

# Dr. Law and Dr. Grace - Part 5

by Lester Roloff

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*The sermon illustrates the necessity of recognizing our spiritual condition and accepting the transformative grace of Christ for true healing.*

**Duration:** 9:06

**Scripture:** Ezekiel 36:26, Matthew 9:12, John 14:6, Romans 6:23, Ephesians 2:8-9

**Topics:** "Salvation By Grace", "Spiritual Transformation"

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## Description

This sermon illustrates the journey of a man struggling with spiritual sickness and the realization that self-effort and good works cannot save him. It emphasizes the need to come to the 'Doctor' who can diagnose and cure our spiritual heart trouble, symbolizing the need for a spiritual heart transplant through Jesus Christ. The story highlights the importance of surrendering to the 'Doctor of Grace' who offers salvation and transformation, emphasizing the urgency and personal nature of this spiritual surgery.

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## Transcript

I go to the church and I visit a few times and I'm not any better. And I go back to old doctor, I join, he said, you're not feeling any better? I said, no. Well, he said, did you join? I said, no, I didn't join.

He said, you're supposed to join. He said, that's my name, I join. And he said, I want you to join.

And you know what happened, don't you? I did just like old Senator, I joined the church. He told me I had to work at it, take a job in the church, and I took all the jobs they'd give me, and finally despaired of ever being any better. Brother, try all that bunch of quacks you want to, and crackpots you want to, you'll never get better by what you can do.

I wrote a little fact one time, it's not do, it's done. I mean, Christ is already paid to death. It's finished, he said, on the cross of Calvary.

And so like other sinners, I grew weary in trying to do better, be better, improve a little. I joined everything in town, every club that would have me, and the church, went to work. I was still in great difficulty, in great difficulty.

And then, in despair, I struggled home day after day. I'd been to church, fell down under the van, and my good neighbor rang my doorbell. I said, well, there he is again.

I hope he doesn't tell me to go back to that old crazy doctor, Dr. Law. My neighbor comes in, had a smile on his face, song in his heart, and he seemed like he was just getting along so fine. And he said, Mr. Olof, how are you? And I said, terrible.

I said, I've run to every doctor in town. I've tried them all. He said, I did too.

He said, when will you be willing to go back to Dr. Law? I said, never. All he's going to holler is, heart trouble! And he doesn't know beans about my heart. And I'm not going back to him.

My neighbor looked at me as straight as anybody ever looked at me and said, let me tell you something. If you want to get well, you'll go to him. Because he knows exactly what's wrong with you.

He told me the same thing, and if you go back and listen to him, and do what he tells you to do, you'll be as happy as I am, come in the morning. And I said, I'm not going to do it. The flesh dies hard, doesn't it? Oh, how stubborn we are.

How satisfied we try to be on what we do, but it won't work. And so, he said, I'll be praying for you. I realize you're a very sick man.

I sat around there for a while, walked the floor, worked in the backyard a little bit, talked to my wife, made some calls, but I knew I was sick unto death. And the more the doctors, I went to see the sicker I got. And I finally just forgot my pride, put my hat on and started toward Dr. Law's office.

And every step I took was a step toward victory. I walked up to that office humiliated, discouraged. The little nurse said, you're back again.

I said, yes. Don't like it, but here I am. Ah, she said, here's a better day for you.

I said, is Dr. Law here? I'm hoping he wasn't. Oh, yes, he's always here. He's waiting for you now.

And so, I walked in. Dr. Law just glanced over. Same old heart patient.

Brother, you've got to get your case diagnosed right before you can get the right cure. And if you're a sinner here tonight, there's just one thing wrong with you, and you've got heart trouble. And it's going to take more water up on that Baptist for it to wash your sins away.

And it's going to take more than going to church and doing good. You're going to have to come to Dr. Law. Dr. Law said, you might as well face it.

You've made your rounds, haven't you? And I said, yes, I have. Are you feeling any better? And I said, to tell the truth, I am not. Have you been able to do better or be good? I said, no.

I don't mean to tell you I told you so, but I knew it happened just like that. Are you ready? I said, all right. You say I have heart trouble.

Then what's the next step? You're going to have to have major heart surgery. Practice a heart transplant. And I said, Dr. Law, sweat began to pop out.

And I said, that's serious. He said, I know it is. It really is.

But he said, you're either going to get your hand heart transplanted or either you're done for. And I said, there's no other choice. When do you want to operate? Oh, Dr. Law looked at me and said, I don't operate.

I said, you don't operate and tell me I've got to have an operation? He said, that's right. I simply diagnosed the case. I said, then I still am condemned to die.

Is that right? He said, until you get to my friend across the hall. I'd like to recommend to you and lead you to his door. A doctor who never lost a case and made a charge and has been performing heart transplants for ages.

And with all the sweat rolling off of my chin, poor old weak, trembling sinner, I followed old Dr. Law. And he just, and somebody said, come in. And the door opened.

Dr. Law said, Dr. Grace, I present to you Lester Wolof. He's in horrible shape. His heart is rotten.

He's gone apart from an operation from you. And Dr. Grace looked at me and smiled and said, come on in. I'm ready for you now.

I'll only operate now. That's my only time scheduled. Oh, I said, no, Dr. Grace, tomorrow.

He said, I never operate tomorrow. I said, I wish you'd have done it yesterday. He said, I don't operate yesterday.

It's always today. And now's the time I start cutting. Are you ready? Well, I said, no.

I said, where's Dr. Law? He said, he's gone. I said, he's gone? Couldn't he help you? He said, I don't need any help. I said, where are your nurses? He said, I don't have any nurses.

I do it all by myself. I said, call my wife and tell her to come and sit here while you operate. He said, no, this is a very personal operation.

Nobody's this present but just me and you. Oh, I said that. And I was sick unto death and getting worse by the second.

I said, Dr. Grace, I guess I'm ready. But I sure want you to give me a good, deep anesthetic. Oh, no, he said.

I've never given anesthetic. I want you to know exactly what's taking place. I want you to have an experience you can tell about.

And I said, Dr. Grace, I'm ready. And I fall back on his old operating table by faith. And he reaches down and gets his knife and makes an incision through the heart section.

And oh, what a smell. My, I said, where is that horrible smell?

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