

Six Boys; Who Turned the World Upside Down

by Keith Daniel

Keith Daniel's sermon emphasizes the transformative power of being born again and the necessity of immersing oneself in Scripture for spiritual growth and effective ministry.

Duration: 49:00

Scripture: Psalm 119:11, Isaiah 53:5, Matthew 4:4, John 3:16, Romans 10:17, 1 Thessalonians 2:13, Hebrews 4:12, James 1:22, 1 Peter 2:2

Topics: "Biblical Transformation", "Spiritual Growth"

Description

This sermon emphasizes the transformative power of surrendering to God and immersing oneself in His Word. It recounts powerful testimonies of individuals who, through soaking themselves in the Bible, experienced radical life changes and remained steadfast in their faith. The message highlights the importance of prioritizing daily engagement with Scripture to guard against backsliding and to cultivate a deep hatred for evil, ultimately leading to a life dedicated to God's will.

Transcript

Father, take this time together and help us to seek Thee in our hearts, in utter honesty and integrity, in a way that God will come and visit us. Wash me in the blood of Christ, afresh, my only hope of God stooping to you, such a base and weak man and despised man, is the blood. I come with nothing but the blood, to be cleansed, washed through and through and through and through, and to fill, anointed with the Holy Spirit, the outside of which the blood only can make that possible, right through life.

And so have mercy on this man, and come and anoint, and speak to all hearts, everyone, even the closed hearts. And God, only Thou does know how closed hearts can be, the crust, the hardness, Satan has worked through sin and confusion and disappointment, disillusionment, and closures that there's no way to reach to the flesh, it's just a crust of rock. Only Thou does know whose hearts are just like that, and only Thou can break their heart.

Thy word is like a hammer that breaks the rock in pieces, and we look to Thee to do just that. In Thy mercy, come, shelter us under the blood of Christ, the sacred blood of Christ, and protect us from Satan and his demon forces, and from any evil influences through anyone here that might not even be conscious they're here for one reason, to distract and keep the person behind them or next to them from hearing anything. And so come, make us still, quieten us, and protect us, and brood upon us by the Holy Spirit to every heart.

In Jesus, the Christ's sacred name, and for His glory only, in unswerving faith, we ask this of Thee, our Father in heaven, Amen. Last night I brought to you the words of Christ to Nicodemus, except a man be born again. Staggering words.

Suddenly we're thrust into a consciousness, we're not a child of God, we're just a child of our father and mother, born of the flesh but not of the spirit. And except a man has this new birth, the spiritual birth, which involves the intellect, the free will, and faith, he will go to eternal damnation and hellfire, unless this vital thing happens. And then we looked at what God said to those who are born again.

In 1 Peter, as newborn babes, desire that you see a milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby. This is what God holds out to the babes, born to grow thereby. Man shall not live by bread alone, any further than salvation.

You can before salvation, because you are as a physical birth has taken place. You don't need spiritual food, but once you're born of the spirit, there's another food you stay alive spiritually, you grow spiritually, you need spiritually. This sacred book, devouring it.

My old preacher said these sacred words to me that stunned me. I didn't know, but God had many people in mind as that old man instructed me that night. I had no idea that God was writing these words not here but here.

For multitudes and multitudes across the world, as I word perfect shared what he shared with me, from his soul as dying man to the last soul he led unto Christ on earth. God had multitudes in mind, not just me. Soak yourself in the Bible, and you will never backslide.

Soak yourself in the scriptures daily as the greatest discipline in your life, every day to the day you die. The most guarded, treasured, nurtured moment of every day of your life that nothing will deter you or hurry you from. Nothing Satan does.

To the degree you soak yourself in the word of God, you will hate the evil. Being saved doesn't mean you hate the evil. Many preachers, Keith, who are saved, loved the evil and were kicked out of the pulpit and crawled into their grave in shame.

Being saved won't make you hate the evil, Keith. But to the degree you soak yourself in this sacred daily, to the degree you soak yourself, you will hate the evil. The devil's greatest priority in your life from this moment to the day you die will not be to tempt you with filth and depravity and lusts.

Because it won't work. He knows that. If you soak yourself in the scriptures, his greatest priority with you now that you're saved will be to divert you, to keep you from this book.

Then he'll tempt you, and you will fall. I've never heard a person pray in my life like this, Keith, with such brokenness and desperation, and I believe God has saved you. I cannot believe that God would die for a man the way Christ died for all men and turn away such a prayer.

But Keith, I don't want to see what the devil does to you. I don't want to see what becomes of you, though I've never heard a man pray like this to be saved. I don't want to see what will become of you if you don't.

If you don't, Keith, the devil can't touch you. He can tempt you, but he can't touch you. If you soak yourself in the sacred book, Keith, it's the greatest priority of your life daily.

Three months after my salvation, I was sitting in a meeting like you right now, and I had no idea what was about to happen from that moment. But I shook and trembled. I literally trembled as this preacher cried out, God is going to lay his hand on some life here tonight.

Pointed at me, this old missionary, asking you to separate your life, to preach, to burn every bridge behind you, every plan, every ambition you ever made, to throw it behind you and never look back, to separate yourself for the gospel of Christ and to burn out for Christ, which is the greatest privilege God could ever give a Christian on earth, if it's the will of God for you to preach. This was not some mental persuasion, and I trembled. And I couldn't get away from it.

Everything else just disappeared, fell into oblivion in life. I went to a theological seminar, not very highly esteemed by men, but most theological seminars would destroy everything. I'm talking about evangelical ones today.

Warned you. Everything sacred make you just like the world. Take away the sharp edge for fear of offense, but don't defend, don't name sins, all grace, all rubbish.

I went to a little college that isn't highly esteemed and perhaps despised because of the deep conservativeness. Passing the exams there was not so much on paper but your life. And if you failed there, no matter what you achieved here, it meant nothing to them.

You were just a shame and heartache to them. And you knew it. Oh, I thank God the Lord sent me there.

The one thing was this. Devour it. I was so grateful.

I was so grateful. And only the Godliest of the Godliest of the Godliest stood and lectured us. But we also were thrust into the deep end of the whole thing.

The first meeting, this old man in a wheelchair. He'd been there before I was born. And he looked out at us students and said, you better take careful notes of this first lecture and every lecture because you're going to have to preach from today.

You're going out to preach. Yeah, the Jordan River in Israel flows into the Sea of Galilee. But it flows out and it's full of life, fish, vegetation.

But it goes down to the lowest part on the earth's surface, the Dead Sea. And it doesn't flow out and there's nothing alive, it's dead. No life.

You'll be like that if you're not flowing out. You're not going to take in academically here and be dead. You're going to give out from today.

Brace yourselves. There we were in the open air. I was a Presbyterian.

Don't tell anybody. And the old preacher was burning with the fire of God. Not everyone's like that in that denomination.

But you, the principal, says, you go and say something. Say something of what you know from the Bible. To all these crowds at this bus terminus and station, this railway where everybody jumps at the station.

Thousands, noises, buses. Here we are with the loudspeakers, this group of young students. You go.

I said, no, I can't. What do you mean you can't? I can't stand on a street corner screaming at people. I'm a Presbyterian.

Believe it or not, I said it. The wrong thing to say. What? You are saved now.

People were looking. You tell the people what God's done for you. Not a good introduction to preaching.

Within about five minutes, every bus had put their emoticons off. Within about five minutes, there was dead silence. No one was walking.

The streams had stood still. People began to fall on their knees. The students ran to pray with people all over.

I couldn't believe what was happening. I quoted a scripture about the possibility of death. The uncertainty.

A woman just fell on the street. People were running to her. Everybody was listening.

I tasted something that day that ruined everything in life. Everything else was ruined that day. God can stoop to take the weakest of men and speak through him to multitudes.

If he's saved, soaked in the book, a fearful yes to this day, trust me. Afterwards, the principal just looks at me and all the students. I said, did I do something wrong? I made a mistake.

Tears come down. I have never sensed the presence of God in my entire life as I have when you spoke, boy. You just walked away.

They all left me. But I was destroyed for anything else. Yes, conscious of God.

But that moment, they sent us to all sorts of prisons to preach to the prisoners. Pulpits across the whole city. It's a very evangelical city, Cape Town, which I thank God for.

Waiters were preaching. Preaching all the time. Every opportunity.

Even in Sunday schools. After this, in areas that are dangerous for the whole group of children to reach, who have come from broken, smashed homes full of drugs and drink. Oh, I was blessed.

One of the places I preached was called a reformatory. They were young people who were too young to go to prison, who did major crime. So they put in this reformatory, basically a school, to give them some teaching and some leading and some form of guidance, hopefully.

Because in prison, you come out normally worse than you go in. So these young lives were there. A few hundred.

So I would go and this big man, Afrikaans-speaking man, Dutch Reform Church, he organized all the theological students and all those who wanted to speak and have the privilege of preaching to these boys. Many of the murderers, many of them killed their own fathers, one after the other. Killed their daddies.

Horrible things. Horrible things you hear. Even little boys, they killed their fathers.

So they gave me this small group. Fourteen-year-old, I suppose, I don't know. And I got to love these boys as they listened and some began to weep and pray.

And I would prepare every week a little bit more what to say to them now. What illustrations, what can I take of what I've been given, what I've been reading, and give to these kids who don't have this where I have. I arrive there one day.

Oh, we stand there and have this prayer with this man who organizes where you go and who you are and what you're ready for. And he points to me. He says, you, what's your name again? Daniel.

You're going to leave those little boys, those young ones. You're going to the worst in the whole reformatory right now. Most of them have been murdered.

Most of them should be in jail. They're old enough, but they're giving them a chance here, but they're not easy. They're the worst in the reformatory.

You go and speak to them today. Everybody looks at me, so I said, no, please no. I'm ready for these young ones.

I've been reaching them. Don't tell me to leave. I've been preparing for them.

Don't you argue with me, man. He was a preacher, but they can speak like that sometimes. You go.

God will help you. I walk with this warder. He's like a policeman, you know.

He didn't look too thrilled with life. Down the passages past these buildings that all look like mortuaries. Cells.

Bars. He comes to this big building. You think it's a vault.

Big steel doors. So... Opens these big steel doors. And I look and there's about 60 boys.

They're sitting in a half circle. All in this hall. Big boys.

Looking. Who's coming in to speak to them? Go in, he says. They're waiting for you.

You're not coming with me? So he looks at me, unimpressed. No. You're all alone.

There you go. Oh. Pow! Pow! Bang! Locked in.

No warders, no police. And the worst in the whole reformatory. And they're all looking at me.

And they saw I was dead scared. And that's the last thing you need to show people when you preach to them. Trust me.

You young people who are going to preach. Don't let them know you're scared. Hmm.

Okay. They began to laugh. I must have looked like somebody really that wanted to escape, run out of there, climb out of there, bash them up.

There was this laughter. So I said, can we pray? I prayed. I opened my eyes, all laughing at me.

So I quoted a few scriptures and tried to speak to them and there was this laughter. So I said, listen, there's a hell. I'm young.

But God has saved my soul. Mightily. And I wouldn't be here if it wasn't God in me.

Desperate for you to find what I found before you die and go to hell. Before you destroy your lives. This big boy sitting in the front row of the 60, right in the edge.

His face was of scars. I don't know what happened to him. You almost couldn't look at him at first.

But he's big. Scars. He grabs this boy next to him and throws him like a somersault.

Pow! And he jumps on him. And he's hitting him. Pow! And everybody jumps up.

Screaming with laughter. Ah, you're fighting. He can't help you.

It means he's going to hell. Pow! You're going to hell. Pow! They're all screaming with laughter.

And I'm trembling. What am I going to do? There's no interest in me. This boy's taking the whole thing and they're screaming.

No one's there to stop them. I shook like a leaf. And my heart was so downcast.

I just felt such a failure. Hopeless. I prayed.

In my heart. But I prayed in a way that I hadn't prayed. Apart from the night I was saved.

With such desperation. That I think I came close to death in despair. That God would save me.

And not turn me away. The same desperation. The same grief.

The same fears. Flooded me. As I cried out to God.

For these boys. Not for me. But for them.

God don't let this opportunity be wasted. Because of my weakness. Because of my inability.

I can do nothing. I'm worthless. I know that now.

Apart from me this opportunity is going to be taken. That I will never have again in my life to see these boys. Just once.

God help me. Oh God save them. That they don't go through a life of hell on earth.

Let alone the hell they're going to. When I was praying. Suddenly I looked up.

They were all sitting. One or two standing. But they're all looking at me dead silence.

Because I had tears pouring down my face. They hadn't heard what I prayed. But they saw I was in agony.

And I think an agony they'd never seen in their lives or since. Anybody could have. And something happened to me.

That shook me more than it shook them. I raised my voice. That's something I did not do.

I was so withdrawn and full of complexes. Fear of man. And with a broken heart.

I cried out every scripture I learned of God's love. Beginning with John 3.16. Isaiah 53. I just cried out.

And then I shared everything I could. I don't know how many minutes I was speaking. And I had to stop.

Because they all began to sob. The sobbing was so loud. I couldn't.

I looked at them. The one with the scars. Was on his face.

Everyone stood. Shocked because he was the worst in the whole Reformatory. Even the police lived in fear of their lives.

So this thug. He's on his face sobbing. God.

Oh God. Sobbing. The other standing.

Tears. But shock. Unbelief.

Fear. Oh. So I said these words.

Those of you. With courage. And this is going to take more courage than anything you will ever do in life.

What I'm going to ask you to do now. Because you will suffer the consequences of what you're going to do in a place like this. The weaklings.

Who will never stand up in their life against the tide. They'd rather go to hell. And make a stand against evil.

And be separated and persecuted. You weaklings. You weak ones.

You won't come. You're too weak. But those of you with courage.

Enough to stand up and face the consequences of giving your life to Christ. Unreservedly as I did. In a way God can't turn you away.

He will save you in a way. Every single thing in your life will change. Those of you with courage.

To let God do that. To give you a life so unreservedly. And in front of everyone here.

No matter what they do to you afterwards. I want those with courage to give your life to God unreservedly. That he changes everything to death.

You come and kneel. In front of these people. Who are the weaklings.

Who want to come. Come and kneel. And I'll pray with you.

And God will not turn you away. He will save you. The one on his face.

Stood up. And looked at me. And he walked slowly and fell back on his knees.

And onto his face. Crossed him. Five others came.

Of the 60 boys. All on their knees. The others just looked there in disbelief.

They've never seen this. They never believed this would happen. In the section of the worst of them.
I knelt and took each one and prayed with them. Pray after me. The one on his face couldn't pray.
So I prayed for him as I held his arm. For God to save him. By the blood of Christ.
To the risen power of Christ. To enter into his heart. To set him free.
For as many as received him by faith. To them gave he the power. To become the children of God.
Even to them that believe on his name. And then I stood. There was a deathly silence.
Everyone just stood there looking at me. And the old warder came and opened the door. And I walked out.
And he shut the steel door. At my little room. The afternoon where you study periods.
Many days. I get up from my desk. There's the principal of our theological seminar.
A very godly man. Keith. Get your jacket.
And your bible. And come with me. Leave the study.
Yes sir. So we walk. We get in his vehicle.
We're driving. Where are we going? We're going to the reformatory. Why didn't you tell us? Of the six boys
that came to God.
When all the students come back from everywhere. And they open doors and the opportunity. And share if
anybody came to Christ.
Why didn't you share? And we could pray. I said I didn't feel to. Well Keith the principal of that reformatory.
Has phoned me. He's a Christian. He's in the Dutch Reformed Church.
He's an elder. Where I attend. And he said that the worst boys in the history of the entire reformatory.
Came to God. Through one of your students preaching. Everyone lives in fear of their lives.
They don't know what to do with these boys. They have to discuss things. They're so wicked.
And so dangerous. The worst six in the entire place. In it's history.
Have come to God. He said the change is so radical. There's a stunned shock silence.
In the police. In the lecturers. In his heart.
And in all the students. He said he cannot believe the place is in dead silence. Where there's joking and
laughing in the fields.
There's no one. Down the passages in the classrooms. There's no one.
It's just dead silence. He says he cannot believe. No one can believe what's happening.
And so he's been making inquiries. And talking to these six boys. And talking to the others.

He has the whole school waiting for you. You're preaching to the entire reformatory. They're in the hall waiting.

So I said. But I don't have a message. How can you tell me to preach? I haven't prepared it.

I haven't got a message. He looks at me. Oh God will help you.

Don't worry. So I talk to myself. It's easy to say that.

And I was trembling. And I thought. Shall we try something? I don't know what to say.

So we walk in. There's this hall. They all stand up.

All the police. The warders. Everybody standing up.

All the lecturers. All the principal. Everyone standing up.

And all the boys. And they're in the front row. It's the six boys.

Beaming faces. Because they knew the whole school was there. Because of their change of life.

There they were beaming. They all sit. Some form of introduction.

I can't remember. I looked out at them. Now you might never know what dilemma this is.

But I really didn't know what I was going to say. And I stood there. Stunned.

Fearful. And I couldn't get a thought. And I began to tremble.

And I know there were people trembling for me. Because they realised something's wrong. Four minutes.

Dead silence. Looking. God help me.

Suddenly. The same crushing. Nothing of the flesh.

We don't know how to praise. We ought. The Holy Spirit knows how to give us something of His grief.

For souls with groanings that cannot be uttered. There's no ability in a human's nature to have that compassion. You can't work yourself up to it.

Only God can give it to the degree you yield it to Him. And I was groaning. And I was crushed as I thought of God, I'm going to waste this opportunity.

It will never be given to me again in my life. Please, God, don't let this once. These souls.

Help me. I had the same crushing burden. And I began to just.

And in my heart. I never heard voices saying, God, the priestess says he's heard voices run. You're in trouble.

In my heart. That God impressed on me. Read Isaiah 53.

The axle upon which the entire Bible revolves. Take it out of the Bible. We're in trouble.

Trust me. 500 years before Christ died. The gospel according to Isaiah.

But chapter 53. Read it. I love that chapter.

I opened. Weeping and I began to read slowly. From the first verse.

All we like sheep have gone astray. We've turned everyone to his own way. And the Lord have laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was wounded for our transgression. He was bruised for our iniquity. The chastisement of our peace was upon him.

With his stripes we are healed. And I read on and on. And I had to stop.

With these words when thou should make his soul an offering for sin. He should see his seed, his child. He should see of the travail of the soul.

And shall be satisfied. When I said those words. I had to stop reading.

The whole place was sobbing. I said but God I haven't said a word. I've just read.

How can this happen? I've just read. How can this happen? And something else happened in my heart that day that turned my ministry forever. It was not a voice audible.

But it was a voice in my soul. And I knew it was God. I don't need your preaching.

I need someone that will quote this book. That will bring this book back to the pulpits of this world. But with a broken heart like yours.

And that shook me. And that turned my ministry. To this day.

To memorize this book. Books upon books of the Bible. Passages.

Every doctrine. And just bring God's word back. Back.

Where it's been buried for entertainment. Etc. Across the evangelical world.

I just saw this weeping. And I said the same words I said to the six boys. You with courage.

You weaklings. You couldn't make a stand in a place like this and face the consequences. But you with courage will take more courage.

Who want God to do what God has done for these six boys that had the courage to do it. And look what's happened as a result. Those of you with courage and say God take my life no matter what I have to face.

No matter what friends I lose. Even my stand alone. Have it for thyself for eternity.

Those of you that would have the courage to say that to God stand. I said. And those who stand I will pray for.

As I prayed with these boys. As I prayed the night I was saved. And God will save you.

Two hundred and. Just under twenty. Two hundred and nine.

They stood. There was a shock. As they stood.
One boy. Was so undone. He grabbed hold of his friend and said.
No. No. Pushing him down.
Not you. And this boy stood up and pushed him and shouted. Leave me.
I am giving my life to God. Don't you stop me. It shook that building.
As the friend just. Sunk and bowed his head. And this man stood.
Weeping. I prayed. And we left.
The principal took me. With my principal. Other warders.
Teachers etc. And they discussed things with me. And I said.
I'm going to get follow up. The little I know. I'm going to just get follow up.
I had no money. I had to get scripture. Give me some.
Sending me boxes. Of just scriptures. Little booklets.
After salvation what? Everything. To tell them even what salvation. Why? To remind them.
To bring everything. To teach. And I gave out these hundreds.
Bringing boxes. And they were dispirited. To all the saved.
Zealously. Because many of the lecturers. And warders.
Gave their lives to Christ that day. God even helped me. When I knew that Bibles were needed.
And I went and did something. A trial. With all the Bibles I ordered.
And then I had to pay. And do you know when I walked back. After making that.
And taking all those books. There was an envelope. On the board with my name.
And nobody knew in the world. What I was doing. When I bought those.
Where I went. And how much it cost. But God knew.
And God made sure he. That I knew. The exact amount of money.
Was there. In notes. And I knew it was God.
Oh I did follow up. And follow up. And follow up.
Then I had to leave. Cape Town. Go to preach in Africa.
As a missionary. A young missionary. So.

I don't know how many years went by. I wish I really. Could be truthful.
Saying how many. But I'm not sure it was a few years. I was walking in a mall.
No. It was actually. We didn't have malls.
It was some sort of shopping thing. And this boy walks up to me. He says.
Are you Keith Daniel? Yes. He had scars on his face. But his face was shining.
Don't you remember me? I was the first one. To come out. In those.
Where Sikhs came. The first time you preached. If God started.
Do you. Not remember me? I threw that boy onto his face. And started joking.
And mocking you. And mocking God. I said.
Oh my. I do remember you so well now. But what are you doing out? I didn't know you'd be let out.
Because I knew his crimes. Yes I am out. They've let almost everyone out now.
Of course we have to report to the police. Every week or two weeks. I don't know.
For many years. But they get us jobs. With people who know our criminal records.
And give us a chance in life. So I have work. And this is my wife.
And my baby. Beautiful girl. Oh she was beautiful.
And clean. She saved. That's why I married her.
And this is the one. I'm going to bring this little child up. Like my mummy and daddy didn't know to bring me up.
Praying for her. And teaching her. Salvation.
And the word of God. I said. And you never backslid.
You never went back to singing. Oh no. Why would I do that? Oh it's just wonderful.
Wonderful you met me. God let you walk up to me. Just giving me courage.
In a way I showed him ahead. Just listening. Just looking at you.
You never backslid. Not one backslid. 224.
Not one backslid. As you say. Through with God.
Everyone went through with God. Not one is known to have gone back. I said.
How can you be sure? No one could know that for sure. You're the only one that doesn't know. He said.
The police. The warriors. The psychologists.

Everyone knows. There's no one that's gone back to their old life. I said.

That's amazing. No one known. He said.

You want to know why? Not one went back to sin. Not one is known to have. Do you want to know why? Yes.

The last time you preached. The whole gathering there. They had brought everyone together.

And you wept. You hadn't wept since that big meeting. But you wept that day.

And you said. You probably will never see it again. But then you said.

As you wept. With a loud voice you held out the Bible. And you said.

It doesn't matter that you don't see me. Ever again. This is all that matters.

This is your source of survival. Your only source of survival. Soak yourself in the Bible.

As your greatest priority and discipline. Every day of your life. The most guarded, treasured, nurtured.

Discipline of your life. And moment of every day of your life. Till the day you die.

And nothing Satan will do. To divert you. Or keep you from.

Unhurried time with this book. And you will find that time. When God is first.

When you don't find it. You push God second. And you're in trouble.

And you will never backslide. Satan. Greatest priority.

Till the day you die. Will be to try and keep you from this. Because he knows if he can.

He can then tempt you. To the degree you soak yourself. In this book.

As the greatest discipline in your life. The most guarded discipline in your life. To the degree you soak yourself in the Bible.

To that degree only. Will you hate the evil. Right through your life.

And more and more will you hate it. You will abhor the evil. To the degree you soak yourself in the Bible.

I cannot guarantee you of much in my life. But I guarantee you this. He never will tempt you.

But he won't get you. You left. Every single day.

For years. They walked down the passages. Have you soaked yourself in the Bible? How many chapters did you read? They pushed me against the walls crowd.

You're not backsliding. Not you. Tell us how many chapters you read.

Tell us what you read. Where you read. The next day.

Tell us what were the next three chapters. It was on the fields. Did you read your Bible? Don't play the fool with God.

You can't backslide. Did you read your Bible? They're all watching us now. Maybe on our knees.

Across the reformatory. With the Bible. Soaking ourselves in the Word.

Right through us. Like everybody regarded the other as their total responsibility. There was a deadly.

Deadly earnest and compassion. Everyone that spoke to me. Until I left.

And I believe he said that is the reason. Not one is known to have gone back to sin. In the years since you left.

And not one that I have heard of. And others who contact me. Is known to have gone back to sin.

Even though most of them are out in the world. Now what happened? That was forty what? Fifty years ago nearly. Fifty something.

Oh my. Well. Many have phoned me.

Many have walked up to be in the malls. And conferences and churches where I preached. On the streets.

They've just walked up. Contacts. Letters written.

I suppose almost everyone by now. Not one is known to have backslidden. All these years later.

Not one is known. To have gone back to sin. If I had to tell you some of them what they.

Decided was the will of God for their lives. You would tremble. And what God's made of them.

In spite of the terrible background. And sin of their lives before some days. I haven't seen most of them for a few years.

But I have come to believe in the power. Of a God. Who are kept by the power of God.

Through faith. And faith cometh. By the word of God.

To the degree you soak yourself in it. Tell me are you the weakling. That the devil loats over.

Because Christ died for you. But you're too weak to genuinely give everything to Christ. Are you that? Well you know that's true.

Don't you? You'd rather go to hell. Than lose your friends. And face rejection.

Ostracization and mocking. Wouldn't you? Terrible issue at stake here. Don't play the fool with God.

Young man. Young lady. This might be his final call.

And I have seen many walk out. And within minutes. Dead.

Don't think that can't happen. Within minutes. If you really have courage.

You'll be getting someone to pray with you. In a very big building. And God is waiting.

And Satan is waiting. To know whether he still has you alive. Because you have no courage.

And you're weak. And you're a shame to yourself. You're your biggest enemy.

No one hates you more than you hate yourself. If you don't give your life to God. You just think of the consequences.

Tell me. You're not weak. But to all of you.

What a disgrace. Can we stand please?

Video: <https://sermonindex2.b-cdn.net/hvddRrIAxgE.mp4>

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