

Be Still

by Leonard Ravenhill

In 'Be Still', Leonard Ravenhill emphasizes the importance of recognizing God as our refuge and strength, urging believers to trust Him amidst life's turmoil.

Duration: 54:27

Scripture: Exodus 3:5, 1 Kings 22:19, Psalm 46:7, Psalm 46:10, Isaiah 40:26, Matthew 5:3-12, Luke 21:34

Topics: "Waiting On God"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher emphasizes the importance of being still and knowing that God is in control. He encourages the audience to develop a deep and loving relationship with God. The preacher also mentions the need for a new verse to be written, expressing not only a love for Jesus but also a love for God. He shares a personal anecdote about preaching in a church and requesting the congregation to sing the hymn 'My Faith Looks Up to Thee.' The sermon also touches on the story of Moses and his encounter with God on the mountain, highlighting the transformative power of such experiences. The preacher warns against seeking blessings without giving anything in return and emphasizes the need to fully surrender to God. He mentions the concept of the bride of Christ and suggests that not everyone will be part of this select group. The sermon concludes with a reminder that God is with us, even in the midst of a chaotic world.

Transcript

Psalm 46. I guess one of the best-known psalms in the Scriptures. Somebody graciously gave me a new translation of the Scriptures this week.

Rotherham, it's a very old one, reprinted. Supposed to be the best translation from the Hebrew, though I don't think it is. I think it's second best, third best.

As soon as I read this first verse, God is our refuge and strength. Rotherham translates that God, for us, is our refuge and strength. A very present help in time of trouble.

I'm not sure who it was. It was either Napoleon or Admiral Nelson. I think it was Napoleon who wrote a little poem, God and the Sailor We Adore in Times of Danger, Not Before.

The danger passed, both are requited, God is forgotten, the sailor slighted. To those of us who walk with the Lord in the light of his word, he's not only a present help in time of trouble, to us we're in trouble if he

doesn't walk with us. We don't flee to him for refuge.

I think the difference between people today and the people of Israel, Israel could not live if God turned his face away from them. We're scared to death, God will show his face to us. If God hid his face, the whole nation was in misery.

It was just like the sun not coming out day after day after day after day after day. But God told him again, very simple, very profound, when we walk with the Lord in the light of his word, what a glory he sheds on our way. Sure, that will be glory for me.

But it should be glory for me now. If it's really true, that wonderful Welsh hymn that we sang tonight, Oh the deep deep love of Jesus, love of every lover, if I'm sharing that eternal love with him, well I should be living on a mountain underneath a cloudless sky every day. I'm trying to think of another hymn that won't come up.

There's an old hymn that says, and I was going to tell you what it's written by, but I won't. Why should I complain of want or distress? The word of God tells me to expect nothing less. Okay, God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Now listen to all the movement here. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. There's a marvellous paraphrase of this hymn, I don't know if any of you see it.

It was written by Isaac Watts. He was contemporary, do you remember, with Wesley? And in his hymn, I only know two stanzas. He says, God is the refuge of his saints when storms of sharp distress invade.

Ere we can offer our complaints, behold him present with his aid. Let mountains from their seats be hurled down to the deeps and buried there. Convulsions shake the solid earth.

Our faith shall never yield to fear. This psalm, if we digest it, will abolish fear the rest of your life. Doesn't matter if all the mountains collapse, if the economy does collapse, if the banks do collapse, and they will within five years, I guarantee.

Brother David came in just a few minutes before we left home and brought us copies of his new book. Put a trumpet to thy lips. It's terribly disturbing, but I believe he's right.

God is our refuge and strength. The very present hour is in trouble. Therefore we will not fear.

Though the earth be removed and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled. Though the mountains again shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of our God, the holy place of the tabernacles. God is in the midst of hurt. He's not in the midst of the mountains.

He's not in the midst of our economy. He's not in the midst of our armies and navies. God is in the midst of her.

Who? In the tabernacle of the Most High. She shall not be moved and God shall help her in that right early. The heathen raged.

The kingdoms were moved. He uttered his voice and the earth melted. The Lord of hosts is with us.

That's the thing that got hold of me. I got that confirmed in prayer this week. The Lord of hosts is with us.

Think of a charter. Isaiah 40, 26. It speaks there about the stars, the heavenly host, that God numbers them, and not only numbers them, but he counts them all by name.

And they run into trillions and trillions and quadrillions. And yet God knows the name of every star. If God knows the name of every star, if God knows when a sparrow falls from the floor to the ground, come on ye of little faith.

Don't you think he knows your name and your address? This shows us the majesty of God. God is our refuge. Isn't it, Isaiah says, that this God that we're talking about is the high and lofty one who inhabits eternity? You know, when you read the Sermon on the Mount, you read the Beatitudes.

You say, how do you explain the Beatitudes? Well, they should be attitudes. They should be the attitudes of your life. That's what it's all about.

But we're so dwelling on the Beatitudes, blessed are the merciful, blessed are the peacemakers, not pacemakers, peacemakers. We forget a clause in there that hit me forcibly today. It says of this God we're talking about here in Matthew 5, 34, heaven is his throne.

The heavens, the vast heavens are just the throne of God. The next verse, 35, says the earth is his footstool. I don't know where the other reference is, but there's another reference that says the clouds are just the dust of his feet.

Is it Job? I forget, but someone who says he stretches out the heavens like a scroll. Is this the refuge you're in? You sang about it tonight, didn't you? His robe is the light, his canopy is space. O tell of his might, O sing of his grace, whose robe is the light, whose canopy is space.

His chariots are wrath, the deep thunderclouds form, and sharp is his path on the wings of the storm. O tell of his might, O sing of his grace, whose robe is the light, canopy is space. Years and years ago, J.B. Phillips, who gave us the J.B. Phillips translation of the New Testament, wrote a book which I have on my shelves, and I confess I've never read it, I've had it there 20 years.

But the title of the book is good, he calls it *Your God Is Too Small*. Do you know why the world doesn't want our God is too small? We boxed him up in your theology, Baptist theology, Pentecostal theology, so many other theologies. All we know is the God of men, we don't know the God of eternity.

Of course it's right, do you think I'd tell you if it was wrong? I know what he means. I'll tell you what I think about this marvelous God of ours. Let me find the scripture first.

I know, 1 Kings 22 and verse 19. 1 Kings 22, 19. I'm trying to emphasize here the Lord of hosts.

In Isaiah 40, he's the God of hosts, and he talks about the host of the stars, the billions, countless stars. Here in verse 19 it says, and he said, Hear thou therefore the word of the Lord. I saw the Lord sitting on his throne, and all the host of heaven.

Now that's not the host of stars, that's the host in eternity. That's the countless number of angels, and cherubim, and seraphim, and Michael the archangel, and the other angels are there. And there he is on

his throne, surrounded by that vast innumerable galaxy.

Who'd want to go to hell when it comes, and meet a God like this? This is a lofty, the God who is the high and lofty when inhabiting eternity. Did you get that now? 1 Kings 1, 22, 19. Then go over to 2 Kings.

Pardon me, chapter 19 again. Now this should take your breath. I hope it doesn't.

It came to pass that night, that night, notice that? This is not a month's operation, it's not a year. That night, it came to pass that night, an angel of the Lord went out and smote the camp of the Assyrians, and hundred, four score, that's 180, and five, 185,000. One angel slew 185,000.

In our coins, on our coins, we have in God we trust. That's not my problem. My problem is does God trust us? We don't trust God.

If we trusted God, we wouldn't have an air force, we wouldn't have an army. It says one angel killed 185,000 people. One angel.

What does it say concerning Jesus on the cross? He could have called what? Twelve what? Legions. And the smallest number for a legion is 5,000. The largest is 10,000.

And he could have called 40,000 angels, each of them killing 185,000 people. Do you know what that means? They could have killed over a hundred, over a thousand million people. That was more than the world's population at that time.

I think in his new book, David has said America isn't going to defend, or that, pardon me, Israel will not be saved because America is going to defend her. We can't even defend ourselves. Israel is going to be saved because God's going to save her.

That miracle of parting the Red Sea, when they could see their enemies coming in chariots and they were on foot, and everybody was destined for death, every man had a contract on him, and God Almighty fooled a whole bunch of them. And he's going to do that again. Come on now, cheer up, don't look so miserable.

You may not believe me, I believe myself, so why should I worry about you? God, the high and lofty one who inhabits eternity, who sits on the circle of the earth, who created every living thing, God is my refuge. Remember Wesley sticks that in one of his wonderful hymns, Jiju, lover of my soul. Second stanza, other refuge have I none, hangs my helpless soul on thee.

But how often when we get into a jam, when the mountains are moving in your life, what do you do, call for the neighbor? Ring for the pastor? Or the deacons? Or do you go to prayer and say, God, that God that heard Elijah on Mount Carmel, when he had a million people against him, and 850 lousy priests? One of the most silly things ever in the Bible, I think. He says to the king, call all the people of Israel. They'll stone you to death.

They haven't had a good meal for three years. Look how ragged they are. You can hear their bones almost when they walk.

And you're saying, amass all those people and I'll show you the power of my God? We like to do things in a corner, so we won't be embarrassed if God lets us down. How many of us walk in full view of the world? And we'll still walk in full view of the church. The devils have had enough, but some of the deacons are

worse.

Sorry if your daddy's a deacon, but anyhow. This is not the God we trust. We ooh and we ah, we wonder, we wonder.

Do you ever pray? And I do, I'll tell you this honestly. I say, Lord, I'm asking so much today. I dare not ask anyone else, I know that.

I've read somewhere that if my dear wife has a washer on and a dryer and a few other gadgets in the house. I haven't got many. Let's say, what? What do you call it, a vacuum cleaner? And a few other things.

If we're not careful, we can blow all the fuses. The whole thing will break down. Now, I'm simple, I'm not smart like you.

I haven't been to college. There's an old friend of mine who said, I haven't been to college, but I have the blessed knowledge that my sins are all forgiven, I'm on my way to heaven. What else do I want, anyhow? So, get your degree, goodbye, and start trusting the Lord.

Send your degree, you know, that role you have to your grandmother. After all, she put you through college. Why not give it to her? I know there is no way that the church of the living God can strain God.

He never is tired. He never lacks wisdom. He has every resource beyond my petty thinking.

He upholds all things by the word of His power. He put atomic power in the world. Is there power greater than atomic power? Yes, there is.

There's the power of the risen Son of God. It's wonderful to say all power is given unto Him, but He delegates that power to me if I'm in His will. And I'm not seeking glory or to write my name in a history book or something.

Let me watch this wretched clock. Now, there's a verse. The Lord of hosts is with us.

The God of Jacob is our... And in case you forget that, look at verse 11. The Lord of hosts is with us. The God of Jacob is our refuge.

The Lord of hosts... I don't know what He's doing with them, but in eternity, maybe right now, the angels are standing in form. They're being marshalled together, maybe doing a parade in eternity, ready for the great day when we all get to heaven. The great day when we celebrate the final overthrow of all iniquity.

He's the God of the hosts. Again, the God of that marvelous, innumerable, angelic throne. He's the God of the hosts who are going to surround Him finally.

You know, I looked at this wonderful word, hosts. It's so interesting. I could spend a lot of time, but I won't.

But, you know, I discovered when I got to the book of the Revelation, hosts is not mentioned once. No hosts. They're all numbers.

Numbers which no man can number. And He's the God of those hosts. That's too far off.

It's too mystical. It's something I'm reaching for and I'm going to attain by the grace of God. But wait a minute, my feet are on earth.

Every day I have to fight with the world, the flesh and the devil. Every day we have what? The Lord of hosts is with us for what? Well, days of darkness, times of real deep questioning, trouble, trial, difficulties. He's not a spectator or far off.

If I really know Him, He's better than being with me. He's in me. Paul said some staggering things.

When I get to heaven, I'm going to talk with Him for the first 5,000 years. So, if you see me talking, keep your nose out of it till I've finished. I'm going to get through in 5,000 years, but stand in line.

Do you remember that? You will. Promise me I'll look for you with your red hair. OK.

Maybe you'll have white hair like mine. Honorable. But anyhow.

The Lord of hosts. Oh, I read church history and my flesh almost thinks, but wait a minute, I'm living right down here in a crazy world. More insane than any period in history.

And the God of hosts is with Jacob. It doesn't say that there. It says He's with us.

Oh yes, we sing it sometimes almost dreamily and sweetly. And He walks with me and He talks with me. Isn't that lovely? Let's sing it.

And He walks with me and He talks with me and He tells me I am His own and the joy we share is that none other has ever. He speaks and the sound of His voice is so sweet, the birds, the birds are there singing and the melody, and the melody to me within my heart, within my heart. Sing it.

And He walks with me and He talks with me and He tells me I am His own and the joy we share as we tarry there, none other has ever. He speaks and the sound of His voice is so sweet, the birds are there singing and the melody, and the melody that He gave to me within my heart within my heart. And He walks with me and He talks with me and He tells me I am His own and the joy we share as we tarry there, none other has ever.

Let me go back a minute and say this, that Paul again, he says some awesome things. He believed, of course, that God so loved the world that He gave His only Son. He wrote to the Ephesians, Christ loved the church, but he said, you know, it's greater than God loving the world and God loving the church.

He loved me and gave Himself for me, he says. I believe that's part of the reason that he kept going when other people stopped. You know, Paul had a team of spirit-filled men and every one of them forsook him.

Even they thought he was erratic. Even they thought he was too radical. Boy, you don't have to be too hot these days to get rejected.

I believe I'll finish this anyhow. The Lord of Hosts is with us. Was He with you while you were away? For a whole month? Little more? This girl has just had a remark, she sent me a marvelous letter.

She just had a spiritual honeymoon. Shut herself away for a month in a cabin? Pardon? Cottage? Well, that's better. You must be sanctified to live in a cottage.

I can't even get a cabin. Not even Uncle Tom's, but anyhow. But she, her letter was gorgeous.

I've still got it, I'm going to keep it. And the revelations of God of having to prostrate herself, you don't mind me telling this, prostrate herself in adoration, discovering some of the things that reminded me so much of

Madame Guillon in the experiences she had. You see, some of us are looking for blessings at bargain prices.

You won't find them. If you want all, you give all. If you give little, you get little.

If you give much, you get much. If you give all, you get all. If you give nothing, you get nothing.

Don't follow on with the stupid idea that so many people have in churches you go to that we're all going to be swept up by the Bride of Christ. Forget it, we're not. The Bride is a very, very select company of people.

I'll talk to you about it in a week or two, anyhow. Either here or Sunday morning, maybe here and there. The earth is moving, the sea is moving, everything is moving.

All is agitation here. All is reckless abandonment. But the God of hosts is with us.

The God of Jacob is our refuge. You say, that's wonderful. Here's the biggest thing our dear sister found, which is there in verse 10.

In the midst of everything moving, be still and know that I'm God. The best way to make your spiritual life deteriorate is to go to meetings every night. They did it in the early church, but God, so would I. You bring the early church back, I'll go every night.

If I have to drive a hundred miles, I got somebody to help me anyhow. Oh, we're so poverty-stricken. God help us.

We're so mechanical. There's one promise God has made. I was going to say he hasn't done it.

Maybe he's done it and we don't even know. But it spews out of his mouth. Most churches can function now the same, though the Holy Ghost left them 50 years ago.

They're mechanical, they go on. They say the same thing, stand up, sit down, stand upside, the choir roars its head off and does nothing for you. Be still.

Moses was on the run, and God quietened him down. You say, but I'm younger, you know, I don't want to lose much time. Well, you're better.

Moses lived to be 120. The first 40 years he went to school. That's a bit longer than coming here for 10 weeks.

He'd be an old man, Matt, by the time he got through three semesters. 40 years? On the backside of the desert? And he's left the richest empire in the world? My sweetheart so often has corrected me in things, and one thing I'd been preaching about Moses, and I said maybe there in the 24th is it of Exodus, where he's on the mountain with a revelation with God. He saw God, it changed.

No, wait a minute, she said when? While he was in Egypt, living like a king, riding in majesty, receiving salutes and honors and everything else he had. A chest full of medals and everything else. And he was learned, according to the 7th chapter of Acts, he was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians.

He was a genius before God touched him. He was a statesman. He was mighty in word.

Not a mighty orator, because he stammered. But he was mighty in word. He made the laws of the nation.

And he leaves all the regalia and the glory and the royalty to look after stinking sheep on the back of the desert for 40 years? He's a type of Jesus, but Jesus only did 40 days in the wilderness. Moses does 40 years. Be still.

I can hardly ever read my Bible. I taught my darling wife day by day. I say, Martha, I used to sit and talk with Dr. Tozer and I'll tell you what he said.

I've got a little pocket in the back of my brain. It says Tozer on it. And it keeps spilling out.

And he would say to me, you know, Leonard, we Christians are all activists. We think if we work to the end of the day and you're dropping bread. John and Charles Wesley used to sleep in one bed, big old English bed.

John would say his prayers, jump into bed. Charles would stand and pray and do what lots of people do. He forgot to watch and he forgot to pray, fell asleep.

And night after night John would put his hand out into his hair and shake him and say, Charles, jump into bed. You're sleeping again. If only we're tired out.

Everybody these days wanting a ministry. Women are getting called to serve God because it's much easier to go around and be a personality than look after six kids. They're not serving God at all, they're serving their own desires.

There are odd ones here and there that have an anointing, I admit that, but mostly no. That's true of men too. Be still.

I remember in our big Methodist church in England when I was a boy, a man named Henry Barraclough came. I'd never seen, when they announced a man is coming from America next week, I thought, I wonder what color feathers he'll have. Maybe scalps hanging all around his belt.

All I knew about America was Indians and cowboys. And he came and we had the communion right around the front of that big church and they boarded it over and put a piano there. Henry Barraclough had just written a gorgeous hymn.

I think the only one he ever wrote. Do you know it? Out of the ivory palaces, into a world of war, only his bright eternal love made my Savior go. In garments glorious he will come, to open wide the door.

I remember I was so thrilled, so excited listening to that precious man singing that song. What does Jesus have to walk around the earth for? He knows everything. What's he got to learn? And yet for thirty years he watches his own people trodden under the heel of the Romans.

He sees the temple as stinking whole it was. Once it had been so filled with glory, the priests backed off, couldn't minister. Now the priests are getting fat, living like kings and there's death everywhere.

And Jesus watched that for thirty years? As a man, that at some point in his life knew that latent within him he was going to come and exercise his power. And in majesty he was going to rule before their eyes. Show his dominion over death, he raised the dead.

Show his dominion over demons, he cast out demons. Show his dominion over sickness, he healed all who were oppressed and show his dominion over death. But for thirty years he waited.

And some of you have been here five weeks and you're itching to get home. And when you go home you'll be as flat and dead as when you came unless God has touched you. There's nothing magic about this place.

I'd love it or I wouldn't be here. I wouldn't pray for it as I do, weep over it as I do. But with the best intentions of teachers here they can't make you prophets.

They may give you some signals how to become a preacher but God makes prophets. I thank God many, many times on my knees for the incorruptible Holy Ghost. You can do almost everything in America with a checkbook but you can't buy the anointing of God.

You can put up buildings, you can have a swell ministry, you can get on TV, you can get millions out of people that are prerogatives with God. Some of you young ladies wish you were young men, I guess. No, you don't.

But, you know, some of the greatest characters. I preached in a little church, not as big as this room, in Belfast which has been blasted off the earth nearly with bombing in the last few years. Behind me was a picture of a lady with lovely, lovely hair and a choker collar on and the sweetest smile and underneath they put the name of the lady.

She worshipped in this church. Do you know who she was? Amy Wilson Carmichael. She got a one-way ticket which was the old-fashioned way of missionaries.

Got a one-way ticket, not coming back. She had a curvature of the spine. For thirty-five years they had to lift her in and out of bed.

For the last five years she was as impotent as a child almost. Normal functions, that's all. And yet she wrote some of the sweetest things.

One of them said this, from subtle love of softening things. This is a lady on her back. From easy choices, weakenings.

Not thus are spirits fortified. Not this way went the crucified. Let me, frail little woman, let me not sink to be a clod.

Make me thy fuel, flame of God. All for a passionate passion for souls. All for a pity that yearns.

All for a love that loves unto death. That's the love of God. The love you say you have.

You say He loves you. That's not the point. How much do you love Him? I told you about that sick lady, bald-headed, there in the hospital in California, that a few weeks ago some people went in to see her.

She's been there, suffering I don't know how long. People that go in the room are just gripped by the majesty of God. This little woman has had people going in.

Doctors have come in from other hospitals. And she lies there and she's radiant with God. Has no hair because of her suffering with cancer.

And she said, Jesus appeared at the end of my bed a little while ago. And He said to me, you know, I love my bride. I deeply love my bride.

I could take her home today. I've just one problem, she doesn't love me. Oh, we love Him in words.

Jesus says, you don't love me in words, you love me in deeds. It's easy to sing, sing, well the whole realm of nature reminding God's name, don't sing lies. If you won't give Him what you've got, do you think He's going to trust you with more? You'll be as selfish if He gives you ten times as much as you have now as you are now.

He has to do a miracle in us. He has to dethrone that little monster that's worse than the devil almost, and that's self. Self-interest, self-pity, self-seeking, self-glory, self-righteousness.

Every one of them has to be crucified. Not in successive terms, but one deal of God in crucifixion. In crucifixion, a man was never re-crucified.

We don't want to die. We want to be blessed, we want to be held. We pray sometimes, oh Lord, if you don't do something, if you don't use me, you're missing the best thing on earth.

I mean, your kingdom will never go forward unless you really harness me up. And to some degree, that may be right. But the thing is to be still.

Excuse me, I'll quote you another hymn. It's about little Samuel. Hushed was the evening hymn.

The temple courts were dark. The lamps were burning dim before the sacred ark, when suddenly a voice divine rang through the silence of the shrine. The old man, meek and mild, the priest of Israel, slept.

His watch, the temple child, the little Levite kept. And what to Eli's sense was sealed, the Lord, what to Eli's sense was sealed, the Lord to Hannah's son revealed. The leading man of the nation is asleep as most of our big preachers are now.

They can shout their heads off Sunday morning, I won't listen to one of them. Our Elis are sitting on the gate, their backs slidden, they've lost their power and their anointing. And so God is finding Hannah's child.

She prayed for a child. Do you think that child was normal? She prayed for a child. No, she didn't.

What did she pray for? A man child. What did she get, a man child? No, she didn't. She didn't get a little girl.

What did she get? She got a prophet. God did more than she could ask or think. Do you know why? Because when she went day after day and even year after year, praying, and praying through her pregnancy, the old priest is there saying she's drunk.

Well, bless God forever, the church never does anything when it's sober anyhow. I wish we'd all get drunk. Intoxicated with God's Spirit.

Hannah has to go and everybody's ridiculing her and her sisters and others are... You'll never be pregnant. You've been like a stone for years and years. It says she went year after year.

But one year she went and she was pregnant. God gave her a man child? No, He gave her a prophet. Through her tears.

It says she wept. She wept until she was sore and she wept until she poured her heart out like Jesus did in Gethsemane. There is no birth without pain.

That's why our prayer meetings are so small in churches. This barren woman brought forth a miracle child. He was what? A prophet.

In the 30th of Exodus, Rachel comes down one day, her hair isn't all beautiful and she hasn't got her best dress on, you know, no designer stuff on today. She throws herself at the feet of Jacob and says, give me children or I die. Do you know what God will use you? When you die.

When you toss your petty plans to the skies. When you dare to be ridiculed and criticized, maybe in a school. I went to a Bible school.

There were only 35 men there. We hadn't been there a month when the old boys said, and Laun and Noah, three holiness men. So what's wrong with that? Because we didn't go to movies.

We didn't go to other things. God will start moving on your life when you're totally severed from this world. From all of its pleasures, its pomp and its pride.

Other things can do it. God isn't making them, he's making you. He'll ask you to pay a price nobody else is going to pay.

Men were never crucified in dozens. One at a time. I can hear that sweet little voice of Dr. Sosa saying to me again, you know Len, people are so afraid to trust God.

So afraid to die. Let me wind this up. The God of the hosts.

Boy, that'll be wonderful to see them, won't it? Join in the everlasting song and crown him Lord of all as we sing. But he's the God of Jacob. The twister, the deceiver.

I only admired Jacob for one thing. He got one on his uncle who was smarter than he was. And he licked his uncle for once, that was good.

But do you remember he went over to Brook Jabbok? Find an old Methodist hymn book, do you good. Charles Wesley had a hymn with about 15 stanzas. It's called Wrestling Jacob.

You remember suddenly somebody sees hold of him. Who do you think he thought it was? His brother. The last time he saw his brother, he said next time I see you I'll kill you.

So he's going round a rock and somebody jumps on him. Who do you think he thought it was? Oh, my brother's smarter than I thought. But I'll tell you what, I'll die fighting.

That doesn't sound like a prayer meeting. Sounds like a church business meeting. Prayer meeting.

And Jacob tries to get away and the fingers get hold of him. Did what? What he'll do with you if you dare pay the price. Jacob was a healthy man who ran after sheep and ran after... He was full, beautiful man.

What did he get out of that night of prayer? I'll tell you what he got. He got his name changed and he got a withered leg. Maybe God allowed to cripple your appetite for sport or some other thing.

His leg was withered. Everywhere he went after that. Hey, what happened to you? I was wrestling.

Oh, with your brother, I knew. No, no, no, I didn't wrestle with him. I wrestled with who? An angel? A who? A what? Got any pictures of him? I mean, we want proof.

Well, wait brother a minute. God changed his name from Jacob to Israel. A prince with God.

A cheating, lying, deceiving man. And he tried to get away from the angel. And he couldn't.

And then the angel tried to get away from him and the angel couldn't. I will not let thee go until you bless me. Did you ever spend a night in prayer wrestling like that? I used to have a team.

I don't know which team it was. One of the teams I took rounding, I had two men that wrestled in prayer. We tied ourselves out in street meetings, in an indoor meeting, maybe in a healing meeting.

And all we had, we lived on bread and butter, margarine actually, for months. But you know, just as we were going to bed, one brother would say, I feel like praying. Oh, mercy.

Because I knew what happened. As soon as he wanted to pray, the other man wanted to pray and then the other one wanted to pray. And I was the captain of the team, so what could I do? Back out? I had to pray.

But I tell you what, I wouldn't take those nights of prayer with those young men. One stretch we prayed five days right off. Often three nights a week we would pray and weep and groan.

One, this young precious Pentecostal preacher with me, Harry Taft, he was my assistant in the largest church in England at that time. Largest wholeness church anyhow. And they send him to be my assistant.

It did not happen. Within two weeks I was his assistant. He could out-preach me, out-pray me, anything.

He died at an early age. Was he in his fifties, Martha, did I think? Was he sixty? About sixty anyhow. Still fairly young.

At least I think so. I'd like to be sixty. I think I was young.

Do you know what his wife said? There was no disease in his body. He died of a broken heart. If others wouldn't pray with him in the church, he'd find a place in the church or at home and she said he would groan and weep and travel.

The other man with us was blind, totally blind. He'd been dead just a week or two and his wife wrote to us and she said, Well, dear Len and Martha, you know Glyn, he's a Welshman, Glyn has gone to be with the Lord. You know, I miss it so much when I pass his room.

He used to pray seven or eight hours a day. I could hear his groanings and tears and sobs and pleading with God to move over the nation. You can have your PhDs and DDs and all you've got.

If a man can't pray as far as I'm going, he's a non-entity in the kingdom of God. I've said often and I'll say it again, if I were 50 years of age, I'd buy that old house, sell my house, I'd buy that old house, I believe the other side of Atlanta there, a place called Washington, the home of E.M. Bounds. I walked in it a while ago, on those old rugs where he used to pray.

I could almost see his tear marks. I didn't want to put my feet where he prayed, the chair where he used to sit. His great grandson came in.

His granddaughter was sitting there, she's up in her 70s, 75 I suppose or something. These are the men that made America great. You can admire all your politicians and I respect many of them.

But I say again, if we could change the language, what was the man who said, give me liberty or give me death? Patrick Henry. If we were really where we think we are, we'd change the language of Patrick Henry and say, give me revival or give me death. What's the good of living in this nation or any other? It's going to hell as fast as it can go.

It's not going to hell because they're teaching humanism in school. It's not going to hell because there's a new wave of venereal disease or AIDS or herpes. That's not the cause.

The reason it's going to hell, the cause, the reason it's going to hell, fire, is because the church has lost Holy Ghost fire. It's not the politicians, it's not the educators, it's the church, it's your pastor and tell him from me he's part of the cause. He'll wish to God at the judgment he never had the name of Jesus on his lips.

I didn't intend to say a fraction of what I've said tonight, so it must be the Lord that led me. Yes. Be still.

I find that difficult sometimes. Do you know in the last ten days between Dave Wilkinson and I, we have had twenty-eight prophets from all over the nation. Do you know two of them five nights ago came in a car in front of his house and one knocked at the door and said, we want to see Mr. Wilkinson tonight.

His daughter said, I'll see what daddy's doing. My daddy's on his face before God, he can't see you. I will stay all night at your door in the car and they did.

Thought they'd force his hand, but he's no witness, so he sent word to them. Tell those too many if they stay there a whole year, I won't speak to them. There are more false prophets in the land than false religions.

We call them cults. Let's give them God's name, doctrines of devils. They're sucking millions of money out of people and they're taking millions of people to hell.

And the church is faulted because she's lost again her fire. I'll speak on that one night, I think. God is fire.

He led Israel by a pillar of fire. He baptized her with the Holy Ghost. I'm sick to death.

I've had the baptism. That's slang. Called the whole thing, he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost? No, he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.

And as soon as the fire of God rests like a pillar on the church, I don't care what miracles are done or not done. I want to see a revival. I've been in healing meetings.

I've seen people leap out of the chairs when we announced the God's power on them. At least one man I prayed for, his eyes came. He was totally blind.

Went to a cancer hospital. Prayed for a woman. She was as yellow as this fellow's britches here.

Glad you put them on tonight so they can all see. And there she was, her face was yellow, her arms, her legs. And the hospital stunk like a pigsty.

My dear friend and I prayed for her. We hardly got out of the hospital when she got out of bed. She became a Sunday school teacher in my church or the church I pastor.

It was the Lord's Church. Ten years after, I needed her to pray for me. I'm running out of energy.

She's as vigorous. And I said, wait a minute. What happened? I must have transferred my life into you.

Mine's gone. I'd like to see that. But I'll tell you what.

I want to see something that can empty taverns and empty brothels and empty nightclubs. And God's going to do it. Not to old guys like me.

We miss the fork in the road. Not after young men that are seeking to be another Finian or another Wesley. But young men that say, Lord, I can't live unless your glory comes.

The way to get it is to be still. There's another part to it. And know that I am God.

You have to get into a love relationship with Him. Somebody needs to write another verse. Not just a deep, deep love of Jesus, vast, unmeasured, boundless, free.

It's wonderful. But my love for Him. Finish with an American hymn.

My faith looks up to Thee. I preach in that great big church on the north side of Boston Common. And I said to Pastor Hockinger at that time, I'd like you to sing a hymn tonight before I speak.

We'll do it, brother. What do you want me to sing? I said, ask the crowd to sing My Faith Looks Up to Thee. It was written in that church by one of the members.

And the tune was written by the organist of the day. May my faith looks up to Thee Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour Divine. Now hear me while I pray.

Take all my guilt away. I like the second stanza. May Thy rich grace impart strength to my fainting heart.

My zeal inspire. As Thou hast died for me, so may my love to Thee pure, warm, and changeless be. If He doesn't indwell me by the Holy Ghost, I go up and down.

I'm hot some days, cold other days, zealous one day, let the world go to hell, fire another day, I don't care. But if His love is shed abroad in my heart, it's the most even-temperated possibility in this whole world. I was going to say, I'm sorry, but I'm not sorry, so I won't say it.

I'm sick of going to churches where a preacher says, can you say amen? What do they think we are, dumb? There's nothing to say amen about. How many of you raise your hands? Forget it. If he tells me to raise my hands, I'll tell you, dead sure I won't move.

My wife's Irish, she's more stubborn than I am. Oh, it's wonderful when the Holy Ghost moves. I believe He's moved tonight.

I'm going to pray a little while. I think many of you ought to cry out audibly, Lord, teach me how to be still. And know that thou art God.

We all love crowds, that's why taverns are filled tonight, dance halls are filled tonight, everybody loves a crowd, we're made for fellowship. There's no sacrifice for me to get alone with God, or for you. As thou hast died for me, so may my love to thee.

Day you say to God tonight, put a consuming passion in my heart that will never go out, that will control all my deeds, all my thoughts, all my actions, let them be love motivated, holy love. I want to be somebody who'll stand in the gap for this generation. Give me that chair, please.

We're going to pray for maybe 15 minutes. Now, listen. If Jesus was standing here physically, you'd be happy to talk to him.

He isn't here. Just as real as though he were here physically. So come on, cry out.

Get through your tears like that young man did for minutes on the phone today, sobbing, sobbing, sobbing, God is breaking my heart over the lostness of men, over my weakness. Forget everybody, this is God's meeting, it's not a last day's meeting, it's not my meeting, it's God's meeting. I challenge you, as the angels put on record what you say tonight, to ask God for a new baptism of love.

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