

A Revival Of Humility

by Kevin Turner

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Transcript

I am honored to be here and stand and speak of the one who alone set me free, delivered me out of the muck and the mire. Psalm 113 is my testimony for who is like unto the Lord our God. He looks down upon the poor and the needy and he lifts us out of the ash heap and the dung hill.

And thank God he doesn't stop there but he sets us at a table with princes. And I believe that was a foreshadowing of the day that when we would sit at a table and have fellowship of the Lamb of God. Well today I've been asked to come and speak at this revival conference.

I have spent about the last month in preparation for what I will share today. And I can tell you that I am more unclear of what I will say today than I was last night. I have myriads of notes, I have scripture verses, I have so many things jotted down that I thought, ah this is what to say, this is what to say.

The number one thing I believe that's essential for anyone to stand behind this sacred desk is you realize it's not your platform. It doesn't belong to me. Instead you stand here as a agape doulos, a love slave, God's love filling you.

And then as such you speak, in fact I will tell you some of you may have read about them, the Covenanters were incredible people. One of the Covenanters, his name was Donald Cargill. You can read

about his testimony in a great book put up by Banner of Truth Trust called A Cloud of Witnesses or Great Cloud of Witnesses.

I remember I read this testimony shortly after I was born again January 22nd 1989. I was there alone on my living room floor and I met the Lamb of God who takes away my sins and the sins of the world. Shortly after I was hooked up with an incredible man of God who disciplined me by not only talking, communicating, and praying but sending books and one of the books that was recommended to me was this book Cloud of Witnesses.

I don't even have to turn back to the page. The page actually is marked with my tears because it's all crinkled on that book. It's also marked with pieces of toilet paper because I was weeping and crying.

Anybody that knows me much knows it doesn't take much to make me cry anyway but this certainly seemed to rip my heart out. I was reading about a man, one of the Covenanters, Donald Cargill, who actually incidentally he preached his last sermon doing pull-ups. Preached his last sermon doing pull-ups and his pull-ups were a little bit different than what you think.

It wasn't because he was a health nut and he inhabited the gym. In fact it was because he inhabited the throne room of grace that he ended up spending the last of his life. His last sermons were actually preached while he was hanging on to the prison bars.

There was a small area for air exchange up there that were barred. It was right near the ground level. He was down below but he found that if he jumped up he could grab those bars, he could pull his lips to the iron and he preached Christ and him crucified.

Christ alone the head of the church. While the king said, no if you say that you'll go to prison, he said, I cannot have my conscience offended because Christ alone is the head of the church. Donald Cargill actually, it's not correct, he didn't preach his last sermons there with his face pulled up to a bar of iron while literally crowds and crowds and throngs of people came.

Can you imagine hearing a message from a desperate man of God with his lips perched to iron bars and the people bent down in awe to hear this oracle? His last sermon actually was preached as he was going to the gallows where he would pay the ultimate price for his testimony. He would be hung and later he would be drawn and quartered. His hands would be severed from his body, his head would be severed from his body and it would be placed as a momentum, as a memorial if you will, to anyone who dare claim that Christ alone is the head of his church, not the king.

And before he walked up the steps to his gallow, they asked him, is there any last thing you would like to say? And he said this, I tell you all now who can hear me that I ascend the steps of this gallow to my death with less fear and perturbation of soul than e'er I ever ascended the steps to stand and speak from God's holy desk. Well hey, that'll start a revival. I think it's clear that before we talk about what revival is, we should actually define what it's not.

The man who disciplined me said this often, he said, Kevin remember revival is not when the top blows off, it's often when the bottom falls out. It's not about ecstatic utterances, many of the physical things that have seemed to accompany some historical revivals over time, rather it's about an ecstasy, it's about lovesickness, it's about coming to the place where you care for nothing more than this, oh that I may know him. I long to be found in his fellowship, I long to experience and to fill up on those sufferings which are

lacking in the body of Christ.

And the false prophet stands and says, take ease, why be so legalistic, oh why so serious? And we've heard the statistics that will blind you that just under 2.5 billion human beings walking this planet today do not glorify God because they've never heard the name of Jesus. Now I will tell you from the start, I have a hard time with some people's aspects of revival. Some people they seek revival simply so that they can walk around holier than thou.

It's all about me, me, me, make it in me, do this in me, bless me, pour your spirit on me. And I think a true expression of revival is God pour your spirit through me. God allow me to disappear, that Christ might have the preeminence in all things.

And I can tell you what revival is, it's when God stamps eternity on your eyeballs. It's when you lose your earthboundness, when you look to live for something greater than yourself. You are not just an incessant tide pool waiting to be filled with the next wave after the next wave.

Why should God waste his glory on a vessel that's not broken, that has no intention of being spilled out, poured out, or broken? I know many of you know this, but I'll use the analogy anyway. There's a reason we call it the Dead Sea. Some of you may have been there, I've been there.

It's interesting, you can't really dive deep in the Dead Sea because of its saline content. It holds you up, not that you'd want to swim in it anyway, but the interesting thing obviously is that the source of life, the Galilee flowing into it, continues to flow into it, and yet the Dead Sea has no outlet. Hence it becomes a continual stagnation.

In the end, I believe that revival comes when we are no longer content to live in compliance, but instead we desire to live in principle. Compliance versus principle. What is the constraining thoughts? What are they of your heart? All through the scripture we see men who chose rather to live in compliance.

I pray because I should. I go to church because after all it's the religious thing to do. I go to Sunday school because it makes me look spiritual.

And the plethora, if you examine and you hold it up before the light of Christ, what matters in your life? What's the animating principle? What is it that compels you to do what you do? Why are you here today? Why are you listening live on the internet? Did you come to see a spectacle? You're in the right place because to walk before Christ is to be content to be made a spectacle before the whole world, but by no means will you see a sideshow. So compliance or principle, there are various instances where we see it in the Bible. One of those happens to be in Exodus chapter 4. Exodus chapter 4 is interesting.

We see it's replete with God equipping. In fact, if you look at Exodus chapter 4 verse 2, God is speaking to Moses and he says, what is in thy hand? Now that's not the bulk of my text, so I won't stay there or will be here for several hours more than I'm partitioned. However, what I would like to draw your attention to is a verse found in Exodus the same chapter 4 verse 24.

And it came to pass by the way in the inn that the Lord met him and sought to kill him. Now I have read and reread this. I have looked at about 20 different commentators and their opinions on it, and I can tell you they're as varied as the individuals in this room.

There was one common thread, however. Moses had met God, he'd been called, and he was equipped. But it appears that he was still walking in compliance rather than principle.

Let's read the rest of the verses. Then Zipporah took a sharp stone and cut off the foreskin of her son and cast it at his feet and said, surely a bloody husband art thou to me. So he, God, let him go.

Then she said, a bloody husband thou art because of the circumcision. Now we obviously know that in Genesis chapter 17, which obviously would follow Genesis chapter 15, we see a remarkable thing. It's where God appears to Abraham and he says, behold, I am thy shield and exceeding great reward.

And of course we know the Lord came and spoke to him about this after Genesis 14, which was about the rescue of Lot, and then of course the gifts that he refused from what the world could offer him. And then God shows up. He says, behold, I am your shield, your protector, your defender.

I am your exceeding great reward. And then of course in 17 of Genesis, we see that Abraham has this encounter with God. It's a dark terror comes upon him.

He's put to sleep. A sacrifice is there. It's cut or torn in two.

And of course we know that the law of the covenant at the time was the weaker of the two covenants. In other words, the weakest making the covenant with the stronger would then proceed to walk through the bloody mess and the disembowelment of the animals and say, may the Lord do so unto me if I keep not this covenant. And the wonder of wonders is that Abraham was put to sleep and one greater than Abraham trod the blood, thus foreshadowing Christ.

So the greater made a covenant by himself because there was no stronger authority with which to swear by. And he said to Abraham that he would set up a covenant of circumcision. And this would be the sign.

And that him and all that are in his household, and Abraham as we know at the age of 99, was circumcised. And Ishmael was circumcised at the age of 13. And Isaac was circumcised on the 8th day just as they were commanded to do.

As the story progresses, we see the children of Israel now brought off into a land that initially seemed their deliverance and eventually became their bondage. And then God takes a man. Now the interesting thing, I believe with all my heart, that when God is looking to do something in the church, God calls a man.

He doesn't call a method. He doesn't call a machine. He calls a man.

And Moses was that man. He protested. He was not able.

But the interesting thing about this entire dialogue is that we see before he would head back in Exodus chapter 5 and out there in the Sinai where he would meet his brother Aaron who was allowed to become his mouthpiece and Moses would become his God speaking to him. God sought to kill him. Why go through all of this trouble, calling and equipping and 40 years of fashioning in the desert and all the plethora of things that God did to prepare a man.

And then as he's walking in obedience to go to what he's been commanded to do, God seeks to kill him. Surely you must... what waste! Is God so temperamental? Can he not be trusted? Is he like the Greek demigods who had the powers of the gods but the disposition of men? No. One thousand times no.

And what we see is when we look into this story we see the character of God that he desires for a man to walk in principle and not simply compliance because one of the things that Moses had had absolutely not done is he had failed to circumcise his second-born son. And God was quick to remind him, listen buddy, the only hope of a relationship that you have between us, you and I, is through a covenant. And I'm a covenant-keeping God and I want covenant-principled people who are not simply walking in compliance but are moved by principle.

Little wonder that circumcision was set as the seal to take those most intimate places and to scar them as a sign and a seal of this covenant. And so here we see Zipporah stepped in and saved his life. I find it interesting because one of the things I did do is I looked through all the different versions.

I looked through all of the newest and the latest commentaries on this thing is that the one thing that everybody did agree on is that what she actually did is Zipporah took that flesh, the foreskin of that young son that she actually circumcised herself, though she disdained the idea. And what she actually did is she touched it to his feet. I thought that was interesting because when Moses turned aside and he saw the burning bush there in the desert, one of the first things he was told is, stop.

Don't. Don't come near here. First take off your shoes.

And it was that tactile part of Moses that was to stand upon holy ground and experience God. Amazing that that circumcision had to take place and that that blood was touched to his feet. It's interesting in the West, our custom is the glory of a man is his head.

That's why I know they don't do it all the time now, but I do and many do. When you enter into the house of God, what do we always do? We take our hat off. We uncover our head.

Some of you women believe that you cover your head, but still the tradition throughout the East is they uncover their feet when they desire to stand in a holy place. The interesting thing about this is that God sought to kill Moses because he was not walking in a manner worthy of the covenant that he was actually purchased under. Now, if you would flip with me all the way into the New Testament and let's examine another particular verse that I find quite interesting in light of that.

It's found in the book of Galatians, chapter six, verse 15 in Galatians, chapter six, verse 15. It says this, and this is the apostle Paul speaking. He says, for in Christ Jesus, neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision, but a new creature.

Paul obviously was a prolific scholar of the Old Testament. Surely he understood all that had been established in the covenant of circumcision. And now he tells the new followers of Christ, and in fact, it was with much contention, because for those of you that know the history of Galatians, there were scissor-making Christians there.

And what they did is they said, look, you have to live by compliance to our laws, our rules, our code, our standard, and our way of doing things. And Paul was saying, no, the greatest of these is principle. So much so that circumcision or uncircumcision, it avails you little.

Now to spring ahead about 2,000 years, there was a beautiful, brilliant woman of God named Amy Carmichael that I love to read about her work and to see how the Lord used her as she was influenced by another man of God, William Carey. But Amy Carmichael said something that I quote often. She said this, can we follow the Savior far who have no wound or scar? Another hymn says, shall he be scorned and

spat upon and we no mocking see? Must others fight to win the prize and sail through bloody seas while others float to heaven on flowery beds of ease? Are there no foes for me to fight, must I not stem this flood? Or is this vile world a friend to help me on to God? Can we follow the Savior far who have no wound or scar? This is the core of Christianity.

This is identity crisis time. What you love, you cannot help but become like. Thomas Chalmers, though I'm not that big of a fan of him, did have one amazing sermon I particularly love.

It was called the expulsive power of a new affection. The expulsive power of a new affection. Meaning that when a new love comes in, by virtue of that love, it compels all other lesser things away.

No wonder the hymnist said turn your eyes upon Jesus. Look full in his wonderful face. What we face today is not a crisis in revival, we face an identity crisis.

It's that so many who name the name of Christ don't look like him because it's easier to live in compliance rather than principle. It's easier to get by than to be consumed, isn't it? I think a clarion call of Christianity is love me and look like me. So that it's Christ who works in us both the will and to do of his good pleasure, but Christ is seen through us as a manifestation of Christ now on this earth.

And so that the way that we live our lives should be done so in a way that reflects the chief glory on him. And it's why John Baptist could cry, he must increase and I must decrease. As I said before, I'll say it again, revival is not when the top blows off, it's often when the bottom falls out.

It's when either through force of circumstance or through passionate love, you come to the place where you say, not my will, not my dreams, not my purposes, not my plans, not my hopes, not my aspirations, not my money, not my honor, my dignity. I lay it all in the dust. I believe with all my heart that God will revive anyone who continues to place Christ in the highest place.

Revival is not a secret. In fact, I normally I choose not to read books that tell me there's a secret to something in Christianity. That's almost like the Gnostics and hidden knowledge stuff.

I say, yuck, I'm not interested. I'd rather read about Donald Cargill with pursed lips up to iron bars, preaching Christ and him crucified any day. No secret there, just a burned-out love for Christ.

You know, here's the beautiful thing about love. The old Puritan Proverbs says, love binds where there is no cord and it rules where there is no sword. Love is the perfect constrictor because it grips every bit of your pathos, your ethos, all that you are.

Love is never measured. Love says, all that I could give all. And when it's given all, it cries this, oh that I had more.

All to Jesus, I surrender. And again, to quote the man who disciplined me, I doubt that when we lay in our faces before the Lamb of God in eternity, that we will look up from our prostrate position and glance an eye at the Lamb of God who's taken away the sins of the world and say, you know Jesus, in light of really all that you are, man, I took this thing way too serious. I doubt any of us will be there to say, oh I gave so much.

Maybe some of you heard the poem written by Martha Snell Nicholson, a woman who constantly battled four incurable diseases in her body at one time. Bedridden, dependent upon her husband that she loved

passionately, and he loved her passionately, and then he died at a young age. She was left alone.

She wrote a poem called His Plan. His plan for my life, had he had his way and I see. How I would not yield my will.

Will there be grief in my Savior's eyes? Grief, though he loves me still. He would have me rich, and yet I stand there poor. Robbed of all but his grace, while memory runs like a hunted thing.

Down paths I can no longer retrace, and there I shall bow my uncrowned head, and there I shall cry tears I can no longer shed. Lord of the years that are left to me, I give them to thy hand. Mold me and make me after the pattern that thou hast planned.

We see that Moses was uprighted, in fact was threatened with death because he was walking in compliance rather than principle. He had not honored the circumcision, and then we see Paul saying, for in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth nor uncircumcision but a new creature. Now we're gonna jump all the way back into the New Testament again.

Let's go to Deuteronomy chapter 30 verse 6, because obviously we see continually throughout the Scriptures that God was continually pointing to Christ. Everything in the Bible points to Christ, for it's not the Word of God. So in Deuteronomy 30 verse 6, and first let me give you a little background on this.

I had come to Christ, I had this expulsive power of a new affection. I longed to be found in Him and to be lost in Him. The desperate cry continually of my heart was, oh God, stamp eternity on my eyeballs.

God give me a revelation of your majesty. I want to know you. And I can tell you after reading, I was actually reading through Wesley's journals, and I came across a part where he had commented on this verse.

And he said that he had made this his constant prayer. And I can tell you that for roughly seven years, I prayed this verse over and over and over and over again. It's Deuteronomy 30 verse 6, it says, and the Lord your God will circumcise thine heart and the heart of thy seed.

To love the Lord your God with all thine heart, with all thy soul that thou mayest live. What was so beautiful is that as I continued to pray that and continued to search the scriptures, I finally one day, and I can say it was only because the Spirit of God revealed it to me, but I finally one day found myself in the book of Colossians. If you'd turn there with me.

The book of Colossians chapter 2, starting at verse 11, because what's so amazing about God is that He is desirous to always, to constantly revive His people. Now I believe that revival is found as we gaze upon Christ and all that He did in His propitiation, the substitutionary atonement, all that He did to take away the wrath of God that should have been directed at me, but was directed at Christ, the Lamb of God instead. And when I gaze upon that and I see the hunks of phlegm hanging off of His ripped out beard and I see His battered body, I cannot help but say as Spurgeon said, tell me who is my benefactor that I may know Him.

And folks, I would just honestly say that if the cry of your heart is not that I might know my benefactor, who is He who suffered so amazingly for me, then possibly you've never been born again that I may know Him. And so here we see in Colossians chapter 2, the colossal intellect of Paul comes to bear and he begins to explain Christ and the circumcision. And the Spirit of God speaks through him and it says, in whom, verse

11, also ye are circumcised, you're circumcised with the circumcision that's been made without hands, in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ.

Now depending upon which particular theologians you ascribe to and who it is you follow, I don't care, but I can tell you that there are some that would say there is a definitive difference starting in about Romans 6.11 and then going on in the fact that for the most part, Paul talks about sins and then sin. He speaks of sins which are from the flow of the heart and that the blood of Christ takes care of them, but then later he speaks of the cross of Christ, not the blood of Christ that covers them, but the cross of Christ which is where the flow, the fount is dealt with. So it's not just that we all thank God we have a covering, therefore let us eat, drink, and be merry.

No, instead it's much more than that. It's not that the cross and the blood shed from there takes care of your sins, but the cross takes care of the nature that produces it. So at the heart of the gospel message it's not simply that I kneel before the cross, it's that I identify with the cross by getting on it.

Now let me ask you folks, who starts a revolution with these words, come and die? Who starts a revolution with come and die? And I will add that that admonition is an injunction and it's the minimum level of ministry, not the highest. And I'll also add that before Jesus says come and die, he says come and die. William Penn, founder of Philadelphia, incidentally my great-great-great-great-whatever-something grandfather, came over on the good ship welcome with him.

I found that out. I'm not glorying in my pedigree, but he came over. His name was Cuthbert Hayhurst.

Yes, thank God they didn't pass the name on. But his name was Cuthbert Hayhurst. He came over on the good ship welcome with William Penn.

They said it was believed that he had the first copy of a concordance in the United States. I wish I could get my hands on that. But William Penn wrote a book, which I happen to have, an old copy.

I love the title. The title of William Penn's book is this, very simple and sublime. No cross, no crown.

There it is, the summation of discipleship. No cross, no crown. Enter ye into the narrow gate.

And what is the Spirit's apprehension? What is that work that he does in us in a continuous revival? It is this, that he has circumcised us, not with hands, but it's a circumcision made without hands, in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ. You've been buried with him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with him through the faith of the operation of God. Through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead.

And listen to this, the magnum opus of our Christian faith, and you being dead in your sins, and the uncircumcision of your flesh, hath he quickened together with him, having forgiven all, A-L-L, of your trespassing. So Paul says that uncircumcision or circumcision matter. We see obviously it did matter, but what we have in between those testamental periods obviously is the cross of Christ.

We have a wounded, suffering, bloody Savior, whipped, beaten, disfigured, torn into by the hatred of man, rejected by his own people, surrounded by the intellect of the Greeks, the Roman power, of the military might of the Romans, and the colossal stranglehold of religion by the Jews. And into that marches a Savior. How beautiful.

Surely revival comes when we gaze long upon him. Surely if you spend any time walking with him, you have to say as those on the road of Emmaus, did not our hearts burn within us? Did not our hearts burn within us? Revival is not working yourselves up into some ecstatic, frantic ecstasy of the flesh. It's nothing less than the King of Kings and Lord of Lords coming and saying, may I sit on the throne of your eye.

May I have that place. I have learned through my life, I have much, many more verses and various things, but I've spent the last 20 years of my life working overseas in war zones and disaster areas. And one of those places we worked was Eritrea.

Eritrea used to be part of Ethiopia. They gained their independence in 93, 1993, and it's where I would labor for the next five and a half years of my life. And I would meet some people there that would change my life forever.

We initially moved to Eritrea so that we could continue to work in another section of Sudan where we've been laboring for many years. In the south, massive persecution of Christians, bloodshed. I went into one village in Turaleh where 38,000 people had been systematically shot, women and children.

I walked through a field where I thought were people. As I drove closer, I found out it was huge vultures and they were eating the children. And I wept.

I went behind the only tree that was out there and I vomited. And then I came back and this is what I said, these people are utterly forsaken. And as beautiful as Jesus is, and as wonderfully as he speaks, he so gently whispered into my spirit, oh no they're not.

I sent you. Little wonder that Paul said I fill up on those sufferings which are lacking. From there we would find ourselves laboring in a part of northeastern Sudan working exclusively among various unreached Muslim people groups.

In the process of that, the government, while we were there, began to shut down and close all the evangelical churches in Eritrea. And right now there are over 2,300 pastors and evangelists locked in shipping containers, holes in the ground, and old Italian caves. One of those young men locked in a cave and was in a container with 300 other men, his name is Binyamin.

Binyamin Sahai. We just call him Benji. My son Hunter led him to Christ while we were living there and his life was markedly changed from that day on.

I remember I would go out to the little house he was staying in and I would find him there laying on his cot and he would have that Bible on his chest, fall asleep every night digging into it. He would go to the underground meetings, he would sit in the back and the pastor came and told me later that he had very rarely seen such a sincere convert. He would weep at the message.

Benji would end up being arrested on many occasions, but the last we were thrown out of the country, lost all of our possessions and had to go, and Benji was arrested and he would remain locked up for three and a half years. Most of the time was spent in a 40-foot shipping container with 300 men in it and they had a cut-off piece of a metal barrel that they would defecate and urinate in and they used to literally seek to be the one that got to carry out the slush bucket because it gave him a chance to get some fresh air. Well, the interesting thing is I had finally given up all hope of ever seeing Benji again.

I thought I'd lost him. Three and a half years, no contact, I know the suffering and the torture, and by the way, he was given one cup of tea and two small hard biscuits a day to sustain himself. I ended up one night, I woke up, I was weeping because of something I had done to Benji several years before.

Benji was, we had to buy all of our fuel through the black market, there was no, you couldn't actually purchase fuel at a pump because there weren't any or you had to get special permission slip from the government, and so we would actually buy our fuel from Sudan carried across in barrels, but then we were forced with getting it out of the barrel, getting into a can, and then of course dumping it into our truck, and on one particular occasion I had went to Indonesia for the tsunami. I had flown back, my family was still there in Eritrea, and on the way I had actually stopped and bought a new pair of shoes. Oh, I loved those shoes, they were just comfortable.

Slip on, slip off, I'm standing next to the truck, Benji grabs the can, he goes to feel it, and instead he misses the hole, he dumps the fuel all over, and of course it spills all over me and my brand-new shoes, soaked in diesel fuel, and I was angry. I said for crying out loud, what in the world, I just get these stinking shoes and you, I gotta dump fuel all over them. I'm being very transparent with you.

What, what broke my heart was that he didn't say anything except he felt terrible, but later on, because I'd went in, I took the pants off that were full of diesel, and I took the shoes off, and I'd set them outside because they stunk, and when I had changed, and I was putting on another pair of shoes, Benji, by the way, who comes from a very poor family in Eritrea, he had a new shirt, it was a shirt that we had given him. I happened to glance out the window, and I saw Benji standing out back, and he was holding my shoes, and with his brand-new shirt, he was rubbing that oil, trying to rub it out of his shoes with his new shirt. Maybe four years later, I wake up in the night, and I am utterly in abhorrence of myself, because now, for three and a half years, I don't know if he's even alive, and I realize I never told him I was sorry.

I never said, oh God, forgive me, Benji, I'm sorry, and so I got up, and I was weeping, and I was praying, God have mercy on him, please spare him, and I began to write in my journal. I said the number one thing I'm going to say when I see Benji again is, one, I love you, and two, forgive me for being such a wretch, I'm so sorry. I penned those words in my journal, and I prayed that I would be able to see his face again, and within one month, I got a little scratchy, broken English email from Ethiopia, and it was Benji.

I said, I'm alive. I've escaped across the border, past the minefields and the military. I made it past hyenas and the croc-infested river, and immediately told my wife, we rejoiced, we jumped up and down, and I booked a flight.

I flew to Ethiopia, and I found him. When I did, he had typhus, malaria, and severe malnutrition. God, in his mercy, brought me there in time.

We literally, I ended up on one day carrying him into the hospital, where he was admitted into the emergency room, and treated for the various diseases and severe malnutrition, and then, as he was feeling better, we were able to sit down and glean some of his testimony, and the first thing I did is, I said, Benji, I have to share something with you. I said, I don't know if you remember, and I shared with him that story, and I wept, and I begged his forgiveness. Well, there was an Ethiopian who spoke to Grinya, and Amharic, and English, and was translating for me, so that even though Benji understood some English, he could understand exactly what I was trying to say, and he began to weep, and do you know what he said? Oh, all you've ever done is loved me.

I never thought twice about that. You are my father. I'm alive today because you cared, and revival came to my heart, to the humility of a broken, bruised, and beaten vessel.

I would spend the next many nights sitting on my bed while I watched over him, and he would struggle through the night. I remember every night he'd be crying out, and he'd be putting up his arms to, like, protect himself, and I found out that he was basically, he was beaten consistently and continually on many occasions, and then, one day, he showed me the scar that was around his neck, and the scar was from where we had actually purchased a cross for him with a leather strap, and one day, when they were taunting and mocking him, one of the guards ripped it from his neck, and when they did, it sliced both sections of the back of his neck. Benji said that in the container, I learned so much about Jesus.

I said, what did you learn? He said, I learned that when you have two shirts, you give one to somebody who doesn't have any. I learned that when someone was sick, even though you only got two pieces of bread, you saved that, and you gave it to someone else who was sicker, and then, the summation of a revival is, he said, in the prison, we learned how to love. Now, for some of us, it may be that we will have Pentecost in a prison camp, but I can assure you that does not have to be that way, because the Lord is desirous always to touch his people.

Benji's favorite verse while he was in prison was Nahum 1 7. The Lord is good. He is a shelter, and the Lord knows them that are healed. That was his promise.

I woke up. I, by the way, I don't know where I'm doing with my time. I can't actually see the clock.

I think I almost have to finish, correct? It's almost 3. I'm going to start talking faster. I woke up one night, and this was what was happening to me as God was working revival in my heart. I woke up, and I was utterly consumed with what a wretch I was, how religious I'd become, how bound in compliance rather than principle I was living.

And I prayed this, but later on, I ended up writing it down. My prayer was, God, save me from myself. And I said this, God, save me from the love of myself.

God, save me from the love of praise. God, save me from serving you so that I can be rewarded by men. God, save me from preaching what others should do while not doing it myself.

God, save me from the hypocrisy and gossip that I often call prayer and intercession. God, save me from ministering in your name but not calling on your name every day. God, save me from work for you and not worshiping towards you.

God, save me from talking about love for you but not taking time with you. God, save me from titles and entitlements. God, save me from pleasures that build the flesh but deny your spirit.

God, save me from serving you to be well thought of by others. God, save me from loving danger more than loving your peace. God, save me from griping and complaining about simple things and then talking about sacrifice.

God, save me from using the Bible to make my point so I can thereby prove that others are wrong. God, save me from being right all the time. God, save me from a sharp tongue and a backbiting spirit and passing it off as quick-wittedness.

God, save me from pride in what I do instead of glorying in my weakness. God, save me from leading by command rather than by example. God, save me from giving to others while I was keeping the best for myself.

God, save me from serving you and taking the glory and the rewards. God, save me from using you to further my ministry and my agenda. God, save me from praying only for my sins, myself, my work, my ministry, my stuff, my life.

God, save me from preaching from my heart and not from yours. God, save me from seeking the lost as a notch on my belt or a bragging point at a church. God, save me from trying to be the most spiritual so that others around me can be put down.

God, save me from the pecking order and using leadership as a place of advantage rather than service to others. God, save me from favoring people based upon what they can give or what they bring in my life. God, save me from loving those who love me while flippantly passing by those who have offended me.

There's too many to lead. One thing I've learned is that I don't know everything. But if we're willing to walk in humility and brokenness, the Bible tells us in Psalms 51 verse 17 that that's a heart that God will never despise.

God bless you.

Video: <https://sermonindex2.b-cdn.net/fscID73cuGE.mp4>

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