

Road to Reality - When We Have Failed, What Next? - Part 2

by K.P. Yohannan

When we have failed, what next? We can choose the cross and follow Jesus, sacrificing our comfort and ease for the sake of the Gospel, and become agents of reconciliation for those who do not know Jesus.

Duration: 25:58

Scripture: Matthew 16:24, Mark 8:35, John 20:21, Acts 17:6, Romans 8:29, 1 Corinthians 9:22, Galatians 2:20

Topics: "Failure"

Description

In this sermon, K. P. Yohannan discusses the importance of being concerned for the lost world and sharing the message of Jesus. He emphasizes that the greatest enemy is not the devil, but our own self-centeredness, and that Jesus came to set us free from this. Yohannan shares the story of Adoniram Judson, a missionary who faced immense hardships and loss, yet remained committed to his work of translating the Bible and preaching in a hostile Buddhist land. The sermon encourages listeners to persevere in their faith and continue sharing the gospel, even in the face of failure and adversity.

Transcript

Welcome to Road to Reality, the radio ministry of Gospel for Asia. Today Brother K.P. Yohannan asks, when we have failed, what next? I'm sure you've had times in your life when you thought God couldn't use you anymore. Well, you'll be encouraged to hear what Brother K.P. has to say about God's plan in spite of our failures.

Let's join Brother K.P. Yohannan now as he shares this life-giving message. Your greatest enemy is not the devil out there. It is true he's out there.

But the greatest enemy is inside you, your own self-centeredness. And Jesus came to set us free from being self-centered. Oh, to be set free from myself, dear Lord, that is what the poet said.

We think about some guy going and doing wicked things, getting drunk and adultery and stealing and murdering all the wicked, crazy people out there. No, Lord set me free from my own self. And that's how we let Jesus manifest His glory through us.

We can serve Him. Third thing Jesus said, a deliberate choosing of the cross, taking up the cross and following me. You know, I did not know any of the words in the entire Bible that speaks about the amazing

reality of rivers, of living water flowing unhindered than this one verse, Galatians 2.20. I am crucified with Christ.

No more I that lives, but Christ lives in me. You know, wearing the cross is not getting, you know, you're sneezing and cough and little problems you face. No, sir.

It's not that. Picking up the cross is a choice you make deliberately so that His name can be glorified and furthered. You choose, not it is imposed upon you.

Think about those two Moravian brothers who heard about a leper colony who will go and live there for the rest of their life to become lepers and die there. They chose to do it so that they can win those lepers to Jesus. Think about those two Moravian brothers who sold themselves as slaves to the slave colony so that they can be there as slaves and win those slaves to Jesus Christ.

Boondi was the first place. As a young man, I was beaten up. I do not describe all the story to you.

It was, I was frightened like a rat that sees the cat because, you know, they just beat us up without any mercy, burned our Bibles, tracks the whole thing and said, you dogs leave here in five minutes time. If you don't, we'll kill you. And of course, he ran away.

Years later, this young fellow went to Boondi saying that the Lord called him to go to Boondi. And after a few days, middle of the night when he was sleeping, a group of men came and a tall fellow with a turban on his head pulled up this brother, young Alex, by his legs and, you know, like you would hold up a chicken with the leg. And this man said, I can tear you apart like you would do to a chicken, but we will not do that tonight.

Then dropped him and said, but tomorrow you better leave this place. We don't want none of your God, none of your teaching. We are Hindus.

We know what we believe. This is all we want. Early morning, he ran to the mission station to the senior leaders, trembling.

He said, they will kill me. They will kill me. And the senior brother said, leader said, son, did Jesus ask you to go there? He said, yes.

You believe Jesus said, I am with you always, never will leave you nor forsake you. He said, yes, I believe all that. You believe they will kill you? They will kill me.

And his older brother, senior brother, who had been in the ministry, who wears scars on his forehead of being beaten up many times and was stitched up, said to him, son, you are right. They will kill you. But since the Lord told you to go there, since he is with you, no matter where you are, it is good if you can choose to go back.

Oh, by the way, son, heaven is a much better place than Boondi. If they kill you, don't worry, we will come later and see you. He knelt down and they laid their hand on him and prayed for him and sent him back to Boondi.

So, the following day, the same people came, we told you, we will kill you. They finished their preaching, he said, that is the reason I came back. You promised to kill me, I came here so you can kill me.

They got totally confused. I mean, how can you kill a dead man? They said, what? He said, listen, I have come here because Jesus told me to come here. I have come here because he loves you, he died for you.

And the only way he can get rid of me is to kill me. And the sooner you do it, the better it is for me because I can finish my work and go there and kill him. He faced some problems and difficulties, some persecution.

A few years went by, I got a telephone call from the senior leader in that part of the country and said, Brother KP, we know you are very busy, you don't have much time, but would it be possible to make that extra trip to go to Boondi? I said, Boondi? They said, well, the story is that we got a church to dedicate. Since that is the first place you got beaten up, we thought you would want to be the one to dedicate that church. And I said, yes, I will do that, and I don't want to pass that opportunity.

And so I went there. So many years later now, I am walking into Boondi, and a brand new church building, over a hundred people, 120, 130 some people sitting there, worshipping the Lord Jesus Christ. Of course, I wept, prayed, preached, and afterward, this young brother said, this guy there, he is the one who pulled me up like a chicken.

This is the fellow who said he is going to kill me. And he said, all these people now worship Jesus here. Praise God.

Choosing inconveniences, choosing difficulties, choosing the rough road because you love Him. Because you love Him. And then Jesus said, as the Father has sent me, so send I you.

Go into all the world and take this message. Freely it is given to you. Freely you give.

You know, my entire message, usually when I travel in the United States or Canada or anywhere like this, is on missions. And to me, the more I come to know Jesus, the more my heart is burdened for those that do not know the Lord Jesus Christ. His love constrains me, Paul said.

Not to become self-centered, no sir. Think about others who do not know the Lord. Just last week, I turned the TV on and there it was, Han Lindsay.

I mean, I am not much into prophecy and all those things. I am interested in that because Jesus is coming back soon, the Bible says. But something that kind of grabbed me, because the last few months I was saying, my goodness, we are going so fast and growing so much and we need to slow down somewhat and be more deliberate, lay more foundations and cut back some travel times.

And more than half of my year, almost two-thirds, I am constantly traveling from country to country and all that. And I said, this is getting too much. And then right in the middle of all this wonderful counseling with me, for me, I heard him say, after all the discussion about this, that, Israel and gas missiles and everything, he said something that just made me look with both eyes wide open.

He said, as early as the middle of 1998, the war may break out between the Arabs and Israel. And I never heard that before. Because I mean, I am glad he was not setting a date about Jesus coming back, like 88 reasons why tomorrow he is coming back.

But it intrigued me so much, then I was listening to so much of what all, I mean, I did not know what he is saying is true or not, it is coming to pass or not, but from all what I heard, one thing I realized, time is very short, it is later than you think and I think. And then when it was over, I said to my wife, I said, you know, I

was thinking maybe we slow down a little bit and take it more easy and all that. You know, I said, if this man is saying is true, even 50% of what he says is reasonable, we must double our effort to get the word out.

We must double our effort to reap the harvest. We must not be slothful and slow to get the job done. And all of a sudden, my mind was going 10 million miles per second.

This way, that way, how to get the thing done. Because there is a world out there that do not know the Lord. And you know, the book of Acts, you read the book of Acts, is filled with people crazy enough to go from place to place, witnessing, sharing, winning those who do not know Jesus.

People who turn the world upside down, being concerned for the lost world. If only the Lord can open our eyes to the desperate, agonizing condition of millions in our generation. I want to end this sharing with you by reading a little story that when the first time I read it, I cried.

I don't cry very easily. That's the reason I said that, because this touched me very deep. It's about Judson.

He was born in August 9, 1788. That is before you were born. And he was the first American missionary who went out of America.

That itself is intriguing. First American missionary ever left the shores of America. And just before he would go, he fell in love with a girl.

What a trouble. Her name is Nancy. Her last name is Hasseltine.

She was born to a rich, affluent, high society man in the society. And he happened to be a believer. Nancy, when she was in high school, she gave her life to Christ.

Until then, all she wanted was luxury, the latest, the best. But when she gave her life to Christ, she became a radical. In modern language, crazy.

She really wanted to follow the Lord. Judson, knowing about her commitment, wanted to marry her. But he didn't want to do that without the permission of her father.

This is what Judson wrote to this father, Mr. Hasseltine. Sir, I have now to ask whether you can consent to part with your daughter next early spring, to see her no more in this world. Whether you can consent her departure and her subjection to the hardships and suffering of a missionary life.

Whether you can consent her exposure to the dangers of the ocean, to the fatal influences of the southern climate of India, to every kind of want and distrust, to degradation, insult, persecution and perhaps violent death. Can you consent to all this for the sake of Him, who left His heavenly home and died for her and for you, for the sake of the perishing immortal souls, for the sake of Zion and the glory of God? Can you consent to all this in hope of soon meeting your daughter in worlds of glory, with the crown of righteousness brightened with the acclamation of praise, which shall redound to her saviour from heathen saved, through her means from eternal woe and despair. And Mr. Hasseltine said to Judson, Young man, that is not my decision.

That is her decision. I have left that to her. And Nancy wrote a letter to one of her friends, saying, I have made my decision to walk away from all the comforts, family, friends, to a land that I have never been to, from where I may never return.

To die there alone, maybe, to lose all. But I have made my decision. As God is my witness, I will not decline the offer and the privilege to give my life to rescue the perishing.

They got married. The Judsons labored for almost seven years before they saw the first convert. Several of the missionaries who came later saw the difficulties, ran away.

Judson himself was imprisoned. He was put in prison for 17 months during the crackdown against all foreigners, barely surviving the horribly inhumane treatment. One night, while his raw and bleeding feet were hanging in the elevator stalks, swarms of mosquitoes settled on his bare soles, producing, excruciating... Then not long after his release from prison, Judson's beloved wife Nancy died.

Her constant life of sacrifice and service had finally taken its toll. Just a few weeks later, little Maria, their third baby was suddenly taken from this world. Judson was left utterly alone in a hostile Buddhist land, almost shattered with pain and grief.

Before him lay the prospect of a tiger-infested jungle, bat-infested houses, and a fever-infested climate for life. Behind him lay an almost unimaginable trail of hardship and loss, but he did not leave all from his work. He did not abandon his Bible translating or his preaching and teaching labors.

How could he? Eternal souls were at stake. Who else could reach these Burmese as well as he? So, he remained for over twenty years, returning to America only once, and that by necessity, not by choice. Judson's devotion for life was not in vain.

On one occasion, during the great annual festival held at the towering golden Buddhist pagoda in Rangoon, I was there some time ago by the way, he recorded that he had distributed nearly 10,000 tracts, giving to none but those who asked. Some came for two or three months journey from the border of Siam and China, saying, Sir, we hear that there is an eternal hell. We are afraid of it.

Do give us a writing that will tell us how to escape it. Others came from the interior of the country where the name of Jesus Christ was never known. Are you Jesus Christ, man? Give us a writing that will tell us about Jesus.

For Judson, it was worth it all. Today, there are more than one million Burmese believers. I was sixteen when Jesus called me to serve him.

While I was sleeping in a tiny room in Bangalore, southern part of India, I got up and started praying. Now I am forty-seven. Traveled millions of miles.

My entire life until this day spent to serve him with all my heart. But even today, I find myself, my flesh longing for comfort and ease, security, appreciation, recognition. And I seek my own often.

And I want to tell you a little secret. It's an open secret anyway. That kind of kept me to come back to the Lord, repent daily.

That secret is this. I get out of my body and talk to me. No, no, please don't misunderstand.

I am talking like a nice Indian, but I am talking spiritual things. And I talk to myself. Things like this.

You are really stupid. Hundred years now, what does it matter? They will say the best thing about you or worst thing about you. Who cares? You may have the best house, best clothes.

What does it matter? And I say to myself, a day is soon coming. Time shall no more be. Don't seek your own loving more than life itself.

Pay any price. Even death is not a big price to pay to resist sin. And please my Lord, so He can take my life, not mixed up with sin and polluted, something that is real and break it into a million pieces and give it to others that don't know Him.

And that is my struggle in this journey. Where are you? The Lord speaks to us in so many different ways. But in all this, He does one thing to make us more like Him.

He orchestrates all events. Even this Indian coming here tonight, Romans 8.28, the Lord arranged it for me to say some feeble words to help you think so you can become little more like Jesus. Romans 8.29 To be conformed to the image of His dear Son.

Someday you will see Him face to face. Live as though now you are with Him. All be okay then.

Let us pray. Lord, I want to thank you for my precious brothers and sisters. The very fact they came tonight is because they love you.

None of us are perfect. We are disciples, learners, struggling through failures and our own self-centeredness and all kind of mixed up problems. Lord, in all this, how wonderful you are.

You love us and you want us to be like you and you are changing us. So Lord, tonight once again, we gaze into your face. Please remove the veils that are hiding your face that we may not see.

Lord, the sin, the carnality, the sins. Lord, let all those veils be removed. Help us to follow you with all our heart.

And tonight I pray that you will help us to become agents of reconciliation for so many in our generation that do not know you. Thank you for the joy of knowing you and for this evening and the night that you gave it to us. Lord, I just am so blessed this evening to sing those words with my brothers and sisters tonight.

We raise our hands to the skies and people say, what is wrong with these people? And we will say, we simply love our King. Jesus, we love you so much. You loved us with your life.

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