

The Possibility of Death

by Keith Daniel

The sermon emphasizes the importance of being prepared for death and the consequences of not doing so, highlighting the role of the preacher in witnessing to others and the importance of seeking God in our lives.

Duration: 52:18

Scripture: Genesis 5:24, Genesis 32:26, 1 Samuel 13:14, Matthew 3:17, Matthew 6:33, Romans 3:24, Revelation 20:15

Topics: "Death"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher emphasizes the grave responsibility placed on him to witness to every soul, as the possibility of death looms over everyone. He shares his dedication to preaching the word of God, carefully weighing every word and seeking the anointing of the Holy Spirit. The preacher addresses the common question of how God can be a God of love when there is so much suffering in the world. He also recounts a personal story of a man who initially rejected God but later had a change of heart. The sermon concludes with a reminder of the judgment day, where all people, both small and great, will stand before God.

Transcript

Father, we thank Thee that together we could have prayed that wonderful prayer. And that's where we want to be, Lord, nearer to Thee. It's our longing to walk with God as Enoch walked with God.

If he could have walked with God, we can walk with God. Oh, help us, like Abraham, to be the friend of God, David, to be a man to God's own heart. Oh, we bless Thee, Lord.

These men were examples for us to follow, for us to strive and reach out to what they had written across their lives. God longs for us to be his friend. Then, after his own heart, we'll walk with God.

Come now, hold us safely by the resurrected power of Christ, and speak through our hearts, through Thy Word. Take me in mercy and wash me in the blood of Jesus. Fill me with the Holy Spirit in You, anoint my lips and my heart and my mind.

Speak through me in mercy, through Thy Word. In Jesus Christ's wonderful name. We all ask these things.

In Hebrews 9, verse 27, God says, It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this, the judgment. It is appointed. There's a moment.

No matter how you die, it doesn't take God by surprise. There's a moment. Your life will be taken.

Least of all, when you expect it, most people who face death today will be under the age of 25. Not old people. By far, the most who die today, across the world, will be under the age of 25.

When is your moment? When you're old and fulfilled your dreams and all your plans. You're going to do this or that, or if the Lord will, you'll do this or that. There's not a hair on your head that isn't numbered.

I don't know how God could be more clear to say, There's nothing, nothing will prolong one moment more than the moment God knows you to be taken. Young or old. It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this, the judgment.

It's a fearful word, the judgment. Revelation 20 verse 11. John records the revelation given to him by Jesus of mankind's destination.

He says, I saw a great white throne and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God. What a moment.

I saw the dead, small children and great grown-ups, stand before God. Oh, men will cry, I thought to live and die, that's it. Land up in the wooden box, six feet under the ground.

That was it. Nothing further than live I wanted to, and that's the end of it. Nothing past that.

But oh, I'm eternal, I'm eternal. There's never an ending to my show. And the Lord Jesus speaks of men suddenly finding themselves in hell, a moment after death.

And the God of love tells us, in love, that that man could feel, could scream, could look up and see what he's missed. I don't know how that's possible. But God says, he could recognize people he scoffed were there.

I am tormented in the flames. Send Lazarus. He may just, with the tip of his finger, just put water on me.

I'm tormented. Oh, but you see, after physical death, there's no change in your mind. There's no second chance.

There's no saying, oh, through eternity, there's some other opportunity God's going to give me. Just one more opportunity to say, please, give me mercy. Oh, it's a fearful thing to fall in the hands of a living God, of an angry God.

The hands that died for you, that bled for you, the hands that cry out to you, that could do nothing more to save you than what he's done. There is no word he could add no pain more he could suffer, no plan further he could make to make it gloriously possible for you to come and be saved. Those hands, oh, one day, it's a fearful thing to fall into those hands if it's past death, and you did not prepare to meet with God.

I saw a great white throne, and him that sat in it, from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away, and there's found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened, and another book was opened, which was the book of life, and the dead were judged out of those things that were written in the books according to their works. 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 their works.

And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. 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 lake of fire.

Oh, at the moment of death, you're in hell, before the great white throne. You're in hell, crying out, I'm tormented in the flame. But then, there's the great white throne, and then all will be cast into the lake which burns the fire and brimstone, which is the second death.

They prepare for the devil and his angels, all those demons who once were angels, who rebelled with Satan against God and cast down all Satan, his angels, and all those whose names were not written in the book of life, who prepared not to meet with God, who were not washed in the blood of the Lamb by faith, being justified freely. There were the devil, his angels. They're the smoke of their torment to send us up forever and ever.

They have no peace, day or night. What more can God say in this book? What more can God say to you? Oh, flee from the wrath to come. Flee from the wrath to come.

For God's sake, flee. It is appointed unto men once to die. But after this, the judgment, the judgment, the judgment, the possibility of death, the possibility of death, places on me a grave responsibility toward every soul God and man expected me to witness to.

The possibility of death places on me a grave responsibility toward every soul God and man expected me to witness to. When I was a young preacher, some 25, 26 years ago, I worked with a man in South Africa who was the district superintendent of the missionary society I was in. His name was Mr. Fani Horemse, an African-speaking South African man.

Oh, what a man of God. What a privilege God gave me as a young worker to have this example of the believers. He walked with God.

What I learned through that man as a young preacher, just watching him, learning, daily, looking. I will be grateful to God for all eternity for what I learned from that man, his walk with God, his wisdom with souls, his anointed preaching and his anointed life. Fani Horemse, one of the towns, he joined up with the young workers throughout their preaching, night after night, night after night, series of meetings, just crossing the country, town after town, one, two weeks, every night preaching, every day visiting, all the morning, whole afternoon preparing, all night preaching.

And then after the sermons, dealing with souls. For years I lived like that, just one town living in a suitcase. That's all I had was my suitcase, living out of a suitcase.

Oh, one of the towns, this godly man comes now to see the young workers. How they're faring, those under his responsibility, us, full of fire, not much wisdom, but a lot of fire. There he was to keep a watchful eye on us, eats us, warns us, rebukes us when we needed it.

One of the towns, there he came, preached that night, that's full of people, all over the town. At the door he was standing with the young workers to say good night to all the people. There he took their hands, come tomorrow, please come back tomorrow to the next meeting.

Thank you for coming, come tomorrow. And then there was this very tall, farming man, Afrikaans speaking man, who came along with all the people past Mr. Horemsa to leave the church. And as he took Mr. Horemsa's hand, Mr. Horemsa looked at him, said, Sir, Buam, that's a word we call and respect elder people, uncle, all over my country.

If you're older, Buam, he looked at this, said, Don't you feel that you should come with me right now back into the church and pray and seek God concerning your soul? Don't you feel that you should come with me and pray now before you leave this building to ask God to save you? This man looked at him and he was offended. He pulled his hand away, said, No, thank you very much. I don't feel I would like to do that at all.

He was offended. He began to walk away. Mr. Horemsa, who is a gentleman, a Christian is a gentleman if you're right with God.

He wouldn't offend. It was the furthest you would think of a person that could offend that you would ever meet. But he shook everyone.

He walked after this man. He held onto this man's arm with a loud voice with tears now coming down his face. Buam, my brother, forgive me.

I don't want to offend you, but something in my heart tells me I must beg you. Come back and pray with me now and make your peace with God. Something in my heart is crying out to beg you don't leave this building tonight unless you make your peace with God.

Buam pulled himself away, licking his arm and he shouted, Leave me alone, man. He tried to get out the door, went for the door, angrily, angry with what this man had done. For now everybody was looking at the way this man shouted, Get out of my house.

Get out of my house. Everyone was silent, standing, looking at this man. And he turned around at the door and he looked back at Mr. Harmser with the tears coming down Mr. Harmser's face.

He felt bad. He said, Mr. Harmser, I will come back here tomorrow night. Maybe then if I feel I would like to pray with you.

I will pray with you then, but Mr. Harmser, you were wrong. What you did to me here tonight, you embarrassed me, sir. You were wrong in embarrassing me like this before all these people.

I will come here tomorrow night and maybe then I will pray with you, sir, if I feel I would like to. And he turned and he walked out into the dark of the night. The next morning, Mr. Harmser was walking along the pavement with the young workers in the town and there were the cars, traffic, and the bustle of people.

Suddenly, there was a hooting of a car, screeching of a brake, and a thud. Oh, it echoed right where Mr. Harmser stood in all that town. Right there, there lay the old man, about five feet from him, dead, dead.

There lay the uncle, right there at the feet of the man that begged him, begged him not to leave the church unless he made his peace. Tomorrow night never came. There was never going to be another tomorrow night.

There was never going to be another opportunity or meeting if you felt like maybe later on. That was God's last cry to that man and God tried. Don't think that man, Harmser, stood there in his own understanding

and compassion.

It was God crying to a man, begging a man. Oh, the possibility of death, the possibility of death places on me a grave responsibility toward every soul God and men expected me to witness to. Every soul God expected me to witness to boldly, without any compromise.

Possibility of death. I was a young preacher shortly after that incident. The Harmser sent us to a town called Omkhamas, the Zulu word of a town in Zululand.

There, this young fellow that I was working with, him and I began to preach and God came. God came, as young as we were. Suddenly the town was seeking God.

Suddenly the town was seeking God in a way they had never ever seen before in the history of Omkhamas. Everywhere, souls coming who'd never come near the church, never come near the house of God were there stunning the people as they walked in and seeking God to save their souls. An old man walked up to me toward the end of those meetings and he looked at me and he said, Do you know why God has visited this town at this time, my boy? Do you know why God has visited Omkhamas like this? I said, No, sir.

You tell me. I wanted to know. He took me by the hand and led me to three other old men.

They stood there. They all wept as they shared this with me. For over twenty years we four men every single day got down before God and wept for God to come.

Every day, yesterday, the day before, the day before, we were down before God. Come, God. We will not let thee go except others come and bless us.

That is why God is visiting us here. Now, my boy, not through you. We prayed and we refused to let God go for twenty years and God came.

And they wept. The last day of those meetings I was in the church, my custom to spend most of the day where I can, many times visiting in the morning but oh, many times, the whole day just preparing. My custom to stand in the church in the pulpit to an empty church and pray through God to guide me what to preach.

I go over every thought, every illustration, every chapter if I'm just bringing the word of God. Every book I go over and over preaching it aloud so that every part of me is taken up with the message and weighed carefully every word anointed by God soaked in prayer preparing myself to preach for the night. I was in the church, the old Methodist church of Amkhamon.

There was a big knock at the door. So I went down there stood a little lady. Oh, Keith, forgive me.

I know you're preparing for something amazing that happened. My brother, my brother's a drug addict, a drunk. From a boy he broke mommy and daddy's heart.

From a boy he rebelled. We all sought God. We all found Christ.

We all served the Lord from when I was little. My brother didn't want God. From a boy he turned his back.

From a boy he scoffed. From a boy he was full of scorn at it. He wanted sin.

So all of us followed God. My brother didn't want God. But he's come back to Amkhamon today.

Just arrived. Doesn't know what's happening here. Walks into the lounge.

There were all a whole lot of ladies. We were all having tea. He stood there listening.

Listening to all God's doing. Listening to all the people that have been saved. People he knew, people he grew up with.

And he took us all as he stepped forward and said I want to speak to him. I want to speak to that man about God. Would you come and speak to me? Okay.

You don't know what this means. We prayed. We begged God for years.

We wept. He wants to speak to someone about God for the first time. Oh will you speak to him? I said well I can't now.

And prepare him. I'm not the sort of preacher that can stand up and just speak. I wish it was that easy.

I have to prepare. Oh I'll have nothing to say to him. Won't he come to the meetings? He said no.

We tried. He said he wouldn't appear in front of the people. The way he's dressed.

We tried. Even my husband's jacket it won't fit him. He said I'm not going.

I'm not going like this. But Keith he said he'll wait. We know you're leaving the town tonight.

He says it doesn't matter how late it is he'll wait. If you're just waiting to come and speak to him you're waiting now. Please come.

I said you tell him I'll come. Surely I'll come. That night God singularly blessed the meeting.

For some reason I don't know how God did it but I think the whole town was there. There was no room to sit. Everyone was standing.

The whole town. Last night and God met with so many we had to deal with them all the ministers all the workers counseling them. Anyone that could help seeking souls broken lives.

There was a seeking and seeking and dealing with them and dealing with them and taking their names their addresses for follow up. And the ministers of course had a time of prayer and we looked at our watch. It was nearly twelve o'clock.

Quarter to twelve. And I turned to this young fellow that preached with me and I said it's too late. Go and visit him.

I don't think he would have waited. He said no. I don't believe someone waited this long.

Nobody knew this was going to happen take all this time. We left. We left at his call.

We left to contact him and arrange to see him some other time. As soon as convenient. So we drove away from the town.

Sunday. I had to drive past that same town to go down the south coast of Natal to another town to preach at some Sunday service. And I was early so I drove into the town of Omkhamas.

Went up the hill to the house where this lady stays knocking at the door. Oh she opened the door and as she opened my heart was set for her eyes were swollen full of weeping. Just began to weep.

Loud. And she saw who it was. She didn't say a word.

She just turned and walked in. I walked out and I sat beside her on the sofa. I was weeping before she said a word.

Please. You were the first one in his life he wanted to speak to about God. He said he would wait.

No matter how late it was. He waited. He waited until twelve o'clock.

Then when we went to find out where you were we found out you were gone. You lived. He was so angry.

He's so angry he began to scream cursing. Say I'll never trust you. I'm going to get drunk.

The door. No one knows what happened. They think it was a cigarette on his bed.

The little flat he stayed. Set the sheets on fire. The whole flat went up like a furnace and he was drunken.

Couldn't get out. He was burned to a cinder. The night he wanted to speak about God.

You didn't come. You didn't come. Oh Keith I don't think we judge you too harshly.

We heard what happened to all the people we knew. No one judges you. You obviously thought he wouldn't have stayed so late.

But Keith would you mind would you forgive me for saying such words as I'm about to say to you. Words I hope you will never forget till the day you die Keith. God rest until you've sought that soul and done everything to help him to find God.

Don't neglect the soul Keith. No matter how tired you are. No matter how late.

No matter how inconvenient. No matter how ridiculous the circumstances. Don't neglect to get to a soul that's seeking God and looking to you.

So I got into the car and I had to go and preach after that. So I drove along in that car. I began to weep aloud and I made a vow to God that God has helped me to keep to this day after all these years.

I don't care how tired I am. I care how late it is. How inconvenient.

How ridiculous. I will never neglect the soul again. Till the day I die my God.

Why did I go to see the possibility of death places on you and me a grave responsibility toward every soul God and man expected me to witness to. I was once told that a young drug addict whose life was almost destroyed was in a drug addict's home in Cape Town. He wanted to speak to me.

I was scared that I must go and speak to him. I was urged to speak to him. To get to him.

I was preaching and all sorts of things were going on. A day went by eventually I said Look. I've got to have time to go and see this fellow.

I don't know him. He doesn't know me. But everyone involved with him wants me to get to him.

So I was given this car. Went down to the center of the city to this place where they have this big home. It's renovated.

All the drug addicts all these young people they stand there and witness and testify to all these smashed lives coming out of all the wicked places of the world. If there's any interest they take them back to this big place where they sing and give them coffee and testify and try and lead them to Christ. Anyone comes to Christ of these broken lives they take them to this building they dress them they feed them they try everything they can to get them through on a foundation with God.

So there he was in this place. And I eventually went down and as I walked in the foyer there was this little lady. She looked like an angel.

She looked at me and as she saw me tears came down her face. She said, Oh, we've been expecting you. We knew you were going to come but you were too late.

He left. He smashed the place up. He'll never come back.

I don't know why he ever came here. He just caused us to go through such terrible times. He wasn't interested in seeking God.

I don't know how he waited so long. You've missed him by 20 minutes. He's gone.

I said, But surely you know where. He's gone too. There's some forwarding address.

He said, No. These people don't have an address, Mr. Daniel. They lie in the gutter in the night where they're beaten up with a drug that'll be mine.

The gutter is their home. I don't know where you'll find them. You'll never find them.

He'll never come back here. He's gone. You missed him.

Oh, you missed him. I'm so sorry. I asked the description of what he looks like.

He got into the car. Started driving down the block in Cape Town, away from this building, down this block, down that, looking at every face that could possibly answer to the description of this young fellow. But I couldn't find him.

As I was driving, I began to weep. Gone. Oh, God, don't let him die.

I could never face that lady who begged me to go to him. Oh, God, don't let him die. Keep him from death.

Help me to find him, God. I wept as I drove, knowing he could die. Darkness fell in the city.

I had arranged to meet someone right then, outside of the old Lutheran church in the heart of Cape Town, where I'd preached so many times. And there, in the car we sat, it was the night when the world goes out, you know. Cars and their thousands, people and their hundreds all off to the world and the city.

And there I was sitting in this car in the heart of this massive city. And suddenly, suddenly, there was this thud and the car, the whole car shook. And the person next to me started screaming.

And I turned and I looked and there was a young fellow, long blonde hair, covered with blood, his shirt ripped. I thought to myself, he looks like an animal. He looks like an animal.

I thought. He seems to have lost each of his hands. He seems to have no feelings.

About that wall, he ran again, head first, not stopping until he was smashing his head into the car. The whole car shook again. The blood started coming worse.

He pulled himself up in the window and screamed, oh please, give me money. I need money. And I pushed the door open.

The person sitting next to me said, for God's sake, get back in the car. He's going to hurt you. He's dangerous.

Get back in the car. I pulled myself out, slammed the door, and I stood there and I looked at him because I knew who this was. You see, I, and I know how obliged it got when we weep like that, when we're so scared of something going wrong like that.

I knew who this is. I looked at him and I said, you, you are, and I gave his name. He seemed to sober up.

He looked at me carefully. He said, I don't know you, sir. How do you know me? How do you know my name? I said, Lina, don't doubt that this is God that brought this about.

And I told him how people sent me, begging me to get there, how I missed him by 20 minutes, how I drove through the streets weeping to God to find him, how the dogs fell. I said, Lina, look at this city. Look at these cars.

Look at this. Thousands of people. You walk through this city past all those cars, past all these people to this car, to this man.

Don't think that this happened. God brought you here. And if God brought you here, He won't mock me and you.

If He can't do anything for you, God's able to save you or He wouldn't have brought you here. Lina, I won't let you go. I may never see you again.

I don't care how drugged you are. I believe God can save your soul. I don't care how gripped you are by the devil.

I don't care how destroyed you are by the devil. I don't care what grip Satan got in your life. I believe Christ, if you get on your knees with me now in the streets, could set you free for eternity.

Oh, the miracle I saw is one of the greatest miracles God's ever let me see. What God did to that life at that moment. There's nothing God can't do, beloved.

Nothing. Nothing. I saw a man who's so drugged that he couldn't feel suddenly standing in the streets of Cape Town and lifting his hands and beginning to worship God.

I saw him sober up as sober as you and I are right now from a state of drugs. Sober enough to ask God to save his soul. Do you know what drove me through those streets? Do you know what drove me through those streets? Weeping, groaning, in a way that God had to do that.

This one thing, the possibility of death. The possibility of death places on me a grave responsibility toward every soul God and man expected me to witness to. The possibility of death.

My wife and I were standing at the door knocking of a home in Port Elizabeth. My wife was expecting our third child, our first two children. She had no trouble, but her third pregnancy was a difficult pregnancy.

She had trouble. She nearly lost little Samuel sitting here in the meeting today. What stayed of him gave us the jewel of our lives, little Samuel.

There, then, he was expecting Samuel. An uncomfortable standing with me, knocking at his door. After a while, then, he said to me, Keith, how long are you going to stand here knocking? You're just knocking and knocking.

There's no one there. Please, Keith, take me home. I'm not well.

I can't stand like this. I said, oh, really, I'm so sorry. I took her, led her back to the car.

And at the car, suddenly, I could never put into words what happened. My heart just sank, and I began to weep. And then he looked at me and said, what's wrong with you? Why are you weeping? I said, I don't know.

I don't know, Jenny. I looked back at the home, and I began to run. I ran, weeping.

And I got back to the door, and I started banging on the door, banging and banging, weeping. And then he got beside me and said, what are you doing? We're going to get into trouble if you don't bang on people's doors like this. What's wrong with you? I said, Jenny, I don't know.

I saw this little window, climbed up on the pipes against the wall, pulled right out of the bathroom or kitchen, or whatever it was. I held the window open, and I cried out, oh, can you hear me? Give God a chance. It doesn't matter how destroyed your life is.

It doesn't matter how hopeless it is. God can hear you. God can make life more beautiful than it's ever been if you just allow Him to save your soul.

Give God a chance. And I began to talk about what God did to me, my brother, my father, my mother. Suddenly, the door opened.

I got down. There was this little gap on the chain. She kept the door on a chain.

I just looked at her face, her little broken, smashed life. Oh, she was crushed by life. This little lady, tears coming down her face.

I saw she wasn't going to let me in, so I asked Jenny for a piece of paper and a pen. I wrote my telephone number. I said, listen, I know you won't let me in now, but when you're ready, I don't care if it's 12 o'clock in the night.

You phone me. I'll come when you're ready to ask God. She took the paper and shut the door.

The next morning, the telephone rings. Mr. Daniel, I am the lady who at home you came to yesterday. Mr. Daniel, I couldn't let you in.

I couldn't let you in for fear of what you'd see. That's why I didn't open the door. When you knocked, as you knocked, I had just at that moment put a rope around my neck, and I stood on my legs in the lounge.

You knocked as the rope was around my neck. I thought, who could this be? Could this be my husband? No, he will never come back to me. Not my husband.

Would it be my son? No. No, not even my son will ever come back to his mommy. Never again.

I don't care who it is. I will wait until it stops knocking. And I waited until you stopped knocking, sir, and then I began to fall.

Oh, I felt a choking. I don't know what made you come back, sir, and banged, but the way you banged, I got such shock I pulled myself. I didn't know I had the strength.

It was the shock, the way you were banging. No one ever banged on my door like that. I somehow got up, and I was stunned to think I could have got up.

I loosened the rope, and suddenly through the window you started crying out, Oh, give God a chance. Doesn't matter how destroyed your life. Give God a chance.

You started crying out through that window things I've never heard in my life. I never heard in my life what you cried out. I stood there, and I thought to myself, This, this must be God that sent this man.

This man knows nothing of me. He doesn't know. The moment I stood and put the rope, he knocked.

Then to bang like this and to cry out like this now, God must have seen what I was doing. God sent this man. I know that.

Oh, Mr. Daniel, I couldn't let you in my home yesterday for fear of what you would see I was doing, but I'm ready now. I want you to come back now to my home. I want you to help me to find the God that sent you and stop me the moment I was going to kill myself.

I want you to come back now. I want you to bring that wife of yours. I looked at her.

I looked at her face, and I thought to myself, There must be a God. That there's someone left on earth that can look this pure. There must be a God.

I want you to bring her with you. I want the privilege of that lady in my home. Come and help me to find her.

Oh, the possibility of death. The possibility of death places on me a grave. A grave responsibility toward every soul God and man expected me to witness to.

I could go on. I don't even know what the time is in my watches. I have ten minutes.

Can you imagine the preachers? Last night, I would say most of you, if not every one of you stood, dedicating your life to soul winning, trusting God to fill you with the Holy Spirit. I hope with all my heart that you pray that from the depth of your soul to God. I want to tell you why.

People everywhere that I go, everywhere, say to me, Keith, How can you say God is a God of love? How can you look at anyone in the face today and say God is a God of love when so many people are suffering across this earth that God made? How can God be a God of love? There's so much suffering. I don't have all the answers. I wish I did.

But this I know. When a man, a woman, a child is absolutely surrendered, that's the words of Andrew Murray, the holiest man that ever lived in Africa. No doubt.

When a man is absolutely surrendered to God, and God fills him with His Holy Spirit, that man from that moment is led by God to souls that are hurting every step he takes. That man is driven with a compassion to souls that are hurting almost every step he takes. There's a consciousness that God is with you as you get to the top of an escalator and a woman looks at you and bursts into tears.

God sends you. When you're knocking at a door and a woman's about to put her life into eternity, God sends you. God sends you.

When a man who didn't want God ever in his life says, it doesn't matter how late, I want you to come, God sends you. God sends you. Don't ever have it written across you, didn't go.

When you're absolutely surrendered and filled with God, the Holy Ghost, you're led and driven by God the moment, the moment God has control. This tells me the love of God. Oh, the love of God is seen in Christ more than anything that we could ever know.

The love of God is seen in you and me, friend, when we're absolutely surrendered. The world needs proof that God is love. And let me tell you, God longing for one moment, one person anywhere who will absolutely surrender and all God does from that moment is lead them straight to the souls that are hurting that he can heal, oh God loves, through us.

And we're absolutely surrendered when we're filled with the Holy Spirit. It's like a glass of water. Andrew Murray says, it's half filled.

Now, when you're filled with the Spirit, don't think it's like a glass, the little half that's not filled, you're just going to fill up. No, the Holy Spirit is a person. He can't be half a person in you.

He dwells in you. But being filled with the Spirit isn't like filling the empty half. All it means is he has absolute control of you.

And it only happens at absolute surrender. When you give up with a fight to God and say, Lord, have thy way out of it. The fight is finished.

God takes control. Your lips become God's lips. Your eyes become God's eyes.

You suddenly, you suddenly don't see people as people. You see everyone as souls. You see a person you're standing with for three minutes as a soul.

Suddenly you realize their blood is on your hands for no other Christian might stand for three minutes alone. With this person you bold, you find a boldness in your character as refined as it is to say one word. And if you can't, you say a prayer from the depth of your heart.

You carry tracts and you hold it out to them and say, just read them. Even if that's all you do, but you're there. You're suddenly geared by God for souls to be saved when you're absolutely surrendered.

Is it possible? I don't think so. To kneel is no place. All of you, all of you, bow your head.

And all of you, just where you are, not loud, not emotional to be heard, but pray so that God can hear you. Even if the person next to you is praying something different, don't listen. I want you to pray to God for absolute surrender as never before in life.

You did this last night, but I want you to pray to God to make you a soul winner. And I want you to say to the Lord, Lord, it doesn't matter, it doesn't matter how late, how tired I am, how inconvenient, I will never neglect the soul because the possibility of death places on me a grave responsibility to every soul God and man expected me to witness to, to the day I die. Every soul that I could have.

May you pray, every one of you pray now and speak to God about this. Have deeds with God all across us all.

Audio: <https://sermonindex1.b-cdn.net/4/SID4430.mp3>

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