

Sanctified Extravagance

by Vance Havner

God wants us to live with sanctified extravagance, giving freely and recklessly to Him and others, without counting the cost.

Duration: 38:28

Scripture: Psalm 119:54, John 12:1

Topics: "Spiritual Growth", "Heartfelt Obedience"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher emphasizes the importance of not just following the rules and regulations of God's law, but also understanding the deeper meaning and purpose behind them. He uses examples of musicians who can play the notes perfectly but lack the emotion and soul of the music, and a pianist who can sight-read flawlessly but longs to have the same passion as other players. The preacher reflects on his own life and wonders what God will say to him when it's over - whether he has simply completed his life or if he has truly lived it well. He also highlights the danger of being like the Pharisees, who separated themselves from sinners but failed to separate themselves from sin. The preacher concludes by emphasizing the need for more than just budgets and committees in the church, but also the willingness and passion of individuals to serve and contribute.

Transcript

But I'll read from another of the Gospels, because they're spread through them, you know, and this is John 12, the first nine verses. Then Jesus, six days before the Passover, came to Bethany, where Lazarus was, which had been dead, whom he raised from the dead. There they made him a supper, and Martha served, but Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with him.

Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair. And the house was filled with the odor of the ointment. Then saith one of his disciples, Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, which should betray him, Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor? This he said, not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein.

Then said Jesus, let her alone, against the day of my burying hath she kept this, for the poor always ye have with you, but me ye have not always. Much people of the Jews therefore knew that he was there, and they came not for Jesus' sake only, but that they might see Lazarus also, whom he had raised from the dead. Seems that Jesus was always going out to eat somewhere.

He said John the Baptist came, not eating and drinking, didn't like him, that rugged ascetic out in the wilderness with that camels hair suit on, and living on grasshopper salad, as Dr. Lee used to say. They didn't like him, and I came eating and drinking, and much of it with publicans and sinners, didn't like me either. It was a mixed crowd on this occasion, you see Lazarus had just been raised from the dead, and people like that don't show up again, you know, very often.

So out of sheer curiosity this crowd came to church, in a way. But don't criticize people, they shouldn't go to church for that motivation, to see Lazarus instead of Jesus, but pray for them that while they're there to see Lazarus, they may see Jesus too. Because that happened here.

Martha, that practical one, set the table and served the food, and Mary the mystic, that you've heard about already, the maid and the mystic, there was a place for both of them. Mary had some high priced perfume, she didn't get it at the five and ten, and the house was filled with the fragrance of it. She didn't dab a little of it on his brow, she loved Jesus so much that she recklessly forgot the cost, poured it all out in magnificent prodigality.

Some would have used a few drops as a token, not Mary. It was all or nothing. Then look who's talking, Judas.

He was getting ready to sell the Son of God for thirty pieces of silver, and yet he grumbled at this. To what purpose is this waste? Where's the sense in all this extravagance? Costy heir's income, could have been given to the poor. Now sometimes we do waste God's money on lavish suppers, maybe, while millions go to bed without anything to eat.

But there's also that variety of skin flint and tightwad, who never gave God a dollar without feeling like saying, when we are sunder parted gives us inward pain. Jesus knew the heart of Mary, so he gave to her his blessing, and gave to this event its true significance. To memorial he said, now the fragrance of that ointment soon evaporated, but the aroma of that ointment has lasted also for two thousand years.

Talk about medals and citations and promotion. This perfume made this woman a celebrity forever. I like to call it sanctified extravagance.

And that's my subject. God loves it. My heavenly Father's not stingy.

He giveth liberally and upbraideth not. He wastes millions of blossoms every spring, and billions of snowflakes every winter. Splashes color all over the landscape recklessly in autumn.

He could do with less. Doesn't dole it out for afraid he'll run out of it. Doesn't measure his love.

He gave his only son. He spared not his son, but freely delivered him up for us all. Giveth not the spirit by measure.

His love has no limit. His grace has no measure. His power no boundary known unto men.

But out of his infinite riches in Jesus he giveth and giveth and giveth again. That's my God. And if you're miserly and penurious and parsimonious, you didn't get it from God.

My God's a generous God. He's got plenty of resources. Heaven's in no danger of going broke.

Some of the saints act like it sometimes. But it's in pretty good shape. Solvent, always will be.

I heard of a little church that called a new preacher. And somebody asked a member, how do you like the new preacher? Man, they said he's a praying man. He's been asking for things our other preacher didn't even know God had.

That's a good way to pray. Because he's not going to exhaust the resources of heaven. God plants love in the heart of every true mother.

Aren't you glad she didn't keep books on you when you were growing up? Expenses. How many meals? How many beds made up? How much she sat up with you when you were sick? How much sleep she lost when you cried at night? Bev Shea went to see his dear old mother not long before she passed away. She said, I retired for the night.

And then presently I heard her tap on the door. And there was mother with milk and cookies. Same procedure as a long time ago.

And then she started out and she turned and said, can I do anything else for you? And with a far wider meaning than the words might have implied. She said, no mother, you've done enough. All back across the years.

You've not only done enough, she'd done far beyond that. And so I'm so glad that all the mothers hadn't been so liberated today. That they failed to keep records.

That they don't always count up what it costs to spend themselves and be spent for those that are dear to them. You husband here tonight, especially those of you who have been married a long time. When you were young, you know how it was.

You bought your sweetheart a gift you couldn't afford. May not have been sanctified extravagance, but sure was extravagance. When you went out to drive, there was room for two more folks on the front seat.

Now you go out to take a walk, you could drive a moving van in between. Shame on you. What's the matter with you? You start out with calculating love and you wreck your home every time.

Now I'll do my part. Now I'm not going to do his or her part. That's a road to ruin.

God wants Christians with sanctified extravagance, who don't keep books. Who travel that second mile that Jesus preached about. Over and above the call of duty.

Now if you're here tonight, one of those who's proud of the fact that you always try to do your duty. I hate to discourage you a little bit, but I want to read Luke 17, 7 to 10. And I hope you'll make a red ring around that, and the next time you get proud of yourself for being one of these dutiful Christians.

Listen. But which of you, having a servant plowing or feeding cattle, will say unto him, By and by, when he's come from the field, go and sit down to eat? And will not rather say unto him, Make ready wherewith I may serve, gird thyself, and serve me, till I've eaten and drunk, and after that thou shalt eat and drink? Doth he thank that servant, because he did the things that were commanded him? Ay, true not. Now listen.

So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants. We have done that which was our duty to do. If all you do is your duty, you haven't gone anywhere yet.

You are not a profitable servant to God. And who does even that? Anybody in here who feels like you're doing 100 percent your duty? Don't raise your hand. I wouldn't believe you if you put it up in here.

Well, you are not a profitable servant to God until you've overdone your duty. They loved not their lives to the death. They counted not their lives dear to themselves.

Freely ye have received, freely give. God loves a hilarious giver. You may not have much to give.

I think when Jesus had that crowd that time, nothing to eat, he turned, you know, and asked, Now how are we going to feed this crowd? He knew. Campbell Morgan said, When I was five years old, my father took me to hear George Mueller, that great German saint who kept an orphanage going by prayer and faith. He said, I couldn't remember much of his broken German, but he took as his text.

He himself knew what he would do. And I never forgot it. God always knows what he's going to do.

You don't know what you're going to do half the time, or I don't, but God knows what he's going to do. And if you fit into the program, you're all right. But he looked, you know, and there was Andrew, and there was Phillip.

You remember that this first dear brother got out his little pencil pad and started figuring 200 penny worth of bread. That wouldn't do it. Sounds just like the chairman of the finance committee, doesn't it? Huh? Well, Jesus looked at him, and I think Jesus wanted to say, Listen, what I need is not a budget, I need a boy.

Give me one boy with a fish burger, and I'll feed this whole multitude. And today you've got to have budgets. Don't misunderstand me.

You've got to have committees, a group of the unfit appointed by the unwilling to do the unnecessary. Yes, you've got to have them. Yes.

But you've got to have something besides the budget. You need the boy, too. You need the willing giver of such as they have.

God has a treasure chest, I think, of little things that we've done for him that are precious in his sight. That cup of cold water, that widow's mite. And then there was Abed Melek over in Jeremiah.

You didn't know about him, did you? Well, Jeremiah was down in a pit, and Abed Melek got some old rags together and dropped them down in there for the prophet to put under his armpits so when they pulled him up it wouldn't hurt so bad. I wrote a piece on ministry and old rags. Now, I believe that's in God's museum, that little thing you forgot about.

When saw we thee? What a text. Thirst and gave thee drink, stranger and took you, and hungry and fed you, naked and clothed you, sick and in prison came unto you. If you're looking for a revelation of the presence of Jesus, don't wait for some queer experience.

Get out and live for him. Do something for him. And he'll make himself real to you in the very doing of it.

One of the least of these. Little is much when God is in it. When you love Jesus, nobody will have to put on a drive to get you to loosen up.

Not at all. Ron Dunn's got a wonderful story that I hope he tells. I'm not going to try to tell it like he did.

You will tell about the husband and wife and the cats and the dogs, won't you? Oh, that's wonderful. It's coming. One night he's going to go way out of the way if necessary.

The love of God turns scrooges into saints. I think of that little girl carrying a little boy about as large as she was. Somebody said, it's too heavy, isn't it? No, he's my brother.

Just as heavy as anybody else, you know, that weight. But the relationship made the difference. Jesus deserves the best you have and all you have and such as you have.

Jesus paid it all. Oh, and I don't sing that so loud you forget what the next word is. All to him I owe.

Uh-oh. I'll bring you down to earth again. Paul said, I'm a debtor to God, I'm a debtor to grace, and a debtor to the Gentiles.

I'm a debtor every direction I look. To him I owe my life and breath and all the joys I have. My old daddy, he ought to have been a preacher.

He had two brothers who were preachers, one a Methodist, one a Baptist. But it was pretty hard to get an education then with the family and all. And he waited late and then he didn't preach.

And all the rest of his days he regretted it. But he lived above the dead level of his community. His heart had no desire to stray where doubts arise and fears dismay.

For faith had caught the joyful sound. The song of saints on the higher ground. He always wanted to walk around up there too.

After supper he'd always go out and sit on the back porch by himself. He didn't want to be bothered. He'd sit out there and look across at the Blue Ridge Mountains, Grandfather and Table Rock and all of them along the western sky.

He wanted to be still. Thank God for anybody to take time to remember they've still got a soul. And he wanted to get away from the pressure of the day and get alone out there.

Like old William Law, that saint who said, Who am I to lie folded up in a bed late of a morning when farmers are already about their work and I'm so far behind with my sanctification? Well, that was Dad. And he did believe Jesus paid it over because when he was crossing over from here to the next world, I noticed his lips moving and I couldn't hear what he was saying, but I bent over, trying to sing Jesus paid it over. But Dad had learned that that's the greatest investment in all the world.

That's the greatest indebtedness you ever got into because he pays dividends. He collected on them all the time, not in order to get them, but for the love of the Lord. I say to young people, I've got one advantage on you.

I've been young and old, you've just been young. And the youth has no business saying, I'll wait till I get 21 around that and then I'll settle down. Don't you ever say that.

Remember your creator in the days of your youth. I'm glad for the day I stood up in an old car in the church, 12 years of age, scared half to death, and asked them to license me to preach the gospel. They

didn't know what to do with me.

A bunch of farmers. There I stood. I didn't know much.

Well, I not only didn't know much, I didn't even suspect anything. But they did. They laid hands suddenly on me.

The Bible says don't do that when you're ordaining folks. But they said, go ahead. They did.

Give him your best years. Get on your knees and say, come ill, come well, the cross, the crown, the rainbow, and the thunder. I fling my soul and body down for God to plow them under.

Ask God to plow you under. Jesus said you've got to be plowed under to be a blessing. Break that alabaster box like Mary did.

God uses broken things. It takes the broken clouds to give us rain. And it takes the broken soil to give us bread.

And the broken bread to feed our bodies. And the broken and contrite heart God will not despise. Give him the best.

Fling yourself down at his feet and glad abandon. Malachi said to his folks, when the governor comes to see you, you don't hunt up the scrubbiest lamb you can find. You offer him the best.

Don't give God the crumbs. Give him the cake. Give him everything.

Aren't you glad that that prodigal son met his father before he met that crab of a brother out on the back porch when he went back home? Father, I've been faithful. I've done my duty. I've been here all the time.

That rascal's been running around with bad women drinking liquor and all the rest of it here. You put on a spread for him. Some church members talk like that sometimes.

I'm so glad that the father saw him and they met first. I believe some people have been kept out of heaven by some church members. The ugly things they've said in their own spirit they've displayed.

And a lack of forgiveness. If I'm talking to somebody here tonight that somebody's at odds with you and you're at odds with them, and Jesus said you bring your offering to church, bring your envelope, and remember so-and-so's got something against you, hang on to your offering until you get right. Sure would ruin some offerings on Sunday morning.

Straighten out things. It'll wreck families. If there's somebody here tonight that you've got an unforgiving spirit toward the other one in the family or somebody in the family or toward some neighbor, that will fester and sometimes it can physically make you sick.

We've got a lot of people that they've got some kind of ailment, don't know what it is, and I think I know sometimes that somebody will never have forgiven. That'll work on you. So, be generous.

The Macedonians first gave themselves self, service, substance. That's the divine order. Now, don't try to reverse it.

God doesn't want your money on the collection plate if he can't get you. And then we ought to get excited about it and holy enthusiasm, spontaneous enthusiasm. Drunk on new wine, they said the Christians were at Pentecost.

One old Welshman during the Welsh revival said, they're saying that we're all drunk. He said, if this is a drunken orgy, God forgive me if I ever wake up. Well, the church today is on the swing back and forth from rigor mortis to St. Vitus.

Some are freezing and some are frying. Back and forth it goes. And then some of them don't want to get excited about Jesus.

They say, well, I don't like these tense people. I never heard so much talking about tension in all my life as I have in the last few years. Well, you're not worth a nickel without tension.

You can't play a tune on a limp fiddle string. You've got to get wound up for Jesus. Some folks, I don't think they're going to snap the string anytime soon in their enthusiasm for the Lord.

Now, how do you reach this sanctified exuberance? Well, Jesus started some of it in Matthew 21 when he cleansed the temple. You first have to, the church has to clean up first. And then the children got happy.

Waving palm branches and the Pharisees, the religious folks, looking down their noses. They went over and said, do you hear all the racket these kids are making here? Hearest thou what these say? And Jesus said, yes, and if you never read out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise. The better a Christian you are, the more childlike and the less childish you will be.

And revival is when the childish church members start being childlike. Matthew 18, 3, except ye be converted and become childlike, shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven. That's the way to make it happen.

Phariseeism didn't have any song. The Pharisees were right. A lot of things Jesus said, the doctrine's all right, but the way they lived was something else.

You can be almost right and miss heaven. You can dot all the i's and cross all the t's and misspell the word. I thought that one up myself the other day.

Ever thought one up like that? I said, now wait a minute. You're going to get yourself under conviction here in a little bit. But that's right.

You can be almost right and miss heaven. Do nearly everything they're supposed to do. And my brother preacher here has already told you about that line yesterday, and may the Lord stir us up about it.

Thy statutes have been my song. Phariseeism didn't have any song. All it had was statutes.

But God's law books a song book, too, on the other side. It's both. I watched on TV when a cello student who had had much training was playing before Pablo Casals, the great artist now gone.

When I heard him play, I thought, what's he doing taking postgraduate work? He doesn't need to. But when he finished, the old master said to him, You're playing the notes, but not the music. Uh-oh.

Now that'll make you wake up. I know a lady who's an excellent sight reader, the piano. Put anything before she can play it right away.

But she said to me one time, I'd give anything in the world if I could put that something into my playing that some of these sight, that bayer players do. Said, I can't do it. I haven't got it.

Somehow I can hit every note right. And you can hit every note right. And there's not any song there.

And she did her best. She had done what she could. I look back over my life, and it's getting to be a pretty long life now, and I'm wondering, oh, Lord, when it's over, what are you going to say to me? Half done, or just done, or well done? Love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all.

We've hidden the cross today. You don't hear much about it. It's still there.

Song leaders tell me the other day about their church. The kids were supposed to put on a little program one morning. Said they were all supposed to come marching down the aisle, singing Onward, Christian Soldiers, and come up there and give their little program.

So last minute, they took a notion that each one of them wanted a little cross to carry down there. Some of them had them already from some source. They said, no, it's too late to do that.

We haven't got time. But the ones they had back in the Sunday school room, they didn't like that a little bit. And you better watch when you agitate a bunch of youngsters.

They're liable to retaliate. They came marching down the aisle, Onward, Christian Soldiers, marching as to war, with the cross of Jesus hid behind the door. I don't blame them.

I've been in churches where I think it was hid behind the door. Somewhere. It wasn't in evidence, but it ought to be.

But I find myself wondering. That old song says it, Have I done my best for Jesus. That'll put you on the spot.

He that saveth his life shall lose it. He that soweth sparingly reaps sparingly. He that soweth bountifully reaps bountifully.

At the head of my bed I have 2 Corinthians 9, 8, where I can see it first thing of the morning that God's able to make all grace to abound toward me so that having all sufficiency in all things, I may abound to every good work. There'll always be enough, if you're in the will of God, of everything you need to do all that God wants you to do as long as he wants you to do it. Now, what are you worrying about? You can't get around that, over it or through it.

There it is. There it stands. Well, I realize that at this age, I wonder how much does God want me to undertake? When am I overdoing? And then I say, Well, the Bible says, Ask and ye shall receive.

And it says, Give and it'll be given. Also, good measure. Press down, running over.

Nothing stings you about it. It doesn't mean you're not to use good sense. I think we do more by doing less sometimes in Christian work.

It's the quality. God's not interested in quantity productions much. Now, I don't go out to supper anywhere.

After service, I go to bed. I never go out anywhere and sit up and talk till midnight. And D.L. Moody took pretty good care of himself and lived right well.

And some stingy soul said, I believe in saving the Lord's money. And Moody said, I believe in saving the Lord's servant. Well said.

A man's got to use good sense. Don't be stingy, but use good sense. God says, You give and I'll give.

You can wear yourself out, though. Woodrow Wilson, in his last days, got in pretty bad shape. They said, Mr. Wilson, you're going to wear out your constitution.

He said, I've already worn it out. I've got them living now on my bylaws. Well, some of you may be living on that now.

So you've got to be careful. But have you done your best? Jimmy Carter says that when he finished his naval training, he went to Admiral Rickover in hopes of a promotion. And that rugged Admiral, storm center all his life, asked me, What were your grades? And I told him.

I said, They're not the top and they're not the bottom. He said, Did you do your best? And I said, No, Admiral, I'm afraid I didn't. I always do my best.

And then he turned swiftly in the chair and looked me in the eye and asked one question, Why not? And he said, I couldn't think of a thing to say and backed out of that room and didn't give him an answer. And I got to thinking about that. And I said, Lord, help us.

If I stand before the great judge someday, what if he'd ask you, Are you Christian here tonight? I know you. Surely you'd be too honest to say I've done my best. Nobody in here has.

Suppose he'd ask us, Why not? We used to have a little old song, I'm forever blowing bubbles, pretty bubbles in the air. They fly so high, nearly reach the sky. Then like my dreams, they fade and die.

Fortune's always hiding. I've looked everywhere. I'm forever blowing bubbles, little bubbles in the air.

That's what people are doing today. And the bubbles are bursting. And terrible things happen.

Sometimes it's suicide or other fearful finishes to a wasted life. And I said, Lord, I want to be a blessing. I don't want to get in the bubble blowing business.

I want to get into the being a blessing business. The best compliments, the best remuneration I ever get. Thank God He takes care of me.

Because if you can't trust God and God's people, you have no business preaching anyhow. But God takes care of me. But the best paychecks I ever get is when some dear soul calls me up, arrives, comes up in the meeting and says, You've been a blessing.

Oh, you can, that can happen. You don't have to be a preacher. We haven't got it bought up, that business.

Anybody ever told you, You've been a blessing, kid? Why not? You're the soul of the earth. And God didn't mean to put it in the salt cellar for exhibition. He meant to put it in the salt shaker for distribution.

Shake it into the carcass of a decaying. Amen. Some Pharisees wouldn't touch an old sinner with a 40-foot pole.

The Pharisees were separated from sinners, but not from sin. And that was their tragedy. I went to hear Wilbur Chapman, one of the great evangelists of his day.

And Charlie Alexander led the singing. And Harry Barrowclough played the piano, the man who wrote Ivory Palaces. I'll never forget it.

And one time they were having a mourner's bench invitation. People would come and kneel. And Charlie Alexander was leaning over the pulpit watching them come.

And down the aisle came a poor wretch off of the street. An awful looking poor soul, if ever there was one. Clad so poorly.

She fell like a sack of salt right in front of the mourner's bench. Charlie looked at her and said, Well, whoever that poor thing is, she's had it. Then he looked down the other aisle and here came a lady elegantly dressed, mink coat, came over and knelt beside this wretch, and put that arm in the mink sleeve around her.

Charlie Alexander looked and said, Now whoever she is, she's somebody. He went down the aisle and met her, fell in love with her, married her. I don't blame him.

Anytime you can find anybody like that, they don't show up every day of the week. And I heard her give her testimony. She inherited the Cadbury candy business in England.

Had plenty of money, but she had more than that. She loved sinners. That's it.

And when Charlie Alexander passed away, she married Dr. A.C. Dixon, the great Baptist preacher who followed Spurgeon in the Tabernacle in London. Wonderful person. Lots of money and all the rest of it, but the love of God in her heart.

Well, I wonder if you've let God put you where he wants to put you. My daddy used to run a little grocery store and I couldn't wait for him to get in the garden seeds for the next season. Then we'd open it up and here were the beans and the beets and the tomatoes and all their color.

But we wouldn't have had a bite to eat out of all that if we hadn't poured those seeds into the dirty ground. And they died and lived again. And Jesus said, Except the corn of wheat fall on the ground and die, it's all in vain.

And I look over a congregation like this and all over this country of well-dressed people in all the colors and I think about that box of garden seeds. I see the blue and the green and the red and all here tonight and I think, Lord, are we just packaged Christians or are we planted Christians? God's not going to bless you until he tears open that pretty little box and plants you. And it may be across the ocean, some young person here tonight in some place, that's the last place I'd ever go.

Yes, other young people have said that, but the wind. And I saw some the other day over here getting education. Are you going to stay in America? Yes, now no, we're going back to Africa.

With all, and they were in an area where you just didn't have many things yet. Are you just packaged? God may have to tear up that package to bring you to your senses and be willing to let him plant you. I never get over going to Moody Bible Institute because, although I went there first in 1921, I never get over the wonder of D.L. Moody.

You go there and there are these magnificent buildings. And all of it started the day that some fellow wandered into a shoe store in Boston and talked to a broad-shouldered salesman about Jesus. D.L. Moody had no education, but he began to work for Jesus.

So the day that the greatest preachers in England and Scotland and America sat at his feet. Why, they said that the only man they ever heard could pronounce Jerusalem in two syllables. He was mixed up in his pronunciation.

He never used commas and periods, and you had to figure that out when you were in his right. And they asked him when he got back from that great tour over there, Mr. Moody, what did you think when all those great preachers came to you? He said they looked like grasshoppers. Now, he wasn't proud of himself, but he was thinking about old Caleb back in the Old Testament.

God said, Go and I went. Oh, do you know when he turned the corner, though? He had so much physical energy about him he could wear out a half a dozen other men. Just such prodigious strength.

But that's dangerous because he was about to kill himself over working at that. And two dear old ladies were praying for him that he'd be filled with the Spirit. And they told him so, and they gently, and he didn't like it much.

He said, Well, look at me, I'm busy as I can be. What more could I do? There wasn't more that he could do. He was doing too much then.

But they kept praying. One day, walking down the street, he passed by a friend's house and said, I want a vacant room in your house for just a little while. I want to pray.

Got to pray. Went up there and had it out with God in total, absolute. No queer experience.

Nothing like that. Just a minute with God and something happened. And he said, Until then, I was like one carrying buckets of water.

Then I found a river that carries me. I hadn't gotten over that. Are you carrying buckets of water, putting out little brush fires here and there for Jesus? Forget it.

Throw your bucket away and get on the river. It'll hold you. And at my age, especially, I was there 46.

Oh, it sounds mighty good to me. Even to your old age, I am he. And even to whoreheads will I carry you.

I have made an hour bear, even I will carry you. And I will deliver you. It'll work.

That doesn't mean everybody will live to be old. No, God takes them all ages. The graves are all sizes in the cemetery.

But it does mean, for the full extent, the duration of his time for you here. Have you caught the secret of doing more than your duty? Because you want to. Because you love Jesus.

Just because we've got some extremism today in some places, doesn't mean we Baptists and the rest of us have to run clear off the reservation the other direction. After all, we were told to be filled with the Spirit. And you can be, just like we were saved, you came to Jesus and received him.

And the Holy Spirit dwells within the believer. And he said, if any man thirsts, and thirsting is not just wanting a drink of water. Thirsting is desperation.

Audio: <https://sermonindex1.b-cdn.net/9/SID9583.mp3>

Source: <https://sermonindex.net/speakers/vance-havner/sanctified-extravagance/>

Grow in Your Walk with Christ

Listen and read messages that will stir your heart for Christ and point you to deeper repentance and devotion.

- 50,000+ Sermons from speakers past and present
- 3,900+ Classic Christian Books freely readable online
- 1,200+ Bible Translations and Commentaries
- Over 450k forum posts — Join our vibrant online Christian forum

www.sermonindex.net