

Forgiveness - Part 4

by Keith Daniel

The sermon explores the profound journey of forgiveness through the eyes of a boy who overcame deep trauma and hatred with God's help.

Duration: 9:30

Scripture: Matthew 6:14-15, Romans 12:19, Ephesians 4:32, Colossians 3:13

Topics: "Divine Forgiveness", "Gods Love"

Description

This sermon shares a powerful testimony of a young boy who endured immense suffering and abuse, leading to a journey of hatred and a desire for revenge against those who hurt him. Through a transformative encounter with God's love and grace, he learns the power of forgiveness and experiences divine peace that surpasses understanding, ultimately leading him to seek forgiveness and salvation for his abusers.

Transcript

Lots of children and I was early in the morning having breakfast with them to have fellowship with his family, to get to know them. It was all arranged that I come there to have fellowship with his whole family. And it's my custom in a home to ask each member of the home, no matter how godly the home is, when will you say, when will you say, I came to the one child and heard one lovely testimony after the other.

Eventually we left all the ladies and the girls in the kitchen, washing all the dishes and went to the lounge. All the men, the young boys, there was one young boy sitting there that I hadn't asked about his salvation and I turned to him and said, when will you say, when did you come to God for him to forgive your sins, that you knew that the Holy Spirit bore witness with your spirit that you saved. And suddenly I saw this little boy's eyes get big and the little lips were quivering and he looked fearful.

And I said, wait, don't, you don't have to tell me when you were saved, if it embarrasses you, if it's hard for you. I know you're saved in this God-fearing home, I'm sure you're saved. You don't sit there worrying now.

I didn't mean to upset you asking you, but you know, his father came and sat next to him and his father looked at him and I noticed that everyone in the kitchen stopped working, came and sat down and looked at this young fellow. And his father said, maybe you ought to tell when you were saved, maybe you ought to share how God saved you. And he looked up at his father and then he looked at me with wide eyes and

he was finding it hard to speak, but he said, sir, this is not my real father.

My real father is dead. When my real father died, I was glad. I was happy when my real father lay dead.

He was so evil the way he beat my mother and beat us. When my father lay dead, I was happy. He was so evil.

But then my mother died of a broken heart. He had so broken heart and suddenly all of us children were split apart, never to see each other again. Only my sister and I were together.

And so we were sent to my grandmother, my father's mother, far across the country. But my grandmother was as evil as my father. She didn't want us.

We knew that the moment we arrived there, granny hated us. She beat us. The first day she beat us and beat us and beat us and screamed and pushed me out the door and shut the door.

I slept in the dark the whole night. She didn't feed me. The next day, no food.

The next day. So I went into the town and started opening the dirt boxes and started to eat. Eventually, the police took me, found me, took me back to my granny.

And when they had gone, my granny began to beat me again, screaming. She beat me and beat me until I thought I was going to die. I thought she wouldn't stop until I was dead.

I thought I would die that night. And then she pushed me out the door as I was whimpering in pain and locked the door and no food and left me in the dark again. So I ran away.

I left all together, went on the streets of this town, this one town, and just lived out of the dirt boxes of the restaurants with all the street children until the police found me and took me to an orphanage with all the other children. And there in the orphanage, soon some lady and man came who wanted to be foster parents to me and took me away as foster parents. But they didn't want me for love.

They were wicked, evil people. They wanted me for something else. And I was so hurting and so fearful and so hating everything that moved.

And when it was found out what these people were and how bad they were, they rescued me and took me back to the orphanage. And I was back now in the orphanage. And another foster parents came.

And I was scared when I went to them, but they were worse, worse than the first foster parents. They were so evil. And when I finally was rescued again, when it all came out and taken back, then this man and this lady came to the orphanage.

And when they wanted to take me, I screamed, no, please don't let me go with them. I was so scared of everything that moved because everything that moved was evil in my eyes. Nothing loved me, only hurt me.

The tears were pouring down this boy's eyes as he told me this. But they took me. And it was months and months and months of me staying away from everyone in this home, scared that they'd come near me, scared, not believing anything had love.

Until one day, my heart began to accept that these people are different. And I watched the love in their eyes to their own children. I watched the love in this home.

And eventually I lost all the fear towards them, and I became drawn to them and became to love them. And I loved them. And I drew near to them and trusted them.

And my daddy would tell us about Jesus, preach to us every night from the Bible as a family, take us to church. And one night I said to my daddy, this is my real daddy now, sir. I said, I want to become a Christian like you.

And my father helped me to get on my knees and ask Jesus Christ to save my soul, to forgive all my sins that I go to heaven and to come into my heart and to make me his child. But that night, God said something to me that my father didn't say. As I was on my knees, God said, I want you to forgive your granny.

Sir, all I had lived for for years, I was living for nothing else but to grow up so I could go and find her and kill her. All I wanted to do in life was just to be old enough to find her and kill her for throwing away her responsibility that I suffered so much. I lived to kill my grandmother.

I had nothing else to live for. But now on my knees, God says, I want you to get rid of all this hatred, all this murder in your heart. I want you to forgive her as wicked as she was.

And I fought with God. I said no. And after a long time of fighting and reasoning with God, I came to my father and told him what God was saying in my heart.

He prayed for me and talked to me. One night, as I was on my knees, I said, God, I cannot forgive. I cannot forgive.

But I want to forgive. Give me the grace that I don't have, God. I cannot forgive in my own self, but if God has helped me, God, give me the grace I don't have to forgive.

I want to forgive. And suddenly, suddenly a peace came on my heart, sir, a peace that passes all understanding. It was like a wave of divine love just swept through me, and I knew that I was right with God.

And only then did I know for sure that I had the smile of God in my life, that I was walking with God, that I was right with God. And from then onwards, I've known that God has saved my soul. And I'm living now for my father to say to me, now you're old enough for me to take you to your granny, because all I want now is to go to her to tell her I've forgiven her, and to tell her that I love her, and to tell her that I don't want her to be judged by God.

I want divine forgiveness, that she doesn't go to judgment or hell. I want her to be saved.

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