And that they had a thirst for this book more than anything in life, Bruce gave them the uniform. He said, you're a soldier of God now, to win the next one.

Beside these prostitutes, men knelt, who were betraying their wives and children. In the streets they knelt under such conviction, broken, weeping to God for mercy on their souls. Brothel upon brothel closed down, and the world's newspapers and the front pages reported on the staggering phenomena that was going on.

The man of God, called William Booth, who was marching to war against Satan and his strongholds to set the captives free. And he would not retreat. Booth front-page headlines, Booth marches his soldiers into the crime-infested gang, infested areas where the mafia rule, where police are scared to venture for fear of not coming out alive.

He marches, his soldiers lie dead in their scores, their skulls smashed open by crowds storming down with batons, bashing them, smashing with big steel barrels filled with coals as they would pour on these bodies until stents of burning bodies all over the streets, Booth weeping loud, conscious of what was going on, would say to his soldiers, we will not retreat. The church worldwide couldn't condemn him any longer. He was bringing the worst criminals on earth to God.

Their testimonies were being printed and spread across the earth. Men who ruled with rods of iron, criminal elements in areas, large areas of cities across the world, but Booth had something else in mind. One day, he marched to the mafia head of the world, the leader, the most feared man on earth in mafia circles.

And everyone knew where he was. Down an alley came a whole team of men with steel bars and wooden bars and they began to smash these men's open blood flows like a river and some blood just pouring as they just carried on in their anger and their venom of God's people entering into the devil's territory to save the devil's children who had chosen strongly to serve the devil. But Booth marched on.

He marched until he reached the doorway of a building that housed this mafia leader with 60 of the world's leaders in the mafia, 60 under this man, feared by thousands of the mafia gang leaders of the world, answerable to him or they die. Booth stood out of that building, soldiers dead down the streets, lying dead all down the streets. Those who were still standing with him were shaking in fear, weeping, weeping.

It was not easy to follow William Booth to the heart of Satan's stronghold, but they followed him. Tears were pouring down his eyes and yet they say never was there anger in his eyes, only love. Only love could be seen in those eyes no matter what they did to him, a gentleness that undid the heart of sinner who threw profanity and blasphemy at him and a fist in his face again and again, gentleness.

Only love reacted to hate. Outside of the building, Booth cried out and he cried out the scriptures of the judgment of God upon the sinner, upon wicked men. The eternal damnation, he went on and on and then he cried out the love of God, but suddenly, under such conviction as that voice piercing through those wooden walls reached every ear and every heart, sixty men ran out of that door screaming like animals.

They were under such conviction, they were screaming like animals. They began to beat the soldiers. One man behind Ruth fell down and blood just poured and touched within seconds, flowed onto Booth's boots and he said to this mafia leader standing in front of him, hurling abuse and profanity at him and anger and hatred, with love in his eyes, God still loves you.

I still love you. I hate your sin. God hates your sin.

But he loves your soul. He died for you while you were yet sinners, knowing what you would be doing, knowing this, knowing this. And I want you to find forgiveness.

I want you to find eternal life, the gift of eternal life through Jesus Christ. This man, soul smashed in his heart, tears coming down his face, but through anger in his eyes, spat in the face of Booth in the most uncouth way, spat and spat again and saliva covered this man's face, this godly William. As he did that, the other men walked up to those salvationists still standing and spat all over them, spitting and spitting until their faces were covered with saliva.

A man behind Booth, whimpering in fear, and Booth turned and looked. He started to wipe the saliva and Booth stepped back and did something that made heaven stand and hell tremble. Booth took hold of his arm and said, Brother, don't wipe it off.

These are medals. These are medals for a true soldier of the cross. And he looked at this man again.

God still loves you. I still love you. Come to Christ.

This man fell. How could anyone stand to it? On his knees he sobbed like a baby and Booth led him to Jesus Christ, the most feared mafia gangster on earth. Crumbled under God and the repercussions never stopped what happened in that man's life.

All 60 men fell down at what they saw that man doing and wept to God for God to save their souls with the salvation that would help them. All were imprisoned. Most were put to death.

As they died, they died testifying. They had no fear of death. They're going straight to heaven.

There's no condemnation to them within Christ Jesus. And hallelujah, we know we pass from death unto life when we're saved. The spirit itself bears witness with your spirit that you know.

We know. We're the children of God. We have eternal life.

These men had no fear of death. While they lived, they led warders to Christ, those that were allowed to live. Booth said they didn't wear the same color army uniform, but it was the same army uniform.

They used prison uniforms. But they were just as much soldiers in the army of God as us. For it isn't the color of the material, it's the heart.

Their Bibles were in tatters before they died. This was a wonderful testimony of those men. Tatters.

They had won so many to God in the prisons. It was something beyond comprehension that so many, even the warders and police, came to them to find Jesus Christ. Christ was so in these men.

You think the devil can stop you because you're put in prison for what your past was? No. He's in trouble. He'll just win the world in the prison.

That's probably why God allowed them to live and die in dignity and peace with a testimony that few outside of the prisons could have won and the respect of multitudes within the prisons and out for what the fruit of their lives was the way they lived for Jesus Christ the Salvation Army. And the prisons were full of Salvation Army officers across the world. Men who had to go to prison for life, but who brought those prisoners to God in a multitude.

When Booth was an old man, word got out that he was going to preach again in a conference convention that people crossed the Atlantic. People crossed lands. Former prostitutes and drunkards and criminals made great sacrifice to hear the General once more.

I wish I could have been there for such a man. When he walked out, a silence, an uncanny silence, it was like nobody could breathe as they saw the frail but tall but thin man with a long white beard and his uniform and his eyes of love, God's love. Never was there anger.

Always love. Across him was a big velvet ribbon with golden letters blood and fire. He stood and said certain things but this is his last statement.

I have one requirement of you to use that army uniform. I have one requirement of you to stay in that army uniform that you can look the world in the eyes and say, I have had a personal covery of Jesus Christ and denied myself of everything in life for the privilege of taking up the cross and to bring this world to God. I have laid my life on the altar of God and had absolute surrender and I am filled with God the Holy Spirit.

Controlled. And he will never, never control you until you have a personal covery. But when he does, the love of God is set aboard in your heart by the Holy Ghost and the love of God that was revealed on the cross will be revealed in your life every step you take if you have had a personal covery.

To every soul you come near, if you cannot say that has happened in your Christian experience, I would ask you to be careful to keep that uniform on or to seek it desperately before you bring shame on God's name and on this army. Tell me, have you ever had a personal covery, brother? Sister? Have you ever denied yourself everything in that moment of absolute surrender, taken up a cross, no matter what it costs, to follow Christ to death if need be? I'm going to be careful here. God doesn't want you and I don't want you, and you know this, to go out now to the criminal areas tonight and die.

You know that I don't request this, but I would ask every one of you sitting here tonight, what sacrifices have you ever made, really, of life for souls? And will you ever, unless you have a personal covery, and absolutely surrender to God and be filled with God the Holy Spirit by faith, to ask him. That means to be controlled. Within you is a person that is not controlling.

You are in control, total control. If you want to be honest, that's it. When the great Livingston was last seen in England as he boarded the boat at Plymouth, an American newspaper reporter ran screaming, David Livingston, through the crowds that were not applauding.

They didn't applaud missionaries those days, but they were there, never to see him again. Only one white man ever saw him again in life. They carried his body back to be buried next to the kings of England in Westminster Abbey, from Africa.

But this reporter cried out, and Livingston turned on the gangway and looked back, and puffing and panting, and out of breath, he said, I've crossed the Atlantic from one of the greatest newspapers on earth, and I have to have a report from you. What do you want from me? You sacrificed life for the gospel. You sacrificed your children, your wife, nobility, wealth, luxury, privileges above most men in England and the world.

They could have been yours. You turned your back on that. Was it worth it? Livingston, he said, had a tear.

When you look at what Jesus did on the cross, the sacrifice he made, young man, nothing you can do in life could be termed sacrifice. To take that message to the world, only privilege. Can we stand, please?

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