

The Tongue

by Keith Daniel

The sermon emphasizes the power of the tongue and the necessity of using it wisely under God's guidance.

Duration: 50:09

Scripture: Matthew 6:33, James 3:1-2, James 3:14-15, James 3:17-18

Topics: "Tongue"

Description

In this sermon, the speaker reflects on the feeling of being left behind and the horror it brings. He relates this to the concept of failing in the school of God and having to go back to the basics of faith. The speaker emphasizes the importance of controlling one's words, stating that a single sentence can have a destructive impact on someone's life. He also highlights the need to be an example to other believers and warns against failing with evil. The sermon concludes with a personal anecdote about the speaker's experience of being left behind in a parking lot.

Transcript

If ever I were asked to single out one chapter in the entire Bible that I believe a Christian should read every day of their lives, then without hesitation I would say James chapter 3, where we read these words. My brethren, be not many masters, knowing that we shall receive the greater condemnation. For in many things we offend all.

My brethren, be not many masters. The margin, certain of our Bible, says teachers of the oracles of God. That's something to read in the Bible.

My brethren, be not many teachers of the oracles of God. Can that be, knowing that we shall receive the greater condemnation. For in many things we offend all.

John Calvin says self-constituted preachers, self-appointed preachers, never ordained by God to preach, is what it means here. My brethren, be not many masters, knowing that we shall receive the greater condemnation. For in many things we offend all.

The amplified version says, for you know that we teachers will be judged by a higher standard with greater severity than other people. Thus we assume the greater accountability. We take on ourselves the greater accountability once we stand in the circuit of God.

Now the next verse is one of the most staggering verses in the Bible. Listen carefully. If any man, in this auditorium, if any man, God says, offends not in word, the same is a perfect God says, and able also to bridle the whole body, oh what a dream.

God says, put yourself to the test, put each other to the test. If any man, God says, if any man offends not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body, to control the whole body. Behold, we put bits in the horses' mouths that they may obey us, and we turn about their whole bodies.

Behold also the ships, which though they be so great, and driven of fierce winds, yet as they turned about with a very small herald, we are still but a governed listless, even so the tongue is a little member, and boasts its great things. Behold, how great a matter, a little fire, a kingdom, and the tongue is a fire, a whirl of iniquity. So is the tongue among our members, that it defiler the whole body, and set us on fire, the course of nature, and it is set on fire of hell.

But every kind of beast, and the birds, and the serpents, and the things in the sea, is tamed, and has been tamed of mankind, but the tongue can no man tame. It is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. Therewith bless we God, even the Father, and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similar feet of God.

Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be. Doth a fountain send forth of the same place sweet water, and bitter? Can the fig tree, my brethren, bear olive berries, either of vine or fig? So can no fountain, both yield salt water and fresh.

Who is a wise man, and endued with knowledge among you? Who is a wise man, and endued with knowledge among you? Let him show out of a good conversation his work with meekness of wisdom. But if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not, and lie not against the truth. This wisdom doth sendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish.

For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work. But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easily entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy. And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.

The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace. Of all the verses in this chapter, one verse is the foundation. Without it, this would just be a cry of condemnation, without anything to point to.

But this verse is probably one of the most vital verses God has ever held out to Christianity. This verse, if any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man. If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and they belong to the bridal, the whole body.

The foremost proof of holiness, a vital reality with God, the foremost proof of holiness is a man's ability to refrain from entering into any conversation whereby he becomes defiled in the sight of God. The foremost proof of holiness, a vital reality with God, is a man's ability to refrain from entering into any conversation whereby he becomes defiled in the sight of God. If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and they will also be bridal, the whole body.

The whole nature, you're in control, you're in victory. One of the greatest revelations God ever gave me of the Christian faith, one of the greatest revelations God ever gave me of the Christian faith, was when I suddenly was thrown into one of the deepest trials, one of the deepest trials God ever allowed me to go through in my faith. I was sitting in a meeting like you, in a great convention.

The man in the pulpit, suddenly knowing I was in the meeting, began to attack me. He began to try and destroy me. He began to undermine, knowing I was sitting down there, my integrity, my motive for serving God, the reality of the fruit of my ministry.

I sat there, listening to this man with disbelief. He was intent on nothing less than destroying me publicly. I don't know whether being filled with God the Holy Ghost means you cannot be hurt, but I want to be utterly honest.

I was crushed. My heart was crushed. I was hurt.

My heart was crushed. Tears came down my face. I thought, how can this man possibly believe these things of me? How can this man possibly believe these things of me? At the end of the meeting, I stood and I wanted to flee out of that hall.

I didn't want to speak to anyone. I had nothing in my heart to speak to anyone but God. I wanted to get out of that building and get alone with my God.

It was all in my mind, but somehow I couldn't get out. They all stood too far, and the hands just reached out to me. And I looked at the faces, the tears, and I realized a cloud of grief had fallen upon the whole convention, a cloud of sorrow and grief.

One man looked and held me and said, boy, his tears came down his eyes. Don't you worry, Keith. He's destroyed himself.

He hasn't touched you. I walked out, though. I still hadn't said one word.

Walked out, trying to flee as people were trying to stop me. I wanted to get out of that hall into the dark, out there in the gardens. I just wanted to get out.

I didn't want people. Right out of the entrance, there were three or four men, preachers, some of them very, very well known in our country, standing there. They wouldn't let me pass, grieved by what this man had done.

And as they stood there, talking into the indignation in their hearts, the cowardice of the man, the unethicalness of what he'd done, how grieved they were, how angered they were. And there they wouldn't let me pass, and a whole crowd of people came listening to them, all behind me, crowding out from the hall, listening. And just as I was about to speak, just as I was about to react to what was going on in my heart about what this man had done, my father-in-law, Yanni Maru, one of the most loved preachers of our country, he just walked, oh, he's a tall man, just walked, pushing past the crowd, walked in front of these men, who were talking with such indignation.

He looked at me, tears coming down his face. Oh, it had not been easy for my father-in-law to hear the things he had been said about his son-in-law. Tears coming down his face, he put his hand onto my shoulder, and he said with a loud voice, Keith, boy, I hope you know what this is about.

I hope you know what's happening, boy. Keith, listen now, listen carefully now. We're all in the school of God, boy, when you say that moment, you're in the school of God.

Some of us, we're in class one, some in standard one, some in standard six, some in the chick, some in university level. Only God knows what level we're in the school of God. We're all in some level, though.

And Keith, just as when you were in secular school as a boy, you, at every level, had to face tests. You had to face exams, boy, before you could get to the next level. And if you failed, remember now back to school, if you failed, you had to go through that exam again.

You had to go again until you passed to get to the next level. Now listen, Keith, you're going through an exam very few of us have ever had to face. It's an extreme exam, I know that, boy.

But God's putting you through it, Keith. If you don't pass, in God's sight and in men's sight, and men are watching you, boy, men are watching you. If you don't pass this exam in God's sight and in men's sight, you're going to go through it again.

It's up to you, Keith. I passed the exam, Keith, and he turned and walked as he went. And everyone fled, not another word.

I was alone at last. Oh, everything seemed so different. Suddenly, I just looked at it through different eyes.

I just stood there like a burden had been taken off. The next morning, it was arranged, announced, that the whole convention would meet in the parking area at a certain time. The time was given for a reason.

We all were to take all the cars, all the combis, all the vehicles available, and we were going to all get everybody from these hostels and buildings, housing all the people, accommodating all those attending the convention. Everyone was to go into every vehicle available, and we were all to leave together to go as a convoy across the great city, so that none of us got lost. We'd all get there in time to join up with another convention, people of like mind, to pray through to God.

And so I looked at my time, suddenly realized, oh my, and I ran out realizing everybody's out of the building. I'm the last one. So I ran down, saw all the cars revving, their engines, they're all ready to go.

Streams of cars all over the parking place, all full of people. And I ran looking for some car that I could get into, not one. Car after car, no room.

Everybody packed in. Suddenly, a hooter way back at the other side of the parking area. There's a place available, so I ran through, knowing I'm keeping everybody waiting now.

Ran as I got closer and closer. One seat of every single car. I got closer and closer.

There was this combi. I slowed down, and my heart began to sink, and everybody in the combis' heart began to sink as they saw who was coming to the one seat available. I saw the one seat left of this whole stream of cars was next to this man.

I'd gotten in the car. There was a deathly silence. And I sat next to him, no one speaking, the cars was going off.

I looked in the rearview mirror, the man driving, his eyes as big, to see what I was going to do to this man, what I was going to say to him. Utter silence. And I remember looking out the window, and I prayed in my heart, oh God, give me the grace I don't have to pass this exam in God's eyes and in men's.

And men are watching me, Lord, they're watching me. I don't want to go through this again, God. I can't.

I'm not strong enough. Please give me the grace to pass this exam now, Lord, so I don't have to go through it again. And I turned, and I looked at this man, oh my, by that time the Holy Ghost had smitten him, smitten him.

He knew he had done something terrible. He knew by now that he was wrong in his judgment of me. He sat there in his place, his eyes full of fear, trembling, looking at me.

And I put my hand onto his arm, and I said, sir, I want to tell you, sir, I, and I want to tell you that from this time forth, I will pray to you that God will bless you and honor you. You know, I saw something in that man's eyes that I shall treasure for all eternity. He knew I wasn't being facetious or obnoxious or hypocritical.

He knew as he looked at me that I meant every word from the depth of my soul that I was saying. And I looked in his eyes, and I saw something I shall always treasure. I saw a man that was my enemy enough to want to destroy me.

I saw that man in one moment look at me with utter respect. Oh, I could have given him back what he gave me, given back what he deserved and told him what a coward he is. I could have given him back and gave everything he seemed to deserve, but I, I would have lost that thing that I now treasure, to see an enemy in one moment look at me with utter respect.

Why? Because I looked to this God to give me grace. I knew I didn't have to pass an exam that he placed. That man, to this day, stands by me.

He wouldn't have if I'd given him back and I hadn't passed the exam. He would have been wounded but known I'm no better than him. Oh, this God, I say it so reverently, is obliged to give you all the grace you need, no matter what trial, no matter what test, no matter how severe, no matter how cruel man turns upon you, no matter what happens, even if a man tries to destroy you.

This God is obliged, obliged to give you all the grace you need to pass any exam and every exam, no matter how severe, to pass the exam, if you look to him for the grace. I came to start thinking about what my father said as the time went by. It has such an effect on me.

I came to ponder those words again and again and again and again. Shortly afterwards, I began to think of them, of what he said concerning how we are like in a secular school, in the school of God, having to face exams and standards and if you fail the exam, you're going to go through it again. If you fail the exam, you go back to the same standard.

I began to think about that and I thought back to school when I was a boy. Suddenly it came back to me, something I'd forgotten for years. I failed.

There's one standard, I failed. I don't know if you're willing to admit such a thing, but I have to. I failed because school to me, well, there was nothing academic in me.

I was at school for one reason, in my own eyes, and that was for sport. I lived for sport. Mummy and Daddy didn't quite know what to do with me, but I didn't know that there was any other reason to be at school, as far as I could see.

And of course, I don't know how I got through school with that attitude. I just don't know how I did it. But that was it.

I love sport. I love sport. It all caught up with me.

And there was this year, suddenly I was given this news, I had failed. I had failed the standard. And suddenly as I thought back, after my father-in-law said those words, suddenly I, I suddenly remembered the horror that gripped me when I was a child.

It seemed to come back with a vengeance after all those years. The horror that suddenly just gripped me at the consciousness when I knew I'd failed. And the reason for that horror came back with a vengeance.

I was suddenly aware that I had been left behind, that those who started with me at school, we all started together, the same class, we all learned the same lessons, suddenly we all faced the same exams, we all went to the next standard, we all learned again, all together, the same boys, the same girls, standard upon standard. We just learned the same, we faced the same exams, we were next to the next standard, all went up together. And now suddenly, suddenly, I was conscious, I was left behind.

They were conscious I was left behind. You couldn't deny it, you couldn't hide it, it was, I'm left behind. The horror that gripped my heart as a boy, when I saw everyone, I started with going ahead, and I saw them looking back knowing I'm left behind.

All with a horrific thing, a terrible thing, you know, in the school of God, it's a terrible thing, the holy scriptures speak of it. You, in the school of God, fail, and you're left behind, and Paul rebukes with grief in his heart saying, I should, by this time, you should be able to be taught strong meat from men, but because of your failure, as it were, you have to be taken over the first principles of the faith all over again. You're stuck in an era as they take you through the first principles, you're still left behind.

Here you are, like babe, still having to be fed with milk, you still have been strong meat for men by now. Hell! You're left behind, look at the others, look what God's doing to them. You are through failure.

I had an uncle, and my mother's side of the family, she had a very large family, eight children, nine actually, one died, but my uncle, his name was Moon, terrible name to give a man, he had no hair. A very big man, enormous man, everybody called him Moon. He was what we call the black sheep of the family.

He was the first one to say it, by the way, in case you think it's a bit of a derogatory term. The rest of the family all excelled in everything, academically, in the line of work, they excelled, went to a couple of their professions, they were South African champions, a number of them, his brothers and sisters in sport, they just excelled the family in the most remarkable way. But here was Uncle Moon, all he lived for, that I can remember, was to make people laugh, and he certainly knew how to do that.

Uncle Moon didn't even have to open his mouth before he was just crying with laughter when he walked in. I used to marvel at it. He was a very funny, funny man.

When he got saved, when he was very elderly, still gulking and still in, Uncle Moon lived to make people laugh. I'll never forget his children, his granny and grandpa died, everybody rallied around my mummy, and the same with my father. All the brothers, all the sisters and their wives, husbands came on Sunday night.

We weren't a religious family. Sunday night was the night of the family, and they came and there was a house crowded out with all my family, all my mothers, brothers and sisters, and their families and children, all the cousins we used to run around. No children were allowed in the lounge, by the way, there was only grown-ups.

Something in South Africa that was, I don't know about America, but we had, we loved them, we were children, we had a lot of grown-ups, grown-ups. We didn't argue about it. All they wanted to speak in South Africa those days was two things, politics and sport.

That's all South Africans were interested in, politics and sport. Seldom heard anything else being discussed, ever. But anyway, that was what was going on in my house, Sunday after Sunday, just politics and sport.

And the children running around, every Sunday night we used to do something. We used to come to the lounge door, peeping in, we weren't allowed in. We used to look for Uncle Moon until we got his eyes.

Uncle Moon, come, come. He didn't take much wooing to come out of all the grown-ups company and get with the kids, you know. He was up, just came out, we got him in the bed.

We all sat around him, arms around him, all around the floor. We were quite a tribe, by the way. And we'd say, Uncle Moon, tell us jokes, tell us stories.

But when you were in the war, all his stories, when he was a prisoner of war, the poor Germans. I believe some of those stories were absolutely true. I think they must have loved him, though.

Everyone loved Uncle Moon. He was remarkable. He walked down the streets of one of the biggest cities in the, in the country, and everyone knew Moon.

Everyone. We marveled. There wasn't anyone along.

Oh, he was loved, dear Uncle Moon. There we were, as he told us the jokes, and we sat just drawing everything out of him. I'll never forget one thing he told us, is when he heard about one of us failing at school.

He said, oh, you failed? Well, don't let that worry you. Uncle Moon failed many times at school. He says, I was always a big boy when I started.

I was a bit bigger than everybody else, all these other little fellows and girls. And I failed. And then the next crowd came, and I was all the bigger, you know.

And I failed again. And you know what they did? They pushed me up. I didn't pass.

They pushed me out of embarrassment to the next standard. And then I failed again. And again.

All I did was fail through school, but they pushed me up, you see. And to the end, he says, I became a problem to the education department and the government. They didn't know quite how to work out a pension scheme for someone who failed at school.

I don't think he was truthful there. I think it was a bit joking there. He was, that was just a joke that he was telling us, I hope.

The terrible thing, though, when you see it in the school of God, you see it in all you see it. Someone who just fails. Every, every trial God allows him to go into, every test.

The moment things aren't just perfect, he fails. To his wife, he fails. To his children, he just fails.

Things aren't perfect. At work, in the home, in the church, he just, every time things aren't just what he wants, just as it should be. The moment there's any form of exam that he has to face, any form of trial to face, he fails.

He just fails and fails and fails. It's a terrible thing to see someone who is in the school of God, and that's all you see, as he faces the exams God sets for him. And nothing, by the way, is not an exam.

In case you think it's just the old devil having his way, no. God allows it. The most tragic and saddest, the saddest moment of it all in the school of God is when I suddenly realize, and everyone else realizes, I've just failed.

I've just failed. In the exam God allows me to fail. The saddest and most tragic moment of it all in the school of God is when I suddenly realize, and everyone realizes, I've failed.

And that moment is realized more than anything else in Christianity, when out of these mysteries come words that said, never have come to the side of God. More than anything else in the school of God, that moment that I have failed God, is when out of these lips come words that said, never have come to the side of God. Oh, it's tragic.

It's tragic. It's tragic. A tragic moment when I suddenly realize, and I'm conscious everybody else realizes, whether it's my children and my wife, whether it's my enemy, that I should be winning.

Oh, it's tragic when I realize, and everyone else realizes, and I'm conscious of it. It's a tragic, tragic moment. I failed.

And if it isn't tragic to you, then that's, that's an even greater tragedy within the course of your life. If it isn't tragic to you, that you're failing with your lips, to your children, to your wife, to your enemy, in your search, if it isn't tragic to you when you fail, and you know you failed, then that's probably the greatest tragedy God could write upon. Oh, it is intragic.

That's a tragedy. I was once in a convention, a great convention in my country, and in the hall, the dining hall, hundreds and hundreds of people, all fellowshipping around the tables. I was sitting at one table, right in the middle of the hall.

At the table were other preachers, some of them, some of the most well-known preachers of our country, sitting at the table. And opposite me sat a lady, a woman of God that has staggered my nation, a woman of God that is holy, a missionary. This lady, I'd never ever seen, not once in all the years I'd known her, to reveal anything but an utterly Christ-like spirit, no matter what men, women, were doing to her, no matter what came against her, no matter what circumstances or pressures came upon this woman.

I saw her stand and reveal Christ. I'd never ever seen anything else of Christ-likeness given back to even those who turned against her. I'd never ever heard her say one unkind word in my life, in all the years I knew her.

I'd never heard her say a derogatory word about a single human being. She said to me when I was saved, please, what you cannot say to a person's face, and for the glory of God, not say at all. What you cannot say to a person's face, in love, and for the glory of God, you cannot say at all, because if you do, you are a scandal-monger, a coward, and a grief to God.

I grabbed those words with both hands for my life, and strove to attain that through the years, to what that woman had said to me, because she lived it. She was at the opposite side of the table, facing me, with all these priests around, and there was a conversation that suddenly developed between two or three of the priests, about some other priest there, who wasn't there to defend himself. Suddenly they were attacking his testimony and honour, and he wasn't there to defend himself, because he had no right to be doing it, and they were wrong what they were saying, because I knew this man better than they I knew him.

They were so wrong. You know, I could hardly follow. I began to almost talk.

I sat there so agonizing. I thought, what are they doing? Every one at this table will never be able to look at that person with trust again. They're destroying him.

He isn't here to defend him. God, what can I do? I sat there, trying not to choke in my grief, in my faith that I was getting what they were doing. God, what can I say to stop them from destroying this man? They're wrong.

I don't want to offend them. I don't want to offend them. What am I going to do, God? Before I could say a word, this woman, not realizing that she was facing being with them, this woman, caught up in this atmosphere, suddenly began to add derogatory words about this person who wasn't there to defend himself.

I was so grieved with these people, but when this woman failed, I put my knife and fork down, and I sat back in shock, and there was silence at the table as they were looking, and she looked. I didn't mean to condemn her, but the tears just swelled up in her eyes. She realized.

She began to cry so loud, it is like agony came out of her own heart. Everyone jumped up from the table because of who it was. What is it? What's wrong? The whole hall came to silence, and I knew who it was.

It was one of the most revered, loved women of God in my name. I knew. I knew why she got up, and she just walked, crying aloud, in her grief, but one statement, but one step, the whole hall remained in silence.

Oh, it's a tragic, tragic thing, a tragic, tragic moment, when I realize, and everyone else realizes, I betrayed God with my life, and if it isn't tragic to you, sir, then written across your life in God's heart is a greater tragedy. In the school of God, I've had many great teachers, many great teachers. I've learned many lessons from many great teachers, men and women who themselves were in the school of God, but who so excelled, no matter what test, no matter what exam they were to face, no matter how severe, no matter how difficult it was, they so excelled in passing the exams, that they became teachers.

They became examples of the believers in word. What are you? Are you an example of the believers? If any man offends not, no more light is to come. Not ultimate perfection, God's not speaking about that.

In the light you've been given, if any man offends not in word, the same is able also to live in victory over his entire nation, he's got control. Tell me, are you an example to the believers, or are you a failure? Are you a failure? Do you fail, and fail, and fail, and fail? Is written across your life by God and man through

what comes out of these lips, this tongue? Is it an unruly evil full of deadly poison? I do not know of any sin in the 29 years I've been saved that has done more harm to the work of God and caused more hurt among the people of God than the sin of unclean. Woe is me.

I'm a man of uncleanness. I dwell in the midst of the people of uncleanness. You're going to have to go out there and commit adultery, sir, before you need to cry, woe is me.

You just have to say it once, and you need to cry out from your soul because of what you've done to God's heart and the deadly poison it destroys. You don't have to take a knife to murder a man. No, you might lose your testimony.

You might today. All you need to say to murder someone shows one sentence. One sentence can murder a man more ruthlessly.

Murder is testimony. Murder is honor. Murder is truth.

God says it's deadly poison that comes out of this unruly. If you're not in control, if this is not in control, tell me, are you an example to the believer in words? Every one of you, I don't care who you are, if you fail, you failed again. We went to those who tried to destroy you.

If you fail, it is evil. If you fail, you fail with evil. And you know that that is the highest, highest, highest truth God gives us now that you live or that you are saved.

It's not adultery. Don't fail with his lips. He won't fail with his adultery.

He'll fail with his lips to set us on fire the course of nature. Every one of you, you fail with his lips and you know you've got to let God deal with it. This one proof, the foremost proof of holiness, of vital reality with God.

If you know you fail, God with his lips and you know God brought you here and God is desperate to stop you. Because it sets the course of all the other failures within your life. If you don't get to control his lips, you're never going to go victory.

You need to come to God for the blood, the blood for this terrible sin. You need to come tonight to God for the blood, ministers, priests, well-known throughout the country. You need to come to God for the blood to forgive you, to cleanse you, to cleanse you from all the failures, the failures.

You need to come to God for the blood to go deeper, for out of the heart to come all these failures. Come God, I'm not going to fail anymore from tonight. God deal with these lips, deal with this heart, create in me a clean heart.

Oh God, oh God, I will not fail thee ever again, Lord by thy grace. I will look to thee for the grace no matter how severe the trial, no matter what a man does to me, though he's about to destroy me. I want to lord from this night in front of my children, in front of my wife.

I want to pass the exams, Lord, to my enemies from this night, and I know I can. I want to, Lord, and I come to thee for cleansing in the blood of Christ, and for heart cleansing in the blood of Christ. Give me the victory I need to pass, to examine the foremost truth that we know at last, and I wonder who he is.

Those of you that fail with the lips, that know I don't care who you are, I want to ask you to stand, and those that stand I'm going to pray for, I only ask once. Come, let's bow in prayer. Father, Father, forgive me.

Oh my God, forgive me. That led me to the other side, not controlling, not holding back, and looking to thee for grace. My God, watch me in the blood of Christ.

Please, God, I want a new start. And I have only hope in the blood. I want to go to higher standards, until all may see in me Christ, and I become an example of the believers in words.

I have sinned not in words. Watch me in the blood, so true and true, Lord. Nothing of all that I've forgotten, or I even didn't confess, because it wasn't tragic to me.

My God, please, even things I've forgotten, please, don't hold me accountable. Let the blood wash everything, everything, everything, not only the lips, but what the lips led my whole nature to do, because it wasn't in control. Wash me in the blood, God, that nothing, nothing, nothing is not clean, and wash them forgiven and forgotten.

Please, God, do that for me. And let the blood go deeper now. Come, Lord, wash me through and through and through and through and through and through with the blood of Christ, creating me now a clean heart.

Oh, God, renew a right spirit within me. Give me the grace from the next step I take to the day I die to pass through this end with my lips, no matter what happens. Oh, I have faith in Jesus Christ.

Amen. Amen. Can we all remain standing? Be careful now.

Your exams aren't going to stop when you leave this holy place. You'll be amazed when God will have put the exams right with you.

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