

She Shall Be Praised

by Keith Daniel

God's love is compared to a mother's love, highlighting its selfless, nurturing, and protective nature.

Duration: 1:00:52

Scripture: Exodus 20:12, Psalm 103:13, Isaiah 66:13, Matthew 6:33, Ephesians 6:3

Topics: "Fear Of God"

Description

In this sermon, Keith Daniel shares a personal story about a transformative encounter with God. He recounts a moment when he and a friend were arguing about a theological issue, and his uncle intervened with a powerful message about the importance of respecting one another. This incident led Keith to reflect on his own life and the choices he had made. He then shares the story of his brother, who was living a destructive lifestyle but had a life-changing encounter with God and became a new creation. Keith emphasizes the power of prayer and the need for wisdom in our Christian walk.

Transcript

God often compares his love toward us to that of our earthly father and our earthly mother. God often compares his love toward us to that of our earthly father and mother. Psalm 103 verse 13, like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

As one whom his mother comforteth, so I will comfort you. Isaiah 66 verse 13. And this comparison is found again and again throughout the entire Bible.

In the Ten Commandments, God called upon us to honor thy father and thy mother. That's Exodus 20 verse 12, that it may be well with thee. Ephesians 6 verse 3. I've often reflected on the many blessings God has mercifully bestowed upon my life.

I have often thought in my heart sincerely, is there any man that has ever been so blessed by God in history? With so much goodness in the things I value. I have often blessed God as I've reflected on the many blessings that he has so mercifully bestowed upon me. So many occasions when I've prayed, I've prayed, if ever I thank thee for anything from my heart, it is for the father and the mother I had.

If ever I thank you for anything, God, it's the father and the mother that I had. Listen to what God said in Proverbs 31, that many of you can quote, about a woman who fears the Lord. Who can find a virtuous woman? Proverbs 31 verse 10 says, Her price is far above rubies.

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. Verse 25, strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom. In her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children rise up and call her blessed. Blessed her husband also, and he praises her. Verse 30, favor is deceitful, beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

She shall be praised, God says in this wonderful passage. I once read these heart-searching and heart-rending words on a clock. A mother is the glue that holds the family together.

A mother is the glue that holds the family together. My brother and I, he's three years older than me, we were only two boys in the whole family. Mother couldn't have further children, but my brother and I were never really close.

We really had no close relationship. I didn't really like my brother, I must be honest. We didn't know God, we were unsaved, but when he was saved, that night not a week later, not a year later, but that night the powers of hell were shaken.

To every soul he came near, beginning with his family, and I looked at him so stunned that I was speechless for days. I couldn't speak. My mother and father couldn't speak.

I remember the three of us, mother, father, and myself, sitting as we looked at my brother's reactions from this arrogant, self-centered, heavy smoking, heavy drinking, aggressive, angry young man. As we looked at him at the table with this compassion for everybody, this love, this care, and I looked at mother and father and their mouths were open just looking at him, and I realized my mouth was open. We were so stunned at the change.

Not a year later, he stood up a new creation. Old things passed away, old become new. My brother and I became so close.

When I was saved, the two of us were inseparable. I didn't want him out of my sight. I just didn't want him out of my company.

We did everything together. Oh my, we ran to meetings and meetings and all the time. We were with everything.

We chased people down the street. They're still running. We had a lot of fire, not much wisdom.

I'm sure some of them are still running. Brother, oh my, for quite a few years we had an enormous amount of fire, but very little wisdom, but that's forgivable. It's unforgivable if you don't have fire in Christianity.

That's unforgivable, but I and he, we were one. We found each other and we loved each other. We began to preach together in the same mission, in the same pulpits.

We discussed the things we prayed into the nights. We, just one voice, one heart. We were one until my father died.

And soon after my father's death, my brother went into another sphere of Christianity called the charismatic movement. Now, I'm not here tonight to condemn them and prove them wrong, but I remember that was a devastating moment. It wasn't only me.

It was all over the world. Churches, every single, splitting in half over this issue as the charismatic church movement spread across the world. Families were split.

I can't believe how many families were irreconcilable on this issue, though they both profess salvation, but the splits that came in homes and churches and movements is uncomprehensible to the degree it split across the whole world to this day. But suddenly, we found ourselves radically differing, radically differing on doctrine, on doctrinal issues, the contextual emphasis, the interpretations on manifestations, gifts, on what it is, this terminology of being baptized in the spirit and the evidence of being filled with the spirit and gifts, tongues, et cetera, and all the interpretations of what manifestations and gifts are. We disagreed.

We disagreed so strongly that it was like the oneness we had found after all those years of not really having time for each other, that oneness that was so precious in everyone's eyes, who knew we had nothing to do with each other, nothing, just tolerated each other in a way through all childhood and kept the distance, but now suddenly finding it all, now suddenly after a few years, it goes off into the charismatic movement, and we have this incredible contrast on doctrine. The oneness was gone. The closeness was gone.

We never ever preached in the same pulpit again. He's one of the most famous charismatic preachers in the world, but I could never be in any pulpit he was in, and he could never come to any pulpit because he looked at everything and said, we're leaving that behind. We're going on, moving on.

I said, I can't. I followed you to Christ, and I will be eternally grateful. I can never follow you another step.

I could never take another step. Where are you going? That broke his heart, broke my heart. It wasn't just doctrinal.

It was, yeah, I'd found a friend in him that I don't think I'd ever so appreciated any life in my entire life as much as I loved and appreciated being with him. And enjoyed him, and now this was gone. Well, one day we were having an argument over certain statements being made, and we raised our voices, and we really were angry with each other in our differing on what he was saying, and I remember suddenly my Uncle Roy, a godly man, he shouted loud, and Uncle Roy never shouted, never in his life.

He shouted, and we both looked at him, and he was weeping. And he said, listen carefully, you boys. This stops now.

Do you understand me, he said. Do you understand me, he said. This stops now for the rest of your lives.

Listen carefully to me, Dudley. You're losing respect for each other, and that is tragic. This arguing of difference and doctrine stops now.

Do you understand me, he shouted, and tears coming down his face. For your mother's sake, boys. We both turned to our mother sitting there that we had forgotten in our arguing, and she was just so smashed with tears, with fear in her eyes, looking at these boys that Christ had brought together, now fighting, angry, unable to agree, and he couldn't even say amen to his prayers.

He couldn't say amen to the way I prayed. He couldn't say amen and be enthusiastic about anything he said he was doing for God, and he couldn't be for me. It was like two different religions now.

For mother's sake, as we looked at our mother and saw her brokenness and her fear, we never ever had another argument again in our life. I'm talking about many, many years ago. Not once did my brother and I ever dare to bring up doctrinal issues, differences, no matter how much we differed.

We never ever, for our mother's sake. In respect to our mother, that was the reason. That was the reason God stopped us.

A mother is like a glue. She holds the family together. You only realize how true that statement is when she dies.

A mother is like a glue. She holds the family together. I've often looked at my wife in the light of that statement.

I have so often looked at her with such deep appreciation in the light of that statement. You see, when I look at my wife, how she has lived. She's aged prematurely, I admit that.

That perfect beauty that made me nearly die of heart failure when I first saw her. I can't tell you what happened to me. I've never ever known anything.

It's gone, and yet she's still more beautiful to me than anyone in the world. The purity, the... And I love her a thousand times more than I loved her when I first saw that perfect beauty, because of her life. You just love her more and more.

I would never have said I could possibly love her more than I did when I first met her. My whole being, my heart was gone forever to... But I look at her now, but as I've looked at her life, and many others, I've never been able to comprehend that there is such a life as my wife's. The way she pours herself out for her children, makes my children... I don't think any of my children don't get on their knees, and probably their faces, and weep daily.

I'd be stunned if they did, because of their mother's life, poured out for their well-being to the degree that no matter what sacrifice she had to make, no matter what she endured, that mother that she was to my children... I don't know how many times I've thanked God for my soul, including today, just suddenly worshipping God that there is such a human, let alone that she's the mother of my children. And she sacrifices her life for me to the degree that I just don't know how to handle it. The children don't know how to handle it.

Her father's just died of cancer, riddled. She was there for her own mother and father, as a daughter, hours, days, nights, people all over that area. And in that, I've just heard people saying, could this be an angel? Is she not an angel? This can't be... There she was, because her daddy didn't want to die in the hospital, with all the suffering and the turning him, bathing him, clothing him, stroking him.

All my sons were there also, praying with him, helping her. But my one son, who loves the Lord with all his heart, he's singing to his grandpa and praying, hours upon days, he just stopped life and came. They give themselves, but she gave herself there that people at the memorial service where I speak, preachers even.

Where did this woman ever... Where does anyone ever become what she is? Her life is just a sacrifice. But the wonderful thing about my darling wife is she does it with joy. I've never heard her murmur.

I ask God forgiveness if I did ever. I just remember the joy that somehow in all this, with tears sometimes, there's a smile. There's no murmuring.

As she gives herself, pouring herself out to the degree, wherever there's anything or any circumstance or any need, she's there and there's nothing held back of her strength, of anything she can do in any way. A woman that feareth the Lord, she's something unique. Ultimately, she was doing it for God.

And as a result of God in her, I believe that, to be an example of the believers as she has been in so many ways. Oh, I've reflected her life poured out for others and it has unnerved me, it has staggered me, it has driven me to my face, and I have wept on many occasions, just thanking God for this woman. That there is such a human in this world as the wife that she has, that God has put into my hands, into my life and my children's.

Now, there's another staggering statement. Another staggering statement I once heard, a mother is like a lioness, a lioness, guarding over her cubs, watching, guarding, until the day she dies. If one of her children, or if a child chooses to pursue a life of sin, if Satan takes her child's heart and turns that child that was once your greatest joy, plants seeds there of a love for the world and sin, chooses and closes their heart toward you and the godly values you raised them, and chooses to be influenced by wrong friends, consciously is breaking your life, breaking your heart, tragically chooses a life.

Now, that mother is like a bear robbed of her whelps. Proverbs 17, verse 12. Angry, fearful, fretful, confused, shattered, whining in pain that you will never find in any other being other than a mother.

Don't doubt that. But then, if she's godly, she's driven to her knees, she's driven to pray. Now, D.R. Moody said, who can pray like a mother? Who can argue with D.R. Moody? You've got to be something if you dare.

I read a book, I saw a book, why D.R. Moody is of the devil. Why John Wesley, this one book now, is of the devil. God have mercy on the people who wrote that.

It's a doctrinal issue. You've really got to be in total deranged mental state to say such things about Moody or Wesley, brother, don't. Not for doctrine.

But Moody said, who can pray like a mother? I disagree with him on that point. I don't think I disagree with Moody on anything else. I haven't looked.

Some people look for anything they can disagree. Of course, you're going to find something, but not Moody. Who can pray like a mother? But I do disagree with him there.

I think a father can pray just the same. A godly father. Because the Holy Spirit in you teaches you to praise you.

You don't know how to pray, God says. But if to the degree you've given over to God, you are controlled by the Holy Spirit. You have the mind of Christ, the grief Christ had as he wept.

If he could weep, then he weeps now, but the Holy Spirit of God, the Spirit of Christ is in you. I believe that you can pray, and you do pray, if you're godly. Prayer is a staggering thing.

I was once preaching in a theological seminar to students at the opening of their term, and they nearly killed me. All the meetings, and all the praying with these students in between for a couple of days, it was worth it. But I went home one night, the last night, and there was my bed occupied by my children.

This was many years ago. And so it serves me right, I come back so late, they all get scared, so daddy had to go and find another bed. But I was so tired that I was numb.

And I just, like this, with my suit, my tie, I just fell back on the bed. Boom, here's my Bible in my hand. I was gone.

In this one bed, my other child should have been occupying. Nonetheless, there I was, woke up. Whoa, the wind's blowing, but what, what banging? So I got up, and they had smashed through our home in the back.

The door was smashing, and they had robbed us. Criminals had, I just saw things in the state of the, oh my, oh my. I was so asleep, I didn't hear them smashing into our home.

I was so tired. Well, the police come, five o'clock in the morning. They have to come, and we have to report it.

And the policeman's asking me certain questions, and he asked me a silly question. He says, what time do you think they came in here and broke in here? I said, well, how am I supposed to know that? I didn't answer him that. What a silly question.

But as he asked the question, the telephone goes. A very godly young man. Oh, he's godly.

Close friend to me now, but those days he was just a very godly young man. And his father was the moderator of one of the biggest movements there in Africa. But this godly young man, his brother Keith, are you safe? Are you all right? Are you and Jenny and the children all right? You're not hurt? So I said, no, we're safe.

But then I said, but how do you know what happened? He said, what do you mean? I said, well, we've been robbed, and the police are sitting here now, and the place is in a mess. And I said, what made you phone me at 5 o'clock in the morning to ask me if we're safe? So he said, brother, I woke up weeping, sobbing with such agony and fear. My wife says, well, what's wrong? What's wrong? He said, I don't know.

He says, I just, it's Keith Daniel, that preacher, and his family. I just, I don't know what it is, but I just am full of fear. And she said, what are we going to do? He said, well, let's phone.

She said, you can't phone people at this time of the night and tell them that you're weeping for them. Let's just pray. So he said, he got down on his knees, and he said he just wept with such grief, crying with a loud voice, which he doesn't do, for God to protect us, for God to protect us.

Here he is, about 15, 20 miles away from us, weeping. And I said to him, what time was it that this happened, that you woke up weeping? Oh, he says, about 2 o'clock in the morning. So I said, hold on.

I said to the policeman, it was 2 o'clock in the morning they broke in here. So, of course, this one policeman looked at me as if to say, the thief's on the phone to you, giving an account of it now. Anyway, it's 2 o'clock.

They caught these men, and they found they had murdered two families, the one before wiped out the entire family. Instead of just thieving, robbing, this is done in Africa. Just kill them.

And some worse things, too, to the ladies. But then they come the next night, after they kill these two families, they come to me, my home, break in our home, miles away from where they had done it at Stellenbosch. But court case comes, and I had to go and stand there, give some testimony about articles they'd stolen, that lady judge.

And then I looked at this man, the one that had, and you know what came out, that they had stood there, five men with guns, over me, and I was, they explained, I was lying there, Bible and my suit, and I hadn't heard anything, and there was no trying to tiptoe. They were loud. They'd just kill.

And they looked at each other and arrogantly, mocking me, the one said, kill him. Kill him. And they took... Now, I failed that, in that court case.

I failed badly. I failed God. I should have got up and said, what made you not kill me? What made you people flee? Because as he was looking at me, while the court case was on, and I, my eyes, he went like this.

And then he made these noises. In the end, the judge, this woman, looked at him and looked around and asking, is he all right, mentally? What's this? He couldn't look at me without fear and making noises. Oh, so I should have said, why didn't, what made you not kill me? What made you not? You killed two other families.

What stopped you? But I didn't. And before I could ever find that man, he died in a violent way. And all the men that were with him in days, a few weeks later, they were all, I don't want to even think how things happen.

Nonetheless, there's something about prayer. Now, I remember a young man meeting me at an airport. He had phoned and said, because I was passing through one of the airports, that he had to see me.

So he said he had been molested as a child, but he had a godly mother. And he said, as he got home from this function at the school where this terrible thing happened to him, the door opens, they dropped him and all the children dropping off these little things. His mother opened the door and looked at him and she was just weeping.

And she said with a loud voice, what happened to you tonight? She shouted, what happened? Come sit down, mother. He said to me, Mr. Daniel, I only realized how real God is. My mother said that.

How real God is to my mother. And what a woman of God she is. She knew.

She knew and she was broken. What happened? Oh, the repercussions of that poor boy's life. The man, of course, involved with what he did to other children.

He was jailed for life after some court case when these children began to witness. But I spoke to that mother. Oh, what a woman of God.

My wife said, she's one of the godliest women I've ever met in my life. Now, Jenny doesn't say things very easily. But I said to her, your son said you knew.

She said, brother, I was sitting reading my Bible and suddenly a grief came in my heart. That I went on my face and I was sobbing in such fear for my son. Now, you must sit there and think, well, why did God allow this man if her mother's praying like that? I'll tell you, if she hadn't prayed like that, worse things would have happened to that boy than did.

Oh, God was grieved and God, the Holy Ghost is in us. You know not what you should pray for, how you ought to pray, but the spirit of God in you teaches you with groanings that cannot be uttered. That's not tongues.

That's the grief of God. You can't work yourself up to grief. You don't even know what to pray as you ought to or what's going on, even with your children, but the Holy Ghost in you.

I believe as that boy stood up at two o'clock in the morning weeping for us, we were saved as a result. Something about prayer. As that woman praying for that boy, knowing while he was miles away in some school function that he was in danger, that is God's way.

Prayer, the great weapon of prayer. Oh, my. I was in a mall in Africa, some famous mall, says one of the best in the entire world.

So I was there and I was eating and suddenly a group of young people, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, I don't know, they're all standing there. They came over where I was quickly eating in this table there and all the takeaway things and the boy says, Are you Keith Daniel? So I said, Yes. He said, Oh, we've seen you on YouTube and all the websites and all that.

And I recognize and we love the Lord and so we sit down. I'm here for a little while. And so they were talking about their love for Christ and things where they're at.

And the one boy, the one that sat just in front of me, his face was distorted. I don't know how to word it. And his eye.

So I said, What happened to you? Why? What happened to your face? Forgive me asking you. So he put his head down and the other people put their heads down. And he said, I'm very ashamed, sir, but this is a result of the wickedness.

I lived in sin. Wicked sin. I just threw myself into the hands of the devil and served the devil.

But I had a godly mother. He was praying for me. He took the drugs, the worst that people don't recover mentally across the world.

They can never, ever be repaired. The damage of these LSD, all these damaging drugs. He just threw himself.

And he said, He came to the place where he just thought he's going to die on the streets. And he was lying in the gutter, drugged. And he thought, Well, he's going to die.

I have to die. I won't survive the night, sleeping in the gutter, sleeping in the streets, with these other people with all drugs and destroyed lives in very doubtful places of the city. And he said, Suddenly, just suddenly, it was like God.

Because I was crying, Don't let me die like this God. Please don't let me die like this God. And suddenly, he was aware of God.

He said, No one was there telling him about God or the gospel. Oh, he knew about God. He knew the gospel.

He said, His daddy didn't want God. His mother wanted God. He had to make a choice.

And the children, a father or a mother, who do you follow? He followed his father, as far as God's concerned. But there he is. Now, conscious, he's about to die.

He's so destroyed. And he's in such a condition. And fearful, crying, Don't let me die like this.

Suddenly, God. And he was stunned. He just got on his knees, and he began to cry and scream, Save me.

Save me. Save my soul. I give my life to thee.

Oh, God, just save me that I don't die like this. And he said, Suddenly, as he was groaning to God to save his soul, he said, It was like a wave of divine love just swept over him. And he couldn't agonize.

He just began to pray. He couldn't groan for mercy any longer. And he stood totally sober.

He said, Sir, people won't believe this. Medical people won't believe it's possible. I was totally sober.

And I never touched another drug again. After all those years of addiction and being destroyed by drugs, I was free. I said, Your mother is godly, you say? Oh, yes.

She must have been praying for you. That's why God saved you. Give me your mother's telephone number.

So I phone her. Oh, he said you were going to phone me, she says, and that he had met you, she says. He was in a terrible, terrible condition.

I said, Did you pray for him that night in a particular way? She said, Sir, I saw him a week before, and I knew I'm never going to see my son again. He's going to die. He's finished.

The way he, I just looked at him like nothing left of him. And it broke my heart. And I began to fast.

I didn't eat days, days, days. But that night, that night, I couldn't sleep. And I got out.

And I just wept, and I groaned, and I wept, and I begged God to save my son and not let him die. And suddenly, she said, suddenly, Mr. Daniel, it was like a wave of divine love went over me. I'm not an emotional person, she said.

But the peace of God just flooded me. I wasn't able to weep another. I wasn't able to groan another word.

All I did was worship God. She said, half an hour later, my son phoned me and said, Mother, I'm saved. I am completely saved, and I'm delivered.

She said, when, what time? It was as she was on her face, weeping, miles and miles from that boy in a gutter, that God, and God gave them both peace the moment he was saved. Miles, oh God, the Holy

Ghost in a woman. God, the Holy Ghost in a woman.

I know a woman called Rena Williams. I knew all these little kids, you know, as they grew up. She's got a tribe back home in South Africa, very well-to-do people on farmlands, but not one of those children ever wanted the world.

Not one of them. They all, as long as I can remember, from childhood right through teenage years, right through to marriage, right through to this day, they walk with God in a way that, I mean, the most deeply conservative but joyful and God-fearing and godly young men and women. Nonetheless, I said to her one day, you know, Sister Rena, it's it's not every Christian home that has all their children following God like yours do all through the years until manhood, until they're grown up like, you must have done something right that other homes didn't all get right.

I said, what did you do that all your children, everyone, they just wanted Christ, they wanted to follow God. They gave themselves right to Him. When I remember little ones every year or when I see you after years, they're still following God with all their heart, soul, and mind, everything they could be.

What did you do? She said, oh brother, no. I made so many mistakes like all of us. It was just God's mercy and grace, not what I did.

I tried my best. Then there was silence and she said, but perhaps there was one thing I did. I've never spoken about it to anybody, Mr. Daniel.

Perhaps there was one thing I did that God did honor. Every single night of their lives from birth, to the day they walked out of the door, every child, when they were asleep, I got up on my knees in my quiet time and I went to their bed and I knelt. I put my hands on each boy as they were small and growing up right until they were men every night.

I cried to God to shelter them under the blood of Christ, to undo anything the devil's done by the risen, resurrected power of Christ and the blood of Jesus Christ. Any seed he's sown in their hearts to undo it, that it cannot bring forth any love for sin. Any influence from any friends, even Christian friends, because not every Christian's children are godly when they come into our home and our children have to be.

I cried to God to protect them and undo every single day anything Satan's done that could possibly be a seed that brings forth the desire for sin and a life of sin. Undo now, God, protect them. And I went from bed to bed, through the rooms, to every child until the last child went out of that door to marry.

To start their own lives, I put my hands on them and I prayed. And then after that, I continued to pray but not with my hands physically on them. She said, I think maybe praying with my hands on every night from birth till the day they left, maybe that's why God did keep them and that they wanted God the way they did.

That's all I can think of. You know, I said to one of her sons, did you ever know that your mother prayed for you in the nights? Oh, we all knew that. She, we waited for her many times, just waiting for Mother to come.

And then he said these words, and I do the same to my children, Mr. Daniel, because what Mother did worked. And since I found the other children do the same also, they knew. And they were conscious that was the reason, probably more than anything else, that God kept them and their hearts from ever desiring to serve the devil but only wanting God of their father and mother.

Yes. I've often said, if you've been saved, someone prayed for you. When we were saved as a family, the neighbors three houses down came to our front door.

We had seen them, you know, but we never knew. They said, we wanted you to know, we've heard you've been saved as a family. And we have prayed for 10 years, every single day on our face, on our knees, my wife and I and our family, for you to be saved as a family as we realized what sorrows you were facing, and the whole neighborhood knew the sorrows you've been facing.

We have called upon our church every week to cry out for that family three houses from us, Doris and Radley. So I preached that. I said, you've been saved.

Someone prayed for you. Either neighbors down there, somebody prayed. Somebody had compassion.

Imagine the billions, there's no one ever prayed the name. No mother ever prayed that child in their billions. Never ever to have been named or singled out of the billions, 300 million in the Arabian countries.

I doubt that 1% was ever prayed for by name, by a mother or father. Do you know the privilege of being prayed for? I said, these neighbors were praying for us in their church for years, 10 years, and God saved us. And I attribute a lot to do with the prayers that God can't deny these, he can't turn his face and say, I'm not in.

Oh, no, no, no. Somebody prayed. Well, I was preaching then in some Methodist church back home in one of the cities, and there was a Stephen Foushee, he was a Methodist preacher, a very godly young man.

Nonetheless, he married Andrew Murray's great granddaughter, the great Andrew Murray, who was probably the most godly man that ever lived in Southern Africa, certainly the most used man. He's loved across the world by the godly. But anyway, there's Stephen Foushee, the Methodist fellow, married Andrew Murray's great granddaughter.

I know her well, I know all their children, and oh, well, served the Lord with one of them. But anyway, he says, Keith Daniel says, if you have been saved, someone prayed for you. He says, but no one prayed for me.

I guarantee you, I've been saved a long time. No one ever came to me and said, I ever prayed for you. No one.

I didn't have godly parents. Not one person in this world ever says, I prayed for you, Stephen, to be saved. You know, his mother-in-law stood up, crippled with arthritis.

Oh, beauty, they're all dead now, but she said, oh, you're wrong, Stephen. Keith was right. I prayed for you every day.

I prayed, groaning to God from the birth of my daughter, every day of her life, until you came. For the man that God would bring to my daughter's life, that all the years that we put into and invested into her life won't be destroyed by a wrong choice, by a man who's not walking with God. I groan for you.

I didn't know your name. Oh, I prayed for you. Oh, he says, thank you, weeping.

Oh, well, there you are. Someone prayed for you. That's very precious to me.

It's very precious. The prayers of a mother and a father. Lost opportunity.

You know, I did everything possible in my capacity as a human to honor my father and mother from the day I was saved. I couldn't before. I wanted to, with a sinful nature.

Made that impossible. At times, I hated myself so much I actually wanted to die, when I saw them aging and weeping over my life. Well, I did everything from the day of my salvation to honor my father and mother.

In every way I possibly could, I did everything, if any, nothing was sacrificed, it was just a joy. Lost opportunity when daddy and mommy died. I thought back and I thought, oh, my, I so miss them.

I don't want them back. I know they're in heaven. But I thought, my father so loved the word of God.

He was saved nine years. He read through the Bible 68, 69 times from cover to cover. He spent hours with God.

He led more souls to God than most preachers in the history of Southern Africa. He was used by God. He walked with God.

He was a man of God for those nine years. And I thought, you know, there were times daddy used to sit there enthralled with the word of God and say, just listen, let me share this with you boys and come, Keith, just give daddy a bit of time. I'm so excited.

You know, I remember there were moments that I was so tired preaching and giving myself and so the circumstances that I said, daddy, I can't. Sorry, that's enough now, daddy. It's too late.

Oh, Keith, but just let me please. I want to share this. And I thought, oh, if I could just have another chance.

Honestly, I've said to God, I would say to him, daddy, I'll sit through the night with you. Because the hurt on his face when I said, daddy, I can't. I'm sorry for that lost opportunity.

My mother, she was 91. She died three years ago. Oh, she loved God.

Oh, she was. But you know, there was something when I was with her that she felt so safe and so happy. And I sensed everybody.

They just said, you've got to come down. You've got to get to your mother. And she used to say, Keith, don't go now.

Just give mommy a little bit more time. And you know, I could have. I'm sorry, I didn't.

Lost opportunity. Then I want to briefly, very briefly look at the daddy and the husband, the father. You spoke about Mary Morrison, Mary Peckham.

She was saved in the Hebrides revival, and she was used all over the world to relate that more than anyone else. That's why she was allowed in pulpits that no woman would be allowed across the whole world. Because she related in her writings and her singing, oh my.

But someone once said to her, Mary, you need a husband. She's 40-something years old, no husband. No, you need a husband.

She told us. And she said, you need to get children. And by the way, a husband is the one who will help you through all the trouble you would never have had if you had not not got married.

It's quite a definition. You need a husband. You need six children, she said.

That's what you need, Mary Morrison. And by the way, she said, the husband is the one who will help you through all the trouble you would never had known if you hadn't gotten married. Anyway, I don't know whether that's pro or against marriage, but that's what she said.

Nonetheless, a husband. Why would a godly man like Epaphroditus become so ill that he was sent by Paul off the mission field? Not like Demas, having forsaken me, having loved the present world. God always told the reason.

God never held back. Even Davidson was, God didn't protect anything of the truth of what a man did. Why would a godly man like Epaphroditus, so esteemed by Paul and everyone, be sent off the mission field back to the church at Philippi, sick? Well, he didn't die because of sin.

He didn't get sick because of sin. That's one of the reasons that you can't say everybody gets it. He was godly.

Paul prayed for people. Healings happened. But Paul had to send Epaphroditus.

He said to be the more careful with him. He writes to the fellow church at Philippi that your concern for him will not be extended and mine, but honor him. I send him off sick, off the mission field that he can't, I don't want him to go sick, but honor him.

Honor him. Because for the gospel's sake, he's in this condition. And you may say, well, why would a man of God, so esteemed, so godly and effective as Epaphroditus, get sick and have to go off the mission field? Surely the mission field, surely Paul's need was greater to have such a man.

No, you see, he was more needed back home, I believe, than he was on the mission field or in another country. You might not read that in the Bible, but I was reason. God doesn't just let things happen for no reason.

He was forced to go off serving on the mission field and the dangers and all that they went through back home. He was more needed at home than he was on another country trying to reach the gospel. I once met a Dutchman.

He had a peculiar habit of when you're preaching, of preaching to you while you're preaching. Have you ever known that? Let me tell you this. Oh, he was very, he was a Dutchman.

They're very different. I hope there's no Dutchman here tonight. But anyway, this was a man named by his coo, Achenbach.

What a lovely man of God. Ah, riddled with cancer. And they carried him and he walks in where I was preaching just weeks before his death.

And he says, I said, I'm hearing the sermon. I heard you were going to be preaching and they brought me. I said, I'm getting out of bed.

Don't, don't tell me I'm coming. He says, so they propped him up in all these cushions because he was just bones. And he still had something to say while I was preaching.

What a lovely man of God. Nonetheless, he said to me that day afterwards when they were trying to give him tea before everybody went home from that meeting, he said, brother, when I was young, all I wanted was to go to the mission field. There was nothing else, no ambition from a boy.

I wanted to serve God, China, India, anywhere, God, I'm going just, you must lead me. So he said, but then the Lord really shocked him. It was a moment suddenly and he knew his God wasn't an audible voice, but things happened and God was confirming.

I have another mission for you, not China, not India, my calling for you, my commission for you, my mission for your life is your wife and your family. I want you to live for them, for me, to pour your life out for them as my mission and commission for your life. I want you to give your life to such a degree to your wife and your children that I can speak through your life to many, many people through what I know you can live and to your children and wife also.

I want to stagger this world through your life, fulfilling the command, the commission I give you, the mission I have for you. I want you to love your wife and your children with every breath in your body in a way that will stagger this world. He said, brother, I said, yes, God, and I never argued again.

When he died, his wife said to me, brother, what he said to you there, he did. He so poured his life out for me and the children that we didn't know what to do. People just overwhelmed us, didn't know what to say.

In shock, there was nothing, no sacrifice he wouldn't make. I knew I was honored above other women, the children knew they were honored above other fathers, other children, having this unique... People were stunned that there was a man who so loved his wife and children to... You know, brother, he wouldn't let me drive. He's gone now, they've got to teach me.

He's told my sons they've got to teach mother to drive now. I don't know how to drive. He wouldn't let me.

He wouldn't let me get a bank card. Many people say, well, this is ridiculous. He was silly.

No, he did everything. I didn't know how to take a bank card and put it in the machine to get money. They had to teach me.

He said, no, others can teach you how to do it, you see. Now that I'm going, but there's nothing he didn't do, and there's nothing... I was so scared to even express, and my children were to express the smallest thought, the sacrifices he made. It was like his life was for us, and he did it for God and obedience to God because of what God said to him there.

And she wept. A godly father. I could go on and on and on.

I'm not going to. Let's leave all this. Last night, I ended, or at some point brought these two boys in, Jan Mostert and Daniel Marejo.

Before I preached in some conference in Johannesburg this year, they were asked to give a little testimony each, and the one boy, Jan Mostert, who is my wife's and his wife, his mother, are very close friends. They take care of Jenny when I've left her so much, but he stood up when I was about to preach. He stood up and he said, they asked us to define holiness at the theological seminar, and I couldn't, but all I did is when I think of holiness, I think of my father.

Now, how do you mock academically such a statement? Instead of giving some definition of holiness, you know, John Wesley's definition, Spurgeon's definition is very interesting, even Luther, but all I think of is my father. Is your child going to say that about you? Because that's possible. The other boy, his name is Daniel Marejo, wonderful family from little children.

I remember them walking into a church and everybody just stopped speaking, just the way they were dressed. God, shining faces, modest. A whole tribe of children, now they're all becoming missionaries, but Daniel Marejo was asked to testify before I was preaching there the second night, I think, in that conference, and he said, when I was a little boy, I stood at the door when daddy was praying and having a quiet time, and I heard him weeping and groaning, and he was praying for me.

And it so unnerved me as a child, and then I would go to his room over the years when he's alone, and there he's on his knees praying, and I also often heard him crying to God for me. I had to seek God because of my father on his knees. I sought God with everything in my being.

I'm a boy through to this day because of my father praying. I could do nothing else but seek God. Tell me, would your children say that to you? I was praying much about what to preach tonight, and I got a burden to preach this, which I'd preached some way once or I don't know.

So tomorrow, pray for me that God gives me true leading and peace about what to preach, and gives me the strength to prepare tonight and tomorrow morning. The two messages I will preach tomorrow, I believe, at 10 o'clock, and then I believe after lunch or some eating at one o'clock. So I have two messages.

I have one fear in life. I don't know how many fears you have, dear boy. I have only one fear in life that I honestly regard as a fear, that someone could walk out of a door where I preached the same as they had come in.

That is a terrible fear in my heart when I preach.

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