

# Solitary Confinement

by Richard Wurmbbrand

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*Richard Wurmbbrand shares his experience of maintaining faith and prayer in solitary confinement, despite the challenges and desperation he faced.*

**Scripture:** Philippians 4:6

**Topics:** "Faith in Isolation", "The Power of Prayer"

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## Description

Richard Wurmbbrand shares his profound experiences during solitary confinement, where he found solace in meditating on Scripture and envisioning biblical scenes. Despite the harsh conditions and the effects of narcotics on his mind, he engaged in fervent prayer for the world and delivered sermons to God and the angels. His longing for his family and moments of despair highlighted the deep emotional struggles faced in isolation, yet his love for Jesus remained a constant prayer. Wurmbbrand emphasizes the power of faith and the importance of prayer, even in the most desperate circumstances.

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## Transcript

My whole night I passed walking to and through through this cell, I didn't have shoes. Every night I began by meditating on the word of God, the verses which I remembered by heart. I meditated so much until from meditation I arrived to seeing the scenes about which the Bible speaks.

I really saw Abraham with his candles and I saw Jesus surrounded by multitudes and preaching to them. I saw Saint Paul traveling. I saw the angels about whom the Bible speaks.

Everything became a reality to me. Then I would pass hours praying, praying for the whole world. I traveled in my spirit from one country to another.

Every night I would pray for America, for Britain, for Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Germany, France. I would pray for your churches, I would pray for your children, and I'm very sure that you pass a good time of your night praying for the prisoners in communist countries. Every night I would deliver a sermon.

There was no visible audience, but I preached to God. I preached to the angels. They are also interested to know what I think and what I have to say.

I would prepare a regular sermon and I would deliver it. Then I would sit down sometimes and out of a very primitive thing I had made a chess play and I would play chess with myself. And then again I would walk around, pray and speak to God.

This for a time, but afterwards the narcotics which were put in our food had effect upon our minds and we could not really pray in the usual sense of the word anymore. It was one of the most desperate moments in my life when I tried one evening to say the Lord's prayer and I found out that I had forgotten it. I said, Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, and I didn't know what follows.

And then for a long time I prayed only so much, Jesus I love you, Jesus I love you. I think that is prayer enough. And then I could not concentrate my mind even on that and my only prayer would be the beating of a loving heart.

Sometimes we would be taken by moments of despair. We had such a longing after our children, after our wives, that we would lose our minds and we would begin to bang at the door in the night. My son's name is Mihai, my wife's name is Betsy and they would cry, give me back Mihai, give me back Betsy, give me back, give me back.

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