

The Impact One Life Can Have, Part Three

by K.P. Yohannan

K.P. Yohannan's sermon highlights the transformative power of one life dedicated to Christ and the importance of prayer and sacrifice in ministry.

Duration: 25:59

Scripture: Matthew 6:33, Matthew 16:24, Luke 9:23, 2 Corinthians 6:14, 2 Corinthians 6:17, 1 Timothy 2:1, 1 Timothy 6:10

Topics: "Benevolence"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher emphasizes the importance of knowing God and having a personal relationship with Him. He encourages the audience to stand and acknowledges that they are present because God brought them there. The preacher assures the audience that God knows everything about them and loves them just as they are. He compares God's love to that of a father embracing his prodigal son. The sermon also includes a brief mention of a charity organization called Gospel for Asia, which provides practical gifts to the poor and shares the Gospel with them.

Transcript

Hey hon, what do you want for Christmas? Do you really want to know? Yeah. I think I'd like a water buffalo. You can give a beautiful gift this Christmas, a water buffalo.

For a poor Dalit family in India, just one water buffalo provides food and income for the entire family. Gospel for Asia is reaching out to the poor with practical gifts, like a water buffalo. Best of all, a gift like this opens the door for the gospel, the best gift of all.

To learn more, go online to GFA.org, that's G-F-A dot O-R-G. How one life can make a difference, next on The Road to Reality with Brother K.P. Yohannan. The United States is prospering in an amazing way.

Every other nation in the world recognizes this, but prosperity is not an end in itself. Knowing and sharing the truth and love of God is what the Christian is called to do, and that takes a total surrender to Christ. Welcome to The Road to Reality with Brother K.P. Yohannan, founder and director of Gospel for Asia.

Today we bring you a portion of the message Brother K.P. delivered at a conference in Canada. It is direct and challenging, but very refreshing. Before we go to Brother K.P., I'd like to encourage you to stop by our website, GospelForAsia.org, and look through our Christmas catalog.

You'll find some unique ways to make this Christmas especially meaningful for a poor family in India. Again, our web address is GospelForAsia.org. And I'll give you the contact information again, but now let's listen in to Brother K.P. Yohannan. The ministry I'm part of right now is recognized as possibly the largest church planting ministry in the 1040 window.

And the things that God is doing is unbelievable. 92 languages daily in 11 nations, millions hear the gospel. And on and on, I can go on and tell you all night long stuff going on.

Say, wow, Brother K.P., oh, Dr. K.P., you are such a fantastic Christian leader. Nonsense. I'm a poor, struggling missionary, repenting a million times a day, just like everybody else.

But I tell you what, somebody is responsible for all this. It's not me. Hardly five feet tall, a skinny, fragile little woman that never left her village, but she loved Jesus so much.

She would wake up no later than four in the morning and spend two, three hours on her knees in prayer. She never read any book except her Bible, that's all she had. She would tell her sons of the six boys about Jesus and lead them to the master.

She prayed, oh Lord, out of six boys, at least one call to be a missionary. One by one, her older sons went to business and farming and all these different things, and she began to lose hope. And then her youngest son was born, that is me.

As I was growing up, she later said, you were so shy and timid and withdrawn and skinny also. You don't believe it, but it's true. I ate too many hamburgers.

She kind of lost her hope completely. This last one, he will not do one thing for God. There's nothing in him make him do anything.

That is when she decided to fast every Friday, special day of fasting. And three and a half years she fasted without telling one human being. The same thing, Lord, before I die, please call one of my sons.

She was not even thinking about me. When I finished my high school, I remember as of today, I came home one day and said to my parents, father and mother, if you allow me, I'd like to go and serve Jesus in North India. Before I could finish my statement, my mother jumped up and said, please go.

I thought she hated me. I was unwanted. You must know, I did not know her prayer.

She never told me. I went off to North India. After two years, I will come back.

That is when she will tell the story. I was stunned. I recognized it was her prayer and commitment.

In 1990, I was on the way to Seoul, Korea to speak at a conference. When I got to Bombay, I heard my mother at the age of 84 was taken to the hospital with a heart problem. She hardly ever been sick in her life.

I cannot think of one time she was sick. The best memory of my mother is the Bible verse she quoted a million times almost literally. From the childhood I was growing up as a toddler, I would hear her say this verse all the time like a mad person.

Whom have I in heaven but you and on earth I desire no one beside you. And she would keep saying that, Psalm 73 verse 25. There is no one, nothing I want beside you.

I did not understand what all that meant when I was growing up. I went to the hospital that weekend. My best friend on earth and my prayer partner.

6.15 in the morning or so, she died. The saddest day of my life. Her funeral took place.

I must go back to America. Had a final meeting with my brothers. We sat around in the room talking about our mother.

One of my brother who is a businessman who makes a lot of money asked a question. How much money did our mother leave in the bank? See our father passed away earlier. He was a believer.

But according to our culture and customs, her sons would give her money every month whatever she asked. But we never saw her spending any money. So if you don't spend money, what do you do? You put in the bank.

Wow, that's a good idea. Answering the question. My other brother got an old worn out notebook.

And he start turning pages. He said, I found this under the pillow of our mother's bed. We were curious.

Record of all the money. He said, as far as I know there is nothing in the bank. And somebody said, what happened to all the money? Everybody is listening.

He said, well. Pages after pages. Her trembling hand scribbled the names of young people studying in Bible schools.

Missionaries all over India. And the money she was sending them against their name mentioned. And I broke down and start to weep.

Oh, not because there was no money in the bank. You see what happened. All of a sudden I remembered.

A few years prior to that. When I came to visit my mother. She was wearing a blouse torn from here to here.

Stitched a terrible job. I was angry to the core. I said, mother.

What madness got into your head? Don't you have any feelings for your sons? What will other people say about us? That we don't take care of you? Mother, we give enough money to buy a new dress every week. If you want. How come you do this to us? You put cow dung on our head.

And shame on our face. And you know preachers can really be preaching. And this my mother.

I mean you cannot help. Once you look into her eyes. You cannot take your eyes off.

It just glows. And ever never fading perpetual smile. I never forgot.

She said. You little fellow. You don't understand nothing.

Someday you will understand. And it made me more angry. As I sat in the room.

It was as though. My mother walked back. Put her arms around me saying.
My little son. Now you understand. What mother lived for.
Her last request. She left with us. Her sons went like this.
When I am dead and gone. The only thing. I will leave behind.
It is. My earrings. My wedding ring.
And the gold chain. My husband gave me at the age of 19. When he married me.
I want you to sell these items. And give away to preach the gospel. Among people that never heard.
My Jesus name. I want to meet them also. In heaven.
And sometime. Once in a while. I have a dream of her.
I am happy and I am very sad. Because I miss her. But I still can hear.
As Paul told to Timothy. In chapter 2 verse 1. But for you. My son.
Sude. A monosyllabus in Greek. But for you.
Let all the world. And Christianity and coworkers. Whatever they do.
Let them do it. But for you. My son.
Make those difficult choices. And I can hear sometime. My mother saying.
My dear son. It is worth. Paying the price.
Do you think my mother has great regret. About not buying brand new dress every week. Do you think my mother has regrets.
About not getting a brand new car. Or being talked about. As a most beautiful looking.
Rich woman. Who cares. Her regret is stupidity.
She must be dancing in heaven. Looking down on earth. Saying.
There will be. Hundreds of millions of people. Because I cried to my lord.
And fastened. I paid the price. I died to myself.
I cared for nothing. Except him. And for him.
That's all. I don't know about you. When I was coming from the airport.
My colleague. My Canadian director was telling me. KP something quite interesting.
When you were asked to come and speak here. Somebody called. What is the honorarium that we expect.
I said what did you say. I was hoping he will say 10 million dollars. Something like that.

He is my follower also. So he said. I just told him the same thing.
Wherever the lord leads me. I go and speak. If they give me one penny.
Or one dollar or nothing. No problem. I don't take nothing out of it myself anyway.
And I have no dreams or ambitions. I am now 54. When I reach 50.
I decided to take a day off. Just to be alone. To pray and talk to the lord.
I know him. I hear him. He is close to me.
I love him so much. I said lord. I am 50 years now.
I want you to talk to me today. Would you please. I waited and waited.
And waited. Late in the afternoon. Maybe I was dreaming.
Maybe I was spaced out. No I didn't take any drugs. Maybe it was a vision.
I did not know. All I know. He asked me to walk with him.
And I began to walk with him. The long white robes. I couldn't see his face.
And once in a while. If I am lagging behind. He will reach out.
And take my hand. We walked. We came to a slope.
A slight hilly area. All grass. Beautiful grassy area.
We walked up to the top of that. He said. Look.
I looked. It was sunset. Horizon.
He said. Son. A few more years left.
A few more years left. Get to know me. Get to know me better.
And he left me. My brothers and sisters. Your greatest need.
Is not what you are looking for. It is knowing him that will propel you. To die.
If that is what it takes. To the answer. To our generation.
To our world. I want to pray with you. Would you stand with me.
Just for a minute. All I know is this. The lord whom I love.
Whose I am. Asked me to come here. And I know.
You are here. Because my lord. Brought you here.
He knows you so well. Every hair on your head. Is numbered.

He knows your name. Your address. Your past.
Your present. Your failings. The stupid things you did.
And everything imaginable. That you know about yourself. He knows and he loves you.
Just the way you are. And he wants to embrace you. Like the father did.
With the prodigal son. He is not looking for. Perfect specimens.
He is looking for. Broken hearts. I do not know.
The lord is asking you for. So that I can be. Some help to you.
May I ask you. If you will kindly close your eyes. And imagine.
Jesus is standing. With you. Every eyes closed.
Just a few. This is the most significant. Time in your life.
Maybe. Just imagine. Dear Jesus.
One who gave all for you. Standing beside you. Not just standing beside you.
His arms around you. You can feel. Him drawing you.
Close to him. Satan has done. A masterful job.
To confuse you. To deceive you. To make you guilty.
And keep you down. Make you think about yourself. As a loser.
Or live in carnality. And live in secret sin. But tonight.
But tonight. You have the opportunity to say. This is it.
This is it. No more. I will let my life.
Be lost. I am his. And forever I shall be.
Would you say those words. To Jesus. Say Lord.
I desire. No one beside you. Nothing I want.
All I want is you. Would you now. As the first step.
Offer your life. To him. What do I mean by that? Please.
Don't try to settle your problems tonight. You will never be able to. But with your problems.
With your temptation. With your struggle. Offer it to him.
Say Lord this is me. You want it? Take it. And give it away.

Give your life to him. Don't hold it back. Don't fight to be a holy person.

Let him be the one through your life. Secondly, Would you say to him Lord.

All that I have. My house. My children.

My wife. My education. My health.

My vacation. All my plans. Lord.

It's all here. Take it. You be the Lord.

And I give you permission. To tell me. What I must do.

The best I know how. I will do what you want me to do. And give me strength.

Tell him that. Would you also tell him. Dear Jesus.

There is a world dying without you. You don't have the abilities. Or the skills or talents.

I don't know much about anything. But Lord. If you are calling me to serve you.

Somewhere in the world. Whatever I can do. Whatever you tell me.

My mother never left her village. But she did. What the Lord told her to do.

Would you make a commitment. To be the answer. To stand in the gap.

And say Lord. I am willing. Please guide me Lord.

And speak to me. Would you do that? Because his plans for you. Are never.

Bad or evil. In the light of eternity. It's worth it.

To be in Canada. To serve him. To go to Europe.

To go to other countries. To sponsor children. Missionaries.

Build churches. Whatever. Whatever he asks you to do.

To be faithful on your job. As a doctor, engineer, teacher. Sharing.

With others about Jesus. And leading them to the Lord. Would you tell him Lord.

I offer my life to be a witness. Have thine own way oh Lord. Have thine own way.

Preciously Jesus. Take this clay in your hands. And mold it.

Whatever way you want it. Do it after. Pause.

And we wait. And we throw ourselves in your hands. And say oh Lord.

I am yours. And now forever. Will be.

For time and eternity. Now receive his love. His forgiveness.
His mercy. The enemy will whisper to you saying. Oh you did this how many times.
No. Don't listen to. The enemy's voice.
You stepped over the line. I stepped over the line. And all that we are.
All that I am. And his alone. The enemy will have no.
Because he chose it. Father. How can we say.
Thank you enough. For loving us. We didn't come after you.
You came after us. You are not seeking. A bunch of missionaries and workers.
And people do a lot of things for you. Lord you are looking. For those who will love you.
With everything and all. That's all we can do tonight. Because of love.
Whatever you tell us. We will do. Lord that's all we can tell you.
And thank you for hearing our prayer. And I pray for all these. My precious dear.
My brothers and sisters. They are my brothers and sisters. Bought by your blood.
I pray for them. Oh lord. I plead for them.
That you will make them strong. In your grace. To stand alone.
If need be. Against the cold wind. And finish the race.
And someday. To be embraced by you. And to hear.
Well done. Come home. Oh Jesus.
What a day that is going to be. And we thank you. For your grace.
And for your mercy. Father. We say this to you.
In the name of our wonderful Jesus. Amen. Practical items that you and your family can give.
To bless a Dalit family. With a tangible expression of Christ's love. But there are also some items.
You can get for yourself. Things like a genuine Indian shoulder bag. For just \$10.
Or the 2007 Gospel for Asia calendar. It's filled with incredible. Full color pictures.
That serve as reminders. To pray for the GFA missionaries. It's all found on our website.
Gospelforasia.org Or you can call us toll free. To find out more. The number 800 WINASIA.
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Gospel for Asia. Please join us next time. For more updates and Bible studies.

Till then. May the Lord richly bless you.

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