

# On Eagles' Wings Pt 310

by Don Courville

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*The sermon emphasizes the dangers of anger and the importance of forgiveness, self-reflection, and seeking help in overcoming anger.*

**Duration:** 25:59

**Scripture:** Matthew 5:22, Matthew 11:28, Acts 17:28

**Topics:** "Radio Show"

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## Description

In this sermon, the preacher discusses the destructive nature of anger and its consequences. He shares a personal story about his father's anger and how it frightened him. The preacher then relates this to the story of David and his brother Elias, highlighting the importance of controlling anger. He also mentions the importance of forgiveness and regaining trust after expressing anger. The sermon concludes with the preacher discussing the symptoms of anger and the need to conquer it in order to have a peaceful and fulfilling life.

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## Transcript

And Eliab's anger was kindled against David, and he said, Why camest thou down hither, and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride and the naughtiness of thine heart, for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle. And David said, What have I now done? Is there not a cause? And the Lord Jesus Christ, in Matthew 5, in verse 22, He said, But I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment. And whosoever shall say to his brother, Rackus, shall be in danger of the counsel.

But whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire. Heavenly Father, we thank you for this day. We ask for the anointing of your Spirit upon our ears to hear, upon our tongue to speak, and that our souls would be saturated with the Word of God, that the Spirit of God would be so dominant and predominant in our lives that we could be like the early disciples, and in you we live and move and have our being.

Thank you, Lord Jesus, for life. Thank you for showing us the way of life. Thank you for the presence that you give to us of yourself.

Thank you that you said you wouldn't leave us. Now we pray that you would minister to us today. And I pray, Father, for those that have ears to hear, that they would hear what the Holy Spirit has to say to them,

and that you'd open up the ears of those that do not know you as their Savior, even religious people, that they would understand that that won't save them.

We pray for the Word of God to accomplish that which it would please, which it would please you, Father. We pray for you to set captives free. Thank you now, Father, for this time, in Jesus' name.

Amen. Well, it's been another interesting week, and we've had the opportunity to... You know, I like this thing about Jesus being among the people. We've had the opportunity to be among a lot of different people and different places.

Got into a couple of interesting situations this week, and that's just life. Moving about as Jesus leads you. I had one friend that had a fire.

I was helping him work on a roof up in Alba, and I got a phone call that his shed was on fire. In just a few moments, thousands of dollars of supplies and tools burn up. Everything that we have, we hold lightly.

It can be gone in a moment. The things that are most valuable, many times we often destroy by our own tragic self-will and anger. I was just meditating on this this morning, and actually I was thinking about sharing something else, but the Lord had really never given me a complete go-ahead on it, so I was up early this morning just waiting on God and listening.

What do you want us to hear, Lord? He just brought to my mind a message that he had given me yesterday. I was in a meeting with superintendents, and as we were there, one man shared about anger, the consequences of being angry and how being controlled by anger has such devastating results, even more devastating than a fire that might come into our life and destroy things. The Bible says that the tongue is like a fire.

I was just looking at this thing about Eliab, the older brother of David. Why was he so angry at David? Of course, David says, is there not a cause? I wanted to share with you a little story I shared with my family this week. I don't know, I might tell it, I might read it.

If I read it, you'll get more detail out of it. If I tell it, it might sound better. But it's such a powerful story.

I wept as I read it, and then I wept as I told it again. My wife missed it, and she came in there, and I told it to her. And it was about anger.

You know, the greatest quality that a father can demonstrate is genuine love. But on the other hand, the most destructive attitude I think that we can have as a father will be anger, and it's this anger that a father has, that we as fathers, that we can have that. This will be the strongest force that will destroy our fellowship with our wife.

It will drive our children away from us. Someone said that anger in the family is like cyanide poisoning in the body. It is cumulative.

The wounds caused by angry words and actions last even after the father asks for forgiveness for his anger. If he does not ask for forgiveness, these wounds fester. Asking forgiveness must be followed by a regaining of trust.

Most of the rebellion and discouragement among students can be traced back to their father's anger. Anger cuts off the spirit of the son or daughter, which leads to increased vulnerability to peer pressure and

worldly influences. What a statement.

And there's more. It was said that anger is a giant enemy of every man. It must be conquered in all its destructive forms.

Those who succeed in doing so are mightier than warriors that conquer a walled city. Proverbs 16, 32. So I think it'd probably be a good thing for us to be alert to the symptoms of anger, and actually there are five basic symptoms of anger.

I didn't know if I'd go into this or not, but one is an angry look. And I remember one time I felt really bad about it, and I've shared this with you before. When my wife backed into a basketball pole and put a little dent, I gave her an angry look.

And, boy, she'd never even seen a look like that come out of me, but God showed me my heart, what was in there. And so your family is very sensitive to your looks, to your eyes, your facial expressions, and they can discern when you're displeased. But, you know, they don't always know who you're displeased with, so it's like walking around maybe on eggshells.

This must be conquered. Every father must conquer this area. And another is raising your voice.

We go like a roaring lion around the house. But actually there should be a softer, when we get upset, there should be a softer voice that we would have. This action of raising our voice confirms in the minds of our family members that we are angry.

And it also demonstrates that we are personally irritated and more concerned about immediate performance than understanding why a family member has not responded to our instructions. I was thinking as I was driving this morning how many problems we have, broken relationships because of poor communication, just poor communication. Just before I went on the air, I called up my 20-year-old son and asked him to forgive me for getting a little irritated with him.

We were supposed to make a rendezvous in Carthage at a certain time yesterday, and I was at this meeting and late getting there, and he'd waited, and it sounds like he left just about the time I got there, and so I waited around for a while, and as a result of that, there was another appointment that was not able to go together. But, you know, God allows these things to happen in our lives to show us our heart and our attitudes. Another thing that's a symptom is a period of silence, and this is a painful one to use on others, a painful punishment to a family if a father does that.

And every member knows that you've withdrawn your spirit from him or her, and you're just hurting them more. And another thing is unkind words, and, of course, we know that anger usually produces words that should never have been spoken. And, of course, then we have to go back and ask for forgiveness.

Rash words spoken in anger will continue to bring pain. And someone said this, You're nothing but a problem to me. Some father said this to his son.

You're nothing but a problem to me. I wish you had never been born, you idiot. You good for nothing.

You know, these negative names and statements are often lived out by those who receive them. You program that child to become what you are saying that he is, and it just destroys a life. And maybe you're a testimony today of a destroyed life.

Let me tell you, come to Jesus. Get to Jesus. He is the builder of lives.

He comes back with kind words. He says that he loves us. He says, The Father himself loveth you.

And then, of course, there's distractive actions, which I want to bring to you with this story. I'm going to share with you now. There's pounding the table, hitting a wall with your fist, or breaking things.

These are acts of violence. And, of course, some move into hitting their wife or hitting their children, which is just unforgivable, almost. This is cruelty to its utmost when you are hitting people.

I know I've had to work with one of my children because he's wired, and he's been doing a lot better on it as he's getting older. But he just would want to punch his sister. And I had to make very sure that he learned that he could not hit his sisters.

And so he would be disciplined whenever he would do that. He's been doing a lot better on that as he's getting older. But these actions, these things mean something.

Now let me share this little story with you. And I don't know if I'll be able to read it all. I'd like to because there's such beautiful detail in it.

It's an old story. But it's a true story. And maybe you've heard this story.

The title of it is, My Mother's Ring. And it's been related to us, and it happened sometime back, I think, around the Civil War time because the man that this was written about said that he was an M.D. in the Union Signal. Let me just start off.

He said, I am living now in borrowed time. The sun of my allotted life day has set. And with the metal twilight of old age, there come to my memory reflections of a life, which, if not well spent, has in it enough of good, at least, to make these reflections pleasant.

And yet, during all the years in which I have responded to the name Carter Brasfield, but a single fortnight of time, it seems to me, is worth recounting. We were living in Milwaukee, having recently moved there from York State, where I was born. My father, a bookkeeper of some expertness, not securing a position in our newly adopted city as soon as he had expected, became disheartened into while away the time that hung so heavily took to drinking beer with some newly acquired German friends.

The result was that our funds were exhausted much sooner than they should have been, and Mother took it upon herself to turn breadwinner for the family by doing some plain sewing. A small allotment of this money she gave to me one day on my return from school and sent me to Mr. Blaggett, the grocer, to purchase some supplies. And after giving my order to one of the clerks, I immediately turned my attention to renewing my acquaintance with Tabby, the store cat.

While I was thus engaged, I heard my name repeated by a stranger who was talking with Mr. Blaggett, and ere long the man sauntered over and spoke to me, and after some preliminary remarks asked if I was Carter Brasfield. He was dark, had a sweeping mustache, and wore eyeglasses. Upon being assured that I was Carter Brasfield, he took from his pocket a gold ring and, turning it around carefully in the light, read the inscription on the inner side.

Is your mother's name Alice? he asked. I told him that it was. Is your father's name Carter? Yes, sir, I said.

Then he showed the ring to me and asked if I had seen it before. I had once recognized the ring as my mother's, since I could remember she had worn it until recently. Of late she had grown so much thinner that the ring would no longer stay on her finger, and she was accustomed, therefore, to keep the circlet in a small drawer of her dresser, secure it in an old purse with some heirlooms of coins, and I was greatly surprised that it should be in the possession of this stranger.

I told him that it was my mother's ring and asked him how he came by it. Your father put it up in a little game the other day, he said. It fell into my possession.

He dropped the ring into his purse, which he then closed with a snap. I've been trying for several days to see your father and give him a chance at the ring before I turned it in to the pawnbrokers. If your mother has any feeling in the matter, tell her she can get the ring for \$10, he added as he turned away.

I did not know what to do. I was so ashamed and hurt to think that my father, whom I loved and in whom I had such implicit confidence, should have gambled away my mother's ring, the very ring I was old enough to appreciate. He had given her in pledging to her his love.

My eyes filled with tears as I stood hesitating. Mr. Bloggart came forward, admonishing me not to forget my parcels. He evidently observed my tears, although I turned my face the other way for shame of crying.

At any rate, he put his hand on my shoulder and said very kindly, It's pretty tough, Carter, my boy, isn't it? He referred, I thought, to my father, for father was uppermost in my thoughts. Then lower in his voice he said, But I will help you out, son. I will help you out.

I forgot all about hiding my tears and faced about, attracted by his kindness. I will redeem the ring and keep it for you until you can get the money. What do you say? You can rest easy then, knowing that it is safe, and you can take your time.

What do you say? With some awkwardness I agreed to his plan, and then he called the stranger, and leading the way back to his desk, paid to him the ten dollars, requiring him to sign a paper, though I did not understand why. He then placed the ring carefully in his safe. There, Carter, said he, rubbing his hands together, It is safe now.

We need not worry. I held out my hand to him, and then, without a word, took my parcels and started on a run for home. That evening, father was more restless than usual.

He repeatedly lamented his long and forced idleness. After retiring that night, I lay awake for a long time, evoking in my mind plans whereby I might earn ten dollars to redeem the ring. Finally, with my boyish heart full of hope and adventure, I fell asleep in the wee hours of the morning.

After breakfast, I took my books as usual, but instead of going to school, I turned my steps towards a box factory where I knew a boy of about my own age to be working. I confided to him as much of my story as I thought advisable, and he took me to the superintendent's office and introduced me. I was put to work at five dollars a week, with the privilege of stopping at four each day.

Every afternoon I brought my schoolbooks home and studied as usual till bedtime and took them with me again in the morning. During the two weeks I was employed at the factory, neither father nor mother suspected that I had not been to school each day. In fact, I studied so hard at night that I kept up my classes, but my mother observed that I grew pale and thin.

At the end of two weeks, when I told the manager I wanted to stop work, he seemed somewhat disappointed. He paid me two crisp five-dollar notes, and I went very proudly to Mr. Bloggart with the first ten dollars I'd ever earned and received that gentleman's hearty praise and my mother's ring. That evening, father was out as usual, and I gave the ring to mother, telling her all about it and what I had done.

She kissed me and, holding me close in her arms for a long time, cried, caressing my hair with her hand, and told me that I was her dear good boy. Then we had a long talk about father and agreed to say nothing to him at present about the ring. The next evening, when I returned from school, father met me at the hall door and asked if I had been to school.

I saw that he had been drinking and was not in a very amiable mood. I met Clarence Stevenson just now, he said, and he inquired about you. He thought you were sick and said you had not been to school for two weeks unless you had gone today.

I stood for a moment without answering. What do you say to that, he demanded. Clarence told the truth, father, I replied.

He did, eh? What do you mean by running away from school in this matter? He grew very angry. And catching me by the shoulder, he gave me such a jerk that my books, which I had under my arm, went flying in all directions. Why have you not been to school, he said thickly.

I was working, but I did not intend to deceive you, father. Working? Working? Where have you been working? At Mr. Hazleton's box factory. At a what factory? Box factory.

How much did you earn? He growled, watching me closely to see if I told the truth. Five dollars a week, I said timidly, filling all the time that he was exacting from me a confession that I wished on his account to keep secret. Five dollars a week.

Where is the money? Show me the money, he persisted incredulously. I cannot, father, I do not have it. I was greatly embarrassed and frightened at his conduct.

Where is it, he growled. I, I, I spent it, I said not thinking what else to say. A groan escaped through his shut teeth as he reeled across the hall and took down a short rawhide whip that had been mined to play with.

Although he had never punished me severely, I was now frightened at his anger. Don't whip me, father, I pleaded as he came staggering toward me with the whip. Don't whip me, please.

I started to make a clean breast of the whole matter, but the cruel lash cut my sentence short. I had on no coat, only my waist, and I am sure a boy never received such a whipping as I did. I did not cry at first.

My heart was filled only with pity for my father. Something lay so heavy in my breast that it seemed to fill up my throat and choke me. I shut my teeth tightly together and tried to endure the hurt, but the biting lash cut deeper and deeper until I could stand it no longer.

Then my spirit broke, and I begged him to stop. This seemed only to anger him the more, if such a thing could be. I cried for mercy and called for Mother, who was out at one of the neighbors.

Had she been home, I'm sure she would have interceded for me. But he kept on and on, his face as white as a wall. I could feel something wet running down my back, and my face was slippery with blood when I

put my hand to protect it.

I thought I should die. Everything began to go around and around. The strokes did not hurt any longer.

I could not feel them now. The hall suddenly grew dark, and I sank upon the floor. Then I supposed he stopped.

When I returned to consciousness, I was lying on the couch in the dining room with a wet cloth about my forehead, and Mother was kneeling by me, fanning me and crying. I put my arms about her neck and begged her not to cry, but my head ached so dreadfully that I could not keep back my own tears. I asked where Father was, and she said he went downtown when she came.

He did not return at suppertime, nor did we see him again until the following morning. I could eat no supper that night before going to bed, and Mother came and stayed with me. I'm sure she did not sleep, for as often as I dropped off from sheer exhaustion, I was awakened by her sobbing.

Then I, too, would cry. I tried to be brave, but my wounds hurt me so, and my head ached. I seemed to be thinking all the time of Father, my poor Father.

I felt sorry for him and kept wondering where he was. Although the night seemed to me that I could see him drinking and drinking and bedding and bedding, my back hurt dreadfully, and Mother put some ointment and soft cotton on it. It was late in the morning when I awoke and heard Mother and Father talking downstairs.

With great difficulty, I climbed out of bed and dressed myself. When I went down, Mother had a fire in the dining room stove and Father was sitting, or rather lying, with both arms stretched out upon the table, his face buried between them. By him on a plate were some slices of toast that Mother had prepared and a cup of coffee which had lost its steam without being touched.

I went over by the stove and stood looking at Father. I had remained there but a moment, my heart full of sympathy for him, and wondering if he were ill. When he raised his head and looked at me, I had never before seen such a look so haggard and pale.

As his eyes rested on me, the tears started down my cheeks. Carter, my child, he said hoarsely, I have done you a great wrong. Can you forgive me? In an instant my arms were about his neck.

I felt no stiffness nor soreness now. He folded me to his breast and cried, as I did, after a long time he spoke again. If I had only known.

Your mother has just told me. It was the beer, Carter, the beer. I will never touch the stuff again.

Never, he said faintly. Then he stretched out his arms upon the table and bowed his head upon them. I stood awkwardly by, the tears streaming down my cheeks, but they were tears of joy.

Mother, who was standing in the kitchen doorway with her apron to her eyes, came and put her arm about him and said something very gently, which I did not understand. Then she kissed me several times. I shall never forget the happiness of that hour.

For a long time after that, Father would not go downtown in the evening unless I could go with him. He lived to a good old age and was for many years head bookkeeper for Mr. Blockett. He kept his promise

always.

Mother is still living and still wears the ring. Alva H. Sawins, M.D., in the Union Signal. The Lad's Answer  
Our little lad came in one day with dusty shoes and weary feet.

His playtime had been hard and long out in the summer's noontime heat. I'm glad I'm home, he cried, and hung his torn straw hat up in the hall, while in the corner by the door he put away his bat and ball. I wonder why, his auntie said, this little lad always comes here.

When there are many other homes as nice as this and quite as near, he stood a moment deep in thought. Then, with the love light in his eyes, he pointed where his mother sat and said, Here she lives, that is why. With beaming face the mother heard.

Her mother heart was very glad. A true sweet answer he had given. That thoughtful, loving little lad.

And well I know that host of lads are just as loving, true and dear, that they would answer, as did he, tis home for mothers living here. The end of that story. What a story about anger.

And of course, it brings us to the Lord Jesus Christ. The lashes were laid across his back. He bore the wrath of the Father for you and me.

It's not beer, it's sin. It's our sin that put him on the cross. And his great love that kept him there for you and me.

And he was silent while he died on the cross for our sins. He didn't thrash about and accuse us. No, he died in our place.

As the little boy took the beating that his father deserved, so Jesus took the beating that we deserve. You see, my friends, the anger that's in our heart only reveals to us that at least that part of our life is not at the cross, if not all of our life. Because Jesus wants us to come to him.

He wants to bring us to the point to where we are meek and lowly. He even said, Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

For my yoke is easy and my burden is light. I'd like to extend an invitation to you right now. If you have never invited Jesus into your life, why don't you just confess to him your sin? You may not be angry, but you may be selfish.

And all sin has the consequences of hurting and destroying. Anger is one of the most visible, but bitterness is just as destructive, too. Why don't you confess to him your need and just ask him to save you? Just say, Dear God, I am a sinner, and I ask you to come into my life and to save my soul.

Dear Jesus, I know that you died for me, and I accept you as my savior and invite you into my heart right now to save my soul.

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