

Blotted Out

by Mel Trotter

God blots out our transgressions for His own sake and forgets our sins, offering us hope and forgiveness.

Duration: 4:05

Scripture: Leviticus 26:31, Psalm 103:12, Psalm 139:2, Ecclesiastes 12:14, Isaiah 43:25, Isaiah 44:22, Matthew 6:33

Topics: "Sin And Guilt", "Divine Forgiveness"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher shares a story about a boy in Chicago who confessed to killing his parents. The boy's confession was recorded on a dictaphone, and when played back, it convicted him. The preacher then draws a parallel between this recording technology and God's ability to remember every word and action. He emphasizes that just as Edison's invention can capture and playback words, God keeps record of our sins. However, the preacher also highlights the hope found in the Bible, where God promises to blot out our sins and not remember them.

Transcript

Verses 23 and 24 says, Thou hast not bought me, bought me the small cattle of thy burnt offering, neither hast thou honored me with thy sacrifices. I have not caused thee to serve with an offering, nor wearied thee with incense. Thou hast bought me no sweet cane for money, you know that's candy, don't you? Thou hast bought me no sweet cane with money, neither hast thou filled me with the fat of thy sacrifices, but thou hast made me to serve with thy sins.

Thou hast wearied me with thine iniquity, and yet he detects I, even I am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and I'll not remember your sins. Just to think, there is no prayer, no offerings, no worship, wearied him, no sacrifices, and yet he said, I'll forgive you, I blot out your transgressions, I do it for mine own sake, and I'll not remember thy sins. Now if you wanted a real outline on this, I think this is one that you will never forget, and the way you can use it is, and get it, is the way I got it.

I got it when I heard a man use it once. They're blotted out from God's book. Second, they're blotted out with God's hand.

Third, they're blotted out for his sake. Fourth, my sins are blotted out from his memory. You see, that's great and cheering.

Take it from God's book. Now I'm not going to sit here and try to tell you today that God keeps books like I used to think what he did when I was a boy. I used to think that every good thing I did would be put out, and every bad thing I did would be put out, and then when I got ready to die, they'd add up the good ones and add up the bad ones and subtract the difference, and if I'd done more evil than good, I'd go to heaven, and if I did more good, more evil than good, I'd perish, and if I did it the other way, I'd go to heaven, and so on.

Well, now I know that isn't so, and yet I tell you, God keeps books. God knows you, and God knows even the thought and the intent of the heart. A boy in Chicago confessed to the friend of his the killing of his father and mother.

Old Mike Shack over in the North Avenue, in the Chicago Avenue, the East Chicago Avenue Station, had a 15-minute dictaphone, four of them in a room, and when he told his sweetheart how he'd killed his father and mother and where he'd buried that money, they'd come back the next Tuesday when he fled not guilty, and they set that thing a-going, and he heard his own voice, his own words convicted him, and then there on the table was that tin box where he'd, with the money in it, where he told his friend, that lovely girl, that Christian girl that loved him, and do you know, sir, they confronted him with the very box that they found where he had told this girly word. You know, the funny thing about it, if Edison can do that, don't you think that God can do it? Every word, even the idle word. Now science proves that.

Dr. Chapman said to me one time and went on, would you like to hear Sam Hadley sing? Why, I grinned at him. Sam had been dead six years, and yet he went and got out one of those old Edison cylinder phonographs, old scratchy thing, but he unwrapped it and put it on that thing, and I heard old Sam Hadley sing, and oh, it is wonderful, very, very wonderful, yet he'd been dead six years. Why, you know, the funny thing about it, God keeps records, as well as Edison can do it.

The sin of your youth, the feeling, the anger, the thing that you know to be wrong, it's like soft cement. Thirty years ago, when Homer Hamilton down at Maryville marked his name in that stuff, it's still there, I saw it, because it was put in soft cement. Now if that is so, there's nothing but eternal punishment ahead of me.

You see, but there's hope, there's hope in this text, I even, I am he that blotted out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and I'll not remember your sin. You see, it's a commercial term, I'm in debt, and he paid my debt. It's a chemical term, like a ninja eradicator, he blotted them out.

You see, judgment has gone ahead. My, my, that's a comfort to me. A God's book, yes, but thank God the whole thing's been blotted out.

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