

# Bristol Conference 1977-09 Similies Christ Gospels

by Stan Ford

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*The sermon emphasizes the importance of being a silent witness for God, working secretly and sacrificially to bring flavor and light to the world.*

**Duration:** 49:16

**Scripture:** Matthew 5:13, Mark 9:50, Luke 14:34

**Topics:** "Christian Living", "Jesus Teachings"

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## Description

In this sermon, the young minister asks his professor to keep his message simple for the boys and girls in the Sunday School. The professor humorously explains the word 'summary' and emphasizes the importance of theologians providing simple summaries. The minister then reads three verses from the Bible and discusses the simplicity of Jesus' teachings. He uses the analogy of salt to explain four simple actions of being the salt of the earth. The sermon emphasizes the need for believers to be silent, preserving, purifying, and penetrating in their actions.

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## Transcript

I was over in Cotswold Teachers' Training College, where we were able to get in and sing for Wendy's folk who were training with the teachers for Lourdes, and they sang this little chorus. Of course, most of their senior education is in English, and they sang this little chorus. I found out afterwards that it's become quite a popular sort of folk melody, and some of you know it.

It wasn't written, so I'm told, as a folk melody. The last verse you will see is a Christian verse, and that's the key one. Some of us know it, we learned it last week.

I think it has something to say. Let me be a little kinder. Let me be a little blinder to the thoughts of those around me.

Let me praise a little more. Let me be, when I am weary, just a little bit more cheery. Think a little more of others, and a little less of me.

It goes something like this. I can't sing like the choir, but it goes something like this. Thank you.

Let me be a little kinder. Let me be a little blinder to the thoughts of those around me. Let me praise a little more.

Let me be, when I am weary, just a little bit more cheery. Think a little more of others, and a little less of me. Well, it goes something like that.

Come on, will you help me? Let's really try. If you don't know it, sing la, la, la. If you're sitting at the back and you can't see the words, it serves you right for sitting in the back.

So, are you ready? Here we go. Let me be a little kinder. Let me be a little blinder to the thoughts of those around me.

Let me praise a little more. Let me be, when I am weary, just a little bit more cheery. Think a little more of others, and a little less of me.

Let me be a little braver when temptation fits me way through. Let me try a little harder. Tell me all that I can be.

Oh, let me be. Let me be a little kinder. Thank you very much.

Thank you, gentlemen. Thank you. I can find you another job another day.

I say, if every one of us goes on this conference determined to be a little kinder, a little blinder to the thoughts of those around me, to praise a little more. Did you get that? To praise a little more. I've got a strong feeling it's going to be well worth our while being here.

Really. And if we haven't been as kind as we should, and we haven't been as blind as we should, well, forgive us. Give us another chance, and let us seek to be it.

Just a word of prayer. Oh, God and Father, thou hast given us thy Holy Son. Thou hast given us to make him real to our hearts, thy Holy Spirit.

And thou hast given us that we might know how we should walk in this scene, thy Holy Scriptures. And we pray now as we open them, that by the Holy Spirit we may see something of that Holy Son, and be determined to live for him. For Jesus' sake.

Amen. I want to read three short portions of the Word of God, please. I want to read a verse in the fifth chapter of Matthew.

I want to read a verse in the ninth chapter of Mark, and in the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel according to Luke. First of all, if I may, the fifth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew. Most of you, of course, have gathered already what's on my heart.

Matthew chapter five, and I would like to read verse thirteen, if I may. The Lord Jesus is speaking, Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt hath lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men. The ninth chapter of the Gospel according to Mark, please.

Mark chapter nine. Verse fifty, the last verse of the chapter. Salt is good.

I like that. Salt is good, but if the salt hath lost its saltness, wherewith will ye season it? Have salt in yourselves, and have peace one with another. The fourteenth chapter of the Gospel according to Luke, please.

Luke chapter fourteen. We will read verse thirty-four. Salt is good, but if the salt hath lost its savour, wherewith shall it be seasoned? It is neither fit for the land, nor yet for the dunghill, but men cast it out.

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. May the Lord just add His blessing to these three so well-known and very blessed, challenging portions of His Word. I trust I do not sound unkind, for having just sung the little chorus, I don't want to be unkind.

I would like to be a little kinder, and a little blinder to the thoughts of those around me. But I wonder if I may ask you a question. I want to ask myself a question as well.

Am I good, or am I good for nothing? Could I repeat that? You see, the Lord Jesus said salt was good. But if the salt hath lost its savour, it's good for nothing. And please, not guilty.

I didn't say it. The Lord Jesus said, ye are the salt of the earth. Are we good, or are we good for nothing? If there is one thing that I have proved as I have read the Word of God, that as far as God is concerned, in Christian experience, there are no grays.

It is either white or black. It is either darkness or light. As far as God is concerned, it is either death or light.

It is either love or hate. It is either good or good for nothing. And I've been searching my heart as I've been preparing, as to whether before God Himself I would have to say, Lord, really I'm good for nothing.

Isn't it remarkable how simple the Lord is in His greatest of statements? You know, it's only men who make theology difficult. The Lord makes it extremely simple. You remember the story of the young man who was in his first charge.

They came down to speak to the Sunday school anniversary, his professor from college. And when he arrived, knowing that the professor had an aptitude to use large words, he said, Sir, my boys and girls are very simple, you will be simple, won't you? So he rose to speak to the children, and having read the Scripture, he said, Now boys and girls, I would like to give you a summary of what I have said. The young minister pulled his coat down.

Sir, he said, the boys and girls won't understand what a summary is. So gazing over his glasses, he said, I'm told that maybe the word summary will be a little difficult. Could I explain it to you? A summary? Well, you see, it's an abbreviated synopsis.

You know, that's what theologians do with simple summaries. They make them abbreviated synopses. Really, they do.

The Lord never did that, did he? Would I be right in saying this, that no one ever knitted their brow and wondered what he meant when he spoke to them without, immediately, he gave them an answer? Oh, there were some words he used they couldn't quite grasp, and they said, How can it be so? But immediately he had an answer for them. The Lord Jesus spoke in the simplest of terms. What was it the poet said? Lilies, vines and corn, the sparrow and the raven, and words so natural and so wise were on men's hearts engraven.

Yeast and bread and flaps and cloth and eggs and fish and candles. See, the whole familiar world is most divinely handled. How the Lord Jesus took things with which we are so familiar and preached the greatest of sermons.

And every one of us in this little gathering tonight, we are familiar with sort. And he said, Ye are the sort of the earth. Now, I want to say, if I may, these four very simple things about the action of sort.

Things that are so simple that the moment I start saying them, you could finish them. And I don't want any one of you to say, Well, I've heard that all before, because I expect you have, I know not whether you have, but I expect you have. But the four simple actions of sort.

First of all, sort is silent. Have you ever heard sort work? When you've placed it upon your dinner, does your dinner say, Out! Sort is silent. The second obvious thing I want to say is that sort is not only silent, but sort is secret.

If you place sort upon meat before long, before long, that sort begins to work. But the wonder of it is this, that you don't see it work. You don't know what's happening.

It is secret. The third thing, of course, I must say, is sort is not only silent, and sort is not only secret, but sort is sacrificial. You place sort upon meat and look in five minutes' time and you couldn't see it was there.

The sort is lost. It has been taken into the thing on which it has been placed. You cannot see it.

It dips itself up, that something else may have its taste, that something else may be glanced. It's sacrificial. You don't have fish and chips over here as much as we do, do you? You do? I say, sort is not only silent and secret and sacrificial, but sort is savoury.

Have you ever tried fish and chips with that sort? Insipid. Have you ever tried to live without the Lord Jesus? Life gets desperately insipid. Ye are the salt of the earth.

Brethren, sisters, if there is one thing that should thrill every Christian under the sound of my voice, it is this, that God has given to you and me the blessed privilege of being the salt of the earth. First of all, the action of sort is silent. It's a remarkable fact, isn't it, how nature's mightiest forces work in silence.

There would be no doubt that nature's mightiest forces work in silence. The sun that shines. The dew that falls.

The seed that shoots. Oh, how silent, and yet what mighty forces. Why, as you and I have been enjoying the sun during the past days, and I've noticed some of you have been enjoying the shade as well, but as you've been enjoying the sun, oh, the mighty force of that which is in the heavens.

There are great, vast stretches of this earth that can grow nothing, produce nothing for the good of man as it stands now, simply because the warmth of the sun shines not upon it. I have a letter from my wife. Of course, I have a letter most days, but I had a letter from my wife.

I think it was Thursday's letter or something like that. And in the course of my letter, you know, when you write, you ask all sorts of things, don't you? I was asking how the garden was getting on, and I asked, we've got a greenhouse there, how the tomatoes were doing, and she woke back and said, the tomatoes are as green as when you went away. No sun.

We've had a wet, wet, wet season. I say, how blessed is the sun? How important is the sun? And yet it works so silently. There's no noise with it.

There's no shout. I say, the dew of the morning. To walk out of a tent if one is camping, and walk across the field and find your feet just damp, and you wonder where it's come from.

It's all upon the very heavens, so silently. It never woke you up. But what power, what force to replenish the earth, the seed that shoots.

The great mystery of our God. There is something you can't see, you can't measure, you can't weigh. It's called life.

It'll break a concrete slab. It'll knock down a building. That seed that shoots.

What power. Brethren and sisters, I want to say this. The first thing about salt is that it works, and it works silently.

And I love the glorious words, don't you, of the 30th chapter of Isaiah. In quietness and in strength. I say, in quietness and in confidence will be your strength.

This is what God is saying. There's a very lovely story of Dr. Campbell Morgan. Dr. Campbell Morgan was there with his sons, having dinner.

And after dinner, they began to discuss, all of them great preachers, they began to discuss who was the greatest preacher in the family. And of course, the boys suggested this and that, and the other was the greatest sermon that had been preached. But after a while, they came to the conclusion that they had to bow to the fact that the greatest preacher in the family was Campbell Morgan, Dr. Morgan himself.

When they had passed their judgment, the doctor said, Boy, you're wrong. You're wrong. The greatest preacher in the family is Mother.

She'd never been on the platform in her life. Dr. Campbell's wife, though I'm given to understand, I cannot verify this fact, but I'm given to understand, she had not even spoken at a ladies' meeting. And yet, Campbell Morgan, the prince of preachers, said, Mother is the greatest preacher.

For in quietness and in confidence, she had told forth by her action, by her works, the fact that she was what Jesus said she was, sold. And she'd stopped her boys from doing things that were wrong. She guided them and cared for them and made them the preachers that they became.

Brethren, sisters, one of the tragedies today in assembly life is this, that there has arisen the sort of thought that you cannot be a great Christian unless you're some sort of preacher. May I say this, and say it from the depth of my heart, that God is looking for our silent witness. God is gazing upon Christians today and is saying to you and me, What sort of Christian are you? Now, I have many favorite characters in the Bible.

One of my favorite characters is a man whose name is only mentioned once. Was it not Mr. Spurgeon who said, It takes more grace than tongue can tell to play the second fiddle well? And there are many first fiddles in the orchestra of God. There's many a Paul and a Peter and an Apollo.

Many a man who thinks they're that anyway. But isn't it wonderful? It is not just in the first fiddles, but it is in the second fiddles that the tune is kept. And I have a favorite character.

His name is Manasseh of Cyprus, an old disciple with whom we were to lodge. I say what a statement. What a statement.

I've been speaking about Manasseh for 25 years, and he never, never, never fails to captivate my heart. It's that lovely, loveliest story in the 21st chapter of Acts and the 16th verse. The only mention of him in the whole of the Bible, Manasseh of Cyprus, an old disciple with whom we should lodge.

I don't know a sermon he preached. I don't know a sermon that ever came from his lips. I only know this, that silently he acted as thought.

Three things about Manasseh of Cyprus. First of all, he was a plodder. An old disciple.

I like that, don't you? Now please, the word old is not associated with his age. It's associated with his discipleship. I know not how old he was.

He is not saying an old man, but an old disciple. There's many a young man who's an old disciple, and many an old man who's a young disciple. So you young folk, don't you sit back and say to yourselves, he's not talking to me, I can have a little nap.

I am talking to you. He was an old disciple, and I've never yet met a person who became an old disciple until he was a plodder. A man who kept on living for God amidst all the obstacles of life.

Now he came from Cyprus. You know what that means, don't you? That means that he was right in the center, right in the very center of the quarrel between Paul and Barnabas over John Mark. He knew all about it.

If he had been like some of us, he would have stood back and said, look at that, the leaders of the church quarreling. Paul quarreling. Barnabas quarreling.

Why? I'm finished with that, I'm not going there anymore. I've heard the folk talk like that, haven't you? Yet despite, and his heart must have been broken, despite it all, he plodded on. He plodded on.

He plodded on. Silently. Silently.

No preacher was living for God. He was not only a plodder, a menacin of Cyprus, an old disciple with whom we were to lodge. So he was not only a plodder.

I say, come on, let's have a preacher's class. Let's have the second seat. First of all, he was a plodder.

You're out of this, Brother John. You couldn't even remember your own, sir, so you won't get... But there we are. Now, first of all, he was a plodder with whom we were to lodge.

He was... Well, that's very good. I never thought of that one. Thank you.

That's another point for a sermon. But maybe a little more than provider. He was a plodder.

He was... He was... with whom we were to lodge. Pardon? Yes, I used to spell that with a P, but it was always wrong. Always wrong.

My teacher didn't know a thing. Always was asking me. I said, with whom we were to lodge.

His Christianity was practical. He was a plodder, but he was practical. With whom we were to lodge.

I say, brethren and sisters, can I say this to you? Because I have stayed in the homes of so many of God's dear people over the years, I want to tell you that this is the work of thought. Silent. No one knows anything about it.

But the work of God is being done. And I want publicly to say thank you to every home in which you're the person who owns the home in which I've stayed. I've stayed in mansions of buildings, and I've stayed in little terraced houses that are a little more than a butt in a bin where I've had to get out of the bed and lie on the floor because I couldn't go to sleep in the bed.

And every one of them has been given me by God, and I praise God for every one of them. There's a need today for Christian practice, not just Christian preaching. I say, let's get the laugh for it, shall we? An old disciple with whom we were to lodge, but it's preceded with these words, they have brought with them one Manasten of Cyprus, an old disciple with whom we were to lodge.

So I'm going to suggest that Manasten was not only a plodder, he was not only practical, but the brethren brought him with them. So I'm going to suggest he was... Speak up, sir. A partner.

Very good. That's another point I've got. Can I ask you something? Who are the people you like mixing with? Who are the folk you like as your companions? Thank you.

I think he was a pleasant man, don't you? They could have left him home and said, we'll bring Paul to your house. But they wanted his company. Come on, Manasten, walk with us.

I don't know about you, but brethren, sisters, if ever there was a need for pleasant Christians, it's the day in which we live. There are some of you good folk, you go about with a face as long as a fiddle and a black tie down the middle, and you think you've got all the worries in the world on your shoulders. Let's remember this, that God says in His Word, cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He will forsave you.

Oh, please, He doesn't expect us to go around grinning like Cheshire cats, as I would say in my country. But I'll tell you what He does expect us to do. He expects our Christianity to go a little bit deeper than just our skin.

To give us the joy in our hearts. And this is a silent work, isn't it? A silent work. We had the other evening a dear lady who's working here in charge of the dining hall, and she came and sang to us.

And as she came up here, I couldn't help it, I looked at her, I said, oh, that's the happy lady. Have you seen her? The happy lady. I wonder how many of us she'd look at and say, hey, wow, those are the happy people.

I don't know about you, I have to keep sometimes tapping with folk that are not too pleasant, but I like the pleasant ones. You watch the folk I mix with here. Ha ha ha ha ha ha.

I say, brethren and sisters, hear the sort of the earth. And so it works silently. Oh, that our witness, a silent witness, not a preaching witness, but a silent witness, May men and women look at us and say, there are men and women who are working and working for God.

But I said that thought was not only silent, it was secret. It was secret. Do you know, they put thought on something and immediately it begins to work.

You can't see it carry on its business, but it does, it begins to work. And most of our lives are in secret, aren't they? Isn't it wonderful that God takes note? Isn't it wonderful the work is done if we are right with God? I had a little experiment today. I hope I didn't embarrass anyone, because you know I've never embarrassed anyone, really.

But I didn't want to embarrass anyone. But I went to quite a number of you, both young and older, and I said, tell me, could you give me the names of the disciples? You know, there was only one person, our good brother Mr. Seiler from Seiler City, the mayor of Seiler City. Where is he? But he was the only one I think that had it right.

I had it right because I had it written down. I did not ask that question to embarrass any one of you. I asked it because I want to press that point tonight.

Is it remarkable that there are some people, the disciples of the Lord, who did so much for our God, who were in the very birth pangs of the Christian church, men who went forth and proclaimed the glad and glorious message of Jesus Christ, that we know the name of Peter, and we know the name of Matthew, and we know the name of Bartholomew, and we know the name... But there are some, we don't know their names. We have to look it up. Yet their work was as great as the work of the greatest we know.

And I want to say this, I go into an assembly, and I come away, and they say, you know Brother So-and-so in that assembly. Well, no, I only know the brother that wrote me, you know, and his name was Mr., well, something or the other. Isn't it grand that God knows all our names? Isn't it wonderful that there's a work going on, and God wants us to work, even though it may not be in the forward place.

We may not be in the front of the battle. God is saying, I want you like salt to work, work in secret if you will, but work. For there's coming a day when it will be revealed.

Is there a dear sister here, a dear brother here? And day by day, as you move amongst men, you drop a track here, and you say a word there, and you feel, I'm so insignificant in the things of God. You're not, you're not, you're not. God said you're the salt of the earth.

He didn't say make yourself salt. He said you are salt. There's something being done for God, if we know God.

But would you notice, please, that not only is salt silent, it not only is salt secret, but the wonder to my heart is that salt is sacrificial. When you put salt on something, as I've reminded you, it loses itself. It loses its identity.

You cannot see it. It's soaked up into that on which it has been placed. God is asking you and I, are we prepared to lose our life that we might keep it? Are we prepared to give up even our identity, that God may be glorified? That little chorus we've been singing, for me to live is Christ, to die is more of Christ.

It's day. The tragedy in my own heart is that sometimes, oh sometimes, brethren and sisters, God forgive me, I find myself maybe more forward than I should be. God is saying to you and me tonight, I want your life to be laid on the altar for me.

There is a sacrificial work that I want you to do for me. I want you to give yourself for me. The name of James Gilmore, to any of you who are the followers of mission work, will be very familiar.

James Gilmore went to the University of Glasgow and came out with honors degrees. Almost everything he touched he passed with absolute honors. And when he had received his degrees, and three degrees he received, three earned degrees, he went to see his professor and said, sir, I'm going to Mongolia.

And his professor looked at him and said, going to Mongolia? What are you going to Mongolia for? I'm going to be a missionary. Why you're a fool! With a mind like you've got, with the brilliance of your intellect, you're a fool to go to Mongolia. There's nothing you can do there as a missionary.

Why don't you stay? Why don't you go if you want theology into theology? Why don't you train those not quite as brilliant in mind as yourself, that they may go? So he said, God has called me to Mongolia. And off he went to Mongolia, James Gilmore. For twelve years they never saw him.

For twelve years they never heard from him. Until in desperation the London Missionary Society, under whose auspices he went, sent out someone to find James Gilmore. And eventually they found him, and when they looked at him, they thought they were looking at a Mongolian.

For he had gone to that land with such a brilliant mind, with such great ability, and he had so identified himself with the people of Mongolia, that they had sent someone to find him, and they thought he was a Mongolian. When I was in Old Russian just recently, I went to the little cottage where James Gilmore was born. I can't tell you, brethren, how my heart was stirred as I looked at the little plank on the door side.

And this is what it said. James Gilmore of Mongolia was born in this cottage, and he bore the likeness of Christ. Oh, what a testimony.

He bore the likeness of Christ. And those were not the words, please, of missionaries. Those were the words of Mongolian people.

And when he went to a land that had never heard the sweet name of Jesus, he bore the likeness of Christ. I know not, Brother John, do you remember Mr. Duffy, who was in the missionary home in Newport? It was just a little after you'd left Newport, I expect. Mr. Duffy and his wife served in Mongolia for many, many, many years.

He originated from New Zealand. Tall man, taller than I. Now, for many, many years of serving God, captured by the Japanese, thrown into a prisoner of war camp, eventually released with his health completely broken. I can't speak personal knowledge of James Gilmore, but I can speak personal knowledge of Mr. Duffy.

If ever there was a man who bore the character of the Lord Jesus, it was that man. Brethren, sisters, how about us? Are we identifying ourselves? Are we being engulfed by the one we come in contact with? Ye are the salt of the earth, but praise God, if we come in contact with Christ, we will lose our identity and be a blessing as Christ was to others. But salt is not only silent and secret and sacrificial, but salt is savoury.

Salt is that which is added, that a taste may be given, that things may be more pleasant. And I want to say that life has been more pleasant to me since I came to know Jesus Christ. And life, oh please are you listening now, and this is not just words for the sake of saying them, but I want to say that life was more pleasant to me since I came to know the people of Jesus Christ.

To come in contact with Christians, to know all sometimes things are said that hurt, we don't mean them to hurt, but we're only human. I only know this, that life has become more savoury since I came to know Jesus Christ. Nice to see these young folk here.

Let me ask you a question. What is the chemical composition of salt, please? You young folk at school. The chemical composition of salt! Just a moment please, just a moment.

Doctor, you ought to know sir, please tell us. Sodium chloride. Is that remarkable? Have you ever taken a couple of minutes to look at it? Ever stop to think for one brief moment.

Hydrochloride mixed with sodium becomes sodium chloride salt. You take hydrochloride and pour it on my hand, and in half a minute my hand will be burned away. You take hydrochloride and put it in a glass and ask me to drink it, and I'll die an agonising death in a matter of moments.

My blessed God takes hydrochloride acid and places in it sodium, and I take it, softly, it makes the tomatoes, not tomatoes, tomatoes, it makes them savoury. I say, I want to say something to you. I can remember as though it was yesterday, as though the years have slipped by.

Went to the hydrochloric acid of my life. God poured the sodium of his grace. And a life that had touched things and tainted those things.

A life that had been no blessing to anyone. Praise God, he made it salt. And he wants to make your life that as well.

He made that life salt. May I ask, ye are the salt of the earth. Are you good? Or good for nothing? There's only one person that can answer that, you know.

I can't answer it, but you can answer it. I have a saviour who's looking around in this old world of ours, in the home filled, in the foreign filled. He's looking for men and women who are prepared to say, Oh Lord, add to the hydrochloric acid of my life, the sodium of your grace.

Make me salt. Enable me to go out. But there's one thing I think we need to remember.

You do not put, you do not put on meat that's bad, salt to stop it going bad. But you put salt on that which is good to stop it going bad. I've enjoyed today.

Thank you. Thank you for making it a good day. I've enjoyed it.

We've smiled together, we've laughed together, I've marched for my little flag. But I've enjoyed it. Isn't it wonderful that the Church of God jumps over national barriers? Isn't it wonderful we're one in Christ Jesus? And while each one of us would maintain our national entity, yet we're one in Christ.

But if I've learned anything today, I've learned this by your singing, by some of the things you've said, by your praising and prayers, that there are many good things in America. There are many good things in America. As I believe, there are many good things in my country.

And God wants to add salt to them, to stop them going bad. We get sometimes so occupied with that which is bad, God says, I want you to be the salt of the world, the salt of the earth. I want you to go forth and stop that which is good from going bad.

I want you in your home life, I want you in your business life, I want you in your college life, I want you in your school life, I want you in your social life to be the salt of the earth. I want you so to yield yourselves to Christ, that this day, your Independence Day, that this day might be a day when things are stopped from going bad. My Christian friends, be you good, or you're good for nothing.

Could we sing the little chorus again? Would that be all right? Not a bad way to be salt. To be a little kinder. To be a little blinder.

Let me praise a little more. Let me be when I am weary. Did you hear that? I saw you yawning away there.

Be a little wearier. Let me be a little kinder. Brother Duncan from Burlington, will you ask God's blessing please? Amen.

Amen. Amen. With Christ as Savior, I'm going to keep on witnessing for Him and living for Him.

There's just one thing more and I'm finished. I'd like to call it the service that calls to you and to me. You know the outputs have been reached, but there are more than 60,000 people groups that still need the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

And that means that upon us who are Christians there's evolved a great responsibility of praying, of giving, and of going that they might hear. One of the five missionary martyrs said, Oh God, keep me from excessive Christianity. Make me ignitable.

And another one said, Oh God, I'd rather die now than live a life of ease in so simple words. And I pray that what we have recounted tonight will be used of God to rekindle in every one of us the missionary call and the missionary passion and the missionary concern. I'd be foolish if I tried to give the impression that everybody who's here in this chapel and on the outside has the obligation of going personally to each one of those groups.

But I'm not foolish in saying that every one of us here who is a follower of Jesus Christ has the responsibility and the call of being involved in order that the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ might be extended to the ends of the earth. And I think my question to you and to me tonight, again, is are you and I ready to accept that call? Does the martyrdom of these five fellows and of Tonia say anything to you and to me? Yes, I think what it says is exactly what the Apostle Paul said. None of these things move me, neither count on my life.

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