

# Testimony - the Deep Impact That My Mother on My Life (Dutch)

by K.P. Yohannan

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*K.P. Yohannan shares the profound impact of his mother's life on his own life and calls listeners to live for Jesus above all else.*

**Duration:** 17:00

**Scripture:** Proverbs 31:30, Matthew 6:19-21, Matthew 28:19-20, Mark 8:34-35

**Topics:** "Faith Testimony", "Sacrificial Living"

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## Description

This sermon shares a personal story of a mother's deep faith and sacrificial love for God, highlighting her unwavering commitment to serving Him and impacting lives through selfless acts of kindness and generosity. It emphasizes the importance of living a life dedicated to Christ, prioritizing eternal values over worldly possessions, and being willing to sacrifice for the sake of spreading the Gospel and leading others to Jesus.

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## Transcript

I was born and raised in a tiny village in a tiny state in the extreme southern part of India. And I had the privilege to be born in a Syrian Christian home. And when I was eight years old, my mother explained to me about giving my heart to Jesus.

And I didn't have a big sin to come from. And she said, Jesus gave his life for you. You ask him to come into your heart.

And my mother was a very godly individual. She was about four feet, maybe two, three inches tall. Very small frame.

But incredibly bright eyes. And she loved Jesus. She has six children.

I'm the youngest in the family. And when I was a small boy growing up in my home, I used to hear her say these words so many... I didn't know where it comes from. It was like she was spaced out.

Spaced out. It means like she was in some other world. It was as if she was in another dimension.

Yeah, thank you. And she was talking to someone. But I used to cry and say, whom have I in heaven but you, O Lord.

And there's nothing and no one I deserve beside you. And I didn't understand that. When I grew up, I only used the Bible.

And every morning, sometimes, you know, three, four, she's up. Everybody's sleeping, but she's up. And she'd leave the bedroom and go to the middle where the family got the family prayer.

And she'd put a mat on the floor and sit there on the mat with a shawl on her head and she'd be praying two, three hours every morning. And then, when she was thirty or so, she'd wake up all the kids for family prayer. I never saw her reading anything else other than the Bible.

I never knew she'd ever left my tiny village. But she loved him so much. And my father was a very righteous man.

But I don't think he ever understood my mother. She was a good man. But she was a strange individual living in a hole.

She was lost in a different world. And I remember this. When I finished my high school, and I said to my parents, they would allow me, I'd like to go and serve Christ.

She was sitting by the dining table on the bench. Before I could finish my sentence, she jumped up! Go! I thought she hates me. Or I must be an accident.

She couldn't wait to get away. She couldn't wait to send me away. It was a youth movement, Operation Mobilization.

And I went to North India. After two years in North India, sometimes got beaten up. Persecuted.

Driven out of villages. No, I was not a great evangelist. Just learning what it means to follow the Lord.

After two years I came home. Traveling back 2,000 miles. And I remember she said, I want to tell you a story that you do not know about.

She was cooking in the kitchen. She said, come and sit down. She said, you remember the day you came and said you'd like to go and serve God? Yeah, mother, I remember that very well.

You hated me! She said, son, you don't know that. Here's a story. She said, I prayed all the years of my life that one of my sons would go and serve God.

She said, I prayed all the years of my life that one of my sons would go and serve God. One by one they went to farming and business and all that. Somehow I was losing my hope.

And then you were growing up. Skinny, timid, and shy. I lost all my hope.

She said, that's when I decided to fast and pray. Three and a half years, every Friday she fasted for one subject. When Jesus called one of my sons to serve you, and then you said that, I knew God answered my prayer.

Now you know how my life is and what impact I had on my life. In August 1990, I was flying from the United States to South Korea to speak at a conference. When I got home there, I heard my mother was taken in with a heart problem to a hospital.

My father passed away even so earlier. So, I canceled my trip and went down to Seoul to be with my mother. She was 84.

In the morning at 6.15 she passed away. Possibly the saddest time of my life. I never forget looking at my mother's face as she was lowered into the ground.

I said goodbye. The following day my brothers and I gathered to talk about our mother. And all of her sons would give her whatever she wanted.

She lacked nothing. But the problem was we could see her spending the money. So, during the discussions someone asked a question Do you know how much money our mother left in the bank? So, one of my brothers pulled out a notebook and he said, I found this under the pillow of our mother's bed.

And I was terribly curious. What is in it? And he tore the pages. He said, page after page of the scribbling of our mother's hand.

Names of dozens of people some studying the Bible school some on a mission trip and gave each name the amount of money she was sending with that. And he said, there was nothing in the bank. And I broke down and began to weep.

Not because there was no money in the bank. Two years prior to her death I was visiting my village. I saw my mother wearing the clothes that was torn from ear to ear from the blouse.

And she was hand-stitched. In America, you call it Mickey Mouse doll. And I was so angry.

I said, Mother! What God did you have? What's wrong with you? Don't you care about your son? What's wrong with the Lord of the Bible? The whole world will look down on us. You are embarrassing us. You are embarrassing our mother's face.

You know, preachers can get really angry. And after I finished my preaching she looked at me with an incredible smile on her face. And then she said these words.

My little boy you don't understand nothing. Someday you'll understand. Nothing else she would say.

Here I am sitting in the room. She walked back to the room with her arms around me and said, Son, I could have purchased a brand new dress every month. I could do anything like anyone else.

But that is not the end of the story. In her last will she left with the sons. When I'm dead and gone the only thing I will leave behind is my earrings my wedding ring and the gold chain my husband gave me when he married me at the age of 18.

Sell these items and give the money to priests by gospel among people. They never heard my Jesus name. I will make them also in heaven.

That was my mother. Her husband didn't understand her. None of her sons understood her.

None of her friends knew her. You think she is now with Jesus saying Oh, I wish I lived for myself a little more. If she could not punish him says son, keep going.

You are a stranger and a pilgrim on the side. Nothing is permanent there on earth. The only thing real is Jesus.

Live for him. I cannot give you one, two, three, four, five, six things you should do. But the Holy Spirit came to lead us to him.

And I pray with you for two things. Fall in love with him again. Learn of him.

You are going to see him someday. Make every decision you make in the light of a hundred years from now. Be silent more than I have spoken.

Don't worry much about what people think about you. It's only important that he knows you. That you know him.

Secondly, live your life to see others come to Christ. For this Jesus died. And today you and I are called to reach the last door.

For my mother it was her personal journey. For you he must hide that. And nothing in this world is important.

The only thing you take with you are the souls that you prayed for and gave your money, gave your life, and gave your time to see them come to know this Jesus that you love. And may the Lord give you grace. And I appreciate you praying for us.

We just got one thing on our mind to know him better and reach the last door. There are still two billion people who need to hear about Jesus. How can they begin to understand and hear about him? Pray for us.

And pray that the Lord will give us understanding about our future here in Europe. Let us pray. Dear Jesus, we want to thank you for this union.

Dear Jesus, we want to thank you for this evening. Thank you for these precious, beautiful days of fellowship and learning. Lord, I pray you bless this great movement that you raised up.

Lord, let revival start here in Netherlands. Use these my precious to save us to that end. Help us to live for you.

Thank you for your grace. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Thank you again. God bless you.

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