

Ford at Southside-st.louis 01 Matt 27

by Stan Ford

The sermon encourages listeners to face the claims of Jesus Christ and understand that He is the greatest person in the universe and the greatest problem in the universe.

Duration: 50:09

Scripture: Matthew 27:1-2, Matthew 27:26, John 3:14-15, John 8:24, John 12:32, John 12:34, John 19:17

Topics: "The Cross", "Salvation"

Description

In this sermon, the speaker begins by talking about a hypothetical scenario where the world's greatest pianist sits down to play on a toy piano instead of a grand piano. He uses this analogy to illustrate that the instrument is not sufficient for the pianist's talent, just as our own abilities are not enough to reconcile us with God. The speaker then shares an emotional story from his own life to emphasize the importance of Jesus and his sacrifice on the cross. He explains that Jesus reveals the heart and love of God through his death and resurrection, and challenges the audience to consider what they will do with Jesus in their own lives.

Transcript

If you find yourself unable to hear, just raise your voice or your hand, and I think we can make ourselves heard without this, whatever it is. It's nice to see you tonight. I want to read, if I may, I suppose the most familiar words from the Gospel of Matthew.

If you have a Bible and care to turn with me, but it is not my custom to ask men and women to turn with me, I know that there are many folk who would much rather that the Scripture was read to them, but evening by evening I will be telling you from the portion of the Word of God that I will be reading, and if you wish to turn you can, if you would rather listen, you are at liberty so to do. I am reading this evening from the 27th chapter of the Gospel of Matthew. When the morning was come, all the chief priests and elders of the people took counsel against Jesus to put him to death.

And when they had found him, they led him away and delivered him to Pontius Pilate, the governor. And Jesus stood before the governor, and the governor asked him, saying, Art thou the king of the Jews? And Jesus said unto him, Thou sayest. And when he was accused of the chief priests and the elders, he answered nothing.

Then said Pilate unto him, Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee? And he answered him to never a word, insomuch that the governor marveled greatly. Now at that feast the governor was wont to release unto the people a prisoner whom they would. And they had then a notable prisoner called Barabbas.

Therefore when they were gathered together, Pilate said unto them, Who will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus, who is called the Christ. Verse 22, Then Pilate said unto them, What shall I do with this called Christ? And they all say unto him, Let him be crucified. And the governor said, Why, what evil hath he done? But they cried out the more, saying, Let him be crucified.

And when Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person. See ye to it. Then answered all the people and said, His blood be on us and on our children.

Now may the Lord just add his blessing to the reading of his own precious work. I presume that most of you have already this evening gathered that which is on my heart. For tonight and in the coming nights, if the Lord will, I want to suggest that the most important thing for any one of us to do is to face the claims of Jesus Christ.

And face them earnestly. And face them thoughtfully. And I suggest to you that if I can get you to do that, then I am persuaded that there's not a fellow or a girl, there's not a man or a woman, who will have to acknowledge that Jesus Christ is the most unique person they've ever thought of.

There's not a fellow or a god or a man or a woman, if I can get you to think with me a pinch, but will acknowledge that his claims are the most tremendous. That there's no end to them. And I would dare we come to the close of the gatherings, that every fellow and girl and man and woman here would also acknowledge that that Christ has a claim on their life.

And in responding to that claim, they will find, like to use the words of my friend Leslie Glenn, Life with a capital L. And if you will please, you with a capital Y. So I text tonight, so simple and yet so profound. Sir, Madam, you young man, what shall I do then with Jesus, who is called the Christ? No, no, I've got a big concern with what you're going to do with me, it doesn't bother me in the slightest. Long ago I passed worrying what men think of me or even think of my preaching.

But I am most concerned tonight as to what you think of Jesus Christ. For if you are wrong in your attitude to him, then life and eternity will be lived. You will rue your thoughts concerning the Savior.

Now I want to suggest to you that there are two great truths in the text that we have quoted. We have put before us, first of all, the greatest person in the universe. It's not that true.

What shall I do then with Jesus? All you say for just a moment, Mr. Preacher, it's all very well for you to talk like that. You tell me that Jesus is the greatest person in the universe, while there have been many great men. Won't confuse you.

Why, the followers of Buddha would claim for him that he was the greatest person that ever lived. If you go away from the lands that bow before his land, then they will turn over the homage who can claim almost as many followers of Jesus. The greatest person in the universe.

Yes, the greatest person in the universe. And, sir, you will soon find out that I don't stand in front of a congregation like this and make statements without thinking about them. I spend too much of the months of a year before a crowd of undergraduates from the University of Cambridge to dare stand in front of anyone and make a statement unless I think it through.

Because I have too many people who come to me afterwards and say, for just a moment, and if I say that Jesus Christ is the greatest person in the universe, I don't ask you to accept that, but I want you to understand that I believe it, and I believe I can prove it as well. And then I won't suggest to you that the second great truth in our text is not only that it brings before the greatest person in the universe, but it brings before the greatest problem in the universe. What shall I do, then, with Jesus, who is called the Christ? For what I do with Christ affects every moment of my life.

What I do with Christ affects my attitude in a service like this, my behavior in front of others. What I do with Jesus Christ affects my work at school and at college. For suddenly I begin to realize that life has a purpose in it, or I dare believe that life has no purpose in it.

What I do with Jesus Christ will affect, indeed, my relationship with my husband or my wife, with my children and my friends. What I do with Jesus Christ will affect my eternal destiny. And I think that's important in any man's reckoning.

So shall I say again, here is the greatest person in the universe. What shall I do, then, with Jesus? Here is the greatest problem in the universe. What shall I do with Jesus? Firstly, then, now you young folk on the side, please.

If you don't want to listen, please leave. I didn't travel for thousands of miles like this to come to a service and look into the face of a crowd of diggity children. I beg you.

I speak of the Lord Jesus from the Calvary. I would expect, as I always get in an American audience, respect for the things I do. It would be nice when you young folk get converted.

Pardon me for that. I don't love starting the service. You shall understand, telling young folk off.

I said that first we have the greatest person. Then, of course, we have the greatest problem. First, the greatest person, Jesus Christ.

Now, I'm going to suggest to you there are three reasons that I believe that Jesus Christ is the greatest person in the universe. I believe he's the greatest person in the universe, first of all, because he is the only one who has ever revealed God. Now repeat.

He is the only one who has ever revealed God. My older friend, tell me, is it not true that many a time you have sat in your chair, if you were in my country I would say by the fireside, but here by the central heating anyway, you've sat down and you've said to yourself, oh, is there a God? I hear so many people speak of our eternal being. I hear so many statements for and against.

Is there a God? And then is it possible for me to know that God? Well, I'm going to dare say that Jesus is the greatest person in the universe because he is the only one that has ever revealed God. If you want to know God, then you can come to know him. The Master himself looked into the face of one of his disciples and said, He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.

The second thing I want to say, that Jesus Christ is the only one that has ever lived who not only reveals God, but the only one who ever lived who has redeemed for God. All we've got is a chance. Is it not a chance that every one of us in this house, when we examine our own hearts and our own lives, we know that we have not even reached the standard we've set for ourselves? Let alone the standard God has set for us.

And yet there is one, blessed be God, who has come from heaven to reveal God. Blessed be his name, he came from heaven to redeem for God. Oh, my sin, oh the bliss of this glorious thought! My sin not in part, but the whole.

It's now to the cross, and I'll bear it no more. It is well, it is well, my soul. But he not only redeems for God, as he reveals God, but also he is the only person and I challenge any man or woman in this house to tell me anyone else who's living who has lived of whom these three things could be said.

He is the only one who reveals God, the only one who redeems for God, and he's the only one who reconciles to God. For redemption and reconciliation is surely seen as we catch in Jesus Christ a revelation of God. First, he's the only one who reveals God.

Now, I don't doubt that any person who has any thought in them at all would agree when I suggest that when we think of the birth of the Lord Jesus, we know that the Bible tells us that here we have a revelation of God. I was saying just the other evening, I would repeat myself if you will permit me, I was saying just the other evening that in imagination many a time I wended my way to a stable on that dark Galilean night. And there upon entering the stable I bathed down into the face of a babe in a manger.

I dared to say this, Emmanuel, God with us. For though there may be darkness in that stable, that babe is the light of the world. Though there may be no food in that stable, that babe is the bread of heaven.

Though there may be no nurse or midwife in that stable, that babe is the great physician. I have said, I suppose, literally hundreds of times as I have searched young men who were preparing in some measure for the work of God, I have said, young men, remember this. Remember this.

When you gaze at that babe, you do not gaze at the Son of God. You gaze at God. God, Father, Son, Holy Spirit.

For my Bible says that the Father prepared that body. A body was found prepared. My Bible says God the Spirit produced that body, for He conceived of the Holy Ghost.

But my Bible says that God the Son possessed that body. A body that was prepared of the Father, and produced of the Spirit, and possessed of the Son, is a body that tells me that God, Father, Son, Holy Spirit, Emmanuel, God, is with us. And I find the name of the message of Christ.

Oh, friend, God tailored. God took off hair more than He has tailored. But Jesus Christ came into the world to reveal God.

I'm here suggesting to you that we have a revelation of God in the birth of the Lord Jesus, and there's no one else in His birth who has revealed God like this. But we have a revelation of God in the life of the Lord Jesus. Now, I don't know you, you see.

I know nothing of your background. I know nothing of your thinking. I haven't had the privilege of sitting down, really, with any one of you, and discussing the things that really matter.

I only know this, though. That if God's heart says a man or woman here tonight, who has rejected Jesus Christ, then you are facing the greatest problem anyone could face. This is the problem.

If Jesus was not what He claimed to be, who was? May I repeat that? If Jesus was not who He claimed to be, who was He? He was the illegitimate son of a peasant. Please, back say once. If He wasn't what He claimed to be, He was the illegitimate son of a peasant who never went to school, who only once in his life ever crossed the boundary of a little country that has become almost the smallest country in the world.

And yet, look what He's done. He's transformed the history of this world. Look what He's done.

He has followers today, two thousand years after His birth and death, who would be prepared to lay down their lives. There are men and women today beyond the Iron Curtain who are being cast into prison. Many of them beaten and starved.

Many of them enjoying terrible suffering. And they're doing it for one who was the illegitimate son of a peasant. When He died, that was the end of Him.

They're doing it to a face that's based upon an absolute lie. That He never rose from the dead. That it's not true.

And the people who said He rose from the dead knew it wasn't true. They knew it wasn't true. But they stood up and said, We saw Him.

We had caught Him. We ate from Him. And they're doing it for a pack of lies.

Well, I don't want to go any further. I want to tell you this, sir. I haven't followed cunningly devised tables.

And the Christian faith can stand the searchlight of any man's intelligence. When I say to you that Jesus Christ revealed God, I suggest to you it is the only way you can account for Him. That He went about lying dyes Jesus made to see, dumb lips made to talk.

We're living in a day when people laugh at the miracles. Have you ever noticed anything? Have you ever noticed anything? Have you ever noticed that those Jews that hated Him and would have done Him to death, they never once came out and said all that He'd done was wrong. There wasn't a holy priest who said, He said He raised from dead.

He never did. Because Lazarus was there as evidence of the fact that He had. There wasn't one of those Jews who said, He said He had lepers to behold.

He never did. Because there were lepers all around. All the denials of the miracles came about 500 years after the church came into being, if you know anything of the edition.

People that hated Him didn't deny those things. I dare say this to you tonight, as you think of the Savior, you can only account for Him that He was God. His birth tells it, His life tells it, but listen, you need something more than that.

Can I ask you to imagine something with me? Can I ask you to imagine that instead of the cotton being at the back there, it was way in the front here of the platform. And instead of the grand piano being there, it was on the platform. And instead of my being here to speak to you, we have here the world's greatest pianist.

I don't know who that is. Who's that, Mr. O'Leary? No, I don't know who that is. Well, say Paderewski.

He's been dead a long while, was going to perform on the piano. Do you know something? There wouldn't be any vacant seats. This chapel would have been cracked.

And suddenly before the crack night, I say to you, ladies and gentlemen, how are you? And instead of sitting down at the grand piano, the great pianist sat down at the little one-octave toy piano. What would you say? You'd sit back in your seats and you'd say, look, Jolly fellow, don't worry. What? Just one octave? Too dangerous? What? Oh, please.

Before the world's greatest pianist could pour out his soul in his music, he'd need more than the one octave of a child's piano, I would think. Nothing wrong with his music, nothing wrong with his ability to play, something wrong with the instrument. He'd need the full keyboard of a grand piano that he might run his fingers over there and tell you, in his music, what his heart felt.

Sir, I thank God for the one octave of the birth of Jesus Christ. He revealed God. Emmanuel, God's with us.

I thank God for the two octaves of his birth and his life. But we want the child to spring to heaven and say, my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased. But it needs more than the one octave of his birth or the two octaves of his birth and his life to reveal God.

It needs the full keyboard of his birth and his life and his death. And in the 8th chapter of John, some of those disciples occurred his claims that he claimed to be God. And they turned to him and they said, but is this true? Tell me now.

And this is what Peasel said in the 8th of John, When you have lifted up the Son of Man, then shall you know that I am he. Do you want to see God? Do you want a revelation of God? Then come with me to Calvary. Dig upon a cross, seek out what dwells on his hands and feet, put a crown of thorns on his brow, and you'll see God.

He reveals God, reveals the heart of God, as he reveals his love for a poor, lost world. Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. He reveals the righteousness of God, as there he reveals to us that the wages of sin is death.

Oh, listen, friend, if you want to know God, there's one place you've come to know him, and that place is Calvary. You'll see him there. You see, I feel this is most important.

Would you permit me to bear just a little word of simple testimony? You will find I don't speak of myself. This is the only thing I'll say during the next few days. But I wasn't brought up in a Christian house.

I wasn't raised among folk who say their prayers and read their Bible. I didn't go to church, or chapel, or Sunday school of my life. I was a man before ever I heard the Gospel, and I didn't hear it in a place like this.

The first time I ever heard the Gospel in my life, I heard it in a pub. I was leaning against a bar with a pint of beer in my hand, and suddenly the door opened, and a little girl came in with a post box and a bundle of war cry. About the age of some of you girls here.

She went from one to another, and she said, Will you buy a war cry? And half drunk, I said, I'll buy a war cry, Missy, if you'll sing us a song. I know what you want. And she said, I'll be very happy to sing a song.

Will you ask the men to be quiet? Oh, I've often said that was different. You know, I didn't mind the girl singing a hymn, but I didn't want to be the chairman of a religious meeting in a pub where I used to go. Well, she put me on the spot.

She said, will you ask the men to be quiet? And I turned to a crowd of drinking, cussing, barons. I said, follow us. Will you be quiet? The girls were asleep.

She jumped up on the table in the public bar of the Fife Way Hotel in my hometown. And she sat on a hill, piled raised with an old, rugged, limbal, suffering chair. And I love that old promise.

We're the dearest and best for a world of lost sinners, they say. Oh, I wasn't converted that night. But that was the start in my life.

That was the start. Not the realization that Christ was so wonderful, but the realization that that girl thought he was so wonderful, that God had revealed himself to her. And it was at the cross.

Oh, friends, can you tell me anyone else that can reveal God but Jesus Christ? Anyone. But he is not only the one that reveals God, he is the one that redeems for God. We sing sometimes to win our redemption.

Oh, what a wonderful story. A polite message for you and for me, that Jesus has purchased our pardon, and paid all the debt on the tree. He redeems for God.

Isn't that tremendous? Also, what can we say about him? He redeems. May I be permitted to tell a story? Now, please, again I must apologize to you. I don't know any American stories.

And some of my stories are English stories, as you'll understand. But we have a story that is associated with the British Medical Society. Doctors in our country love to tell it.

It goes back to the years. A woman was sitting up tall on the northeast coast of England, the world's largest fishing port. They lived down by the angry road in one of the slum areas of the city.

A mother with her three children. A man was a fisherman in Murray South. They didn't have any money.

And one day, the mother went to the room of the wee boy, and she knew not what to do as he was tossing about with a fever. And all day and all night she was there by his side, trying to cool his brow, trying to comfort the wee boy who just cried. She had to go out to the back to hand some washing out, and as she was taking out the washings, her neighbor said, What did you take him to the doctor? Doctor? I don't have any money to take him to the doctor.

The man is fishing, and he doesn't get any money until he comes home, and he hasn't been home for weeks. What did you take him to Dr. Nelson? He's a Christian doctor. He looked at me, and as he looked, he put her arms around a boy of ten, and carried him a mile and a half from the Anabey Road across Hull till she came to the surgery of the great Dr. Nelson.

Surprising what some mother could do. Carry a boy of ten in her arms. That's it.

As soon as the doctor looked at the lad, he actually diagnosed that the boy had diphtheria. He laid it there upon his little table, went to his drawer and took out his pump and his little rubber tube, and placing his rubber tube at the seat of poison, he began with his little pump to pull away the poison, when suddenly, the rubber tube broke away from the pump, for he'd not used it for a while. And with no thought to himself, immediately the great Dr. Nelson dropped his lips to that pump and sucked out the poison.

In my country they love to tell that that day a little slum boy had his life saved. But that day the great Dr. Nelson contracted diphtheria, from which he died and passed into the presence of his God. Ah, but what am I doing? Whatever am I doing? Why did I want to talk to you about Dr. Nelson? I know someone greater than Dr. Nelson.

I know one who's named Jesus. The greatest physician the world has ever known. Down from heaven he came, and there to Calvary's cost he went, to the seat of poison, to the seat of the wickedness of the world, and there he took my sin, and my soul, and made it his very own.

He bore my burden to Calvary. Listen. He suffered and died alone.

Indeed, Peter put it this way, he bore my sin in his body. And I'm aware of this, you young folk, and Greek prepositions are the hardest things in the world to translate. I know that, and I don't know what you play in or into.

I only know that he bore my sin in his body. To the tree? To the tree? Oh, may I ask you this evening, is it not a fact that there's no one else that's ever lived who died on the cross to redeem us to God, to take the punishment of our sin? But would you notice something more? He is not only the only person that reveals God, and the only person who redeems for God, but he's the only person who reconciles to God. Look.

I need to know God. And Jesus came to reveal Him. I need to be redeemed for my sin.

My sin has been so awful. He died on the cross. You remember the lovely story of your great Bishop MacDowell.

I know that American story. I know that one. You remember the lovely story of your great Bishop MacDowell, when standing before a great company of Episcopalian Methodists, he said, Brethren, I wouldn't cross the road to take a new coat of ethics to Japan, or a new coat of moral brilliance, but I'd go round the world a dozen times to tell one poor sinner that there is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from a mangled vein, and sinners plunge beneath its flood.

The Lord hath killed His Son, for He redeems. My sin needs to be washed away, and He died to deal with that, that something more of my sin has separated me from God, and I need to be reconciled to God. God never needs to be reconciled to me.

It was my sin that turned my back on Him. He never turned His back on me. I need to be reconciled to God, and the wonder is this, isn't it? Look, He reveals God at the cross.

John 8, When we have lifted up the Son of Man, then shall ye know that I am He. Isaiah, He redeems for God at the cross. John 3, As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up.

Isaiah, He reconciles to God at the cross. John 12, I will lift it up from the earth. I will draw all men unto me.

This He said, please don't all stop there, just an ordinary comment. This He said, signifying by what death He should die. You'll pardon me, brethren, won't you? You'll pardon me.

But if ever I hear a verse misused, it's that one. How many times in a prayer meeting have I heard brethren before the service say, Lord, you said if you're lifted up, you'll draw all men unto you, enable your heart to lift you up, and I bang my head and say, God, don't ask me to pray it. Why do you ask me to preach to the crucified Christ again? This He said, signifying by what death He should die.

It's Calvary's cross that's before us there. And, sir, because Christ died on the cross, He will draw every man and woman to Him. There will not be a boy or girl here tonight.

There will not be a man or a woman here tonight, but will be drawn to Him because He died. Now, please, don't go from this place saying, I've reached universal reconciliation, because I didn't. I did not say you will be drawn to Him for salvation.

I said you'll be drawn to Him. You'll either be drawn to Him to be reconciled, or one day, every man shall stand up for Him and acknowledge that He's Lord, that glory of God the Father. But tonight, because He died, He's willing to reconcile.

Would you please permit me to tell a story that's an emotional one? Now, I confess back to you what it is. It's an emotional story. It's not the sort of story I usually tell, but it's an emotional one.

I confess back to you. I will tell it as powerfully as I can. But I want to tell it because I think it illustrates what I want to get over.

Some years ago, my wife and myself were away in Cardiff, in South Wales. We were staying on the missionary home, and I was conducting services in Ebenezer Gospel. It is my custom, while I'm home, always to have children's services at six o'clock, from six till seven or so, and then the adults' meetings starting at half-past seven and on.

It was about half-past ten at night. We'd just got in from the service, and I was preparing for bed when suddenly a ring came at the front door. And I went to the door, and standing in the doorway there was a preacher.

Do you know, I can see him now, scything me up. I wonder why it is no one ever takes me for a preacher, but they never do, you know. And there he was sort of scything me up.

And he said, I'm sorry, there was a service over, but I think I might have come to the wrong place. I'm looking for someone called Uncle Stan. Well, you're looking at the wrong person, that's not the children's boy.

What do you want? Oh, he said, I'm glad I found you. Well, he looked everywhere. And this was the story he told.

So, after the children's service in the Gospel Hall that evening, as the youngsters were going out, a little boy, of about ten or eleven, stepped out in front of a brick trap and was knocked over. He was rushed away into hospital and he was gone. No chance for him to live.

I suppose because he'd been to a children's service, when he laid in his bed, he kept asking for Uncle Stan. Uncle Stan. The police had tried everywhere.

They'd gone to where he'd been picked up on the road. They'd made inquiries in the glass. They'd found me, half-past ten at that.

I sat in the police car and they rushed me off to the hospital. I walked into the ward and there I pushed myself behind the curtains, for in our long wars, when someone is seriously ill, they have curtains around them. I pushed myself beyond the curtains and I went and looked down into the face of the wall.

Now, you big grown men, you know, let me ask you something. What do you tell a boy who's dying and you know he's dying if you don't know Jesus Christ? Now, simply put, what do you tell him? Beyond a pack of lies. Beyond saying you'll get better when you know very well he won't.

What do you tell him? Well, I looked down at the boy and I put my hand on his shoulder and with a smile I said, Jimmy, all I know, not the exact words I said, is you will appreciate for I was there with a loved one the first. And I said, Jimmy, you'll be going home to the Lord Jesus soon. I said, I'd better give him the love, wouldn't you? Tell him that when he's ready for me to come, I'm ready to come.

And I just spoke to a boy who before long, for he trusted the Saviour, he's going home to be with the Lord, and there's nothing wrong with a boy going home to be with the Lord. Nothing wrong with the boy. And I stood by his bed.

Suddenly the curtains pushed aside and his mother came in and then the story came out. Some years before, a young girl had fallen in love with a young boy and after a while, maybe before talking, they married. And the little boy was born about two years after.

But somehow the marriage went apart. Somehow they drifted apart. They never intended to, but they drifted apart.

And eventually they went to a court and they had a separation order. Cursed, they, separation order. And the boy was given to live with his mother for six months And his dad went back to Pontefract where he was a coal miner and worked under the ground.

And his mom got herself a job. She got herself a job in St. Mary's Street in Cardiff, working in a little restaurant, and she was working nights. And the boy was left to look after himself till she came home after ten.

That's how they found me before they found his mother. She was looking for him when he didn't come home because he was working. I wants to go! And she said, oh no, Sam, you're staying.

And I stood there and after a while his father came for she told them where father was. He'd been working back shift and he came out of the ground and still had coal dust on him. And I wants to go, and he said in his Welsh tongue, oh Sam, stay.

And I saw a little boy who took his hands from the canter pane of his bed and took his mummy's hand and took his daddy's hand. And I saw them as he leant from the gutter and looked up at them. And mummy, daddy, don't go away anymore.

Five days later there was an inquest. I stood by the side of a little grave in Ely cemetery in Cardiff. And I said ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

And I turned away and as I turned away I saw husband slip his arm around his wife's shoulder. I saw him as he helped her up into the car. And I saw him as he followed her.

And I looked at them as their head rested on his shoulder and I said, Reconciled. But it needed the death of their son. Reconciled.

Now I told that story tonight because if you were with me last Sunday in Cardiff I would have taken you along to a little assembly that was the resort of one of the tent missions we had in Cardiff away at a place called Glenisham. And I would have taken you into a little chapel, well a chapel this size I suppose but a congregation larger than this. And at Sunday school I would have taken you into a Sunday school and I would have shown you 300 children.

And you would have said, who's the man who's the superintendent? And I'd say, that's the man. He slipped his arms around his shoulder's wife, his wife's shoulder. And I would have taken you down to a primary class with about 60 little tackers.

And the lady in charge would say to his wife, Reconciled. But it needed the death of their son. And he'd come with me to the cross.

Nails in his hands and his feet and a crown of thorns on his back. And over the cross I want to write you letters of flame. Reconciled.

He is the only one who can reveal, redeem. What will you do then with Jesus? He's the greatest person in the universe. So here's the greatest part, what will you do? Now what did they do? What did they do? This is what we read.

Harper, let me quote it to you. His blood be on us and on our children. Can I repeat? His blood be on us and on our children.

What are you saying to that? What will you do then with Jesus? Are you saying His blood be on us and on our children? Sir, I hope you're not an idiot, sir. Sir, listen. I hope you are.

I hope you are. You see, it's not the words, is it? Is that true? It's not the words, is it? It's how you say it, isn't it? You see, it's the cry of the condemned. It's the cry of men and women who couldn't care less.

What does it matter that Christ died? His blood be on us and on our children. We couldn't care less. It's the cry of the condemned.

It isn't. It's not only the cry of the condemned. It's the cry of the convicted.

When a man realises that God loved him and Christ died for him, that man says, He's got to be. His blood be on us and on our children. It's our fault that he died.

It's my fault that he hung there. His blood be on us. It's the cry of the convicted.

It's the cry of the condemned. Hallelujah. It's the cry of the convicted.

Let me say it as a father of two children. Oh God, his blood be on us and on our children. I say, let me say it as a grandfather.

I've got three grandchildren. Listen, his blood be on us and on our children. For I know of no place where a man can shatter from the love of God.

I know of no place where a man can shatter from the consequences of his faith. I know of no place where a man or a woman can shatter from the problems of life but under the blood of Jesus Christ. His blood be on us and on our children.

That's what he said tonight. The time allocated to me is gone. But the responsibility hasn't gone.

It's just been taken off my shoulders and put on yours. I thank God that thirty years ago the young man of twenty-four, I said, Yes to Jesus Christ. That I said his blood be on us.

What do you say to that? Shall we pray?

Audio: <https://sermonindex1.b-cdn.net/10/SID10455.mp3>

Source: <https://sermonindex.net/speakers/stan-ford/ford-at-southside-stlouis-01-matt-27/>

Grow in Your Walk with Christ

Listen and read messages that will stir your heart for Christ and point you to deeper repentance and devotion.

- 50,000+ Sermons from speakers past and present
- 3,900+ Classic Christian Books freely readable online
- 1,200+ Bible Translations and Commentaries
- Over 450k forum posts — Join our vibrant online Christian forum

www.sermonindex.net