

Church Triumphant

by Richard Wurmbrand

Richard Wurmbrand's sermon calls for unity in prayer and action between Christians in free nations and those suffering under communist persecution.

Duration: 49:05

Scripture: Matthew 5:1-7, John 12:20

Topics: "Overcoming"

Description

In this sermon, the speaker shares his experience of being imprisoned for three years and being trapped underground. He describes the silence and solitude of the prison, where the only voice he heard was the voice of God reproaching their sins. The speaker also shares a story of a young man who wanted to speak with him but never returned, leaving the speaker with a sense of regret for not being able to share the Gospel with him. The sermon also includes a powerful testimony of a former secret police officer who encountered God through reading the Bible and decided to repent and put himself in prison as a criminal. The sermon emphasizes the importance of meeting God and the forgiveness and transformation that can come through Him.

Transcript

The title of this message is, The Church Triumphant Under Communism. It was given by Pastor Richard Wurmbrand at the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles in November 1968. It is hoped that by this message you will be made aware of the suffering of our Christian brethren behind the Iron Curtain.

Dear brethren, dear sisters, and very dear children, in St. John's, in the 12th chapter, in the 20th verse, we read that certain Greeks who had come to worship in Jerusalem said to one of the apostles, Philip, Sir, we would see Jesus. Philip comes and tells Andrew, and again Andrew and Philip tell Jesus. Now the Greeks had expressed a desire to the apostle Philip.

Why did Philip not go alone to Jesus to convey to him this desire of the Greeks? Philip went first to find a friend, Andrew, another apostle. And only when they were two, then they went to Jesus to tell him the desire of the Greeks. There exists a law in the life of the Spirit, a law of solidarity.

If we wish that our prayer, that the desires of our heart, should be accepted by Jesus, then we have to fulfill what he has commanded us in St. Matthew, chapter 18, verse 19. I say unto you that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which

is in heaven. If two Christians can't agree in asking something from God, there is no chance that God will grant this petition.

There exists in the world of the Spirit a law of solidarity. First of all, we must show to God that we can love each other, that we can understand each other and collaborate one with the other, and then our petitions will be granted. What separates me from another man? Of whatever creed, of whatever race, of whatever nation, of whatever social category.

Only thirty or fifty years ago, his body and my body belonged to the same earth. They were atoms of the same earth. Some of these atoms came for a time to constitute my body.

Some other atoms came to constitute his body. And these atoms interchanged during life. There is nothing which distinguishes me from another man.

We are all descendants of the same sinner, Adam. Why did God create in the beginning only one pair of men, and not more? If God would have created in the beginning, let me say, ten pairs of men, men could have both said, who are you to compare yourself with me? Do you know who my first ancestor was? He was not Adam like you. He was Badam, or Hadam, or Badam.

And Badam was something better than Adam. But God has made it like this, that in the beginning, there should have been only Adam and Eve, and they both were sinners, and we all are their descendants, and we should love and understand each other. And our spirits come from the same God.

We should discover this unity between ourselves. We should become solidary with each other, love and collaborate with each other, and only then we can appear before Jesus with our petition. And my point today is that the churches of America, of the free world, on one side, and the underground churches, the persecuted martyr churches in communist countries, from where I come, should unite in prayer.

We all are men, we all have been ransomed by Jesus Christ, we all have the same desire to see Jesus, and we have to unite in prayer. There exists politically an iron curtain and a bamboo curtain which separates the communist countries from the free world, but no curtain is too high, and no Berlin Wall which should separate a Christian from another, and still we have this tragedy that the church of the free world lives its life not caring, not remembering the church behind the iron curtain, not knowing its problems, and we have another church which settles there and gives every year thousands of martyrs. And on both sides there are souls who have the same quality to come from God but too long after me to wish to see God.

Let us unite in prayer and in effort. I have spent myself some fourteen years in communist prisons out of which three in solitary confinement thirty feet beneath the earth. We never saw sun, moon, snow, clouds, stars.

Everyone alone in a cell in solitary confinement, and afterwards when we were in common cells Christians with fifty pound chains at their feet in communist countries prayed every night for America, for its churches, and for its youth. Would it not be right that the churches of America should also unite in love with the underground church in the communist country? We are one soul and one heart. We can be accepted by God in our worship only if specially, surely we have to be far away the ones from the others.

But if in the spirit we are one because we have the same need we wish to see Jesus. When the Russians invaded our country, Romania, I was one of the organizers of the secret missionary work in the Soviet army. And I remember one episode.

On a Sunday I had preached twice. I was very tired. But in the evening I had a strong impulse and I told my wife, I don't know why, but I feel in my heart as a duty to enter in a pub, I mean with liquor.

I feel that my place at this hour is now there. My wife said, but you can't go there. Everybody here knows you to be the pastor.

You are finished with your sermons and now you go to a pub. You can't go. I said, you must come with me.

I have something to do there. And so she came with me. When I entered in the pub I saw a Russian captain with a revolver in his hand threatening everybody.

He was drunk and he wished to drink more. The inn owner had refused to give him more liquor. And now he threatened them with a revolver.

Everybody was so afraid. I said, I speak Russian as well as English. You will say as bad as English, but in any case I speak it.

And I went to the pub owner and I said, you just give him to drink. I know Russian. I will sit down with him and I will quieten him.

I spoke with the Russian captain a few words. I said, I will sit down and drink with you. He was so happy.

And now I and my wife and this captain we sat down at the table. He ordered one bottle of wine after the other. We had three glasses before us.

He filled all the three glasses. My wife did not drink. I didn't drink.

But he was very polite. He drank all the three glasses. Russians are very used to drinking.

They don't lose their mind when they drink. So I could speak to him. I told him in simple words the story of Jesus.

He listened very attentively for a long time. Then at a certain moment he told me, now I can guess who you are. I will tell you who I am.

I am an Orthodox priest. Russia is the Orthodox religion. I am an Orthodox priest and when the great persecution began under Stalin, when thousands of priests were jailed and killed, I was afraid and I left my priesthood.

I accepted the proposal of the Communist Party and I went from town to town and village to village to say that there is no God and that the story about Christ is a lie. I knew that it was not. My punishment from God has been that with this my hand, with which I gave in times ago sacraments, with this my hand I had to shoot Christians.

I had to shoot even my former parishioners. And now I drink and I drink and I drink to forget what I have done, but I can't forget. I was very much impressed.

I asked him, do you remember the Creed? He very vaguely remembered it. Some twenty years had passed, but I began with I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, the maker of heaven and earth and so on. And then I arrived to the word, I believe in the remission of sins.

And I asked him, do you believe in the remission of sins? He said, I believe in the whole Creed. I asked him again, do you believe that your sins are remitted? He said, no. My sins are horrible.

They are sins that nobody else has committed. I said, but it is written, I believe in the remission of sins. Not in the remission of non-horrible sins, but in the remission of all sins.

He said, but I have killed men. I have killed my own parishioners. During years I have denied Christ, not just for a few moments like Peter.

I have been a persecutor of my own brethren. I said, there exists no qualification in the Creed that some sins can be remitted and some sins cannot be remitted. A few sins can be forgiven, but many sins can't be forgiven.

It is simply written, I believe in the remission of sins. It is said about Jesus that he is the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world. If you alone would have committed all the crimes, all the murders, all the adulteries, all the thefts, all the lies which have been committed during history by all mankind, and you would repent today and believe in the atoning blood of Jesus Christ, the words of the Creed would apply to you.

I believe in the remission of sins. All your sins would be remitted. He was drunk, tears ran down his cheek, and he repeated again and again, I believe in the remission of sins.

Your sins may not be his sins. You have not been under the same pressure. To you much is given, freedom and richness.

From you much more will be demanded than from him. But he and you have the same need. You need the remission of sins.

You need to see Jesus in his forgiving love, the only one who has died for our sins and can remit them. A second episode which has happened in Russia. There exist a few short churches just enough to dupe Americans.

The real church is underground. In Moscow, a town of seven million inhabitants, there exists one official Protestant church, the so-called Baptist church, to dupe Westerners. There exist only in Moscow 25 underground churches about which we know.

When you go to regions far away in the Caucasus, in Ural, in Siberia, you can travel thousands of miles square, and you will never see a church. But the church exists. And on a Christmas Eve, the church of a village gathers in a stable.

A stable, I think, is a very nice place for Christians to gather on a Christmas Eve. The pastor came disguised as a woman. The Communists dogged the Christians, so the Christians had to beware.

The liturgy began. An old Christian lady had to stand outside the stable at a certain distance and to watch. If the Communists would come, she had a piece of iron in her hand.

She would throw it towards the gate of the stable. This would be the signal, and then the Christians would flee through the windows, every one as he could. And this old lady stood in the snow and prayed.

She had a story apart. Her only son had been hanged by the Communists. When his coat, full of bruises as a result of torture, was brought to her, she heard two voices in her heart.

One voice saying, Curse these damned Communists! Another voice saying, Forgive them. They don't know what they do. They don't know about the love of God.

And she decided to forgive. And as she was an elderly lady and had not earned her living, she decided to pass her whole life praying for those who have been tortured and hanged her son. She didn't know them by name, but she just prayed for them.

And while she stood outside the stable praying, from behind at once somebody kicked her in the snow. When she turned around, bent over her was a Communist officer who asked her, What are you doing here? The Communists knew that the Christians must be gathered somewhere, only they didn't know where. What are you doing here? She answered quietly, I am praying for you.

The Communist officer began to laugh. I don't think that you consider me as a very lovable being. Why should you pray for me? We know that you are a Christian.

You Christians consider us, the Communists, as monsters! She said, That is how we consider you. But for criminals, for monsters, Jesus came to die on the cross. For those who had nailed him to the cross, who had whipped him before, he prayed while crucified.

And at that moment, she had an illumination, she looked right into his eyes, and said, It is you who have tortured and who have hanged my son. If you would know how I love you, since years I prayed for you, you have taken in my heart the place of my son whom you have tortured to death. Christ loves you, and I love you.

He has placed his love into my heart. I love you as I love my son. Tears ran down the cheeks of the Communist officer.

He was a monster because he had not known that there exists a love for him too. When she saw the tears, she said, Now I can tell you what I am doing here. Come with me.

The Christians are gathered in this table right there. She entered with him in this table. When the Christians saw the Communist officer, they were afraid.

But she told them, Don't be afraid. His uniform is the uniform of a Communist officer. His heart is that of a repenting sinner.

Receive him as your brother. Your problems are other problems than those of the Communist officer. But perhaps some of you also don't know without burning love, Christ loves you.

Whatever you have done, even if there are monstrosities in your path, you and he and I and your pastor, we are made of the same dust. We are descendants of the same sinner, Adam. We come from the same God, and our souls will never be satisfied until we find God through Jesus Christ.

Christ has triumphed under Communism. He has triumphed over this drunk officer in the pub. He has triumphed over this monster who has tortured and killed many Christians.

He can triumph here in America, too, and can make out of you, a sinner, a child of God, and of you who are a child of God since long, a real saint. We are all the same. We should unite in effort and in prayer. The American church and the underground church should appear together before God in worship and in prayer.

One third of the world is living under Communist dictatorship. What the Communists are, I will put it just in a few words. Imagine a party which would have as its program that ugly caterpillars should not become beautiful butterflies, that birds should not become flowers.

That is what the Communists are. I am a man, and a man has as its destiny to become at the end of his life an angelic, a Christ-like being. They wish to hinder this.

They forbid us to know about Christ and to worship Christ in freedom. I could not tell you all the things they do. In Korea, children who attend secret Sunday school have had chopsticks rammed into their ears.

The eardrums were destroyed. They will never hear anymore. In Red China, a country with 700 million inhabitants, all the churches are closed.

They have buried a live priest in the province of Tianjin. They have burned Bibles publicly. A lady whom they found in Canton having hidden a Bible, they stripped her naked.

They anointed her with honey. In Beijing, they exposed her during hours to the scorching sun. In Shanghai, they tied a Christian to the cross.

They tainted him with eggs and with stones. Then they burned him with red-hot iron forks. He got mad.

30,000 evangelical Christians and probably another few tens of thousands Catholics are in prison in Red China. And the Chinese nationalist government of Taiwan has announced that Christian prisoners have been maimed. Their ears and their tongues have been cut.

In Russia, Orthodox and Baptist Christians fill the prisons. You will find books of mine, my depositions before the USA Congress and Senate Committee, where I presented documents, texts from the Soviet press. They say that in one town, on one day, they have put 82 Christians in an asylum for insane, saying that you must be insane to be a Christian.

Our brethren are today in straitjackets and gags. They have a law according to which if you teach your own children Christianity, your children are taken away from you. They are taken away from the family Malozemlov, seven children, from the family Zakharchenko, seven children.

I just read the last story how a girl, Galia Sloboda, at the age of 11, she testified for Christ in the communist school. The director denounced her to the communist police. The police took her, and while the van drove away, the people heard her crying, Help! Help! Mother! Mother! Nobody could help.

Mother was far away. That is what is happening there. Therefore, we, the Christians, hate from all our hearts the communist system, this cruel dictatorship of the godless.

But we love the man. Christ has taught us to hate sin and to love the sinner. This lady to whom her only son has been hanged, she hated communism, but she brought to Christ the communist torturer of his son.

Those who have been in the fermis in the endless time, the Bible says that when they came out of the fermis, they did not smell like fire. So those who have passed through communist prisons don't smell like bitterness or hatred against the communists. They are men.

They have sins. They sin. We have our sins.

We have to win them for Christ. A flower, if you bruise her under your feet, rewards you by giving you her perfume. And we, because we have been trodden under the feet of the communists, have only one thought, to give them what we have begged, the knowledge of salvation and of eternal life.

I speak to you in the name of the mission to bring Christ to the communist world, the torturers and those oppressed by them. We are smuggling in, in the communist countries, Gospels and other Christian literature. We are broadcasting the Gospels in languages of the communist countries and we fulfill a duty of honor to help the families of Christian martyrs.

It is not right that Christians should sit in prison and their children should die of hunger. For those who are interested, I give you the address of the mission, Post Office Box 11, Glendale, California. Think about your brethren behind the iron curtain.

I finish telling you just one thing. A pastor has been sentenced to ten years of prison in Russia. He left behind a family with nine children.

We sent to this family by secret channels \$200, not much when you have nine children, and we received a letter from this mother, which is a jewel. She says, I thank God because he has given me the privilege to bear a chip of the cross of Christ. My children are small and ask me, Mommy, when will Daddy come back? But Daddy has put his life at stake for the faith once for all delivered to the faith.

When the communists took my husband, they said, Now let God come and help you. You will start. But God has put on the hearts of Christians far away to remember us.

My children will not start. Nobody can come before God alone. There exists no prayer, my father which art in heaven, but our father which art in heaven.

And if you wish that your petitions should be accepted by God, do as Philip did. Philip sought and unto, and they appeared together before Christ. And so you join your hands and your spirit with the persecuted underground church behind the iron curtain, American and Russian and Chinese Christians together, let us appear before Christ and thank him for the salvation which he has wrought for us on the cross.

Amen. Here is a man who spent 14 years in a communist prison. And I'm sure that there's nothing I can say that will add to those things that he wants to share with you tonight and his experience as a prisoner of the communists.

God bless you, Pastor Wambach. I have been 14 years with thieves and murderers in prison, and there I have lost manners. I didn't have much manners even before.

Not much of politeness has remained, and I have not come this evening to tell you polite words. But to tell you what God has put on my heart. And now it is New Year's Eve, and you have the habit to say to each other Happy New Year, a word which I would never say.

First of all, I must know who you are and what is your happiness. Perhaps you find your happiness in earning money in a dishonest manner, and I don't wish you a happy year. Perhaps your happiness consists in adultery and in lust, and I don't wish you at all a happy year in this.

You should not have this happiness. I have not come to tell you nice words, but to wish you for the year which stands before us the meeting with God himself. It should be a year in which you should meet God.

We can deceive ourselves very bitterly in this respect. We can know the Bible by heart. We can even preach the Bible.

We can know all the explanations of the Bible and not know God. God is the truth. The Bible is the truth about the truth.

The sermons are the truth about the truth about the truth. Theology, if it is a fundamentalist one, is the truth about the truth about the truth about the truth. And because of so much scaffolding around the truth, because of the multitude of words, the truth is drowned.

I wish you to meet God himself in the year which stands before us. Now, to meet God himself is not an easy thing. It is written in Zephaniah, in the chapter which has been read to you in the verse 11, the Lord will be terrible unto them.

To meet the Lord can be a terrible experience. In Hebrews it is written, it is a fearful thing to fall in the hands of the Lord. It would be for nobody a fearful thing to fall in my hands.

I would do to nobody any harm, not even to a communist torturer. Why is God so terrible, awesome, fearful? What is fearful about God? We hear so much about a good, good God. He makes some sins, he understands, he forgives easily.

And knowing that he forgives easily, then we can make other sins the next day. And it is very easy to get in good terms with this God. This good, good God has not revealed himself in the Bible.

God can be terrible, and your meeting with God next year can be a very terrible meeting. When I met God first, the first word which he told me was, you are a swindler, you are a dishonest man. I read the Bible, I tried to pray, and I heard a voice from inside which told me, I don't accept the prayers of thieves.

Now, I have known myself to have been an honest man. I have been honest according to the standard of the world. I was in business, and I did what everybody in business does.

But from God's point of view, this has been dishonesty, and I had to go to my former boss and to acknowledge, I have been dishonest with you. Then afterwards, I was a Christian already, and I said a lie. I said it knowingly.

And I could not pray anymore two weeks. I heard a voice within me telling me the whole time, you pray, with what do you pray? With the same lips where with you said a lie. And I had to go to the girl to whom I lied, and to tell her that I have lied.

The meeting with God is not an easy one. It is terrible to meet with God. He is a God of holiness, He demands holiness, and you enter in His searching light.

In our country, when the communists came to power, hundreds of thousands have been put in jail, among them tens of thousands of Christians, bishops, priests, pastors, laymen, young boys, young girls, whosoever witnessed for Christ. And the first three years we were kept in solitary confinement, 40 feet beneath the earth. We never saw sun, moon, snow, flowers, stars.

We never heard the slightest noise. The guards had sand shoes, and you didn't hear their approach. There was such a silence in this prison.

But in the silence, one voice was terrible to listen to. It was the voice of God who reproached us our sins. When we were everyone alone in a cell, we communicated with each other by Morse code, by tapping on the wall.

A, B, C, D, E, and so on. And so we communicated with each other, and it was shocking to hear what people from the neighboring cells told you. They tapped and said, I have to confess something.

My heart is burdened. And when you asked him why, he would tell you, when I had the age of five, I made mother to weep, being naughty with her. He had the age of 50 now.

Another one confessed, when I had the age of six, I have beaten unjustly a playmate. I had near me in the other cell a pastor, a great soul dreamer, and he tapped to me, what should I do? I can't find rest in my soul. I asked him, but you have to give rest to others.

What has happened? And he answered, many years ago, I have preached 400 souls surrendered to Christ. I was so happy about it, but tired. I went to my home.

A young man ran after me and said, Pastor, I would like to speak with you. I turned my head to him and said, I am too tired now. Come another time.

This young man never came back. Years passed. The communists came to power.

I was arrested. And I was submitted to a five days and five nights non-stop interrogatory. And I could answer all the questions of the communist interrogators, because I feared their torture.

Out of love for Christ, I could not spend ten minutes more with an inquirer. How will I appear before God, having brought to Christ only 400, when it could have been 401? There, in prison, in solitary confinement, man met God himself. And it is a terrible thing, an awesome thing, to meet God, because he puts to you the question of your sin.

I knew an officer of the secret police, of the communist secret police. He had met God. He had arrested many Christians and beaten them and confiscated from them the Bible.

And he just mocked them. And one day he was alone in his office. He was bored.

And just because he had nothing else to do, he picked up one of the Bibles and he looked through it. And God opened his mind and he understood. He understood he had met God.

And now he had discovered what a great sinner he is. And then, with tears in his eyes, he decided, for me, there is nothing else to do. I must put manacles on my own hands and I must enter in a prison cell, a cell in which I have put criminals, because I am a criminal.

Now I have seen the word of God. All my life has been wrong and wicked. And decided, he went to the other room where there were manacles.

And he told us, when I approached the threshold, I saw on the threshold one standing who told me, there is no use for you to put manacles on your hands. I have been changed for you. There is no use for you to go to prison.

I have suffered for you. Your sins are forgiven. This man became a Christian.

He had met really God. I remember that I was in a cell with many murderers. One of them, I asked him, how many men have you murdered? He was silent a few seconds, tried to calm.

Said, I really could not tell you I never counted them until now. Men might murder at random, they told you, or they have killed even children and innocent girls. And I told them once a story.

And I told them one of the oldest Christian stories. A story where the preachers in the catacombs already illustrated their sermon. It is said that in ancient times there were two brothers.

The older one, a good and devout man. The young one led a bad life, drunkenness and lasciviousness and all kinds of bad things. And one night this younger brother entered unexpectedly in the house of the older one and said, brother, save me.

I have killed a man. The police is on my heels. The older brother understood and said, well, let us change our clothes.

And he gave his white clothes to the murderer and took from him his bloodstained clothes. They had just changed the clothes and the police entered and took surely the one who had the bloodstained suit. He did not defend himself before judges but said, I have to bear the responsibility for the crime.

He was sentenced to death. He was asked, what is your last desire? He said, I have only one. What my brother should get is the very moment when I will be executed, this letter which I have prepared for him.

It was promised to him. And the next day, the brother received a letter in which he read, my beloved one, in this very moment, I give my life for your crime in your bloodstained clothes and I am happy to be able to bring this sacrifice for you. And I have to you one request, that you should henceforth live in my white clothes which I left with you, a life of holiness and purity.

Taken by remorse, the younger brother ran to stop the execution. It was too late. He went to the judges and accused himself.

The judges said, we don't know what has been between you brothers. Justice is satisfied. But as often as his former comrades of drunkenness called him again to their orgies, he said, in the white clothes which my brother has left to me, who gave his life for me, I can't do anymore the wicked deeds of before.

How beautiful is a Christian service in a prison cell. There's murderers and thieves around you, and to tell them the gospel. And then I explained to these murderers and thieves that what Jesus has done for us is our older brother.

Our souls were stained with blood and tears. He has taken upon himself our crimes and has given us his white clothes and now we are free, now we can be happy. One of these big murderers was converted as

this sermon delivered in a dark prison cell.

And now I expected him to become joyful. He had been released from the burden of sins. But he was not joyful.

And after a few days I asked him, but don't you feel the joy of salvation? Is it not wonderful that this older brother, this friend of ours, Jesus died for us and just now you are free? He said, no. I will never be quiet until I will become an older brother, until I will not sacrifice myself to open the gates of heaven for another one. He had the real meeting with Jesus.

To know that Jesus has been sacrificed for my sins and to say, hallelujah, you have been on a cross, therefore I will eat a good dinner tonight. And with this to finish, to be happy about the salvation brought by him and not to feel the burden of the world which is unsafe, means that you have met an evangelist, you have met a very good sermon, you have not met the terrible God who taking away from you the burden of your sins puts upon you a much heavier burden, the burden of the sins of everyone around you. You will never have quiet in your heart until not every neighbor and every member of your family and every colleague of yours and someone far away whosoever you can reach by your weakness or by your prayer will be brought to the salvation by Christ.

That is what I have learned from a converted murderer. He taught me this. I remember when I was converted, the first months were not months of joy.

They were terrible months. I walked on the streets and I felt a heart pain for every man who passed near me. I asked myself, is he saved? Is he saved? What if he will not be saved? Is he saved? And I stopped men on the street, men whom I have never seen.

Children I stopped on the street. The pain of the heart was so big that if it would have lasted I would have died. I asked God to take this pain from me.

It is a God who demands from us this wholehearted consecration to him and that is what I wish to you for the next year, not a happy new year, but a year in which you should feel the burden of the world. If we fulfill his commandments, Jesus promises us that the Father and he himself will come and will merge with us. Now if they merge with us, they merge having all the responsibility of the whole world.

And they share with us. We in Romania, in my fatherland, we felt this burden for the Russian army. I speak fluently Russian.

The Russian army invaded our country. They looted, they raped, they destroyed, they oppressed us. We hated the communist system.

It is utterly distasteful, atheistic, but we loved the Russians. God has put on our hearts a communist is a man and he can be brought to salvation just as anybody else can be brought to salvation. And we began to witness to them about Christ.

God has given me the privilege to be the founder of an underground missionary work in the Soviet army. I have never met such souls so after Christ as these Russians since 50 years deprived of the possibility to know him. I remember the Russian lieutenant.

He had never heard anything about God, about Christ, about Bible. There are a few churches to dupe Americans in Moscow and in Leningrad. But when you go to Ural, to Siberia, to regions far away, you can travel thousands of miles square in which there are no churches and no Bible.

When I read to him the Sermon on the Mount, a few of the parables, a few of the miracles of Jesus, he danced around in the room. He jubilated and shouted, what fairy beauty, what fairy beauty, how can they live without having known these things. I myself am a Lutheran pastor in the Lutheran church and every Sunday has a name.

There exists the Sunday of Prayer, the Sunday of Songs, the Sunday of the Trinity, and there exists a Sunday which is called the Sunday of Jubilation. I have never seen a Lutheran bishop.

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