

# Where Shall I Go? I Am So Ignorant

by Ausbund

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*The speaker, despite facing persecution and suffering, trusts in God's Word and promises, and commends themselves to Him, seeking to live in obedience and be with Him in His holy commune.*

**Scripture:** Psalm 9:10, Psalm 46:1, Matthew 5:10, Romans 8:18, 1 Peter 4:12

**Topics:** "Persecution And Faith", "Trust In God"

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## Description

Christoph Bauman, in his sermon, expresses his unwavering trust in God amidst persecution and rejection for his faith. Despite facing abandonment, hostility, and betrayal from those he served, he finds solace in God's Word and remains steadfast in following Christ. Bauman's deep devotion to God leads him to endure poverty, suffering, and isolation, as he faces relentless persecution for his faith. He prays for forgiveness for his persecutors and for the safety and deliverance of all God's children enduring trials and tribulations.

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## Transcript

Where shall I go? I am so ignorant (Ich bin so dumm). Only to God can I go, because God alone will be my helper. I trust in you, God, in all my distress. You will not forsake me. You will stand with me, even in death. I have committed myself to your Word. That is why I have lost favour in all places. But by losing the world's favour, I gained yours. Therefore I say to the world: Away with you! I will follow Christ. It was long enough, world, that I floated about in you, oh treacherous sea.

You deceived me long enough. You detained me. While I was a slave to sin, and wronged God, you loved and honoured me. But now you hate me. I have become a spectacle to the world. Everyone in every place shouts "Heretic!" after me, because I love God's Word. But I have no greater treasure than God's Word, so I will not allow myself to be turned from it -- to be turned away from my God and my Lord. I will keep on being "obstinate." I have no place left to me on the earth. Wherever I go I must be punished.

Poverty is my fortune. Cross and sorrow have become my joy. Bonds and imprisonment have become my garment. Such is the heraldry of my king! Even among animals of the forest I find no rest. People chase me up and drive me away. I cannot come into any house. People drive me out. I must duck and dodge and creep about like a mouse. All my friends have forsaken me. All streets are barred for me. The people are determined to capture me as soon as they find me. I suffer at their hands.

They rough me up and beat me. They hate me without a cause. The people begrudge me the crumbs from their tables. They are unwilling to let me drink water from their wells, and they do not want me to enjoy as much as the light of the sun. I have no peace among them. They will not let me enter their doors. They are ashamed of me because I choose to follow Christ. I am sold into the hands of my enemies and betrayed above all by those to whom I have done the most good. I served them cheerfully by day and by night.

But now they lead me like a lamb to the slaughter. I sought their salvation but they rejected my efforts. They curse me for it and drive me away. They drive me into distress . . . out of their houses, their fields, their woods, and their forests. Wherever I lodge they chase me out. They treat me brutally. They hunt me like a man hunts a deer. They set traps for me and search for me, ready to hit me over the head, stab and bind me. I am forced to forsake my shelter and go out into the rain and the wind.

Even those who want to be Christians condemn me. Because of God's name they expel me out of their church. The hypocritical masses make a fool out of me. They say I belong to the devil and that I do not have a God. They do all this because I hate their sectarian and treacherous ways, and because I avoid the way of sin people raise a great cry after me: "Heretic, get out of here!" They throw my past sins before me and say: "Let the hangman dispute with him!" They put me on the rack and torture me.

They tear my body apart. God, will you not kindly look into this and see what the people are doing? I commend myself to you and leave myself in your hands... God, I pray from my heart that you would forgive the sins of those who trouble me. And do keep all your children safe, wherever they are in this valley of sorrows -- driven apart, tortured, imprisoned, and suffering great tribulation. Father, most precious to my heart, lead us into the promised land. Lead us out of all pain and martyrdom, anguish, chains, and bonds into your holy commune. There you alone will be praised by the children you love: those who live in obedience to you! Amen.

-- Christoph Bauman, Switzerland, Ausbund, 76

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