

# 911 Tragedy

by K.P. Yohannan

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*K.P. Yohannan's sermon reflects on the emotional impact of the 9/11 tragedy, emphasizing God's sovereignty and the call to live out faith amidst suffering and persecution.*

**Duration:** 49:56

**Scripture:** Matthew 10:23, Luke 14:26, Acts 20:24, Romans 12:2, 1 Corinthians 2:4-5, Philippians 3:10, 2 Timothy 2:3

**Topics:** "Tragedy"

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## Description

In this sermon, the speaker reflects on his own life and ministry, realizing that he has become complacent and lacking in passion for sharing the gospel. He is convicted by the fact that thousands of people die every day without hearing about Jesus. He acknowledges that he needs a change of heart and asks God to transform him. The sermon also shares a powerful story of a young brother who risks his life to preach the gospel in a dangerous place, only to be met with opposition and threats. However, through his calm and peaceful response, he eventually gains the respect and curiosity of the village chief, who invites him to his house to learn more about his beliefs.

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## Transcript

I came here two and a half years ago. Anyone here remember? Well, lots of friends. Thank you.

My colleague Brian and myself, we left Dallas. But I came this morning and he came yesterday. And I sure do miss Pastor Mark.

I think, why you are not even in Hawaii? That's where I heard he went. I mean, everybody is coming to Florida. This is the vacation land.

What a blessing to be back here again. And in some way I wish the circumstances of the country would be a little different. I wish it was like last time when I came here.

I was in India last few weeks. And then from Bombay I went to Zurich to have a board meeting there. Then from there I went on to Germany, which was the 10th of this month.

And I was scheduled to catch a flight to Dallas, Fort Worth from Frankfurt on the 12th. So, it was the 11th morning. So, I had a call from someone from Florida.

And we were talking about a meeting that was taking place for mission agencies. And right in the middle of the conversation, he said, the terrorist attack. And I hung up the telephone.

I went and turned the TV on and turned the CNN. I thought I was watching a movie. I mean, how do you have any reference in your head to see something like this and imagine that it's actually just happening.

And I have seen and heard worse, a thousand times worse than that. You know, 6,000 people lost their lives approximately from almost every country in the world. Those buildings came down like, you know, the North Times.

I think about Bangladesh, 100,000 people got wiped out overnight a few years ago. And I thought about the pictures I saw from Rwanda. Blood literally flowing on the streets from the hundreds of thousands that had been butchered.

And I thought about the pictures of God's people, Christians, being murdered brutally in Sudan. And I thought about the 40,000 got massacred in Jambu Kashmir by the fundamental religious fanatics. And I thought about the typhoon that hit Orissa.

We lost several hundreds of thousands of people. Estimated 150,000 people died within a few hours. And millions left homeless, lost everything.

But, you know, some of us that travel through many nations of the world and experience this and walk into the slums of Bombay with 5 million people and 100,000 children on the streets of Bombay not knowing who their parents are and the morning time the government vehicles will come and pick up the dead bodies of the children that died overnight in the slums. But to tell you the emotional experience I've been through, having seen and heard so much what is happening in many parts of the world, that is part of my very life. But when I saw what happened in New York and in this nation, I literally overcame by emotion.

And I didn't know that there was such emotion in me for the people of this nation. I've been here since 1974. My children are born here.

And you can be an individual born in this American nation and not be an American. You also can be born in some other nation and be here and you really become an American. And I sat and cried and cried.

And I found myself kind of so deeply grieving. And immediately I called the leaders in different parts of the world and said, would you please take time to fast and pray for our nation. It was very strange after I said our nation, I realized I'm talking about America.

And I said to them, please tell our people, there's no nation under the heavens in our time. There are people that love and care and show mercy and concern for humanity like America. My wife is from Germany.

She was born and raised there. Second World War literally brought the country into a heap of dust and to nothing. Hitler was the reason for that.

But then Russia got East Germany after you know it, the Berlin Wall. But America would go back to Germany to rebuild, to give life again, to give hope. And whereas the eastern part of Germany under Russia remained undone, untouched, buildings still destroyed and no hope and no progress.

That tells a lot about the people here. But we in this nation never experienced anything like this. Someone said, your headache means to you more than the earthquake in Japan that killed 100,000 people.

When it happens to us something, it's very close home. But you know, God is sovereign. We are seated in the heavenlies with Christ.

We are his people. We must force ourselves to think in terms not Indian, German, American, Russian or any other country titles, but rather we must make ourselves look upon the world from our Lord's perspective. Only then shall we find courage and strength and hope to go on with life.

Because he is sovereign. And that is my encouragement. And I know God is going to use this and is using it to touch the lives of people.

Just the other day I was on the telephone with Pastor Skip Heitzard from Calvary Chapel in Albuquerque. He is in New York with Lloyd Pauley and Brian Broderson and Franklin Graham and a whole bunch of people ministering. And he said to me, Brother KP, we never had more people come into Christ like we had last Sunday during the altar call.

He said, we just turned up, I'm in any space, anywhere in the building. Packed, jam-packed people. Well, the enemy means evil, but God turns all these things for good.

May the Lord give us the grace to humble ourselves continually and seek his face and bring ourselves into focus to stay with him. Staying on the course and not to be distracted even with tragedies like this. I want to read a couple of verses for you.

By the way, by God's grace I got back to the States. 12,000 people got stuck in Frankfurt Airport. Having all the flights cancelled and Lufthansa had mercy on me and they put me on a flight.

Thank you. Book of Acts chapter 20, verse 22. This is Paul's farewell talk to the Ephesian elders.

He is taking off. Verse 22, And now, compelled by the Spirit, I am going to Jerusalem, not knowing what will happen to me there. I only know that in every city the Holy Spirit wants me, that prison and hardship are facing me.

However, I consider my life worth nothing to me, if only I may finish the race and complete the task the Lord Jesus has given to me. The task of testifying to the gospel of God's grace. Then in the book of Philippians chapter 1, Ephesians Philippians chapter 1, verse 12.

Now I want you to know, brothers, that what has happened to me has really served to advance the gospel. You all understand my English? Thank God. I'm glad.

Quite a while ago, 1966, the year of 1966, I left my home to North India to serve the Lord. And we knew some parts of North India, it's very hard and difficult, opposition very severe. One young man after finishing his Bible school in Madras, South India, went to Rajasthan.

He was there hardly a week before his co-workers found him headless. They murdered him. Along with six, seven others, I was on a three-month tour with this old vehicle filled with gospels, New Testament, Bibles, and all these materials, preaching the gospel from village to village.

Several times we got beaten up, persecuted. But there was one place everybody feared of, called Boondi. The people that live in this community are staunch, hard-hearted, militant Hindus, fanatics.

Those who believe killing anyone who come there with any other faith than their faith, it is a ticket to go to heaven or to Marshal. So there we were in Boondi. Before you knew it, we were all beaten up without mercy.

One brother, from one side of his head, blood was just oozing down from the beating he received. Some of the brothers could not even stand up because they were so beaten up. And then they unloaded all our literature, Bibles and New Testaments and everything, and took a match and set it on fire.

And the leader of the gang said, you dogs, we give you five minutes to leave this place. If you don't, we will kill you. We knew they meant business.

And we escaped. Some years would go by. A 90 year old young brother, who finished his Bible school, felt the Lord was calling him to go to this particular place to preach.

When he announced the news, the senior leader said, this is not a smart thing you are trying to do. You are too young, skinny, and inexperienced. But he said, I have been praying for a whole year.

The Lord burned my heart to go to Boondi. They said okay. They prayed and he went on to Boondi and rented one room for about five dollars a month.

A few days goes by, in the middle of the night, while he was sleeping, six or seven men come and bust the door open. And he found himself surrounded by these men. And I told Rajput with a turban on his head, pull this brother up by his leg.

And said, you young fellow, you came here to tell us about your God? We have plenty of Gods and Goddesses. Tonight we will not kill you. We can tear you apart like we do with the chickens.

You get away from here first thing in the morning. He really got scared. You would.

I would too. The very next morning he rushed back to the main mission station and reported to our brothers what happened. They said, we told you that.

I mean, we told you. That you are no match for Boondi. Then the senior monk brother said, son, I will ask you a question.

Did Jesus ask you to go to Boondi? He said, I know he did. That is my burden. But they will kill me for sure, I know.

He knew that other young man who came there, that was martyred some years ago. And our brother said, son, you go back to Boondi. If Jesus asked you to go, you go back to Boondi.

Yes, they may come back to persecute you. You may face some problems. You may face some difficulties.

Possibly, you may end up getting killed. But remember, son, heaven is a much better place than Boondi. And you wait there for us and we will come later.

And he knelt down and they laid their hands on him and prayed for him and he got on the bus. Tears, as he said goodbye, thinking that he would never see them again. He reached back Boondi.

Started talking to people about Jesus. The very people that came to him to kill him and threaten him came back to him and said, Why on earth have you come back? You are now going to make us murderers. We don't want to kill you but now you are forcing us to do it.

And they made a long speech. This young brother, calm and sober, full of peace, simply responded, The sooner you do your job, it is better for me. Heaven is a much better place than your Boondi anyway.

What will you do to a man who wants to get killed? They couldn't figure this out. They issued more threats than they left. Yes, he faced some problems, some difficulties.

But you know, that is not a strange gospel. To our ear, it may be strange sometimes. But Paul, knowing that he was going to be faced with tremendous inconveniences, loss, suffering, persecution, even death, when they pleaded, What? Don't do it! He said, I know.

But I do not regard my life precious to me. All I want is to finish the task he gave me to do. And then I get a telephone call, middle of the night, from India.

After a while of that particular incident, Hello, I said, yeah, this is... Yeah, this is KP. We want you to come to Boondi. I want to put the phone down.

I mean, it's like a nightmare. Middle of the night. I have never been beaten in my entire life and suffered like I suffered in Boondi.

He said, no, no, no, no. It is not that we want you to inaugurate the church we just built in Boondi. The story changes.

The following month I flew to Delhi, took a train to Kota and then on to Boondi. My brothers and sisters. Now I was looking at some 120-130 adults, children, in this brand new church, sitting on the mat, worshipping the Lord.

If you want to see faces glow with the grace and light from heaven. If you want to see eyes giving out life, you come to Boondi and see this brand new Christian who just came out of Hinduism and darkness through the ministry of this brother. I taught God's word, got through the whole service, went to us all over.

This brother said, this is the man who said he tear me like a chicken. And that is his wife and kids and all that. The very people that came to kill him now are his co-workers.

So, sitting in prison, poor guys. He is not in 5-star hotel or air-conditioned comfortable home. No.

You see, our problem often, we read the Bible to learn and understand. We explain Greek and Hebrew and past tense and this tense and all these things. We become expert in knowledge like the Pharisees and miss the life itself.

Bible is not given to us for us to have knowledge and education from it, but we may live by it. So Paul says, all that happened to me, my brothers, I want you to know. I want you to know.

It helped, even sitting in prison, with the inconvenience, with the problems, it helped the furtherance of the gospel. You know R. G. Lervin? You know him? The book Jesus Christ? Who don't know him, by the way? Everybody knows him. We have translated that book Jesus Christ into 16 languages for our Bible schools.

You know, we have some 7,500 full-time missionaries or pastors scattered in seven different Asian countries. Today we have some 9,000 churches. They are just like our chapel.

You know the Tao emblem you have? I mean, you travel throughout Asia, you'll find it a thousand times. Everywhere. And today some 7,000 young people studying in our Bible schools between the age of 18 and 25.

Three years training for them to prepare themselves to go to unreached areas to preach the gospel. So we have plenty of materials for them to distribute. But this book Jesus Christ is translated not for public distribution necessarily, but for our students to learn what it means to be following Christ.

So in Bihar, one of our team, Weekend Outreach, went to this village to preach. And they really got it bad. They beat them up.

The village chief came with his gang and destroyed everything they had. Burned all their Bibles and everything. And beat up this brother really bad.

Some of them had to be even taken to the hospital for treatment. Some monks went by and the Holy Spirit burdened their hearts that they should go back to the same village. You know, sometimes these announcements are made, half of the brothers say, Are you sure the Holy Ghost spoke or somebody else is speaking to you? It doesn't make sense sometimes.

No, no, the Lord is going to do something, then let us go. So this team, the same people who got beaten up and suffered, again goes back to the same village seeking to preach the gospel. As they entered into the village with fear and trembling, here comes the village chief called Sarpanch to greet them.

They usually do like this, Namaste Ji, Namaste Ji. And he was smiling and so happy. And our brothers thought, Oh, this is going to be a dangerous thing.

He said, I want you to come to my house, I want to talk to you. That sounded even worse. So they went and he got them all in the house, gave them tea to drink.

Then he said, You know what? I was really hoping that you will come back. He said, Last time when you people came, I beat you up, destroyed everything you had. But I was so curious to see what you people believe.

Why you do this? So I kept one book. And in his native language, Hindi, the book Jesus Child. And he said, I read through the whole thing, and I realized the Jesus you talked about is not the kind of Jesus I thought you are preaching.

I want to know more about this Jesus. And the whole family that day gave their life to Christ. The village chief became the first believer and his family.

Then more people, more people. Now there is a church established in that village. There are people worshipping the Lord Jesus Christ.

Hallelujah. Again, you see the reality of when we are willing to let go of our ambitions, our life, our agendas, our programs. We become fearless.

God is seeking for those who are willing to abandon their life completely and totally. So that he can do a deep work in their life. And use them to touch a lost world that do not know him.

And are on the way to hell forever. Without elaborating this, I'll tell you, when I talk about thousands of brothers on the mission field, giving their life to Christ, just like our Paul mentioned, it is not an exception. It is not once in a while.

It is a normal thing. They go out knowing their problems. But you know what? God does wonders to their life.

Before coming back to the United States one time, I met this dear brother in a missionary conference. He said, my legs are hurting. I said, why, somebody beat you up or something? He said, no, I had to baptize 85 people standing in the river the whole time, one by one.

I said, you must thank God for this. He said, yeah, the problem is tomorrow I had to baptize 135 people more. I said, now you got problems.

And people come into the Lord Jesus Christ, ask his brothers to go out and commit their life with this kind of commitment. As I was getting ready for this evening meeting, I was going through some of these letters that just came from the mission field. One of the brothers wrote on his mission field, he met this Hindu priest called Marimuthu.

And this man was so wicked and vicious, that he not only was a Hindu priest, but also he had so much satanic power, a witch doctor, that caused so much damage for so many people. But then, he began to get attacked by the evil spirit. They did everything under the sun to find hope for him.

Finally, somebody said, there is a Christian preacher who can pray for you to Jesus. And I was called, and I prayed for him, and he was set free. As a result, we have now a church established in that village.

But I tell you something though, while that happens, stories like the one I heard from Ranji, their life, as his dear brother was going about preaching the gospel, they caught him and stripped him naked, took a razor blade, went all over his body, left him on the street, that he would bleed to death. Somebody found him, took him to the hospital, and the Lord spared his life. But then asked, would you change the mission field and go elsewhere? He would quote the Bible verse that I read for you today, saying that I do not regard my life dear unto myself.

Jesus calls us, not that we may give something we have, something left over, but he calls us to give all, total, everything. After coming to America, I went through a brief period of my life experience here. I wanted to become like an American, the first years of my life.

That means when I first came to America, I thought hot dog was dog meat. Hot rice, hot peach, then hot dog. Nobody could convince me otherwise.

But then later I learned, yes, that was okay. And got used to the normal things, you know, a library to my name, books I will have in it that I may never read, but it looked fantastic. People think I'm very intelligent, although I never read those things.

Sports, I don't understand what people do here in the name of sports, but I had sports magazines when people walked in. Although I never read it, it looked nice. And a couple of years time, I had 17 neckties and quite nice clothes, and I'm glad nobody's wearing any necktie here that serves me.

But, you know, I was becoming kind of normal in my thinking. While I was studying in seminary and also passing at church. What more do you want? Deep in Bible study and teaching, not doing any bad things out there, so-called full time in the ministry.

But then I found all of a sudden, I couldn't cry anymore. My eyes were dry. Yeah, I preached about heaven and hell, and the world that is needing to hear my gospel, all these amazing things.

And the Lord said, one day, son, some 60,000 people die every day in your country and plunge into eternity without hearing my name even one time. What are you doing with your life? Is this what I called you about? Didn't I say, unless you love me more than father, mother, son, daughter, you didn't stop there. Even your own very life, you cannot be my disciple.

And I looked around and looked inside and I realized, it was all a game I was playing. And I said, Lord, my heart is so cold. You have to change me.

Reminds me the words from Keith Green. My eyes are dry. My faith is old.

My heart is hard. My prayers are cold. And I know how I ought to be alive to you and get to me.

Oh, what can be done with an old heart like mine? Soften it up with oil and wine. The oil is you, your spirit of love. Please wash me anew in the wine of your blood.

And I said, Lord, take eternity and stand on my eyes. God made my heart soft. I can do it.

And I would now stop weeping. Not weep over my problems. World map came into my home.

I looked at India and China and Bhutan and Mongolia and Eastern Europe and Nepal, these nations where over 2 billion people live having not heard Jesus name on the way to eternity forever. And I began to weep. And I said, Lord, I don't know what all this means.

But all that I am, every fiber of my being, every drop of my blood, my wife, my kids, all, everything total, I give over to you. Whatever you want. That was before Gospel of Asia started.

Today, reaching millions of people. Touching the lives of people, all these nations. Some 9,000 churches worshipping the Lord Jesus Christ.

Every single day, some 6 churches planted on the mission field. Every single day. It all began by God's grace when I said, I am willing to die and give up.

No more what I want. But Lord, it's all you. When we train our missionaries, we have an interesting thing that happens when the graduations take place.

80% of the young people who go through the three-year training, they end up going to some mission field where no one went with the name Jesus. Sounds like a stat rack. Going where no one has gone before.

And they kneel. And the elders, we brothers, would go and lay our hands on each one and pray. And this is the kind of things we say.

Dear brother, you are called by your Lord, and we, as his servants, lay our hands on you to bless you and send you out in Jesus' name. With the one-way ticket that you get, when you get to the mission field, please know, if this is the place the Lord called you to lay down your life for his sake, heaven is a much better place than where you are. And never forget, someday we will see you also.

And be strong. Give your life and all that you have. Never we are able to do this without weeping.

Because we know, some of those brothers that we send out, we will never see them again. They will lay down their life on the field. Isn't that what Jesus said? A seed falling to the ground and dying? Didn't he say something like that? You agree? You can hold on to your life by the way.

Especially at times like this. When emotionally we are wounded with what happened in our nation. We can say, I don't want to spend my money anymore.

I don't want to travel anymore. I don't want to get an aeroplane anymore. I am not recommending you fly.

That's not what I am telling you. I don't want to go for shopping anymore. I don't want to do anything.

I want to keep it. We don't know what's going to happen. All of a sudden, we look inward, trying to protect ourselves so much.

I don't care about half of the world going to bed with empty stomach and naked bodies. I don't care about 2 million people going to hell. My problem is too much.

I am hurt. You know why I am saying this to you? Please believe me. I spoke to my staff.

We have some 75-80 people working down in our mission office. God bless you. I know I found myself.

Listen, I am not white. I don't have blonde hair. I found myself day and night, turn the TV on, and worrying about what's happening in New York, and Pentagon, America, and all.

I mean, I found myself so involved with emotions. And all of a sudden, the Holy Spirit spoke to me, and said, What is happening with your life? Wake up. There is a world going to hell.

We can become deeply involved, and be self-centered, especially in times like this. But oh, I pray that you will not let that happen to your life. I want to conclude by telling you, the greatest influence I had in my life, in serving God, I began at the age of 16.

Now I am 51 years old. The greatest influence, I say this to anyone everywhere I go, happened to be my own mother. The tiny little village I was born and raised in in the extreme southern part of India.

We are six boys, I am the youngest in my family. My mother led me to the Lord when I was eight years old. Her prayer and hope was that one of her sons would become a missionary.

One by one, they all went for business and farming and all kinds of things. When I finished my high school, I came home and told my parents if they allowed me, I would like to go and become a missionary. Before I could finish my talk, my mother said, Please go! She was kind of very urgent.

I thought she didn't like me. I went off to North India and faced some difficulties and came back two years later, skin and bones and worn out, tired. Then she saw me, she began to weep.

The following day she told me, Son, I want to tell you something that you don't know nothing about. She said, When I saw all your brothers went off to all kinds of things and you were growing up, I did not know if God would ever answer my prayer. I began to fast and pray.

Every Friday, only drinking water, asking God that one of her sons would become a missionary. And that's all I wanted. And when you came and said you want to go and serve God, I knew I can stop fasting for that.

God answered my prayer. In 1990, when I was in India on the way to South Korea, my mother was taken ill with a heart problem at the age of 84. And that weekend my mother died.

I never experienced pain in my entire life as I experienced then. My best friend, my prayer partner, now no more. After the funeral, my brothers, we discussed about our mother.

And one of my brothers wanted to know, he's a businessman, how much money did our mother leave in the bank? Because all her sons every month, according to our custom, will give her lots of money. She could do what she wants to do with it. But we never saw her spending any penny.

We didn't know what she would do with it. As a matter of fact, one time when I came back from America, I saw my mother wearing a blouse torn from here to there, hand stitched. I was so furious.

I said, Mother, what madness got into your head? Don't you have any feeling for your sons? You are bringing shame upon our head. And cowardly you are putting on our face. Please, Mother, don't do it.

We are giving you money to buy a new dress if you want every month. How come you do things like this? A little fragile woman, you know. She never traveled overseas.

She never left her state. She never went to university. But she loved Jesus with all her heart.

Her favorite verse in the Bible, Psalm 73 verse 25, Whom have I in heaven but you? And on earth I desire no one. No one beside you. Psalm 73 verse 25.

And she looked at all my anger and said, You little fellow don't understand nothing. Someday you will understand. How much money did she leave in the bank? The question was answered by one of my brother.

He said, We found this little notebook under the pillow of our mother. The bed she slept on. And we opened it.

He said, There is nothing in the bank. But I tell you what happened. Dozens of names of young people studying in Bible school.

In North India. In different parts of India. Among Hindus and Muslims and Buddhists.

Preaching the gospel to the churches. Against their names she writes the amount she was sending them every month. Without sending one human being.

And I began to weep. Not because there was no money in the bank. Because all of a sudden I realized the meaning of what she said.

My little son. Someday you will understand. Someday.

And that someday happened to be now. And the last will. Final will.  
Desire of my mother. Listen. When I am dead and gone.  
The only thing I will leave behind. Is the wedding ring. My ear ring.  
And the gold chain my husband gave me the day he married me. Please sell these items. And give away.  
To preach the gospel. Among people that never heard my Jesus name. I want to see them also in heaven.  
It was after she came back to the room whispering in my ear. My son. It's worth it.  
It's worth it. This life is not forever. This world is not our home.  
We are not here forever. It's a very short time. Stay focused.  
Stay focused. How do I make an application for this? One. I would say.  
Ask the Lord to take eternity and stamp on your eyes. Ask him to take eternity and stamp on your eyes.  
Ask him to help you make your life decisions.  
In the light of eternity. Hundred years from now. What does it matter? Secondly.  
Thirdly. I ask that you take at least one day of the week. As God give you grace.  
To fast. To pray. For those nations and people.  
That are suffering. And do not know the Lord. Be one to stand in the gap.  
Accept the inconveniences. Accept that hunger. Accept that pain and sorrow.  
Whatever. To choose. Choose.  
Something that means much for the kingdom. Thirdly. One of the reasons I come back.  
Spend a few months in this country. Eight. Nine.  
Ten times a year. I run back and forth to all these nations. It's time to come before you.  
My brothers and sisters. Part of my own family. Kind of.  
And plead with you. Would you please. Help us.  
To send out more missionaries. To people that never heard Jesus name. And I'm sure many of you will  
say yes.  
There's no compulsion. Or guilt trip. Or force to do it.  
But it's an opportunity and a blessing. Would you please pull out this card from your bulletin. There's a  
bulletin given to you tonight.  
There's a card. Something like this. Just take me another one minute to wrap it up.

And then Brian is going to come and tell you about some of the materials we have. So you will not ask all the questions out there. It says.

Yes. I want to help. I will help native missionaries reach their own people for Jesus.

You see. If you want. As an American come to India.

Or Burma. Or Bhutan. Nepal.

To be a missionary. You can come as a tourist. But you cannot stay there forever.

They will not let you. There's no way they give you permission. They stopped doing that long ago.

But we can link our life with those who are over there. Native missionaries who are giving their lives so completely. All they need is our prayer.

And our help. So they can plant the church and become self-supporting. Starting now.

I will prayerfully have a sponsor. One or two or whatever native missionaries. \$30 a month.

And you need to fill your name and address. And would you look here just for a second. Oh there it is.

That is neat too. We never had that done before. See there you are looking at missionary folders.

In my hand you can see the same thing kind of. The testimony of the missionary. And all the information about him.

And where they are. And all these things. And the real photograph.

Real picture. Of a real missionary. You know some years ago.

When the Lord touched my heart. My wife and I began to support four native missionaries. On the mission field.

Giving \$30 a month. To help them preach the gospel. Within the first year.

They all planted at least one church on the mission field. And some of them became self-supporting. Then we started some other missionaries.

Because we didn't need our help anymore. Every missionary you help. Will end up planting a church.

At least in the first year. And then keep on doing it. After the Lord enables them.

It is not a social welfare program. It is that you just say I want to help you. And pray with you.

They actually become part of your family. If you come to our house. You will find by the dining table.

In Dallas our home. The four missionary faces of missionaries. Every day we can look at and pray for them.

And when you fill this card out. And say Brother KP. I can't go to India or Burma or Mongolia or whatever.

But I can pray for one of those missionaries. Or two or ten missionaries. And when you fill your name and address.

And mark how many missionaries you want to support. And bring this to the table out there. In the open space there.

From the table there. You can get your missionary to take home with you tonight. If you support one missionary.

If you support ten. You can get ten. There is a medical doctor who supports I think eighteen missionaries.

You got more money than I have. But I ask you. Even if you are supporting a missionary tonight.

With gospel creation. You can take one more. After the Lord gives you the grace.

And if you have a checkbook or money to give. Along with your card. Please do that.

That will help us to get the help to these missionaries. They are waiting to get to the mission field. Like Boondi.

I told about. And so many places. If you have any money to give with the card.

You please do. But listen. Some people say.

Oh but KP I forgot. I don't have a checkbook. I have no money.

Don't worry. Even if you don't have any money with you tonight. You still can get your missionary.

All you need to do is to fill the card. Bring it. And get your missionary.

And you can send the money later. We will send you a letter after a few weeks or a month. And anyone will come with that.

You can send your support. Oh by the way. One hundred percent of the money you send to support that missionary.

Every penny goes to the mission field. We do not take one penny out of it. Like Brian.

All our staff raise our own support to take care of our needs. We don't take one penny out of your money that you give to the mission field. And like my mother.

Nobody may know the sacrifice you make. But quietly. Humbly.

Gently. Loving Him more than anything else. Praying.

Seeking His face. Serving Him. For here and everywhere.

And someday we will stand before Him. Happy. Forever.

The privilege the Lord gave us. To love Him. And serve Him.

May the Lord speak to us. Amen.

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Audio: <https://sermonindex1.b-cdn.net/0/SID0749.mp3>  
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