

Message 5 of 5 - New Zealand

by Keith Daniel

The sermon highlights the love of God demonstrated through the death of Jesus Christ, and the importance of accepting this gift of salvation by faith.

Duration: 33:24

Scripture: Isaiah 53:5, John 3:16, John 14:6, Romans 3:26, Romans 6:23, 2 Corinthians 5:21, Ephesians 2:8-9, 1 Timothy 2:4, Hebrews 2:9, 1 Peter 2:24

Topics: "New Zealand", "Sacrificial Love", "Acceptance of Salvation"

Description

Keith Daniel expresses deep gratitude for the opportunity to share at the convention in New Zealand, reflecting on the importance of faith and the transformative power of his wife's poetry, which has led many to Christ. He shares poignant stories of personal loss and divine intervention, emphasizing the sacrificial love of God through Jesus Christ, who bore the sins of humanity. Daniel illustrates the necessity of accepting God's gift of salvation by faith, drawing parallels between personal experiences and biblical truths. He concludes with a heartfelt prayer, urging attendees to embrace the eternal life offered through Christ.

Transcript

Thank you for allowing me and my wife to come this year to your convention. I'm very grateful. It was an honour.

And thank you for your hospitality, because this really is the last meeting, I believe, although the church is gathering tomorrow morning. I don't know who's preaching, but we're gathering here tomorrow morning. But this is the end of the convention, so I want to thank Alan and Wendy and their lovely family for being so gracious and hospitable and warm.

And God bless you for attempting to do something for the dear Lord, and that we were able to come, me last year, and me and my wife this year, and probably never again. But we're very grateful God gave us these moments with you in this corner of his vineyard. If you would like to receive our newsletter, and you do pray for Shoals and for the Church of Christ, then please take a copy now, there's copies, and put your name and address down.

We would be honoured to send if you would pray faithfully. And just, I don't say hours, but just go through the program as you get it in the post. I'd be very grateful to God for that.

And then my wife's book is there. There's a few copies left. If you'd like to take a copy, I'd be very grateful.

We, my wife and I, have not made one cent profit on this book, or anything we do, as far as profit is concerned. This does the charge, we don't even cover the cost. It just actually covers the cost of the printing.

But we always give missionaries a percentage, so we don't even get that. We just try to reimburse so that the next book can be printed, just to cover that cost. But there's no profit made.

Many, many people have met with Jesus Christ through this book of Jenny's. She's written poems from a little girl, and eventually they became quoted from pulpits across the world, and in Christian magazines and on radios. We just thank the dear Lord for the way God has propagated her poems, because they're not just the norm.

She watched her father, a farmer, lose everything in floods, and fall on his knees and cry out, like Job, The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord. And she started writing poems of her daddy when everything was lost.

And her mommy, full of cancer, paralyzed, crawling, falling, and not once murmuring, just praising God. Never once a murmur from her mouth. She wrote poems of her mommy.

She wrote poems, even of her children, of other people. A minister phoned from Scotland before this book was printed. One of the poems in this book was put into circulation somehow in Scotland or England.

And he said, Sir, I had my bags packed, I'd resigned, I'd given up. I was not to serve God anymore, I'd lost all courage and hope. And somebody walked in our door and put this poem of your wife into my hand.

And I read it and I've never ever had such an encounter with God in my entire life. I unpacked my bags, I asked the church to please take back my resignation. And I'm serving God with such zeal as I've never known before.

And all God needed to give me was one of your wife's poems. That's one of many, many, many testimonies that have come from all over the world, from many preachers and many people. Families that have turned to God when one person just read, started reading.

And the whole family turned to God. Please, if you'd like to take a copy, I'd be very grateful. Our good brother, Court, is selling them for, is this right, \$20? Is that right, Court? Good.

Well, you know what it's all about. And Court is doing something wonderful for God. Please take a copy.

Please keep it. And please pass it on in case your neighbours will come to Christ, the whole family, as has happened again and again through books that were passed on to neighbours. So, take a copy now.

There's only about 15, I'm not sure. Please don't fight. Good.

And please put your name and address down. I'll be very grateful if you pray for us. That's all we want from you, nothing else.

For your name and address and to get our newsletter as it comes out every second, third month. Now, you have sat for a whole meeting and this meeting mustn't go on too much longer. So, this old man has to

really be careful today.

Let's bow for prayer. Father in mercy, bless all of us by thy holy word. In Jesus Christ's name, Amen.

For God so loved the world, he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life. I have a brother. Many years ago, when God laid his hand on both of us and separated our lives to preach, my brother became a missionary and went to what is known today as Zimbabwe, one of the African countries.

And my brother and his wife had a little child, their first son, a little boy. And they came off the field as missionaries and were having fellowship in one of the Christians in Zimbabwe, in one of the homes. They had fellowship with other preachers and missionaries around this garden of theirs.

And there was this little boy of theirs, crawling and staggering around in the garden while tea and refreshments were being served. And fellowship was going on between Christians, including my brother and his good wife, Anne. There was a swimming pool in the back garden of these friends' homes.

And my brother was in an intense conversation on the things of God and the situation, the spiritual condition of what was then known as Rhodesia, in the intense war that was going on at that time across the land. And as they were speaking about the things of God, earnestly, suddenly my brother looked over, he glanced at the swimming pool, and there was the body of his only son, just under the water, sinking. He said he can never ever comprehend why, but his mind didn't register.

He saw it, but it didn't register. They were so intensely in this conversation about the spiritual things going on, in the state of the church even. And suddenly, it hit him, what his eyes had seen, and the fear that went through his whole being as he stood up, shouting.

And he dived into that pool and went down and retrieved the body of his only son. And they put this child's body on the paving next to the pool, and everybody was standing there trembling and crying out to God for help and mercy. And all they did, nothing could happen.

They tried everything that they knew to try and revive this child. And my brother, in desperation, lifted the body up and clung in, sobbed and groaned aloud, Oh God, don't do this to me. Oh God, don't take my son from me.

Oh God, have mercy. Suddenly, as he was groaning, as he had never groaned and agonized in prayer in his entire life, forgot to do something, that little boy began to choke. And all the water that just came out of his body was incomprehensible, that so much could have been in his body, and that he lived.

And when they realized he would be spared, my brother lifted up his child again and held him, and stood, and he said, Thank you, God. Thank you, God. Thank you.

He went on and on. Everyone, thank you, God. Thank you, God.

But as he stood there, holding his son that now was spared from death, a verse came in his mind. A verse he had preached on many times, but suddenly it took new significance, new depth. All he could think was his words for God.

So loved the world he gave his only begotten son. He turned his face as he watched him die for you. He let him die watching, knowing he was dying.

He didn't come to help him, to save him. He let him die to save you. And me, the only way he could.

I was reading a newspaper, the headlines, with a cup of coffee in some town many years ago. And there was a headline of a man who went through a deep tragedy. And somehow the Holy Spirit, I believe, allowed me to read, because most of the newspaper is junk.

A weariness to the mind that you need not read. So I read this, so I know what to pray for in this world. I read the headlines and ask God to stop me and read what I need to pray for about this world.

Outside of that, I don't read a word in the newspapers. Here this man had come to Cape Town, our city where JD and I live, the tip of Africa. Africa is a boot, and the tip of Africa is Cape Town.

Judged by most tourists, class of the world as the most beautiful city on earth now. It has been judged again and again as the most beautiful city in the world. Rio de Janeiro, where the two oceans meet, and the mountains, the most magnificent mountains in the world, just in our back garden looking up, a terrible mountain, where millions come just to see that mountain over the year.

Well, this man was on holiday, and he went, not far from where JD and I live, to the Cape Point. A beautiful, beautiful landscape, the mountains, the ruggedness. It is beyond comprehension, the beauty of Cape Town.

The city built around all this mountain, and all these amazing seas. As the two oceans meet, the beauty is wonderful. And he was on one of the beaches of Cape Point, where the rocks go out sometimes up to a kilometer, not just a hundred yards.

When the tide is out, you can go on these rock formations as high as this roof, and as wide as this building, and just go out and walk over and over, up and down all the pools that the tide, when it was up, left, and the fishes, when they go over. So he made his way out further and further into the sea. What is so lovely about it is that you can sit way out there, and suddenly these whales rise up, sometimes within feet away from you.

There is a big eye looking at you, shooting. Well, the whales, people love to go as far as they can. But, many have died on those rocks.

You see, they don't read the sign boards all the way through, every fifty yards or so. There are big boards for the tourists to not be killed, warning that the tides of the Cape Point are not like anywhere else. They don't rise up slowly, just a few feet at a time.

Especially the spring tides, there is suddenly a swell, just one mighty swell comes. And this dry rock, that you can be far out, is just suddenly covered with no warning. You just see it coming like a mountain.

Most especially the spring tides. Many, many, many were swept to their death, especially the tourists. They don't read these things, they just see sign boards and think it's probably about sharks or something, but they don't realize the warnings of how many over the years have died, swept to their death through the treacherous tides that come at the Cape Point where the two oceans meet.

Well, he went out, this man, with his son, his little boy, as far as he could. And suddenly, this wave rose. And he saw it coming.

And he didn't realize, he had no thought, such a thing. And the horror that gripped him as he tried to take this child, he realized he could never get back. He couldn't get back.

So, as it came, he just held on to his son, crying, crying, holding him. Don't, don't let Daddy go! And he clung to a rock. The swell just took them, swept their bodies, smashed them down.

Eventually, they would have been smashed and swung through all these rock formations, covered with blood, his arm ripped open. And suddenly, the swell comes again. When he thought maybe that's it, worse, no mercy, mercilessly rising up, coming.

He held on to this boy in agony, already his body was ripped open by the rocks. And he cried to this boy to hold on, no matter what. He clung to this rock, and the strength of the swell just came against him eventually, as this boy is crying out, holding on to his Daddy's arm.

Don't let me go, Daddy! Just ripped him from him, and swept him out. As that father said, within seconds, as the waves went back, he just saw his son disappearing back into the sea. They never found the body.

I said, Lord, can it be that I will perhaps even know who these people are? As so often, when I've read as much as God leads me, it's people I've preached to, people I've known, people I've watched from boyhood grow in the conventions. Could it be I know this man? When it turned out I did, I knew him from when he was a little boy. His father's missionaries, father and mother, godly people.

Listen carefully, beloved. As the great swell of all humanity's sin rose up in terrifying judgment against Christ, as the great swell of all humanity's sin rose up in terrifying judgment against Christ, it was so great that God besook his son, causing him to cry out in his humanity, My God, my God, why has thou forsaken me? Why? Why? Well, the Bible answers that question in the most profound way. He gave his only begotten son, John 3.16, that he, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man.

Hebrews 2.9, that he, by the grace of God, should face death for you. Should taste death for every man. The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

Why, you say, did God let him die and forsake him and face that death? The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. God says, who his own self bear our sins in his body on the tree. 1 Peter 2.24, that he might be just.

And the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus Christ. That he might be just in justifying you. This is the only way.

There's nothing you could do that God could justify you. So he made his son die to be able to justify you. That he might be just in justifying you.

It cost God, sir, for you to be saved. It didn't cost you for you to be saved. It cost that he might be just and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus Christ.

Romans 3.26, O the Lord laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was made to be sin for us. That's beyond my comprehension.

I've heard great theologians trying to elaborate or expound on this statement. No, I can't. It's beyond my comprehension to touch.

He was made to be sin. My comprehension cannot grasp the love of God when I look at Jesus Christ's death. I can't grasp it, I'm sorry.

He was made to be sin for us who knew no sin. That we, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. Oh, hallelujah.

That we might be made the righteousness of God in him. Not having mine own righteousness, Paul says, through the law. Not having mine own righteousness, which is through the faith of Christ.

The righteousness which is of God by faith. Being justified freely by grace through faith. In all the verses that I could go on and on to him that worketh not but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly.

His faith is counted to us for righteousness. The righteousness which is of God by faith. You see, we declared righteous not by anything you've done.

There's nothing you can do to be made righteous. Nothing God would justify you for when you're to save. There's one thing, the blood of Jesus Christ God's Son alone cleanseth us from all sin.

Nothing in my hands I bring, simply to the cross I cling. Until you come with nothing but the blood of Jesus, God turns his face from you. You can try and be righteous, all your righteousness becomes as filth.

If you try to justify yourself outside of the death of Christ, you've got nothing. And when you come with anything else or any hope in anything you do for God to justify you, you blaspheme. There's no condemnation to them which in Christ beloved.

Nothing else. He made him to be sin for us who knew no sin that we might be made the righteousness of God. In him, 1 Corinthians 5.17. Many great injustices have happened in this world.

To people who did not deserve those injustices. Many great injustices have happened. When it came to judgment being proclaimed on murderers.

Throughout the centuries, men who faced death, the death sentence. Men who were hung, placed on the electric chair. And then, further evidence came to light, showing that they were innocent.

Now this has happened thousands of times. In my country, a number of times in my lifetime. Men were put to death for crimes they were not guilty of.

And only when they suffered death, after that judgment came on them for crimes they were not guilty of, did further evidence come proving them. That must be terrifying. To die, to face death, to sit in a chair and be electrocuted to death.

And no, I didn't do this. I am being judged for something I didn't do. That is terrifying.

The injustice, the horror of that injustice. Oh, what horror it must be to be treated like a murderer and face death for crimes I did not commit. But listen carefully now, beloved.

I know a man who was judged for many things he didn't do. He was punished and suffered the judgment of other people's crimes. He faced the death penalty for murders he had not committed.

For rapes he had never performed. For thefts he had not committed. For lies he had never told.

For many great evils he had not done. He died, the Bible says, the just for the unjust. You face no penalty. He did it all. He did it all. He was wounded.

For our transgressions. If you haven't wept through Isaiah 53, I don't think you've got a heart. You did it. He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace was upon him.

With his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray. We've turned everyone to his own way.

The Lord has laid on him the iniquity of us all. I don't know how. Don't ever doubt this.

No man suffered like Christ. You can go into the book of Martyrs. Men's bodies were ripped apart while they were alive.

Their arms were ripped out of the body they laid. You can say that was worth. No, no one, because none of us can comprehend how God did this.

But Christ took the full punishment of eternal damnation of every one of us upon himself. How God did that I don't know, but he did it. And I don't doubt it.

He paid the price of every bit of suffering you would have paid for eternity. That God could justify him. It was not just one little act of suffering.

He was wounded for our sins. Not some of our transgressions. Who will have all men to be saved.

And to come unto the knowledge of the truth. 1 Timothy 2.4 He's the propitiation for our sins. Christians are not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

I believe that. I believe that. God judged his son for you.

But you must accept that gift of eternal life by faith to be saved. Dying for you didn't save you. You have to accept that gift.

It is the gift of God, not of works. It's the gift. It's something you have to accept and take by faith and believe.

It's yours as God holds it out to you. You have something to do, sir. Though he judged his son for you, you have to accept that gift by faith to be saved.

In 1830, in the USA, a man named George Wilson was sentenced to be hung for robbery and murder. But then, Andrew Jackson, the President of America, granted him a pardon. In my country, presidential pardons, as they look into the circumstances and everything else of a man's background, when a man was to be hung, presidential pardons were given.

No, this man will be pardoned, if we look at his circumstances. It happened in most countries of the world where the President pardons, not just America back then. Andrew Jackson, the President of America, granted him a presidential pardon.

But he shook the nation. He refused to accept that pardon. He insisted that unless he accepts it, he cannot be pardoned.

No matter who offers the pardon, the Attorney General of the land eventually said, the law is silent on this matter. And so he referred it to the Supreme Court of America. Chief Justice Marshall, the highest judge in the land, he gave this following decision.

A pardon is a piece of paper, the value of which depends fully upon its acceptance by the person implicated. I want to just say it again. A pardon is a piece of paper, no matter who gave it or wrote it, the value on which depends fully on its acceptance by the person implicated.

It is hardly to be supposed or understood that one under a sentence of death like this man will refuse to accept such an offer. But if he refuses it, if it is refused, it is no longer a pardon of any value. George Wilson must therefore be hung and face death for the crimes he has committed.

Justice demands it, even though he was offered complete pardon and could have been. He didn't accept it. Why was my Savior on Calvary's tree laid? Why, tell me, why was He there? Jesus, the debt of my sin fully paid, Why, tell me, why, tell me, why? All my afflictions upon Him were laid.

He nailed it all to the tree. Jesus, the debt of my sin fully paid, He paid the ransom for me. Thank You, our Father, for Thy Son Jesus Christ, for the gift of eternal life through Him.

The wages of sin is death, eternal death, not physical death. But the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. We bless Thee for so loving this world in a way that is beyond our comprehension.

But that Thou didst give Thy Son Jesus Christ to taste death for every man, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to the knowledge of eternal life, all should come, who will in no wise turn away anyone who comes to Him through Christ Jesus, for Christ Jesus tasted death for every man. So God cannot, in His holiness, turn away anyone who comes. Forgive those of us that, like George Wilson, will not take it, will not accept it by faith, and face the consequences of our sin for eternity, where the smoke of their torment will ascend up forever and ever.

And they have no peace, day or night, for all eternity. In Jesus Christ's name we pray, with gratitude in our hearts for Thy salvation. Amen.

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