

# (John - Part 19): The Lord and the Woman at the Well

by A.W. Tozer

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*The Holy Land is a place of great spiritual significance, where the friends of God walked and left their footprints, and where many historic events took place.*

**Duration:** 48:29

**Scripture:** Genesis 28:10-22, John 1:14, John 2:19-21, John 4:14, John 4:19-26, John 14:23

**Topics:** "Expositional"

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## Description

In this sermon, the preacher emphasizes the importance of seeking God and finding Him in our lives. He uses the analogy of God being three blocks up, and encourages the audience to hold on and persevere in their faith to reach Him. The preacher also references the story of Joshua and how he called for someone to stand still and give him the moon, showing the power of God to help us overcome challenges. The sermon then shifts to the encounter between Jesus and the Samaritan woman at the well, highlighting how Jesus brought a new understanding of worship and the presence of God being within us. The preacher concludes by urging the audience to not let pride and self-righteousness hinder their ability to receive the simplicity and power of the message of Jesus.

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## Transcript

Jesus left Judea and departed into Galilee, and he must needs go through Samaria, and he came to a city called Sychar, and that city was near the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph, and Jacob's well was there. I read those verses to bring before you the place names so familiar and so plentiful in the New Testament. And I think how pleasant and how inspiring that you have walked with Jesus in old Palestine, Before the dust of the centuries had obscured the footprints of the friends of God.

For the friends of God crossed and crisscrossed through the passing of the years the little land we call the Holy Land. And now many of their footsteps have been lost in obscurity, for Palestine has been the land that has been fought over, and marching armies have trampled many of her sweet highways down into the bog. But when our Lord walked among men, time had not done its work as fully as it has done it now.

Changes were not so radical and many. Civilization had not come like a swarm of locusts over the earth, and a great many, almost all, of the places that were so familiar to the Old Testament were known and familiar to those of the New. The historic scenes could be identified as they can't now.

And almost every valley and hill and mountain and stream and cave had a historic and meaningful significance. And I've tried to imagine myself walking around with our Lord and his disciples, or going out with his disciples as they went two by two to declare the coming of the Kingdom, and moving up and down through the land we call the Holy Land, the land that was once called Canaan and then called Palestine, and today has still a different name, but then it was the Holy Land of promise. And you wouldn't have gone very far then until you'd have come to the place where the altars of Abraham had been, for Abraham had left altars strewn all over that land.

There was an altar at the place of Sikkim, I read, and in the valley of Mori, and at the mountain east of Bethel, between Bethel and Ai. And wherever the educated eye of a Jew went, he landed upon some hill or plain or plateau or mountain or some grove or beside some river, where Abraham had built his altars. For there was no temple then when the old Bedouin from Ur of the Chaldees walked with his people in that wide land that God had given him and his seed after him.

And wherever Abraham went, like Johnny Appleseed went west, leaving apple trees coming up behind him to bless future generations, so Abraham, the man of faith, wherever he went, left an altar there, a simple stone altar, for there was nothing any better. And the common sandstone, the plain, unused stone that Abraham had picked out with his own hands out of the hillside and formed into some kind of homemade altar where he offered his sacrifice and his prayers unto his God, those simple altars became shrines and became holier things than if they had been built by some Solomon or by the richest men of the world. What a heritage this man Abraham left to his nation and to his seed after him, the heritage of a praying man.

For Abraham, there were many things that he didn't have, but Abraham was incurably addicted to the habit of prayer. He was a man of prayer, and the altars of Abraham were everywhere. And I think of that mountain altar where Lot and Abraham on one historic and notable occasion shook hands and parted, for their husband couldn't get along, and they decided that they would love each other and not quarrel, but shake hands and part and strike out two different directions.

And the noble old man of God gave his young nephew the choice, and he said, You go wherever you want to go, don't let's quarrel. And Lot lifted up his eyes and looked at all the green plains of Jordan and chose them for himself. And Abraham raised his hands and blessed the ambitious young man and turned away silently back to the plains of Mamre where the grass was sparse, hardly able to sustain the herds of Abraham.

But Abraham had seen a city that had foundations whose builder and maker was God, and he cared little for the green pastures of the valley. So they separated there, and then years later when Jesus and his disciples walked those ways, no doubt they knew where they were, for I say times had not changed as they have now, and they could be identified, and perhaps our Lord, as he walked along, would say, John, you see that plateau there, there is where Abraham and Lot shook hands and parted. And as we look down on that valley below, there is where Lot was tempted to go with his family and to his own terrible sorrow and chagrin, and those sparse green spots of grass yonder was all Abraham had.

And I think they felt better and were better men and their faith mounted as they saw where old Abraham had been. And then think about that plain there before the city of Sodom, down in the valley of the Jordan, where one time afterward, old Abraham was called upon to take the army out of his house and go rescue the young ambitious fellow who had got into high politics in Sodom but had got himself in a jam and was

carried away. And Abraham came down and rescued him and brought him back.

And when he came out before the plain on the plain of the valley of Jordan, he was met by that mysterious character called Melchizedek. And I suppose that when they passed by that plain, as they did sometimes traveling around through that enchanted land of Palestine, that one would remind the other, for they had no books, no radio, no television, no five minutes of the latest news, no printing press to roll out books, trash for everybody to read, nothing to distract the mind. They knew only one book, and that was the Old Testament.

And they knew only one land, and that was their own land. And they knew only one religion, and that was the religion that God had given to Abraham and to Moses and to the fathers. So they had nothing to talk about but something spiritual and religious, something pertaining to the sheep and the cattle and the hillside and the clouds and the rain.

And so they talked familiarly. And when they saw that place there marked by some simple marker where Lot and Abraham had parted, they talked about it and said, here's where Father Abraham did that noble thing, turning over to his nephew whatever he wanted, and here's where he proved he meant business by refusing to take a shoelace from a king, lest the king should take some of the glory from God. I think that was an education in itself.

I don't know what they would call that in the curriculum, but I know that that was a general introduction to Old Testament that you can't get in any Bible school now, brother, as they walked up and down in that land. Then I think of old Mount Moriah, that little old mountain there where Abraham offered Isaac. And as they walked along there, I think they must have bowed their heads a bit and felt real solemn as they moved past that little mountain where a man once, an old man, had taken his son, his beloved son, and put the wood on his back and said, let's go to the hilltop.

And they expected there, or Abraham expected to offer his son Isaac. There was a picture of consecration unto the death and the surrender of the dearest object of the man's heart. And when they passed by old Mount Moriah, I think there were better men for it.

And there even was the old cave of Machpelah. Maybe I'm a sentimentalist. I asked Brother McAfee tonight, and he said yes.

I said, Brother McAfee, do you think I'm getting old and sentimental? I'm literally in love with the Bible and Bible names and Bible places and Bible streams and Bible people. And he said I was, getting old and sentimental. But whether I am or not, I don't know, but I do know this, my friends, I know that I even like to think about the old cave of Machpelah and Abraham.

Abraham and Sarah were man and wife for a great many years. And when Sarah was 127 years old, she lay down in that last sleep from which men do not rise until they are awakened by the judgment trumpet. And Sarah whispered a gurgling good-bye to the bearded old patriarch who had walked by her side all those long years and died.

And Abraham stood still, tall and strong, though ten years older than his old wife, and looked down on that old wrinkled form, that old face of hers, filled with wrinkles like an apple that's been frozen a hundred times and thawed out again, hanging in the spring on the bough, wrinkled and fallen in, only the faintest trace of the beauty that once had been so dangerous that Abraham had to tell his only lie and maybe commit his

only real sin to guard himself from death when Abimelech said, you're so beautiful that if they know you're my wife, they'll kill me to get you and I'll tell them I'm your sister. She was his half-sister, so he told only a half-lie. But he did tell that half-lie anyway, and there she lay now in her old wrinkled death, and I say, only the dim memory and faint outline of that sharp beauty that once had been dangerous to Abraham and to Abimelech.

And the old man said, I must bury my dead from before my sight. So he went out to look for a place, he owned all the land. And God said, Abraham, it's all yours, north and south, east and west, it's all yours.

And yet he hadn't a place to pitch his tent that he could call his own. And when his dead died before him, he had not a place to bury her. So he went out to the sons of Heth, and he said to them, from the son of Heth I have, there's a little cave up here that I'd like to lay my dead away.

And they said, Abraham, take it, it's yours. Don't ask, is it yours, whatever you want. And the old man, pride, simple pride and high faith in God once more, came to the front.

And he said, I don't want to take a place to bury my dead for nothing. I don't want to die knowing that I have laid my dead in the land that was given to me. Therefore name the price and I'll pay it.

And Ephraim said, well, the price is so-and-so, and the old man counted out the money and got the receipt and said, it's mine now, and then he laid it dead away from before his face. And when they passed the quiet, solemn old cave of Machpelah, where now Abraham slept beside the old wrinkled form of Sarah, his wife, I think there was something wonderfully sweet and solemn and elevating about all that scene. Yes, it was Palestine, that holy land.

But you know, they didn't stop there, because then there was the man Jacob. And as Jesus and his disciples crossed and crisscrossed that land and traveled all over it, put sore sometimes and weary, and covered with the dust of the journey, they must have come to the place they called Beth-El, meaning the house of God, and I never get tired, never get tired reading it, the story of how Jacob went out from Beersheba and went toward Haran. And he journeyed, and he lighted upon a certain place, and stayed there all night, for the shadows were falling.

And he took the stones of that place and put them for his pillows, and he lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and lo, a ladder set up on the earth, and the top reached to heaven, and lo, the angels of God ascending and descending upon it, and above it God stood, and said, Jacob, this is all yours, for I am the God of Abraham, thy father, and the God of Isaac, and all this around about you is yours. And Jacob came out of his sleep and said, Surely this is the house of God, I do exceedingly dread and fear, for this is none other than the house of God, this is the gate of heaven.

And there he set up his pillar, and anointed it, and prayed, and made his vow, and called it Bethel, the house of God. And you think when our Lord and his disciples went past the town of Bethel, the house of God, there did not rise up in them, and they did not live over again? In faith the story of Jacob the wild, turbulent Jacob, and his conquest by the God of his fathers there at Bethel. And then twenty years after twenty years of discipline and cheating, and if not cheating at least skinning sharp bargains, after twenty years of life that was not to be proud of, God called him back again to the altar, and on his way back to the altar at Bethel, he stepped one step ahead of Bethel, and beside the river of Jabbok where the ford crosses the stream, he wrestled all night and called it Pemeo, meaning the face of God.

I don't know, but I think without adding anything to the scriptures I can say this. I believe that I can say while I cannot locate it either in the scriptures or in the geography, I believe that before God was done with Jacob he had gone one step more than Peniel yet. I believe he had gone on to that what we call the heart of God.

He began with the house of God and went on to the face of God, and before he had suffered and suffered enough and suffered some more, and had gone down into Egypt mourning for his son. I believe that he, we can say, that he had also gone to the very heart of God, and as they passed Bethel they thought of Jacob's wrestling, and as they passed Peniel they thought of Jacob's prayer, and how limping old Jacob went out to be Jacob no more, but now Israel while the ages roll. That was an enchanted land, a wonderland, a land filled with significance and meaning, a land where every bush was alive with God, and every hill had been a spot where an altar had been erected, and every town had a history, a history of faith and obedience.

The friends of God had crisscrossed the land and their footsteps were everywhere, but come on to this fellow Joshua, for Joshua had also gone over the land and had left his trail there. There was that city of Jericho which was victory, and everybody knows how Jericho stood in the path of Joshua, the son of Nun, when he came out from the river Jordan, that it stood up in terror when he spoke the word. And on he moved, marched to Jericho, and God said to Joshua, march around the city, and so in terrible, increasingly terrible silence, they marched day after day around that city until the seventh day, they shouted with a great shout, and the walls came tumbling down.

And then, strong in their confidence, in their overconfidence, without remembering that you can only be victorious while you're keen, they allowed sin to enter the camp, and in the valley of Achor, they suffered their tragic defeat. And I suppose when our Lord passed the city of Jericho, he smiled and said, You remember Joshua? And when they came to the valley of Achor, they remembered Achan, the man for whom the valley was named, for Achan had brought the curse to the marching armies, and they fled from before Ai, and several thousand of them were slain. And when Joshua fell on his face and said, Why the defeat? God said, The defeat is because you have stolen goods in your midst.

And when they found the stolen goods, it was all over. I suppose they looked at that pile of stones there and that pile of stones over there, and they bestopped and had a good-natured debate over which pile of stones was the tomb where lay Achan and his family, reminding them that God is not only a kind God of victory, but also he's a terrible God of swift vengeance. Then how could they pass by Gibeon, when the armies of God were facing the armies of the alien? And the whole thing looked awful, and there wasn't time for Joshua to finish his amazing and successful campaign.

He suddenly shouted, Son, stand thou still upon Gibeon and moon in the valley of Ajalon. The sun and the moon obeyed him and gave him time to finish the job and drive out the foe. And after the passing of the years, you think that when men passed by the little mountain of Gibeon, they didn't remember Joshua and his famous centurion command, Son, stand thou still upon Gibeon.

When they saw the low-lying valley of Ajalon, how could they forget the moon, who stopped her phases and her motion long enough to obey the voice of a daring man who believed in his God? I say, Joshua and all the historic memories enriched their lives. And then what shall we say of David? I think that they could not have forgotten away from David, because those traveling men as they passed along, truly they sang as they went, and it certainly was not a popular song. Maybe they had chanted one of the psalms, Jesus

and his disciples.

They did in the Garden of Gethsemane, having sung a psalm, they went out to the Garden of Gethsemane. And it seemed to have been a common thing for them to sing the psalms of David as they went. I ask you, as they traveled along, how could they escape David? You know Wordsworth, in that great narrative poem, a great philosophical poem called Prelude.

Wordsworth tells about Bruce. Bruce was what to Scotland, what maybe Washington and Lincoln, or Lincoln might be to America. And Wordsworth condensed it, as he could do, into a simple sentence.

He said, Bruce fought for Scotland and left his name like a wild flower to bloom throughout all his loved country. Wherever they went like a wild flower, they found a little red-headed Bruce, a little big-eared Bruce, a little freckled Bruce, a little Scotch Bruce, blossomed everywhere throughout all Scotland, because Bruce had fought for Scotland and left his name like a wild flower. So David fought for Israel, and there was hardly a stream he hadn't crossed and hardly a cave where he hadn't been and hardly a hill that he hadn't taken and hardly a mountain he hadn't climbed.

And the name of David was like a wild flower throughout all that holy land. As they traveled along, they would only be human if they looked at some plateau covered with grass and maybe with sheep browsing there. And Philip might say to Bartholomew, I wonder if David wrote the 23rd Psalm lying on his back there one night.

I wonder if the 19th Psalm might have been written under that old tree over there, or one tree of which it is the descendant. For David was every place and his name like a wild flower. Then there was the man Elijah.

And they go, I don't know if they ever got that far north, really, but if they ever got as far north as the land of Gilead and came to the mountain of Tishbe, where he got his name Elijah the Tishbite, Elijah wasn't a city-bred slicker. Elijah wasn't a reverend product of a ministerial sausage grinder. This man Elijah came down from the stormy cliffs and projecting ridges of the mountains of Tishbe.

And he had in him all the strength and hardness of the rock and the wild love of liberty that belonged to the eagle that screamed on her area there among the rocks. And when this man of God came down and faced out the cowering king at Samaria and dared to stare down the unkingly king, the unroyal husband of the domineering Jezebel, the royal mouse, who feared to call his name when she dared to clip her finger. I'd like to have been that woman's husband just long enough to tell her off once.

But this man of God didn't. This man of God, this poor man of the flesh who cowered before the man of God, he was very afraid of his wife, and she was a wicked idolatress from old Sidon and a worshipper of Baal. And whenever she whistled, he danced to her music.

And one day there appeared a strong, vigorous old man smelling of the ozone of the free hills of Tishbe. And he looked down at that mouse, and he trembled under his shaky crown. And Elijah took over and was king from there on.

And I suppose when they passed by Tishbe, they got that far north and looked at the old mountains of Gilead, they said, thank God for old Harry Elijah, thank God for a man like that. They couldn't but be better men because Elijah lived. Oh, but brethren, you will find that enchantment everywhere.

I'm sure you'll find it everywhere. Because there were the high mountains of Lebanon, and there were the turbulent waters of the Jordan. I even like such names as Beersheba, don't you? They used to say when they met, it's all the way, they said, from Beersheba even under Dan.

And when an old Jew said, it's from Beersheba even under Dan, you didn't fool around, brother, you knew you'd been somewhere. That was their expression. Oh, Beersheba, the well of the oak, even unto the city of Dan.

And then there was Eschol, where the grapes grew as large as grapefruit, I think, because it took, they picked off one bunch, and it took two men to carry one bunch of grapes. And as it says in the old song, and grapes of Eschol found, they found the grapes of Eschol there. Well, it must have been wonderful to have walked with Jesus and walked in Jerusalem just like John, and to have lived in those times while the footprints of the friends of God were still to be seen and identified throughout all that wondrous, wondrous land.

And so Jesus came to the city of Sychor, where there was a well, the well that Jacob had given to his son Joseph. And he sat down on the well's edge, and when the woman came out, that woman of Samaria, the cursed city, and asked for, he asked her for a drink. And thus the conversation began.

And here he sat, at ease, relaxed, on that well's edge, that ancient well that told of faithful Jacob, and the water of God, and the gift of Jacob to his loved boy Joseph, that had been kept alive in the memories and traditions of the Hebrews all during the fightings and the losses up and down. And now Jesus sat there. Who was he? Oh, it was in him and through him and by him and for him that all the prophets had written.

It was of him that David had sung, and it was of him that Abraham had spoken, and it was toward him that Abraham had looked, and it was to his city that Abraham had traveled. And all the rest, Joshua with his mighty armies, were only the dim forefigurings of this one who sat, relaxed, on the well of Sychor. He had come.

"I that speak unto thee am he," he said. And so all this wondrous, shining history comes alive, and all its significance and all its meanings now condense and wrap themselves in a simple toga and sit tired on the well of Sychor. He had come.

Abraham had not dreamed in vain, nor had Abraham given up his son in vain. David had not fought in vain, nor sung in vain, nor worshipped in vain, and old Elijah had not faced out the Baalites on Carmel in vain. He had come.

And now he makes a revelation to a woman, and not a very good woman she wasn't. Not a very good woman. Why did he choose this woman? There were so many other women, trim, neat, carefully tucked up and maybe dried up women, a lot of them everywhere, who would have said, "I have kept thy commandments.

I have done nothing amiss." They were all around him. Why didn't he tell one of them? But I do know that this woman came out to the well, the woman who had sinned. And here sat the man who had never sinned.

And the man who had never sinned had come because the woman had sinned. And the man whom Abraham had seen and rejoiced to see his day was now sitting available at the well of Sychor, which Jacob had given unto his son Joseph. And now comes the woman of Samaria.

And the Lord made his wondrous revelation, one of the profoundest revelations, one of the most emancipating revelations ever made, he made to this woman. And the members of the lady's sewing circle raised their eyebrows and said, "Look, this man talking to this woman, yes, he made his revelation to this woman. Why? I don't know why.

But I wonder if it could have been. Because he found in her a hungry heart, she'd had five husbands. The man she was now living with was probably number six, and he wasn't her husband,' Jesus said bluntly.

She'd found husbands couldn't satisfy anybody. They'll find that out in Hollywood sometime, but they don't know it yet. But she'd found that out, and she was beginning to wonder if, after all, all this succession of fish that she was pulling out of the matrimonial sea was ever going to satisfy her poor heart.

And Jesus knew all that, and he saw her coming. And he said to his heart, "Here's a woman that's got an open heart, and she's hungry, and she's thirsty, and she's humble, and she's got a longing. She's got a longing.

I didn't find it. Oh, no, not in Israel. Not in Israel did I find it.

These prims, sisters, I didn't find it there, but I find it in this one." So he sat and talked with her face to face and heart to heart, and led her out, and then made his revelation. And she embarrassed and tried to hide and said, "Oh, prophet, prophet, I see you were a prophet. Now tell me,' she said, to get the heat off.

She said, "Tell me. You know, there's a difference between you Jews and us Samaritans. We say, worship in Samaria.

You say, worship in Jerusalem. Who's right? Because we know whom we worship, and you don't know who.' But nevertheless, I've got good news for you, lady. I want to tell you the time is coming when it won't matter who you worship.

I've got news for you. I want to tell you that there'll be when neither in your traditional Samaria nor in sacred old Jerusalem where David captured the stronghold of Zion, where Solomon built the temple, and where for centuries the priests waved their censers and offered their sacrifices. The city of the great king, the house of God, I've got good news for you, neither in Jerusalem nor in Samaria shall men worship the Father." She was fearing news.

You'd say, oh, she needed two years in Bible school to be able to come up to that. He didn't think so. She was raw out of Samaria, fresh right out of the woods or timbers or wherever she crawled out of to come after water.

And Jesus began making a revelation to that woman that was so profound that there are seminary professors in this city that don't know it yet, and men who have lived spotless lives and good men and learned men and theologians and thinkers. There are in the churches and schools of our land who have never yet seen what the woman of Samaria saw by a flash of inspiration. They're celebrating Lent now.

A few weeks ago you could eat pork. Now you can't eat pork. Woman, I have somewhat to say to thee, the time is coming, and now is, when men shall not worship God in Lent, nor in Samaria, nor in Jerusalem, but in spirit and in truth.

For the Father seeketh such to worship him. And on the day called Good Friday, when our breast-beating and Baalish cuttings have gone the limit, and masses of half-saved and non-saved people all over the world have gashed themselves and starved themselves and put ashes on themselves to make themselves sorry that Jesus died, on Good Friday they'll really go the limit. I have some good news for you.

Either on Good Friday or Blue Monday, shall men worship the Father. But he so worships the Father, worships him in spirit and in truth. For the Father seeketh such to worship him.

Oh, that was news. And there are professors with degrees like this. You could put them on the tail of a kite for a tale, or on a kite for a tale in the windy maple weather, but they've never found out what the poor woman out of their uncertain background, found by a flash of inspiration, that this religion is inward, this is a spiritual thing.

There was old Jerusalem, and there were the priests in their order, and there was the incense, and there were the altars, and there was the tradition, and there was the enchantment of all the places we've mentioned, and there was all the externalities of religion. And in the middle of all that, the essence and core and beating heart of all the meaning, he stood and said, all of this, all of its beauty and tradition and meaning and elevation and inspiration, it's all been condensed now into this. I am he, and whosoever believeth in me shall have water that he'll never need to come to this well any more, but water that'll spring up unto eternal life and be a well of water springing up.

And this woman understood and raced like mad back to the city to tell the man that she had found him, whom Moses and the prophets did write, Jesus Christ, the Son of God. And so he took religion out of days and places, out of Samaria and Jerusalem, out of Good Friday and Lent and Easter, and he put it in the human breast. And he said, true Shekinah is man, and the human soul is a moving sanctuary, a portable shrine, and every human breast that believes in Jesus Christ is a Bethel.

And every redeemed eye can call his place, Camel, the face of God. And he can go on into the heart of God. And he will be in you, said Jesus.

I don't know where else it was ever said, in you, said Jesus, in you. Now there is a sense in which we live in the hearts of those that love us. There is a sense, I know.

There is a sense in which we inhabit the breasts of those who love us. There is desire, and there is memory, and there is presence. But what normal human being has not, after going from the presence of someone they love, but what has felt that presence with them and around them, even though they knew they were not there.

It's a trick of the heart, it's a psychology, it's feeling rather than fact. But it's true and wonderful, and the world cannot destroy it, distance cannot destroy it. But there is a sense in which we live in the hearts of those that love us.

But that's only an emotional thing, only a feeling, only a symbolic thing. No one can ever enter another human heart. But Jesus our Lord said, the Father seeketh such to worship him, they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

And he that believeth on me, out from within him shall flow rivers of living water, and it shall be a well of water, springing up unto eternal life. Old Sychar here, where you and I sit, lady, this was Jacob's well, and we smile appreciatively when we think of Jacob giving it to Joseph. He said, here boy, I won't be around

much longer, and I won't need this well, this is yours.

So Joseph said, thank you, Father, and took the well, it was his, and they named it Sychar, and it was a good one. But Jesus said, you won't need it anymore, because I'm telling you that I'll transfer the wells inside your breast, not in feeling only, not as a symbol only, but actually and freely, I'll dwell inside your breast, and I'll inhabit you, so the true temple is the human breast, and the true incense is prayer, and the true priest is the believer. And we need not walk away from the sanctuary when we walk away from the house of God.

There are little churches here and there, and I suppose they are very good, and I'm glad for them. There are little chapels here and there, where the doors are never closed all day long, and into the evening, and people off the street come in and sit down to meditate a few minutes. That's a very good thing.

But oh, how tragic to say, God is three blocks up. God is three blocks up, and if I can just hold out to get there. God is in the box, three blocks up.

I'm so weary and tired and sick and full of heartache, I want to commit suicide, but if I can just hold out three blocks, I'll get where God is. Oh, man, I have some good news for you. Not in that box, three blocks up there, not in that temple, not in this church, not in that sanctuary, not in that camp meeting tabernacle, but right where you are now, and if you will open your heart and receive him, you will have a moving sanctuary to be with you all the rest of your days.

And you never need to hurry to get where God is, you'll always be where God is. And you never need to leave the church walking slow, with reluctant steps, hating to leave the place where God shows his face. For you will have found Peniel, the face of God, and Bethel, the house of God, and you will carry it with you, a moving sanctuary.

This is what Jesus told the woman, and this is the message that the Church has forgotten. And the free Protestant Church is slowly moving back, back to seasons and times and days and years and places and sanctuaries and shrines, back to the paganism of yesterday. Oh, that we might see that whoever worships the Father must worship him in spirit and in truth, he of whom Moses and the prophets wrote is Jesus Christ the Lord.

Take him, believe in him, love him, follow him, trust him, obey him, believe on him, put your confidence in him, and you have your sanctuary. You are worshiping him in spirit and in truth. For the Father seeketh such.

I don't know any number our choir does that I like better, maybe, than the sweet little number, For the Father seeketh such. For the Father seeketh such to worship him. I'm seeking you tonight.

If I could do something dramatic, I suppose, that I could stir you, and we'd have a packed house next Sunday night. If there was something big and dramatic and colorful that I could supplement this message with, I could say, God called you to worship the Father, now we'll bring on the target shooters. And we'd have some fellow shoot at a flying saucer.

I'm sure. Brethren, I'd turn my back on all such business and walk out into the quiet groves and kneel with a brother in Christ and worship the Father in spirit and in truth, before I'd settle all the religion of the Spirit down the river and violate the holy principle of the New Testament. Jesus gave this revelation to a woman of a spotty reputation, and she responded with a bounce.

And from that hour on, she had the water that was never drawn from a well. I wonder if we, more favored men and women, might not be in danger of allowing our pride and self-confidence and self-righteousness to shut our hearts to the simplicity of this wonderful message. Let's watch it, and let's pray.

Lord, we thank thee, we thank thee, for the faith once delivered. We thank thee for all the music and poetry and artistry, all the high flights of the religious spirit, all the dreams of holy men and the visions of sage and seer. We thank thee for the places that are marked to remind us of men who once walked on earth, good men and true, faithful men and true.

And we thank thee that all their activities in faith and belief and discipline and prayer and warfare all led us to him who is its fulfillment. And now we have found him. We have found him, this man who told us everything we ever did, this wondrous man who never sinned, who will sit and talk to us who never did anything else but sin.

How we thank thee for this miracle, this wonderful, shining miracle of the man who came from men. Blessed Jesus, receive our thanks. We thank thee, Lord, we thank thee.

We pray that thou wilt help everybody here tonight to open his heart, her heart, wide to the Savior and to believe that he will come in instantly and at once and plant a well there and spring up and spring up and spring up on and on while the ages go by, up unto eternal life. Lord, help us. Help any who may be on the borderline tonight.

Help any who may be partly backslidden. Help any who may be wandering. Help any who may be doubting.

May we beseech thee this night, may there be a quick turning of the Spirit to the God of spirits who seeketh such to worship him, these who worship in spirit and in truth. We ask it in Jesus' holy name. Amen.

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Audio: <https://sermonindex1.b-cdn.net/2/SID2106.mp3>

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