

Christian Missions to the Communist World International - Pt3

by Richard Wurmbrand

We can make God happy by remembering our purpose to serve Him and by seeking union with Him, even in the midst of suffering.

Duration: 59:33

Scripture: Psalm 23:4, Isaiah 41:10, Isaiah 43:1, Zephaniah 3:17, Matthew 16:18, Romans 8:31, 1 Peter 5:7

Topics: "Missions"

Description

In this sermon, the speaker begins by apologizing for speaking while seated due to physical limitations caused by beatings he endured in jail. He then reads from Zephaniah 3:17, which speaks of God rejoicing over His people with singing. The speaker shares a heartwarming story about his granddaughter wanting to become a pet doctor and his grandson wanting to make his mother happy. He emphasizes the importance of having childlike faith and trust in God, even though Jesus Himself did not have a comfortable childhood. The sermon concludes with a reading from Zephaniah 3:14-17, which assures the listeners that God is with them, delights in them, and will quiet them with His love. The speaker acknowledges his long absence and asks for patience as he shares his message.

Transcript

chapter 3, verses 14 to 17. Sing, O daughter of Zion. Shout aloud, O Israel.

Be glad and rejoice with all your heart, O daughter of Jerusalem. The Lord has taken away your punishment. He has turned back your enemy.

The Lord, the King of Israel, is with you. Never again will you fear any harm. On that day they will say to Jerusalem, Do not fear, O Zion.

Do not let your hands hang limp. The Lord, your God, is with you. He is mighty to save.

He will take great delight in you. He will quiet you with His love. He will rejoice over you with singing.

And at that point we conclude the reading from the Holy Scripture, and may God bless its message. Amen. I've been called sometimes to perform a wedding, and they asked the young couple, How did you meet? And they said it was at a meeting like yours.

You said we should become acquainted. And so we got acquainted. I looked around.

I greeted her. I said she was nice. Now you can perform the wedding.

If you will need a wedding after this acquaintance, just call me. For those who have not been at the formal meetings, I have to repeat. I apologize for speaking to you being seated.

During my 14 years in jail, we almost never walked. We had heavy chains at our feet, sometimes 20 kilograms. There were beatings with rubber truncheons on the soles of the feet.

And now it is difficult for me to stand a long time. So please forgive me if I speak to you being seated. My text is from Zephaniah chapter 3 verse 17.

There it is written about the Lord God. He says to His people, The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty. He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy.

He will rest in His love. He will rejoice over thee with singing. God will rejoice over us with singing.

I have a granddaughter of 8, 9 now, and a grandson of 3. And once in a discussion the granddaughter said, I will become a pet doctor. And then the brother of 3 was asked, what do you wish to become? Now he had also something to say. But he did not know names of professions.

So he said, I wish to become a man who will make my mother happy. A splendid program of life. A man who makes his mother happy.

Perhaps you make your old mother happy today just by giving her a ring over the telephone. Just caressing her, writing to her, telling her a nice verse. A child who has as his ideal to make his mother happy.

There exists a higher ideal than this. In this verse of Zephaniah we see that we can make our God happy. God sits on his throne.

Now it is 4 o'clock our time. I don't know what time they have there in heaven. And God begins to sing.

It is written, you will make him to rejoice singing. And the angels ask him, why do you sing? Well, I have noticed to think, just look down in Brisbane, in St. Paul's Presbyterian Church. You will see how many souls love me there, passionately are ready to serve me.

And God rejoices over you singing. Think about this. We sing to God.

And as our singers this afternoon, some of them sing very beautifully. To sing to God is splendid. To make God to sing to you, to make God happy, to make him rejoice singing is even a more beautiful thing.

And there exists something even more beautiful. It is to make God to rejoice singing when you pass through deep tribulation. Sing to God not only when everything is smooth in your life.

I know a man. He lost six children on one day. They were killed.

He was a Christian. On that evening, in his home, the day finished, as usually, by praising God, by reading the Bible, and by quietly adoring him. You can make God to rejoice singing when you adore him, not only as long as things go smoothly in this life, but also when you pass through trouble and through suffering.

I come from a world in which people adored God, though God at that moment seemed to give them nothing. There are at this moment thousands of Christians in communist jails. In Vietnam, in Red China, in Russia, in my homeland Romania, in Albania.

In Cuba, the Christians, Valladares, Gomez, Nobel, are in jail for their faith since 20 years. Not too much, because brother Nikolai Shrapov, a Russian Baptist pastor, is in jail in Russia since 26 years, which is not much, because brother Paulitis is in jail since 34 years, which is not much, because brother Michael Ashok is in jail in Russia since 43 years. Most of you were not born yet when he was already in chains and beaten and deprived of everything since 43 years behind locked doors and iron bars.

We are in prison none of the joys of life. None. I have never heard music, I have never seen a beautiful painting, I have never seen a color.

We always saw the gray walls of the cell and our gray uniforms. I had forgotten that red and blue and green and yellow and violet existed. We never saw somebody smiling at us.

Nobody hugged us. Nobody showed us love. And in those circumstances, saints made God to rejoice singing.

We were so terribly hungry. Those are prisoners who did not have Christ because of this unspeakable hunger. If some food was given, and one had a smear of food on his lips, another prisoner would jump at him and bite his lips to get the smear of food.

We were not only hungry, we were thirsty. They tortured to thirst. You were hungry, you would have eaten stone and wood, and they gave you a dainty, salted herring.

Who would not eat such a dainty? You would like it too. But after the salted herring, you did not get a little bit of water. Sometimes they would open forcibly the mouth of Christians, would shed spoons with salt into the mouth, and then they kept you for hours without a drop of water.

It gave such hallucinations. You saw before you showers of rain, and you heard pick, pick, pick, pick, pick drops dropping on your lips. But your lips remained parched in this world in which there is so much water, not one drop for a child of God.

But the greatest torture, you will excuse me for saying some very coarse things, which usually are not even mentioned in churches. The most terrible thing was not that we did not have food enough. The most terrible thing was that you could not go to a toilet.

You had hand-locked doors, and you could go to the toilet only when the warden liked it. And he did not like it. Women would bang at the door of the cell during the night, please, please, please, allow me to go to the toilet.

And they would make some obscene joke, you will not go. And women said, I will kiss your hand, only allow me to go to the toilet. And they replied, you are too old, I will allow a younger one to go.

It was an object of mockery. And the little food which you got, you tried not to eat it in order not to have the problem of the toilet. We were put in cells full with hungry rats, who did not allow you to sleep neither day and night.

And there were all kinds of other such things. One of the greatest tortures has been the fact that for ten years, I have never seen a child. If you can imagine what it means, a world in which you never see a child.

You never hear their laughter or their cry, you never see their pure faces, you don't see their play, a terrible world. And prisoners, I have seen prisoners, who took a cushion, a pillow in their hand, and would call this pillow Michael or Judy or Margaret or Joan, they would remember their children, and would caress the pillow, and would speak to the pillow, and imagine they have their child in their arms. And in nights when you could not sleep, you could see how in their dreams, prisoners would pronounce the name of the one or the other of their children.

In those times we knew we have one purpose in life. My grandson has said at the age of three, when he does not know yet what the difficulties of life are, I wish to make my mother happy. I don't know if he will have a happy life or an unhappy life.

But the purpose is the right one. And we knew we are believers in Jesus Christ, we are members of his church, we are children of God, I have to make men happy. But I have foremost to make God happy, to make him rejoice singing.

And I will do it, though I myself pass through unhappiness. Caruso has been one of the biggest tenors who has ever lived. Caruso, you might have heard about him.

And he had to sing in the Metropolitan Opera in New York, thousands had bought tickets and were there. And in the last minute he got the news his most beloved mother had died just then, and he was called back. His heart was broken, but he said, I have to sing.

That is my calling in life, to make men happy. Thousands have come. And he sang in that evening as beautifully as ever, to make others to rejoice.

Forgetting his own tragedy. And children of God have one purpose in life. Whatever happens to them, through whatever they themselves pass, I myself perhaps will make the confession that usually when I preach, many tell me afterwards, I was very happy to hear and he did me good.

I myself on those evenings passed through very much suffering. I personally suffer now much more than I suffered in communist prisons. But the purpose in life must never be abandoned.

We have a sad God. He is terribly sad. First, a multitude of angels rebelled against him under Lucifer.

Then he created men, and men rebelled against him. And since Adam and Eve, every man has been a sinner. And every man has been a cause of sadness to God.

And he has a small elected flock. This at least should not give him sadness. This at least has a purpose.

I from my side, I will do my best that God should rejoice singing. And this purpose, we are not allowed to abandon it, because my marriage does not go well. Because my husband speaks ugly with me or bothers me.

I can't abandon this because my wife has betrayed me. I can't abandon this because my boyfriend has found another girl. I will not abandon this because my business has gone bankrupt.

Or I have lost my employment. Or now I have gotten cancer. Or I have been bereft of my husband or of a beloved child or of a mother.

My purpose is to make God to rejoice singing. I will not abandon this purpose. As I told you, we were very hungry.

And we had times when we had one slice of bread a week. Otherwise, soup of dirty potato peels and cabbage with unwashed intestines and other such dainties. And we remembered Bible verses.

And I remembered it is written in the parable of the prodigal son. That the father, when the son returns, says, Let us eat and drink and be merry. And I said to God, it is written right in your Bible, that let us eat and drink and be merry.

And from me you ask to be merry without eating and without drinking. Well, I will not eat, I will not drink, I will be merry. Because I wish that you should be happy in my company.

During years we were kept alone. Everyone alone in a cell, 30 feet beneath the earth. Absolutely alone.

We never saw a man. Never did we see a sparrow, a worm. Except dead ones in the soup.

Otherwise, we never saw a living... Once, a spider somehow arrived into my cell. I don't know from where a spider could arrive into the cell. But he did not survive.

We were alone, absolutely alone. And we remembered in the Bible it is written, that God, when he created Adam, he said, It is not good for man to be alone. You say in your Bible, it is not good.

And you give me to be alone. I don't know why. But my purpose will remain.

You pass me through suffering, through tragedy. But I wish to make you to rejoice singing. We never saw the sun.

We never saw a drop of rain. And we remembered it is written, that God is so good, that he gives his sun and his rain to the good and to the evil. And we asked him, Now in what category of man are we? If we are good, you have promised the good will have sun.

If we are evil, you have promised that the evil also will have sun. But what are we? Neither good nor evil. We never see the sun.

During years I have never seen the sun. And we could not understand the mysterious ways of God. But God does not owe us any explanation.

He does not owe us any reply. Nightingales sing, not because they have a reply to their problems. They sing because they have a song in their heart.

And we serve God, not because he gives us all the explanations. I could not give to my grandson of three the explanation why a doctor comes and makes him a vaccination, and this hurts him, and why he must get a spanking sometimes, and why he can't eat all the chocolate which he wishes to eat, but has to eat things which it does not like. We can't explain to our little children.

How can a God explain everything which he does to such a small creature? Christians in communist prisons with quiet, bored, they are very dramatic, Christians in our country have been compelled during

two years, day after day, to eat their own feces, their own dirt, and to drink urine. But not simply to drink and to eat these things. A Catholic priest, a friend of mine, who was half-mad because of torture, he did not know anymore what he does, he is not responsible for what he did, on a Sunday morning he was given into one hand a plate with human dirt, into another hand a chalice stolen from some church, with urine in it, and he was put to say the words of the Mass, the words of Jesus instituting the Holy Communion over dirt, and he said he did not know what he does, and gave a mocking form of communion with human dirt.

In communist countries, Christian ladies have been undressed, they had their hands tied behind their backs so they could not defend themselves, and then snakes were slipped into their underwears, they had snakes creeping upon their bellies, upon their thighs, upon their breasts. None of the amenities and of the joys of life had remained for those prisoners. My wife was in prison too, my children were far away, my mother had died while she was in prison, her last words were my beloved Richard, and I don't describe to you the things through which I have passed, I use the first person in the story as a personal experience, but you have before your eyes the thousands of other Christians who are today in communist prisons.

I speak in their name. They had none of the joys of life, and they had one fixed purpose, I wish to make God to rejoice over me singing. And then something very interesting happened.

They had renounced everything. They had sacrificed everything for the love of God. They asked nothing for themselves, and were ready to give everything for God.

And when this was accomplished, an unspeakable joy entered in the heart of the sufferers. And now because I am Jewish, my beautiful wife is Jewish too, I will tell you a secret of the Hebrew Bible. You know the Old Testament is written in Hebrew.

And there is a part of it which could not be translated literally in our English Bibles. But I will try to translate literally. In Isaiah 44 verse 6 it is written, So says God, in Hebrew, I am the first and I am the last.

But in Hebrew it is not quite like this. In Hebrew it is so. Be very attentive.

Be very attentive. So says God, A me who is seen me is the first. And a me who is only me is the last.

Did you understand the revelation of the Bible? I am 6 feet 3. If this is my whole me, and where the 6 feet 3 have finished, I am finished. And I am 72 years old. And what is beyond these 72 years? What has been before, what will be afterwards? If I die this year, that also does not concern me.

I am such a little me, such a little person. I am the last. But a me, who is seen me, a combination between me and him, a union between me and God, this is the first.

A girl finds a handsome boy whom she can love. And at once she is no more only herself. She and he together become one flesh.

And the soul becomes a bride of Christ. And she is no more these 6 feet, or 5 feet 8, or how much she is in 20 years, or 50 years, or 70 years. But she becomes a me-he, a union between me and him.

And his whole infinitude, and his whole eternity, and his whole almightiness belongs to me too. In a marriage, the bridegroom takes upon himself all the debts of his bride, and the bride gets all the riches of the bridegroom. And so it happens in our marriage with Jesus, all his riches become ours, as our sins become his.

And I become a me-he, a me-who. A me-who, a me who is he-me, is the first. And when you renounce everything, that he should rejoice singing, at once your eyes open, but with he.

He is me, and I am he, and we are united, and all his joy is my joy. And such a joy enters in the hearts of those in prison cells, that if we would not have danced for joy, our hearts would have ran in pieces. So great was the joy.

And the gray walls of the cell shone like diamonds, as there was light in the darkness. And flames of love burned in these prison cells, and the prisoner rested at the bottom of Christ, was embraced by him, the non-embraced by anybody, was embraced by him, the non-kissed received his holy kisses, and they would never have changed, even with American millionaires. Because of this, a me-who, a me, because of this possibility of union with him.

Jesus and I are not two persons, are we? Jesus says this. He meets the soul of Tsar, the great persecutor of Christians, he was at that time a communist, he was a Bolshevik, not a communist. And he persecuted the Christians, and Jesus appears to him on the road to Damascus, and says to him, Soul, soul, why do you persecute me? And soul of Tsar could have replied very correctly, Sir, there must be some misunderstanding.

I never touched you. I touched your disciples, not you. But Jesus might know everything.

One thing he does not know, a difference between him and his disciples. When his disciple is persecuted, he is persecuted. He says, why do you persecute me? When his disciple is in prison, he says, I was in prison.

When his disciple is hungry, he says, I was hungry. I was thirsty. I passed through all these things.

There is no sorrow of yours, if you belong to Christ, which is not shared by Jesus. But you suffer in your marriage, in your relationship with children, or with parents, with your employer, with your employees, with whatever you have in this life. Jesus says, me, not he.

He suffers with you. He rejoices with you. His song becomes our song, because our dramas become his dramas.

And those who realized the secret of the Anihu, though they might not have known Hebrew, these could be happy, even in the dramatic circumstances of prison life. We worship here in such beautiful circumstances, in a historic church, and everything is nice, and everything is quiet, and so on. Not everywhere do Christians worship in this manner.

In communist countries, we have underground churches. Now, the Christian mission to the communist world, which I represent here, we help the persecuted Christians. I have decided to speak for an hour, but I did not look to the watch when I started, so I will make it an hour from now.

The Christian mission to the communist world helps the persecuted believers in communist countries. We help in Russia, in the European satellite countries, in African communist countries, in Cuba, in China. In China, in the last years, 20 million have died of hunger.

Not everyone has eaten a lunch. I have skipped lunch many years. I have skipped the breakfast and the dinner too.

I have been to India myself. In India, many died of hunger. I have seen them dying of hunger.

Children die of hunger. And in China, 20 million died of hunger. And the church has passed through terrible persecution.

It is considered that one million Christians were killed by the communists. And I use a very mild word when I say killed. They were tortured to death, many of them.

Some of you might know the name of Wo Chi Min Yi, the renowned Chinese evangelical writer. The news from his fellow prisoners are that he had his tongue cut off, his eyes gouged out, and his hands cut off. And after this he died.

And his wife died in prison too. And many, many such happenings in Red China. In Red China now, in spite of these things, the church is mushrooming.

We have these persecuted Christians there. We have smuggled in six printing presses so that they might print for themselves Gospels and other things. We also print.

We print right here in Australia. We have created our printing press and smuggled into China. But we have given to them that they should print for themselves.

The church is growing mightily in Red China. It is considered that there are at this moment 100,000 underground churches in China, home churches as they are called now, with an attendance every Sunday of 5 million. An underground church with 5 million.

But the church does not have the advantages which you have. They have no pastors. The real faithful pastors have died in prison.

Or even if they came out, as broken men which can't be used anymore. An evangelist, a pastor in China, is today usually the age of 60. A boy of 60 who has not read the Bible himself.

It is considered that in China there exists one Bible for 1,000 Christians. One Bible for 1,000 Christians. It is difficult to smuggle in Bibles for a nation with 1 billion inhabitants.

And all these faithful boys who themselves don't know much. One of them has been asked, what is Good Friday? He had not heard about Good Friday. What is Easter? He did not know about Easter.

He knew a few words about a loving God and a Savior who died for us. Something like this. And on this they bring souls to salvation.

And more and more souls are born for Christ in this Red China. There is a report from the town of Chongqing. In Chongqing the communists had come one day from house to house of Christians and confiscated all Bibles, hymn books, prayer books, devotions, whatever they had.

They had compelled the Christians to gather in a marketplace and there they made a bonfire and burned all these books in the presence of Christians. Profiting from a moment of inattention of the Red God, a Christian thrust his arm in the fire and just at random tore out one page from the back, one page. And the Christians in Chongqing gathered again and again during two years.

They gathered every week to read this one page from the back. Some tell me, you know, church is boresome. For them it was not boresome to read it again and again, the one page of the Bible.

But why do you go to Tennis? Why do you watch on television Tennis ball to that side and she throws it to this side and I throw it to that side and she throws it to this side and from that side to this side from that side to that side is it not boresome? The church is boresome. Not tennis is boresome or football is boresome. Well they were not boresome.

They read one page of the Bible And after two years, they succeeded to slip out through Hong Kong a small letter. I had it in my hand, and I've learned it by heart. They said, brethren, they told what I said to them, and they said, brethren, from this one page we have learned that it is wrong to strive to become a better Christian.

It is wrong to try to be a better Christian. We must strive to become the only kind of Christians whom Christ meant us to be, Christ-like Christians. It was just such a discovery for me.

Don't strive to become a better Christian. Strive to be the only kind of Christian whom Christ meant us to be, Christ-like Christians. This word went directly to my heart, because I had been a man who every Monday morning would take the decision, this week I will be a better Christian.

And usually I succeeded Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, until noontime. Wednesday at noontime my wife made something wrong. It's always the wives who do something wrong.

And I, boom, what a, you know, I am a husband, so a husband must show that he is a husband, you know. And then I said to myself, well, I have not succeeded to become a better Christian. I will start again next Monday, because it is not good to start on Thursday or on Friday to become a better Christian.

Monday is the right day. And years had passed, I had not become a better Christian. And now I learned, don't strive to be a better Christian.

Strive to be the only kind of Christian whom Christ meant us to be, Christ-like Christians. I did my utmost to find out what page of the Bible they had. And I succeeded.

And I expect to meet in heaven the angel of the church of Shem King. Every church has its angels. Who has lit the hand of this Christian to tear out the right page from the Bible.

He could have torn out a page from Nehemiah with genealogies, or from Leviticus with all the sacrifices there. They are also valuable, but what would poor guys have understood from this page? They tore out Matthew 16. And they gathered again and again and they read, On this rock I, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, I will build my church, my church.

And neither Malthus II, nor all his comrades, nor his imprisoning of Christians, nor his torturing them with snakes on their naked bodies, nor shedding salt into their throats, nor the beatings, nor the killings, nor even the gates of hell, will ever prevail against you, because I love you. You are my bride. You are me.

He, me. What happens to you, happens to me. And even if they kill you, I will resurrect you.

You will be with me comforted in paradise. And two years they read this, and they found, don't strive to be a little bit better than you have been last week. Be Christ-like.

Christ-like. There exists such a church which passes through very difficult circumstances, and in these difficult circumstances it continues to serve Christ with love and has as purpose to make God happy. And I would recommend to every one of you, never allow yourselves to be deterred from the supreme purpose in life.

Make God happy. Renounce lust and greed and temptations of this world, and try to make God happy. When you will have made him happy, you will discover that it is not he.

Ani hu ani. He is me and I am he. We are united.

Every joy of his is my joy. He has taken all my sufferings and sicknesses upon himself, and has given me his unspeakable joy. And we had this joy in prison.

I have seen more shining faces in communist prisons than if I stood outside the door of a beauty parlor and saw ladies coming out from that beauty parlor. You have seen my wife, she has been in jail. She is more beautiful than every woman here.

She has passed through God's beauty parlor of suffering. And I have known more triumphant songs in these communist prison cells than I have known in very well-to-do homes in the free world. And I have seen a greater passion for Christ in these prison cells than here where you have all possibilities.

I have checked a few figures. They might not be exact to the thickness, but will give you approximately a figure. There are approximately 1 million Presbyterians in Australia.

The average yearly income of an Australian is \$10,000 a year. So 1 million Presbyterians earn \$10 billion a year. And for \$10 billion a year they support 100 foreign missionaries, which means for every \$100 million which Presbyterians earn, they support 1 foreign missionary.

In order to have 1 man to preach Christ in a foreign country, Presbyterians have to earn first \$100 million. With the Baptists, the figure is a little bit nicer. There are 50,000 Baptists who earn \$500 million.

And for \$500 million they have 250 missionaries, which means for \$2 million which Baptists earn in Australia, before they earn \$2 billion they would not send a missionary, who costs perhaps \$20,000. If they earn \$2 million, then they will go and win another soul. The passion does not burn in the heart.

I know when I fell in love with my wife, I fell in love with my wife, I walked on the street, friends met me and asked me, Hello Mr. Bernard, how are you doing? And I said, Sabina loves me, if you would know what a beautiful girl. But who is Sabina? I said, that is a girl whom I will marry. I could not speak about something else, because I had fallen in love.

And those who have fallen in love with Christ, they can't expect to earn first \$100 million to tell somebody else about Christ. We were during years alone in a cell, alone, alone, alone. Who can understand what it means to be alone during years? And we wish to tell others what we have found in Christ.

And when being alone we communicated with those to our right, to our left, with murderers, with thieves, with politicals, by tapping through the wall in Morse code. You know there exists such a code through which cables are conveyed. A, B, C, D, E, F and so on.

I will not teach you this whole alphabet for free, but there exists such an alphabet. And one prisoner learns it from the other. And men were born for Christ.

Men whom we had never seen before. By telling them in Morse code that the Son of God has loved us and has come from heaven to earth to save us. And how He has been mocked and how He has been spat upon and how He had nails driven into His hands and into His feet and how He endured all these things in order to save us.

How He gave His blood. And then after eight years we were already in common cells. One day the cell was unlocked.

The guards pushed in a new prisoner. And his very first words were about God and about heaven. He was such a happy man.

I asked him, since when are you a Christian? He said, Hallelujah, since eight years. And I asked him, how did you become a Christian? He said, I was arrested for some political motives. If you are a dissident with the government, they put you in prison.

And I did not agree with the government. And then I was put in prison. And I was an atheist.

And nearby was a pastor. And he talked through the wall and told me that I can be saved from every sin, can become a heir of eternal life through believing in Jesus. And I believed.

And since then I am such a happy man. I asked him, in what cell have you been? He said, in cell number 12. And I said, come here, I will embrace you.

I happen to know who has been in cell number 11 at that time. There exists this passion to make God happy. To make God to rejoice in me.

Does not matter that I sit in a solitary cell. Does not matter that snakes creep upon my belly. Does not matter that I have to eat feces and to drink urine.

My purpose is one. Does not matter that I have an unhappy marriage. Does not matter that I don't earn enough.

Does not matter I can't buy a new car, the old car. You can get tickets from the police and have accidents with the old car. You don't need a new car.

And all these things which concern us are secondary. One thing is important. My God should rejoice singing as a mother sacrifices her sleep and everything for her child.

Her little child should be happy. And so it is with Christians. Our God should be happy.

And when you have denied yourself. When he becomes your everything. Me, he, me.

When that is your me. Then his exuberant joy becomes your joy. And amidst these sufferings you can sing too.

This is my message for today. We have suffered and so many suffer now in communist prisons. I know that you in Australia you have your sufferings.

I know that so many hundred people are gathered. Hundreds of sufferings are gathered. You have your sufferings.

Don't trouble yourself with your sufferings. If in trouble you are troubled. Then you have your trouble doubled.

If in trouble you are troubled. Then you have your trouble doubled. You have your troubles.

And you have the trouble about being troubled. Whatever trouble you have. My purpose in life is to make God to rejoice singing.

And you will see the troubles passed. You have the joy of the singer. And you sing together with him.

I come to the end of my message. Never be happy too quickly that I come to the end of the message. Because an end of a message can be very long.

But I wish to tell you only a few words. I have waited 14 years to speak with you. So have patience with me if I speak a little bit longer than your pastors usually do.

They have you every Sunday. I don't have you every Sunday. Jesus says we must become like little children.

And we when we read this we imagine some child of ours, some grandchild or of a neighbor. How nice and how rosy and how quiet and so. Yes, also to be like him.

How do we know that he thought about such a child? He himself, Jesus, has not been such a child. He has been a child born in a stable, unwashed. No midwife when he was born.

No doctor. No water to be washed. He was in his blood.

In the blood of his mother. And in his hair of the babe there was a straw from the crib. He was not such a nice child.

Jesus said become like children. Like what child? Like the hungry children of India? Children whom I have seen die. They have never bitten in an apple.

They have never seen a toy or a candy. Perhaps he means such children. Perhaps he means like one of the millions of children who are killed in the world because their parents don't wish to have them.

Like what child? And I would propose to you, become like a child. If you say, if you don't become like children, children is something so vague, so abstract. Take a concrete child before you.

I wish to become like that child. What about becoming like the child of a Christian martyr? Millions of Christians have died for their faith in this generation. What do their children eat? Did you ever care for it? Not one single denomination in Australia, neither the Catholics, nor the Anglicans, nor the Presbyterians, nor the Lutherans, nor the Baptists, nor the Pentecostals, nor the Mormons, nor Jehovah's Witnesses.

None of them have in their budget, individual churches have individual Christians, but denominations should have in their budget. They have money for communist guerrillas in Africa. They have money for all kinds of things.

They should have \$10 a year for children of Christian martyrs. Such a thing does nothing. When I was in prison, thousands of Christians were in prison.

And I can vouch, not one of them ever received a parcel from a denomination in Australia or in another country of the free world. My children hunger. And other children, many have seen them hungry.

Become like little children, not like this rosy child who does not need you to become like him. Make the suffering of a martyr child, of the child of a prisoner, make this suffering your suffering. Then you will have become like a little child, and the Kingdom of Heaven will be yours.

I have hesitations in my heart if I should tell you a happening. It can be interpreted very badly. The chairman told you that I am attacked.

If what I say now will be published, I will be attacked again and perhaps even more. But I will tell you. I was in prison with a brother.

I was freed, then after a time he was freed too. And he found the following tragedy in his family. While he was in prison, he had left behind a wife with some six children.

With us there exists only one employer, the state. Nobody owns anything. And the state does not give jobs to the families of Christian prisoners.

And the family went hungry, and Australian denominations did not care. And the two older daughters of that family, perhaps 16 and 18, seeing their mother is sick, and the four smaller brothers don't have what to eat, two Christian girls, good Christian girls, daughters of a Christian martyr, prostituted themselves in order to give a piece of bread to their hungry mother and to their hungry brothers. Did they do well or wrong? I don't have to judge them, I have to judge myself.

If I would have cared, Christian girls, daughters of a Christian martyr, would not have had to prostitute themselves. When the brother was freed from prison, he found this drama in his house, and he prayed to God, God, I can't see this thing, take me back to prison. And he was put back to prison for the crime of having taught children about Christ.

There exist such things happening in the world. We are not to be the judges of these things. Make God to rejoice seeing me.

Sharing, becoming like these children. Sharing the tragedy, renouncing to your joys, in order to share somebody else's suffering. With one thought, I wish that God, when He looks down, He should, the sad God against whom so many of His creatures have rebelled, when He looks down and He sees me, He should be able to rejoice seeing me.

And then your life will become a song, because His song will be your song. The Christian mission to the communist world tries to help. In this situation, we smuggle Bibles and other Christian books into communist countries, we broadcast the gospel in languages of communist countries, and as much as we can, we try to help families of Christians who are in prison.

There are thousands of such persons. We would like to help much more than we can. You will be asked to help.

You can help with a few coins, with a few dollars, with cheques of hundreds or thousands of dollars. I hope you will help generously. May I tell you a very harsh word? I am a harsh man.

Money is the devil's excrement. But the devil's excrement is very good manure. A very good fertilizer.

You know, out of dung, if you put it on the field, how many beautiful things grow. Throw away the devil's excrement, and throw it in the right place. Money perverts so many to sins and to crimes.

Think about the fact that there are children of Christian martyrs who hunger, and that there exist whole nations which hunger after the word of God. Should we also wait? Like a denomination here makes, when it earns 100 million dollars, they send a missionary. Can't we send a missionary with less than 100 million dollars? It's terrible.

Or even 2 million dollars. Let us have this passion for souls, this passion to make God to rejoice singing. And then his song will become our song.

And our life will be beautiful like that of a nightingale. She sings to the glory of God. So will be your life.

We sang when we were in prison. We had no organs or pianos. But the communists have been so nice, they have provided every single cell with musical instruments.

Is it not nice? In Australia, I don't believe they have in jail a musical instrument in every cell. We had them, chains at our hands and at our feet. And chains of splendid musical instruments.

We could sing, Onward Christian soldiers, Cling clang, cling clang, Marching as to war, Cling clang, cling clang. This was the song of the Anihu Ani. And me, who is he me, God's song on earth.

Amen. The hymn sheets, you have at the bottom a tear-up piece here. You will understand that on one day, I can't tell you everything that is happening with the underground church, but we publish, as you were told, a monthly magazine.

Take out now your ballpoint pens, and write here your name, address, and zip code. Tear it up and put it on the offering plate. Then you will get freely from us, every month, a newsletter with the pictures, the addresses, and the stories of what is happening in communist places.

Thank you. Now the others, can we just pray as we, while they wait on you for your offering? Almighty God, we do commit to you, this offering. We do pray, Lord, that it will be used.

Amen. Twenty minutes. ...start to replicate doctrine in communist countries, the same as that which comes from Rome, which is so different from that which Christ taught.

Our mission is interdenominational. We never enter into discussion of conflicts between denominations. But I must say, as well as regards the Roman Catholics, the Orthodox, and the different Protestants, Pentecostals, and Baptists, and Lutherans, doctrines are almost unknown in communist countries.

We have very few Bibles. We have no books to explain the Bible. When I came to America, I don't know if this exists in Australia, but when I came to America, I was asked, are you pre-millennialist, post-millennialist, or amillennialist? And I did not know what these words mean.

Are you Armenian or Calvinist? Who knows these words? Who knows all these differences of doctrine? The Catholics in Russia have no idea about Vatican Council, too. All these things are unknown with us. We know a few simple things.

To love God, to make Him to rejoice singing. We know that the blood of Christ has opened a fountain in which we can be washed from our sins. I told you about the boys of sixteen who make the Church to grow.

They know to love God. And Nightingale also does not know doctrine. She knows to sing a song.

And that is what we know. Doctrine and questions play a very small role in the Church with us. I don't say that it is right that you should neglect doctrine, but understand our circumstances.

Why don't the Communists stop you speaking? If what you say is true, couldn't they just kill you? Well, they've tried their best. There have been two attempts on my life already, one in Australia and one in Germany. And as far as we know, a killer sent by the Communists has arrived to California where I live usually, but he's in California and I'm in Australia.

There exists not only the Communist killer. There exists also the angels of God to protect you. We had one killer sent by the secret police of Romania to kill me, and he came to my house.

He was so happy that he could escape from Romania. He goes now to a Baptist church. Does any money from the World Council of Churches ever aid these families of martyrs? No.

We wrote to the General Secretary of the World Council of Churches and said to him, you help Communists bury us in Africa. That is what you think and that is what you do. But would you please also help Christians persecuted in Communist countries? To which his reply was, this demand is senseless.

That's all. They don't help. And therefore we appeal to you to help.

You have helped now. You have also shopped this week. But with what you shopped this week, you will not have what to eat next week.

Next week you will shop again. And with what you have given this month, children of Christian martyrs will not be able to eat next month. So please, give your names and addresses, leave them at the table outside.

Take out now your ballpoint pens and write these addresses and leave them there. You will be regularly informed by us and you will be able to help. Could you tell us news of Tom White and Mel Bailey, our brothers in Christ? These are two brothers who, on behalf of our mission, travelled to Cuba and travelled over Cuba and dropped Gospels when they flew over Cuba.

Then in the last, they had a motor accident. They had to land in Cuba forcibly and were sentenced to 24 years of prison. Now they are free.

They are both in America. They are free. Were Stalin and associates possessed by the devil? They surely were.

How can Christians in the free world best help those suffering in communist countries? Does letter writing help? Where do Australian Christians get names and addresses from? Well, again, give us your names and addresses. We give in our newsletters always the names and addresses of those who are in prison and we tell you how to write to them and how to help them in a practical manner. You can help through your prayers, through your finances, and you can help through protesting.

Write to your Prime Minister, to your Member of Parliament, write to your Queen and ask them to protest. Write to the Soviet or the Romanian Embassy in Canberra. Such protests are very useful.

And now, how you can help best. Just one sentence. They have one purpose.

To make God to rejoice singing. God sings, but He does not like it to sing alone. He likes it to sing in an orchestra.

And the Russian President sings and the Chinese President sings. Sing together with them. And do you know when you should sing? When it is worse.

When you feel depressed. When something terrible has happened in your life. What should you do? Sing! Paul and Silas were with their feet in stock in a prison.

They had just been whipped. And Paul asked Silas, what should we do? He said, let us sing a song. I have seen so often these things.

And then the Russians, the Chinese, the Romanian President will have the others who will complete the orchestra and we will sing together with God. Remember Isaiah 44, 6. Ani, hu, ani, arishon. To be a me, he.

That is the first. To be only me. That is the last.

Now, that is my last sermon in Australia at this time. Perhaps you invite me back. But this time is my last sermon.

I thank you very much for the love and the joy which you have shown, love towards the persecuted brethren in communist countries. I hope you will remember them in the future too. May God bless every one of you.

May God bless your children, your grandchildren, your families. May God bless your churches, your pastors, your priests. May God bless this land of Australia, this beautiful land, and keep it free.

God save your Queen. Amen.

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