

If You Stand Before God Today

by Keith Daniel

The sermon emphasizes the importance of being prepared to meet God, and how this can bring peace and salvation even in the face of death and judgment.

Duration: 1:21:29

Scripture: Matthew 6:33, 2 Thessalonians 1:9

Topics: "Judgement Seat"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher emphasizes the lack of enthusiasm and excitement among believers when it comes to studying and hearing God's word. He shares a personal anecdote about his father who would spend whole days reading the Bible. The preacher then recounts a powerful experience he had while listening to a young man preach the gospel, realizing the depth and meaning of salvation for the first time. He urges believers to prioritize their time with God's word and warns of the consequences for those who do not know God or obey the gospel. The sermon concludes with a prayer for cleansing and anointing with the Holy Spirit.

Transcript

Thank you, thank you for the most lovely evening of singing. Bless you for everyone that sang up here tonight and everyone that played, how we bless God for you. I think we ought to just bless God also for the dear director, the music director of this church.

I think I'm supposed to put this higher, is that right brother? I hope that's better. And I think it's not supposed to be in my pocket. Sorry, I'll put it on.

I'm learning with this one. There you are, nearly there. Done.

I hope that works better. We do thank God for the director also, the music. I think you need to have a ministry of encouragement, otherwise you don't have any worthwhile ministry at all on earth.

And I think we ought to encourage this dear man who pours himself out, and oh what a blessing it is the way he brings out the best, and prayerfully and anointed and carefully on hymns that don't just thrill us to listen to, but thrill our souls as we glorify Jesus in his presence. So bless you dear sir, for what you've managed to bring out of these gifted and lovely people. But under the guidance and anointing of God, we bless God for you too.

I'd also like to just say one or two thank yous. I was given a book by Mr. John Edmondson. John Edmondson, he's 75 years old, and well he held me out a book that's a hundred years old, and one that meant a lot to him, and I'm very grateful for that book.

So I've glanced and I know it's going to be a wonderful blessing to me. Thank you for that lovely gift. Then also for the lady D.D. Swint, is that her name? It's a very unusual name.

Okay, D.D. Swint, we thank the Lord for her zeal and longing to just do some service to God, and she was such a blessing, her spirit this morning, taking photographs of this poor old man. I don't know, that's a ministry, to do that, I believe, to children and in the church, and for all sorts of things she does it as God leads her, and she just wanted my children and my family to have a photograph of me. So she took a lot, and I hope in all of them she'll find one that I look human.

I've never quite got used to photographs, but she really was good this morning, and her kindness I just thank her for. And the lunch we had with Jack and Fran Sutton, we went to a wonderful restaurant, and we had a lovely time with the assistant pastor, his whole family, and them, and myself, and we really were blessed, and thank you for that, dear brother and sister. I was on the way back from there to Harry Shed's home, and Lubbe, Lubbe, Lubbe, Lubbe, Libby, oh, okay, and Libby, sorry Libby, forgive me, and they're good and lovely children.

They sang, they played the pianos, and I enjoyed very much the lovely song, Nearer Still Nearer, that they wanted to sing in their home to me, and I feel very unworthy that they went to that trouble, and I was sitting there just feeling so unworthy, and so humbled by their longing just to do something that would bless my heart while I was in their home. Thank you so much, and God bless you as a family, and you will, you will. Thank you.

And to Jesse P. Grubb, Norman Grubb, I hope he's not your father. Okay, great heritage if you've come from the Grubbs. Anyway, Jesse, I think it was your sister that I signed her Bible last night, also Grubb, and you left this lovely card, and the words you said, thank you young man, and I know the desire of your heart just by the way you wrote, and the integrity of which you wrote those words, thank you.

I hope I'm saying thank you to everyone. Thank you to the minister that's traveled so far, to the brother that was welcomed, and thank you for bringing your people along also with you all those many miles. I'm saying that because I don't want to keep you on Friday night and just say thank you for two hours.

That's how long I preach. I'm not supposed to say thank you for two hours, you see. Oh, you are wonderful that you haven't thrown me out yet with my long sermons.

But I do appreciate very much America, and well, God has been good to me. For some reason, God helps the people of the Lord just to forget about the watches, and oh, I so long for that everywhere in the world, amongst God's people, who sit in front of a television, many of them, and for three hours will scream with excitement as if you think it's the end of the world at a rugby match, a football match, and they won't move. Excited, but one hour sitting under God's Word, and they look at the watch.

Oh, why don't you get excited about God for three hours, brother? You would be amazed what happens. Just open the Bible for three hours. My daddy used to open it the whole day, many days, every single minute, right through Isaiah.

I said, what are you reading? Oh, he's just finishing up Isaiah. He just started in his quiet time, and he decided to read right through. That was his day off, his Saturday.

Wept through it, by the way. If you love God's Word, you'll end up weeping through it. Well, be careful.

Sometimes the tears here aren't as meaningful as people who don't have tears here, but they're half filled with tears. It's not so much the outward things. But thank you to all of you, and God wonderfully bless you for coming from near and far.

Now let's have a little prayer, a short prayer before I just bring that which I believe God has laid in my heart. Can we bow before the dear Lord, please? We just bow before the dear Lord. Father, in mercy on us, keep us under the blood of Jesus the Christ.

Cleanse the atmosphere of this building with the blood of Jesus Christ. From all the powers of darkness, rebuke thou thyself in a way, O God, wash me in the blood of Jesus Christ. Fill me with the Holy Spirit, and anoint thy word to our hearts.

In Jesus Christ's name, for his sake, alone, amen. In 2 Thessalonians 1, verse 9, we read these staggering words, he will return, he will return in flaming fire, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God. He will return in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power.

Revelation 20, verse 11, And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.

Oh, what a shock to those who thought they just lived as they wanted to, and all there was to life was just to live as you want to, and you die, land up six feet under the ground in a little wooden box, and that's all there was, that's the end, that's all there was, the whole soul purpose of your being given life was to land up in that box, nothing further, what a shock, when suddenly you find it wasn't the end, there's something further, I'm still alive, I never die, for all eternity my soul lives, it never ceases, never ever ceases, what a shock to the man who wakes up and he can feel, though he's left his physical body behind, he can see, he can speak, he can scream, he can see what he's missed, he can recognize who's there, he can shout and beg, oh father Abraham, send Lazarus just to

dip the tip of his finger in water and touch my tongue, I am tormented in this flame, and then he's told, no, there's no such a thing as changing your mind, there's no such a thing as pleading for mercy, there's no such a thing as mercy shown to you after death, for all eternity, no matter how you scream and beg, the only mercy that will ever be shown to your soul is before you die, I saw the dead, small children and great grown-ups stand before God, and the books were opened, and another book was opened, which is the book of life, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books according to their works, and the sea gave up the dead which were in it, and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them, and they were judged, every man according to his

works, and death and hell were cast into the lake of fire, this is the second death, not a physical death, an eternal state of separation from God, this is the second death, and whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire, oh the hands that for all eternity will bear the marks that he tasted

death for every man, it's a fearful thing to fall into the hands of a living God, though he died for you and tasted death for you and pled with you, why will you die, turn ye, turn ye from your evil way, why will you die, God pleads with man, why, oh it's a fearful thing to fall into the hands of a living God, whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast, oh that's a terrible ending, there's a separation from the love of God there, that casting of

the soul, not the physical body, the soul that can feel where the smoke of their torment ascended up forever and ever, they have no peace, day or night, God says, the lake which burned with fire and brimstone, for the devil and all his demons, all the millions of angels who rebelled with him against God who are now desperate demons, the lake that burned with fire and brimstone is filled with them and every soul whose name is not found written in the book of life casts them into the lake of fire, God says, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, Jesus says, oh it is suffering, it is torment and it is eternal, the smoke of their torment ascended up forever and ever, they have no peace, day or night, God says, Hebrews 9 verse 27, God says, Hebrews 9 verse 27, it is appointed, it is

appointed unto men once to die, but after this, the judgment, the judgment, God says, nothing else after that, sir, no changing your mind when you see you still live and you never will die, never will you die, it is appointed unto men once to die a physical death, there's a moment, God is never taken by surprise no matter how you die, no matter how violently you die, no matter how shamefully you die, no matter how suddenly you die, no matter what shock the world has when you die in a snap, God is not taken aback by any death, every hair on your head is numbered, that word appointed is a staggering word, there's a moment, there's a moment appointed for you to be cut off whether you're small, child, or great, or grown up, you will stand before God after that, after hell, which is immediate

until the great white throne, and then for eternity in the smoke, the lake of fire, it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this, the judgment, the judgment, God says, Hebrews 9 verse 27, God says, Hebrews 9 verse 27, it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this, the judgment, the judgment, God says, Hebrews 9 verse 27, it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this, the judgment, the judgment, God says, Hebrews 9 verse 27, it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this, the judgment, the judgment, God says, Hebrews 9 verse 27, it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this, the judgment, God says, Hebrews 9 verse 27, it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this, the judgment, God says, Hebrews 9 verse 27, it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this, the judgment, God says, the judgment, the judgment, the judgment, I like for us

tonight to consider this thought, I like for us tonight to consider this thought, if you faced death right now, now, right now.

If you face death right now. It is possible, you know. Don't you think that's possible? I was preaching about eighteen years ago, and while I was preaching, a heaviness came in my heart, and a compassion and a grief and a burden that I began to cry out with such strain in my heart from the pulpit.

But I was halfway through my sermon, and as I was standing there feeling this urgency, a man in the front row fell forward. I was the first to see him slumping, and I quickly ran down from the pulpit, and he fell and sprawled on the floor. I called out for help.

It was a doctor or a nurse. It was a nurse in the congregation. She came.

She took his pulse. She looked up, and a tear fell down her face, and she said, Mr. Daniel, he's gone. This man has just died.

Well, that shocked me. That shook me. I had not got to the end of my sermon.

I had not made an appeal. Do you think you're going to even have time to reach an appeal where God will give you time to consider to get out here and get right with God, because someone's preaching? I looked across the congregation, and I said, This man has died. And I said to them, Please, the ambulance will have to be coming, and I would like us all to go home now.

I could never preach after that. No one would want me to. I was shaken, and everyone was shaken, and I said, Would you all rise and go and come back tomorrow night and pray? And as they rose up, and that was a great thronging crowd of people in that big auditorium.

In silence, they rose and began to turn, and suddenly my heart sank again, and I looked out at them with such compassion and urgency, and I cried out with a loud, loud voice. If you face death right now, if you face death right now, would you be prepared to meet with God? If you face death right now, would you face it having prepared to meet with God? A number of years ago, I was preaching in a town, and it's my custom every day, as much of the day, to be along with God through the years, with the sermons, praying through what to preach. And when I get guidance to take hold of my notes and to soak myself in prayer and to go over the sermon so that I have it in my mind fresh and have liberty, I go over and pray and soak myself in the whole town in prayer.

And I was seeking God in this one town the one afternoon of the week of meetings, and I saw the sun was shining in the winter. It was shining through, so I decided to go out in the moment and have some fresh air. And I walked down to the beach front, which was about a hundred yards from the church, and I got away from the little group.

It wasn't a Saturday. It wasn't a holiday. There was no crowds on the beach swimming, though it was a holiday resort area.

And I got away from where the parking was and the lifeguards in the built-up little area of that beach, and I began to walk and just walk. And I walked, getting exercise and fresh air and was praying what I should have been doing in the church I was now doing, just walking and going over my sermon. No one was there, just walked away and away further and further until I was out of sight and no one could see me, just walking along that lonely beach.

It didn't occur to me as I was praying, communing with God, just as I was going over the sermon. It didn't occur to me I was in any danger getting out of sight in such a lonely place there in Africa. Suddenly two men just out of nowhere appeared over the dunes coming toward me, running.

And I looked at them, and within seconds they were close to me, and I realized I was in terrible trouble. As I looked at their faces, I realized he's a bad man. And I turned, and I realized no one could see me.

I was so far from anyone. I'd walked so long away from the crowd, from where there were people. They pulled out these blades, long blades, and they came at me, just swooshing them.

One behind me, one in front of me, screaming like animals, swearing and cursing as the blades just missed me by a fraction of an inch, just missing as I was trying to avoid them. They swooshing. Suddenly the man behind me grabbed me and pulled me down and held me.

And the other one got on and put his knee on me, on my body, and he stood there with his blade, cursing and swearing at me. And the one holding me down from behind shouted, kill him, kill him. And suddenly I saw blood, as they just, I felt no pain, but I just saw blood just flowing everywhere.

Then suddenly my thoughts began to think these thoughts, oh God, I'm going to die. My time is finished. I'm going right now to be with Jesus.

I'm going home, never to be tempted again by the devil, to fail my God. My journey's ended. I'm going to be with Jesus.

And as I thought these thoughts, suddenly the most amazing thing happened. It was like a wave of divine love just flowing through me and my whole being lifted up into worship. And I began to worship God.

I just began to praise God loud and worship him for salvation. And suddenly, as I was worshiping God, I began to hear this man shouting. I began to focus consciousness on him again and my eyes on him and tears were coming down his face and he put his knife down and he leaned forward over me.

And he said, how can you have no fear like this when you know I'm going to kill you? How can anyone die like this? How can you die like this? And I looked at him and I said, it's because I'm saved. I'm washed in Jesus Christ's blood. He saved my soul because I prepared to meet with God.

I've obeyed God's gospel. I'm ready to meet with God. And there's a verse in the Bible, you see, that says, fear not, fear not them which are able to kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.

Fear him rather which is both able to destroy the body and the soul in hell. And suddenly this man broke down sobbing. He stood up sobbing.

His friend pushed himself from behind me and got up and began to hit him and swear, how can you weep? What's wrong with you? He hits him, swearing at him. We hate these people. In our land, we had terrible racial, political problems.

I thought to myself as I looked at this one man, how is it possible a man can hate me with such hate and who knows nothing about me? And then this man said, let's just kill him. And he came. The man said, no.

Tears streaming down his face. He looked at me and said, sir, I have made a very, very big mistake here today. I'm so wrong what I've done here today.

I'm so sorry. And I began to cry out to them both about God. I shut up and began to talk to them with my whole heart, weeping, just crying out to them about God, able to save their souls.

This one man said to the other, let's just get away because he started crying and he pulled his friend and let's just get away, please. And he's pulling, let's get away from him. And they began to run.

And then at some point they turned around and they looked as their conscience was smiting me, looking me lying there in all my blood. And I shouted at them and said, I want to see you in heaven one day. You'll be sure you get to heaven.

That you seek God to save your soul. Don't let me have gone through this for nothing. You'll be sure you get saved and forgiven of your sin.

I want to see you in heaven. Just looked at me weeping. And then they ran as they were just running.

I got up. I walked and somehow got back to where people found me and they took me to hospital. They got my wife.

She stood beside me, holding my hand in silence as they stitched my body up where I'd been cut. And there was silence as they were stitching me and my wife just looking. And only then I began to reason with God about what happened.

And I began to say to the Lord in my heart, God, why? Why did thou allow this to happen to me? Why God? I was not out there involved in sin that I needed to be rebuked and chastened by God. I was not involved with sin. I was in prayer.

I was preparing myself to preach to serve God. Why would thou allow such a thing to happen to me, God? I reasoned in my heart. And you know, as I sat there, God spoke to my heart.

No one will ever tell me for all eternity it was not God. For I shall never forget for all eternity what God whispered in my heart, in my innermost being, as I reasoned. Suddenly, God whispered, I allowed this to happen to you, Keith, so that you could know how every man could die with peace that passes all understanding.

No matter how they have to die, if they've only prepared to meet with me as thou hast, as you have. If you face death right now, would you face it having prepared to meet with God? Will every single person in this building answer God right now? Please, please, sir. If you face death right now, would you face it having prepared to meet with God? Would you face it having God's peace? Answer God.

Please answer God. If you face death right now, would you face it with men's blood on your hands? Would you face it having men's blood on your hands? Would you answer God, please, right now? If you're not here for God, what are you doing here, sir, lady, child? If you face death right now, would you face it having men's blood on your hands? Shortly after I was saved, I went to theological ceremony, and I was far from my home, from my father and mother. And on weekends, I befriended a family whose father and husband had been one of the most loved preachers in the history of South Africa.

And he had led thousands and thousands to Christ. He was revered throughout the land, but he was gone. And I was privileged to befriend that home as they took me under their wing, as they had a lot to do with all the students in this, in this seminary.

And on weekends and long weekends off, I would go to them, and it became like my little home as they loved me and embraced me as one of the family. Oh, I got to love them. One of their daughters, the eldest daughter, her name was Anne.

She was 20 years old, and I really liked this girl. She had character, and I really enjoyed her. But there was a grief in my heart about Anne because she was backslidden.

She had known Jesus as a little girl and read through the Bible many times and led souls to Christ in her childhood. She'd been brought up in one of the most God-fearing homes in the whole of our land. The privilege she had, she knew the gospel, she knew the depth of the things of God from doctrines, having heard some of the greatest preachers that ever lived.

And that girl backslid, I don't understand that, you know. It's something that I cannot grasp, how you could ever want to taste anything the devil offered you once you've tasted the love of Jesus Christ. I cannot comprehend how you could be satisfied again with anything the devil held up.

How could you turn away from tasting the presence of Jesus Christ, of his peace, of his joy, for anything Satan offered? She was backslidden, though she had tasted the love of God and known it in truth. There she was going out into the world now, 20 years old, breaking her mother's heart. And there, when I was there some nights, her heart tugging to go off to the world, she just walked out.

And I saw her mother's eyes filled with tears, hoping she would have stayed. But off she went with her friends into the world. And one night I said to her, Anne, how could you, how could you go back to the world? Do you know what you're doing to Jesus' heart? How could you enjoy anything of the world? She said to me, Keith, I don't enjoy anything of the world.

The Bible says the backslider, even in laughter, the heart is sorrowful. Even when you're laughing, your heart's sorrowful. Don't tell me to explain why or how it's possible.

But that's a backslider. You go even though you know you're going to be unhappy being there and unfulfilled. She said, look at my mother, Keith.

You think I don't know she doesn't get on her knees and not get off her knees praying, calling unto God until she hears me come home, no matter what hard time it is I got up. My mother gets up on her knees then. Do you think anyone in their right mind could enjoy their son with a mother like that? No, Keith.

A backslider has no happiness at all. But don't ask me to explain it. But I'm going.

I'm going out tonight again. And as she turned to walk out the door, I stood up and I found tears coming down my eyes and I said, and what is God going to have to do to you to make you stop going back to the world? What is God going to have to do to you to make you stop seeking pleasure in the world? You're his child. She just looked at me as I said those words and she trembled because I was weeping as she walked up and said, go where the devil wanted her.

Two weeks later, they found she was riddled with cancer, 20 years old. They just closed her body, left her to die, giving her a matter of days. She was so far.

She sought God in such desperation when she was told she's going to die in days. She sought God in such desperation for mercy and cleansing and forgiveness for breaking his heart and wounding him and trampling under the flesh the blood of Christ. She wept her way through to peace with God and found peace.

Oh, she was flooded with peace that she knew now everything was confessed. Everything was begged for mercy. Everything had been covered with the blood and she sat back.

But she didn't sit back and say, let me die now, having made my peace totally with God afresh. She took the world and as soon as she made peace with God, as she lay dying, she begged every single friend she had on earth to come to her deathbed. She begged and they came, they stood and rose and one after the other would go beside her.

And in frailty and in sickness and agony, she spoke to them and begged their forgiveness for having in any way joined in with sin. And for not having warned them, though she knew they were going to hell and damnation for all eternity and it occurred to her again and again, but she never warned them to flee from the wrath to come to prepare to meet with God. She knew their damnation.

She knew the judgment coming on them. She begged for forgiveness and she warned them, begging them to repent, turn to God, turn from your sin, seek God, don't go to hell. I beg you.

And they walked out one after the other came beside her and walked out sobbing one after the other as he begged and begged. And then there were those that wouldn't come that refused to come, though she was dying, though she begged her friends to come. She said to the nurse, take this telephone number down, take this name, go and phone him, say to him, you didn't come, though I begged you to come.

But I beg you for forgiveness that I never warned you. You are going to hell. You are going to damnation.

Quote the verse, she said, the nurse had to write the verse, quote what God says, tell him to repent, tell him I beg him, repent and not to go to hell. But he's going to hell. The nurse comes back and says, did you warn him? Yes, the nurse said, did you tell him he's going to hell? Did you quote the verses? Yes.

Now take this number, phone this one, go and warn him. The nurse, weeping and trembling, would go back to the phone and phone the next one until moments before she died. She sat back and said these words, no man, no man's blood is on my hands.

She didn't want to face God with men's blood on her hands. If you face death right now, would you face it having men's blood on your hands? You never warned them because you were backslidden. And the only reason you didn't warn every soul, God will require of you for having responsibility.

The only reason you never warned them is because you're backslidden or you would have warned them. There's no such a thing as not warning a man who God expected you to warn if you're right with God. You never warned them because you were backslidden.

If you face death right now, would you face it having men's blood on your hands? Would every single person in this building answer God right now? I beg you, answer God. Say yes or no. If you are a blind leader of the blind and one of the blind you are leading face death right now, what would you say to him? What would you say to him? I was once preaching in a town many, many years ago now and traveling by car across my country.

And I had miscalculated the time to get to that town. And I suddenly realized I'm late. The meeting is starting and I've got a long way to go.

And I was praying. And when I finally got into the town, it was dark. I got to the house where I was to be with the hostess and the host.

And the lady said to me, you're so late. They're singing, they're prolonging the sing, they're waiting. Just put your bags down, get your jacket on, get your tie on, go down.

So I quickly got myself as I walked out ready in my suit and my Bible in my hands, she said, we have another problem. There's one of the preachers of the town who's been here three times today wanting to see you. He says he has to see me suddenly come back here.

You have to speak to him. The Anglican minister, the Church of England. He wants to see you.

So I looked at this man standing in the lounge and I said, sir, I'm late. That meeting is being prolonged. He said, I know you're late, but I want to pray with you before you preach.

So I said, pray. And suddenly this Anglican minister began to groan and weep for the loss of that town. And he agonized for a few minutes, just crying out to God to annoy me, crying out to God to save their souls from hell.

And I opened my eyes as he was weeping, crying out to God for these souls to be saved that I was to preach to tonight. And then he took me in his car straight down to the church and I preached. And as I was preaching, I looked, he was sitting in the front row and there he was weeping, the tears pouring down his eyes.

And he was in prayer, praying, seeking God while I was preaching. He was praying and he was an agonizing prayer for souls. After the services, the people left.

Eventually, I found myself standing with him in the front of the church and I looked at him and I said, you know, sir, it's not always the Anglican ministers of the town that are the first to come and pray and weep for souls for me, for this town, when I'm going to preach. I'm so blessed with the way you have such a passion for souls and there's a burden for souls. And tears were his eyes again.

And he said, oh, Keith, boy, I was a preacher in the Anglican pulpit for over 20 years, a blind leader of the blind. And all who were following me were going to fall into the ditch. I was lost.

I was so sincere. I spent two hours with God trying to seek God, praying the prayers of the prayer book of the Anglican hymn book, the Anglican prayer book, trying to have some form of communing with God. I spent so much time, Keith, preparing sermons that I thought somehow would bring people into a right relationship with God.

My whole heart was so earnest for 20 years I stood preaching. And then God took me one day when in this town, Keith, we haven't got a hospital that's big enough to cope with real bad accidents. And so we have an ambulance service with two men in the town every hour of the day, two men of the town have to be on duty for a certain time of the day and have to be close to a phone that are able to bring an ambulance down if there's any really serious accident or hurt to take the people down to the next town where there's a bigger hospital that can cope with serious cases.

And he said the telephone rang and I was on duty and they said, get down fast. There'd been some terrible, terrible accident just outside of the town. So I rushed down in my car.

And when I got there, there were cars all over the place. And I ran over to this body that was ripped apart, ripped apart. And I knelt beside this body and it was still alive.

He was still alive. And my heart sank when I realized it's one of the boys of my congregation who grew up from a little boy in front of me as I preached all through the years. He was a young man now.

Here he lay, his body ripped apart, the blood just flowing. But he was living. And I gripped hold of him and said, oh, no.

And he looked and he recognized me as his moments left in life. He saw it was his preacher. He said, Father, that's what they call the angry preacher.

Father, thank God it's you. I'm dying. I'm dying and I'm so full of sin.

I'm so full of sin. I'm so wicked. I can't face God.

I dare not face God. Help me. I cannot face God.

Help me to know what to do. Help me. They had a little stretcher.

They pushed what was left of his body somehow onto the stretcher and they pulled him into the back of the ambulance. And they pushed me in and said, he needs you. And they sped off.

And I was there holding him. And he began to grozzle. He was going.

And I knew he had seconds left to live. And he said, Father, help me. Please help me.

I can't die. I can't face God like this in my sin. What must I do? He said, I tried to feel for my prayer book and I hadn't brought my prayer book.

And I'm looking at us. I can't pray without his prayer book. And I couldn't help him.

And suddenly that desperation, that fear in his eyes changed to condemnation as he realized that the man he had sat through his life listening to couldn't help him to face God when it came to death. He died in my arms, Keith, with condemnation in his eyes. Oh, I couldn't recover from that.

I just fell apart. I couldn't preach. I wouldn't preach.

That Sunday I wouldn't get up. Next Sunday I wouldn't get up in the pulpit. I said, no, I will never get up there again.

As I began to reason who in my whole congregation, my whole ministry could face God in truth when it came to forgiveness of sins and truth. I couldn't eat. I couldn't sleep.

I began to just fall apart mentally. I began to break down, weeping through the day, condemning my heart. And one day, Keith, a married couple in this town who know you, they came to me and said, you're coming with us.

You're coming to hear the gospel of Jesus Christ. I said, no. My family even forced me to go with them.

They took me down to the next town, King Williamstown. And there was a big outreach going, a big crusade and a young man preaching. He reminds me of you, Keith, the way you preach.

He's young like you. He was preaching and I looked into that big hall full of people and I knew many and they knew who I was. And I said, I can't go in there like this.

Look at me, man. They know me. Don't make me go in looking like this.

I stand at the door, I listen to him. But don't you make me go inside there. So I stood at the door listening as this young man presented the gospel.

And after minutes, Keith, oh, I don't know if he was there, 10 minutes preaching. I began to tremble and I began to reason with God. Oh, God, I know these things are in the Bible.

This young man's preaching. But how is it I've never grasped what he's preaching, the way he's preaching? How is it I've never seen this? A child could understand the way to be saved, to be get right with God through the way this man's preaching. How is it I've known these things are there, but I've never known what they meant.

And as he was preaching, I fell on my knees and I lifted my hands and I cried at the top of my voice. Oh, oh, Jesus, save my soul from hell. I am a blind leader of the blind God and all who I've been leading are falling into the depths as I was.

Please, God, save my soul. And as I was crying out to God for the blood of Jesus to save my soul, suddenly he said it was the most amazing peace flooded me. I was suddenly lifted up to such assurance that I was saved that I began to worship God.

I knew I was saved. I went back to the pulpit the next Sunday, Keith, and I stood there and looked at my congregation and I told them I have been a blind leader of the blind and all of you are going to hell because of me. But now I see now I know the way and I will not rest until every one of you is saved and know you're saved from hell.

I will never want to face another one of you to die like that man died and went to hell because I didn't know the way then. But I know now and I will not rest until this whole congregation comes to Christ. Well, he said, Keith, most of them are saved and those that aren't saved were here tonight listening to you.

And I was begging God to save their souls tonight in case they die without Christ. The ministers of that town, they told me as I fell asleep, when one day of this Anglican preacher, he goes to every single door. There isn't a home in the whole town and all the surrounding farming areas.

He's gone to every single home. He goes and not one minister feel threatened at him going to their members, to their doors. And he stands at the doors with scriptures on tracks of how to be saved.

And he stands at each door and warns them, you're going to hell. You need to be saved by Jesus Christ blood. And he begs them, he begs them to prepare to meet with God.

If you are a blind leader of the blind. And one of the blind you are leading, sir, face death right now. What would you say to him? What would you say to him? I'm careful.

I have led countless preachers to Jesus Christ to only realize they're going to hell. When someone told them clearly from the pulpit and I led them to Christ, countless ministers. And in case there's one tonight, seek God to save your soul from hell, sir.

And if you don't, though, you know the truth, their blood will be on your hands. If you carry on denying truth to yourself and your congregation out of pride. If you knew that your enemy was to face death.

Right now, would you still regard him as your enemy? Answer God, lady. Answer God, every one of you. If you knew that your enemy was to face death right now, would you still regard him as your enemy? I was preaching in a town where God broke out and that town began to seek God.

They just came seeking God in their drones. They were seeking God for salvation from all over the community. The Christians of that town were rejoicing at God breaking through at last to such a way, to such a degree across that town.

There was such joy at how many came to know Jesus Christ over that week of meetings. I left that town rejoicing. My heart is flooding with praise.

I left singing the praises of God for having broken through to such a degree and say so many, many people in one week of meetings. A few weeks later, I had to pass that town to get to a town further along the main freeway, the highway that was past that town. I had to go through that town.

And so I stopped on the hill just at the top of the town before I got it and went into the home of a very godly man in a farmhouse overlooking the town in the valley, a very godly man who had rejoiced the day I left, rejoiced at the soul that had found Christ. And he was weeping when he looked at me and he said, Oh, Keith, all hell has broken loose since you left. All hell has broken loose.

You will not believe who stood up in opposition with all the people saved as they've gone back to their congregations, professing the new birth, professing to be born again. The ministers have been standing up crying, every one of you who speak of being born again, get up and get out. They've been excommunicated all over the town, Keith.

They've been barred from Sunday school, superintendents thrown out from positions they could be using. Anyone who in any way was instrumental in your coming to this town, Keith, oh, all hell has broken out against the Christians. And it's always a shock who's the true enemies of God, always who are the true fighters when it comes to truth.

You are always shocked. Trust me of that. There were three men in that town, three preachers who were determined I would never, ever be allowed in any pulpit of that town again, ever in my life.

And they were fighting the Christians to destroy what God had begun in that town. I walked out and I said, I'm going out. I want to be alone.

My heart was so crushed at the news of what this man had told me. I went out overlooking the city, this town, and I sat on my knees and I began to groan with God, groan before God. I said, oh, God, stop these men, do anything, do anything.

Oh, God, I don't care what others do, do anything, but stop these men now from stopping the work of God, from hurting the Christians like this. Stop them now, God. I was there 30 minutes on my knees and this farmer came and slumped beside me, weeping loud, putting his arm on me.

He said, Keith, stop praying. I looked up at his face as the tears just poured down his face. He said, Keith, my boy, since you got on your knees, all three men have fallen dead.

I said, oh, no, God. And I said to this man, go, go away from me, go away from me. And I went in my face in the dust and I began to sob.

I said, God, I didn't want you to do that. Please, God, I cannot serve thee if this happens when I pray. I was so crushed, I aged the next three weeks, years.

I lost years of my life from that event alone and everyone in my country knows, that knows me. I never wanted that to happen to those men. It crushed me.

I was hardly able to preach for a long, long time again with liberty after such a shock that God would do that when I prayed, do anything. There isn't a single person in that town, not one single person saved and unsaved that didn't acknowledge right at that moment, this is the judgment of God. And they knew it was God.

They knew it was God's judgment. And that town's pulpits have been open to me all these years as few towns in my land. But I learned to pray something that I'd never prayed before.

I learned why Jesus said, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, pray for them which despitefully use you, persecutes you. Do you know why? Oh, I learned to love my enemies. I learned to go before men who would persecute me and stop me and try and resist and fight my preaching and fight anything that God was doing through me.

I went on my knees on occasions in front of them, weeping and begging them to stop for their own sake. I learned to love my enemies from that time onward as never before, because they have to do with God, not me. It's not me they're fighting.

If they fight the gospel, tremble for them. You have no enemy. They might make themselves your enemy.

But, sir, if you knew the danger they're in in your heart, you're not their enemy. Love your enemies. Do you? If you knew that your enemy, sir, was to face death right now.

Now I want you to answer God, lady, would you still regard him as your enemy? Answer God, every one of you. And let me tell you, don't be shocked if that enemy of yours faces death virtually right now. You better start pleading for them.

Don't hate them. If your son faced death right now, if your son faced death right now, what would be your last words to him, sir? Think now, what would be the last words you say to your son? When I was a young preacher, thirty-something years ago now, I was so young looking that when we went to the youth camps, no one would believe I was a preacher. They thought I was one of the youth.

I had problems, but I enjoyed being young. I enjoyed the foofy slides, all these games, you know, more than any of the children. I think the district superintendent's got a bit worried that this fellow's too young to preach.

I enjoyed the youth camps. So these big youth conventions done at Pennington in a town where they came from all across the country in their drones, these youth from the godly homes, hoping their children might find God or be built up in the faith in a compromised world and church. Oh, they came from godly homes, many, many, many of those children from all over the land.

And here I was a preacher, and I loved those young people. I enjoyed them, and I led many, many, many of them who went out into the ministry, many of them who served God with all their heart from those little age, that young age. But there was some who played the fool with God, though their parents were on their knees begging God to intervene and save that child's soul.

They played the fool with God even when they were sent with praying parents desperate for something to happen before that child might die without God. There was a young boy called Timothy. All the children of that home named from people in the Bible, biblical names, from God-fearing parents.

Salvation Army preacher, soul winner, but a son playing the fool with God. He joked while the preachers preached. I sat two rows behind him in that convention, that big great convention of youth from 16 or 14 into the early 20s, the age group.

There he was. While a preacher stood weeping about hell from the pulpit, that boy was kicking the girl's feet and they all laughing. And I looked at him and I thought, oh, Timothy, what is God going to do with you? It's like water of a duck back.

You can sit here, a person pleading and weeping about hell, and you know you're going and you're playing the fool. It doesn't affect you. It's just water of a duck's back.

What will God do with you? I began to get concerned for that boy. Then suddenly they moved me away. I didn't know that years would go by before I ever went back when they finally moved me from that province, that state.

Years and years and years went by before I went back to that great convention, and when I went back, they called me back with the hope that many of those youth that they lost would suddenly come back. And almost everyone that had built up over the years I was there came back, grown men, women now, many with their own children. And after the service, the first service, as I looked at all their faces, some of them I recognized.

Some of them said, do you know who I am, Uncle Keith? And I would look at them and I would recognize. And then this fellow with black hair, you know, jelled back, big leather waistcoat, sweater, jacket, he looks at me and he says, do you know who I am, Uncle Keith? And suddenly I recognized and I said, can that be Timothy? Is that Timothy? I said, oh, I am getting old, Timothy. Look at you.

You're a man. I said, Timothy, you know, when you were a boy, the last time I saw you, I worried about you. You got me really worried.

Do you know why, Timothy? You came from such a God-fearing home, and yet you were playing the fool. You were kicking girls' feet. You were laughing and joking while people were pleading, would they unsafe to get right with God and not face eternity and go to hell? And you were joking.

And I realize it's water of a duck's back. It can't reach your heart. You're so used to it.

And you got me so worried. I said, oh, what is God going to do to this boy to make him get serious about God? And then I looked at him and I said, Timothy, you have met with God since then, haven't you? You're not still unsaved, are you, Timothy? And suddenly tears welled up in his eyes and began to fall down and he began to tremble. He said, I have to go now, Uncle Keith.

And he walked out and I walked out after him and a whole group of people who grew up with him began to walk out of them and they were weeping. I looked and I said, Timothy, don't run from God. Don't take a chance with your soul.

You're not right with God even now. All these years of gnawing away and you're still in sin. He said, Uncle Keith, I came here to see you because I respect you.

I didn't come here for this. Stop now, please. And he began to run and I ran after him.

He got on his big motorbike and he began to rev it up. And I said, Timothy, you could die as you take off on that thing. There's no safety on that thing.

You could die now and you're not saved. Oh, Timothy, please see God. Don't take a chance with your soul.

You could be dead driving over that. He looked at me, the tears pouring down his face. And he began to rev and rev it and just this thing sped off.

Late the night, the phone rings. His father. Keith, it's Timothy's father.

I haven't seen you for many, many years, boy. But I believe you begged Timothy before he sped up on that bike. You said to him he could die.

He could have an accident. Well, Keith, he had a terrible, terrible accident. And they phoned me and they told me that they're bringing him now, but that they don't think he'll make it to the hospital.

And I suddenly realized everybody's told me you were begging him before he drove off. No one's seen him since then. But now he's in this terrible accident.

Keith, I want you to get on your knees and I want you to beg God to keep him alive until I get to him and that God will still save him. We got on our knees and began to beg God. Oh, God, don't let him die.

Hours later, the phone rings. His father says it's. He's dead, Keith.

I said, Mr. Ross, did you manage to speak to him? He said, OK, when I looked at his body, it was so crushed. I couldn't believe my boy was living. He was still alive.

And I took hold of him and I held his hand and I said, Timothy, Timothy, can you hear me? Oh, my boy, I've always begged you not to have that motorbike. I always said this would happen. I always knew it would happen.

Timothy, my boy, you're dying now. You're dying. You're going to stand before God any second right now.

You're going to stand before God, Timothy, and I know you're not saved. The doctor said to me, I can't hear you, sir. No good speaking.

He can't hear what you're saying. He's so far gone. And I said, he's my son, man.

He's dying without God. Don't you tell me not to try. And I held his hand and I said, Timothy, listen, if you can hear me, my boy, you know the way and I told you if you die without God, you go to hell.

Timothy, you're going to hell if you die without God. I beg you. I beg you.

If you can hear me, even if you've got seconds, remember that man on the cross next to Christ as he was dying, he cried out in faith to Jesus and he was assured he was saved. Timothy dying, you're dying, but

cry out to Jesus now. Look to his blood, boy.

Look to the death of Christ. Give God the blood of Christ and the death of Christ for your sins. Ask God to save your soul by the blood of Christ.

Don't go to hell, boy. And then I said, Timothy, if you can hear me. If you can hear your daddy, you need to do this for me, boy.

I need to know where you're going. You need to do this for me. If you can hear me and you've prayed that prayer and you've asked God to save your soul, boy, before you die, Timothy, please let me know.

Just squeeze my hand, boy, to let your daddy know you heard me and you prayed that prayer. And Keith, he shook me. He squeezed my hand so tight, he lifted it up in the air and he died.

And I said, hallelujah, Timothy's with Jesus, if your son faced death right now, right now, what would be your last words to him? You're so worried about his education. Oh, the concern and the efforts you've gone to make sure he excels. And tell me, have you been that burdened about his soul? That he knows he's going to hell and you're more earnest about that than about his education.

But beware, even facing death may not make you seek God. If you've hardened your heart continually, beware, even facing death may not make you seek God. If you've hardened your heart continually, thinking you can leave it till your dying moment, if you face death right now, would you face it? Would you die loving your sin more than your soul? I want you all to think about that who are not saved in this building.

If you face death right now, would you die loving your sin more than your soul? Will you answer God? I was walking in a hospital. One of the greatest preachers of our land, whose love throughout South Africa, was walking out and weeping. And I held his arm and I said, why are you weeping? He said, oh Keith, you will not believe what I've just been through in there.

A boy who grew up under my ministry, who grew up with all the gospel being presented in a God-fearing home through the years, but just pushed off the gospel, pushed it off and he wanted sin, sin, sin, praying parents, knowing the way, sitting under the sermons of hell. He grew up to a man just pushing off the gospel, wanting his sin. And suddenly his parents, his God-fearing parents, a thousand miles away, Keith, phoned me and said they've been told he's been in an accident, he's dying.

He's lying in hospital, dying. You're the only one we can ask to go. Won't you go there and try? He's dying without God.

He's still in his sin. We can't get to him. I rushed down here, Keith.

I ran and I found his bed. No one beside him, but the nurse. And when I got there, the nurse said to me, he's going right now.

He's got seconds left. He's just going. And I clung to him and I told him who I was.

And I said, do you remember me? You've heard the gospel from when you were a boy. I preached it to you. Your parents have prayed for your life.

Oh, seek God. You're dying right now. You're going to hell.

Don't go to hell. Take these last seconds and seek God to save your soul. It's not too late.

And I begged him as I wept. And do you know what he did, Keith? He pushed my hand away from his face and he looked at the nurse. And he told all the evil things he'd like to do with her.

And he died. If you face death right now, would you die loving your sin more than your soul? Think about that. Think about that.

Now is the acceptable time. God says today is the day of salvation. If you will harden not your hearts as a day of provocation, you harden your hearts and you harden your hearts and you harden your hearts.

Be careful, you may die loving your sin more than your soul. In the few seconds you have left, though, one of the greatest preachers in the world begging to help you to find Christ as you die. You may find yourself loving your sin so much you'll die and go to hell taking three seconds left to tell a woman about sin in your heart.

That's what sin does to you. Will you die loving your sin more than your soul? I have stood in pulpits where I've preached. People have walked out of the door and whole families have been dead 30 minutes later.

I've stood with so many people begging them to seek God. Some of them seconds later, they're dead. Do you honestly think you can take a chance with eternal life? Even if you're a boy, do you know what the appeal is? It's going to shock you.

You go as fast as you can to your father and let him lead you to Jesus, my boy. Before you go to sleep, you, father, go to your son if he's saved and let him lead you to Jesus. Go to your wife.

Go to someone who brought you here tonight. Go to someone who you know and you know who's God. But be careful.

This might be your last night. Don't take a chance with eternity. And we stand to pray.

Lord, your word has gone forth. Commit each one, each life, young and old, to the wooing and working of your spirit. May each one find grace to do what they need to do tonight for Jesus' sake.

Amen.

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