

II. Global Ministries Conference 2024
Making the Most of Every Opportunity
Jesus, Despised by our Folly
Isaiah 53:1-3
Dr. Neil Stewart

Please turn to the Word of God to Isaiah 53 as we move on in the fourth servant song. With the word of God open, let's pray together.

Father in heaven. All Scripture is breathed out by God and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for training and righteousness that the man of God might be thoroughly equipped for every good work. We pray this evening, Lord, that you would make your word manifest in this place through the proclamation with which I have been entrusted according to the commandment of God our Savior, and that I might speak as they ought to speak with boldness, making things clear to the eyes of all. And we pray this evening, Lord, as we confront the challenge of unbelief in the world, in the culture, in our own hearts, that you will save lost sinners in our midst this evening, creating life out of spiritual death and light out of spiritual darkness, and that you would create faith out of a hard heart full of the ignorance of unbelief. We pray too Father, you'll inspire these ten families we're praying for that you would use these messages to challenge them to spend and be spent proclaiming Christ to a lost and dying world in the sure and certain knowledge that the arm of the Lord will be revealed to those upon whom you show sovereign mercy. We are not on a fool's errand. All of the elect shall be saved and gathered in. Help me this evening, Father, again, grant your strength to be made perfect in my weakness, for Jesus sake. Amen.

Isaiah 53:1-6 - This is the word of God. Please take heed how you hear.

Who has believed what he has heard from us?^[a]

And to whom has the arm of the LORD been revealed?

²For he grew up before him like a young plant,
and like a root out of dry ground;

he had no form or majesty that we should look at him,
and no beauty that we should desire him.

³He was despised and rejected^[b] by men,
a man of sorrows^[c] and acquainted with^[d] grief;^[e]
and as one from whom men hide their faces^[f]

he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

⁴Surely he has borne our griefs
and carried our sorrows;
yet we esteemed him stricken,
smitten by God, and afflicted.

⁵But he was pierced for our transgressions;
he was crushed for our iniquities;

upon him was the chastisement that brought us peace,
and with his wounds we are healed.

⁶All we like sheep have gone astray;
we have turned—every one—to his own way;
and the LORD has laid on him
the iniquity of us all.

Amen. The grass where there's the flower falls off. But this is the Word of God endures forever.

Well, as human beings, our capacity for faith is boundless. We really can believe almost anything we want to. And this capacity begins at a very young age. Every year at a certain time, we tell our children that a rather well upholstered elderly gentleman travels the globe in red velvet with white accents, climbs down chimneys, drinks about four and a half billion shots of whiskey, doesn't get drunk and delivers presents. And our children, believe us, they don't walk across to the chimney and look up and say, Dad, you're a science denier. I mean, there's no way. Look, look at the size of the chimney. There's no way he gets down that. And if one man really was so good and so kind and so powerful, what if he saw of world hunger, I mean, at least he could do DoorDash for the starving people in Africa, but they believe us. Now, of course, we put that down in part to the credulity of our children. Our children are designed by God to believe whatever we tell them, but our capacity for such leaps of faith doesn't evaporate with age. We tell people that our culture, smart people in our culture, people with PhDs in logic and mathematics, that there is no truth. There are no certainties in life. And they don't seem to realize that statement is self contradictory. When you say you can be certain about nothing, can you be certain about that? What they're really saying is -- I'm absolutely certain you can't be absolutely certain about anything. It doesn't make much sense. But, people believe it. Smart people believe it!

We tell people that that the world exploded into exist inside of nothing, even though we know of the basic features of logic - out of nothing, nothing comes. We tell people there's no evidence for God. Scientists do. They've looked at the world of search the world. Yuri Gagarin went into the into the atmosphere and said God wasn't there. And they come back proud of their unbelief. They believe it. People sometimes ask me, can you give me evidence for God? And I'm saying, Evidence. Evidence? It surrounds you. You can't even look at the evidence without seeing evidence. I have in my head two biological cameras made of fiber, gum and goo that see the world at 600 megapixels at a frame rate of 60 frames per second. And they can differentiate a million shades of every color. They're attached to my brain by two living wires with a data transfer rate of 10 million bits per second, and they run on leafy greens and carrots. And you want me to give you evidence for God? Even the world you see, you know, our eyes feel like windows, but they're not. Our eyes take photonic energy from light, convert it into electrical bursts. That electrical bursts go back to the back of your brain, to your visual cortex at the back of your brain. And your visual cortex takes all those zeros and ones of electrical pulses

and goes, I wonder what the world looks like and then imagines the world from that information and projects that picture outside your head. And that's what you see. And that came from nothing by nothing??? And from nothing by a random explosion? Now that takes faith to believe!

But people believe that! People with PhDs never forget young people. There is new ideas so preposterous that somewhere someone with a Ph.D. has not propounded it with great confidence.

But in the text this evening, we come face to face with another remarkable fact – that most people do not believe the gospel. Isaiah's words represent a bitter, heart cry -- who has believed our report, who have believed what he heard from us? And the implied answer is almost no one. Which, of course, shouldn't surprise us. It was that way in Christ day and Isaiah's day. God called Isaiah, you remember, to a hardening ministry. What should perhaps surprise us, though, is that this unbelief is often seen in its most egregious forms within the church, not outside of it. And again, that shouldn't really surprise us. It was that way in Christ Day. He came to his own and those who were his own did not receive him.

And it was that way too in Isaiah's day. You can even see the contrast from this morning's sermon to tonight. The Kings, Pagan Kings are dumbfounded, hearing the gospel, but Jewish people are hearing and are decidedly nonplused. And I wonder this evening, do you all believe in Jesus Christ? Are you believers? Now I'm sure or I hope most of you are, although it's remarkably common to be convinced but not converted. At the end of John 2 it says many believed in Jesus, seeing his signs He did in Jerusalem, but Jesus himself did not. And the Greek says, Believe himself to them. They believed in him. He didn't believe in them because he knew all men. When Jesus searches you this evening, young people, older people. Does he see a heart of faith clinging to him, trusting him?

Here I stand or I'm lost forever. Save me, Savior. Does he see faith in your heart? Because in the church, it's remarkably easy to be convinced but not converted. And in our text this evening, Isaiah explains to us why so few people believe in the gospel. I want to work through this text with you this evening. And the first thing I want you to see is the logic of unbelief.

The logic of unbelief. In one sense, I am reluctant to dignify unbelief with logic, as if there could be a logical reason for a creature disbelieving his creator. There can be none. There is no logic here, only madness. Donald MacLeod again, He has probably influenced me more than any living theologian. He died last year, but his writings are remarkably clear and incisive. And he speaks about the entrance of sin into the universe. How does sin come into God's universe? Sin, according to I John 3:4 is lawlessness. Sin has no meaning, no logic, no purpose, no fruit. Sin is the end of law. It is lawlessness. When we ask why sin or how sin we forget that we are assuming that there is some logic to sin. But at the point of sin, logic collapses because sin is the black hole whence there is no light and for which there is no logic. We know this principle at the personal level too. We know the absurdity of sin. We know its utter indefensibility at its

inexplicableness in our own lives. How can a person, a Christian, a new creation, filled with the Spirit of God be united to Christ in sin. MacLeod says that whenever we sin as Christians, we sin *en Christo* - we sin in Christ. And there can be no logic for that, no explanation. And what is true of sin is also true of unbelief. Because unbelief, Augustine said, is the master sin. It's the seed from which all other sins grow. So is there a logic for sin? Probably not. Before God, there can be no justifying reason.

But, these people do seem to have a reason for their unbelief. And you see it there in verse two.

Who has believed what he heard from us? To whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed?

And then verse two begins with the word "for." He's explaining why so few believe.

...for he grew up before him like a young plant and like a root out of dry ground. He had no form or majesty that we should look at him.

Isaiah is telling us here, why people aren't responding to his message. And the answer is Jesus Christ looks remarkably unimpressive. He had no form or majesty that we should look at him. He's unimpressive. He's insignificant. Now, the Hebrew here is difficult, right? He grew up before **him** like a young plant and like a root out of dry ground. Who is the **him** there? He had no form or majesty that we should look at him (that's the unbelieving Jew that knew beauty) that we should desire him. He was despised and rejected by man. That's clear. Those are the unbelievers. But it says he grew up before **him** like a young plant. Who is Isaiah describing? Well, there are some people, and the new King James takes it this way, the **him** refers to in their mind, God, the Father. That Jesus Christ grew up before **him**. The father, like a young plant, like a root out of dry grain, that in God's eyes, Christ represents the coming of springtime to Narnia. New life but a soul full of dead man and dying bodies. And Christ is a green fruit. The beginning of life -- in Him was life. And the life was the light of man. And he's beautiful in God's eyes. A new shoot of life, a soul born alive, Alive in God, Alive with God. Not one way of reading that, but another way is to review the **He** here. Going back to the **Who** in verse one, Who has believed what he heard from us, for he grew up before him, the unbeliever. Like a young plant, like a root out of dry ground that Israel views Christ as a little blade of grass growing in the Gobi Desert after a rainstorm unimpressive, ultimately unproductive, not worth troubling themselves with because he was doomed to die. Not worth getting excited about and because of that he had no form or majesty that we should look at him a new beauty - that we should desert him. That they looked at Christ at first glance, he looked very unimpressive. An ordinary Jew, a carpenter from Nazareth. And the thing good comes out of Nazareth? I mean, get real people. It's kind of the idea.

And that was a problem for the Jews from time in memorial. Remember they picked Saul. He was so impressive and tall like all the other kings. But David was a little runt of the litter, the little small boy with ruddy cheeks. And Samuel passed over him and thought nothing of him. Everyone passed over him, but God saw that he was a man after his own heart. There was Absalom. Absalom had those black curls like a female shampoo commercial - bouncing thick,

shiny curls, and everybody looked at Absalom and saw the body, the appearance and didn't see his heart.

And the world can make that mistake with Christ.

They look on the outward appearance. He lived a long time ago in a small backwater place. He can't really be that significant. He can't really be that important. And they write him off as a zero. He wasn't born in a palace. He was born in an outhouse behind an Inn. He didn't live in Jerusalem. He lived in Nazareth - A two horse town. The logic of unbelief. He looked so unimpressive, no form or majesty, that we should deny him or look at him. No beauty, that we should desire him also, not just he looks too unimpressive, but he was rejected by so many. Notice the plurality here. **We** -- he had no form or majesty that **we** should look at him. No beauty, that **we** should desire him. He was despised and rejected by man, plural. Men, plural hide their faces. He was despised. And **we** esteemed him not. It's very easy to follow the cry. Isn't it, young people? If the world is rejecting Christ, it's very easy to take your trajectory with them. It's like the canned laughter in the sitcoms. It's not really that funny. And the writers know it, but canned laughter comes in because when everybody else is laughing, or even just the recording of people laughing, and when everybody else is laughing we find ourselves laughing with them.

We live in a world full of canned belief. People believe there's no evidence for God. Everything came out of nothing. And it's easy to believe that because everybody else is willing to believe it. And that's happening here. The world looks at Christ – an insane, unimpressive Rabbi who says a few amazing things, of course, but he's not really worth devoting your life to him and he's rejected by so many. Can it really likely that all of my friends could be wrong and my pastor be right, my dad be right? Don't be ridiculous. That's the logic of unbelief. He looked so unimpressive, and he was rejected by so many people.

The second thing I want you to see, though, is the ingratitude of unbelief. He was despised and rejected by man, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief and is one from whom men hide their faces. He was despised. And we esteemed him not. He looked miserable. He was a man of sorrows. Who wants to follow a sad savior? That's the logic. Not just of sorrow, but a man of sorrows, plural. Alan Harmon, the commentator says he is not just a man of sorrow, but a mount of sorrows, plural. And the plural sorrows probably points to a man whose chief characteristic is sorrow.

Now, I'm sure you've heard the oft repeated observation that the Scriptures tell us Jesus wept, but there's no record of ever him laughing. You don't overplay that. Jesus was a real man. And I believe with all my heart he could enjoy a good joke. And he, I'm quite sure, did laugh and he did cry. The carol is wrong -- in the manger Jesus cried. He was a real baby. He cried real tears. He could laugh, as Michael Card said, with all the fullness of his heart. But he's described as the man of sorrows. Why was he described as a man of sorrows? And that's the reason why the world writes him off. His is just, you know, sorrowful, not worth following. We like happy,

upbeat people, always smiling, but we forget that there was hell to pay for your redemption and he was willing to pay it. And he came for precisely that purpose. Children, remember the time when you were young and your mom said to you when you were, you were naughty, maybe in home schooling before you went to school.

And she said, just you wait till Daddy gets home and the rest of the day you might be having a great time with your friends over playing video games, watching Tom and Jerry in the car in a cartoon, laughing. But then every so often through the day, you remember Daddy's coming home and that knowledge stands like a shadow on your happiest moment all day long. Daddy's coming home and you're dreading the sound of the car driving into the driveway, the door open. Even though you'll say Daddy's home, you knew the joy wouldn't last for long. Then you hear that thump, thump, thump, thump, thump of daddy's feet running up the stairs. And then the Board of Instruction will be applied to the seat of knowledge. And you've been dreading it all day long.

Well, Christ knew. Think about Christ singing the Psalms. My sins are more in number than the hairs of my head. When Jesus sang the Psalms and he sang those words, maybe think he stopped. Maybe that's why his brothers hated them so much. He's so self-righteous, you know. And know when Jesus said my sins are more. Jesus kept singing and he sang those words not because he had any sins of his own, but because singing those songs as a teenager, God taught him that he would come to bear all of the sins of God's people, your sins, my sins, And that knowledge haunted him. It played at the corner of every smile. It took the edge off every laughter.

Imagine you're standing at the bottom of this huge waterslide and you're standing at the bottom with like a thousand people ahead of you and you think it doesn't look that bad, but as you get near the top, we start thinking, oh no, what have I done? And it's terrifying. And Christ, life was like that. As you went through life, the dawning realization of the appalling cost of your redemption and mine progressively dawned upon him until the Garden of Gethsemane, when he said, my soul is sorrowful, even unto death, as he stands, teetering on the verge of utter darkness and an angel was sent to comfort him, but only an angel.

The father has already begun to withdraw. There's no voice from heaven saying, This is my, my son, my only son whom I love. An angel is sent, but only an angel. He's in the outskirts of hell as he heads to bear your sin and mine. And you've got to believe that solemnized his every joy and heightened his every pain, there will be hell to pay for these people. But because I love them, I'm willing to pay it. And that made him a man of sorrows. And do you see the ingratitude that unbelief is to one word, for it looks at Jesus, the sin bearer, the man of sorrows, and writes him off as a misery guts. Who ever heard of a dying crucified savior? But no one ever stops to ask the question. Why so sad? Whose sorrows was he carrying? We'll come back to that tomorrow. But Isaiah says surely he is born. Our grace and carried our sorrows. Yet we esteemed him, stricken by God and afflicted. They were half right. But they were all wrong. He is being struck by God but not because he was bad. But because you're bad. Because I'm bad. And without

him, there is no way to approach God and live to see the logic of unbelief. He looks so unimpressive. He's rejected by so many, you see. Then secondly, the ingratitude of unbelief. We reject him as a man of sorrows, but we forget that he was only sorrowful because he came to bear our sorrows away.

And lastly, we see the wickedness of unbelief with one more point of conclusion, but the wickedness of unbelief. And as I examined his unbelief, he was despised and rejected by man. Verse three - A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. And as one from whom men hide their faces. He was despised. And we esteemed him, not the wickedness men view God's sons the Savior as trash and as a threat.

First of all, they view him as trash. This is God's son. We're speaking about the evidence of God's love. God So love the world He sent his son and the world showed when they got when they met Jesus face to face, this man who healed the sick and gives sight to the blind and unstopped the ears of the deaf and raised the dead. And spoke only in love and kindness. And when the world met him, the religious world of the Jews and the political world of the Romans -- man showed what we would do with God if we could get our hands on him. We despised him. Remember hearing and I wish had taken note. I was reading in the Telegraph a few months ago and it was the son of a famous British socialite who died as an atheist. And at his funeral, the son was remarking he was reading some of his dad's private letters and musings. And this man, he was the toast of Britain and to intellectual the son said about his dad, You know, my dad was an atheist, but dad told me one day, it's not just that I don't believe in God. I hate him.

And that was a rare moment of honesty, unbelief, and atheism, Pascal says, is an attitude before it's an idea. Remember I said at the start, We can believe anything that we want to be true. Why did you Why the children believe in Santa Claus? Because it's a pleasant fiction. It's a delightful deceit. We want it to be true.

And the reason people won't believe in the Creator, even though they are surrounded for and after, above and beneath, by evidence for the creature even written in their own hearts. The reason they suppress that truth is because they don't want it to be true. It's more than just that they don't believe in God, they hate him, they despise him.

We esteemed him, not Isaiah, said the Hebrew word for esteem is the word from the accountancy office. It's about valuing a business, putting all the debits on one side of the ledger and all of the credits and the other, and figuring out it's net worth. And as Isaiah says, we put the Son of God into the ledger and we esteemed him literally as nothing worthless, not worth my time, not worth my energy, not worth getting excited about until they took him to the trash heap outside Jerusalem, where the felons died and they strung him up. I want you to think about that. If you're here this evening and you're not believing in Jesus, what you're really saying to God is your son is not worth my time. I'm not going to waste my life serving your son. Did you see the wicked, the trash? You're treating the son of God as trash? There's a wonderful picture in the far side cartoons of these two boys Tommy and Jimmy, fighting over teddy bears.

But in the woods behind Tommy and Jerry, there is this maternally outraged Grizzly bear watching them. Tommy pulled the right arm and Jerry the left arm and pulling back and forth. And the caption, Larson says, *and Tommy and Jerry were never heard of or seen of again.*

How do you feel when people to treat your children as trash? How does God feel when we treat his son as trash? We reject him, we despise him. We esteem him as a zero. That's the wickedness of unbelief. We view him as trash, but even more shy as trash. But more than that, we view him as a threat. Back in verse two, he grew up before him like a young plant, like a root out of dry ground. The word for young plant in the Hebrew is *yoneq*, which means a sucker and actually this is very interesting as a horticulturalist. If you have ever cultivated roses, you know, the rose grows up and you have the bloom developing and there are little shoots coming out beneath the main bloom and we call those shoots suckers and they pull life and energy away from the main blossom and diminish it. And so you got to cut off the suckers. Otherwise, it threatens the life of the plant.

That's exactly what Isaiah's saying here. Jesus grew up before him, the unbelieving Jew, as a sucker, a young plant. But we viewed him as a threat. Remember, whenever the Jews went from Lazarus' home, remember he had been raised on the fourth day and they ran to the Pharisees in Jerusalem. Remember, the Jews believe that after the third day, the Pharisees believed, after the third day, only God himself, a holy man, could raise you for the first three days. Once you got to the fourth day, only God himself could reach you from the dead. No holy man, no Elijah. No Moses no Elisah. Thus, the Pharisees. The Sadducees sees believed after the third day when you began to rot not even God could raise the dead because they believed a new resurrection. And so the Jews run to the pharisees and say he raised Lazarus from the fourth day. What did they say? Don't be ridiculous. No, they said we must stop him or the Romans will come and take away our place and our nation. They viewed Christ as a threat to their power, their autonomy, their right to be what they wanted, to do what they wanted, to go where they wanted.

And that's the real reason behind unbelief. We trash God's son, but in our heart of hearts, the real reason why we don't want to believe in him is that we view him as a threat. A threat to live out the true center's prayer, as Frank Sinatra has taught us to do *it my way* and ideas have consequences. And if Christ is Lord, if Christ is creator, then I cannot live for myself. If all of life came from him, then don't you see? Surely all of life must be about him.

Ideas have consequences. But remember, bad ideas have victims, and whether you believe in Jesus or not doesn't change the fact that he is the beginning of all creation. He is the one who began everything that ever had a beginning. He is God the son with the Father from all eternity, and by his voice, your eternal destiny will be seated in that moment when is appointed once for man to die and after that the judgment.

So we have the logic of unbelief. He looks so unimpressive. He's been rejected by so many. We see the ingratitude of unbelief. He's a man of sorrows, of misery, guts. But he's carrying our

sorrows and our sins. That's why he's so sad. And then the wickedness of unbelief. Mankind view him as trash, worth nothing. And as a threat to our autonomy, we cut him off like a sucker.

Lastly, and I'll be very brief here, we have the answer to unbelief. The answer to unbelief. Who is believed? What he heard from us and to whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed? The thing about unbelief is that you can't believe your way out of it. Unbelief traps you. We can't believe in Jesus because we won't believe in Jesus and because we won't believe in Him we can't.

Have you ever tried to love somebody you hit? Have you ever tried to trust somebody that you don't? Have you ever tried to forgive somebody who's wronged you so badly and you just find unable to let it go? Well, by nature, our opposition to God, our resistance of him is even deeper than that. We can't believe our way out of unbelief. We are trapped. It's like the change of habit. They're too light to be felt until they're too heavy to be broken.

Jesus put it like this. I thank you, Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, that you have hidden these things from the wise and understanding and revealed them. The little children. Yes, Father. For such was your gracious will, all things have been handed over to me by my father. And no one knows the son except the father. And no one knows the father except the son. And anyone to whom the son chooses to reveal him.

The ultimate reason for the Jews unbelief there. The reasons are logical that. But the ultimate reason was God had given them over to a hardness of heart.

Listen to me now. I This evening. maybe young person, your heart hardened to God. Your parents drag you to church, but you don't want to be here. When God speaks, you harden your heart to him. Be very careful. God may give you what you want. There's a poem called The Hidden Line by Joseph Addison Alexander. It goes like this.

**The Hidden Line (The Destiny of Men)
by Joseph Addison Alexander (1809-1860)**

**There is a time, we know not when,
A point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men
To glory or despair.**

**There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.**

To pass that limit is to die—
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye
Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit lithe and gay;
That which pleases still may please,
And care be thrust away

But on that forehead God has set,
Indelibly a mark
Unseen by men, for men as yet
Are blind and in the dark

And yet doomed man's path below
May bloom as Eden bloomed;
He did not, does not, will not know,
Or feel that he is doomed

He knows, he feels that all is well,
And every fear is calmed;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only doomed, but damned.

Oh, where is this mysterious bourn
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which God himself hath sworn,
That he who goes is lost.

How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent,
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is called today, repent,
And harden not your heart."

- Joseph Addison Alexander -

Do you realize the danger of a young person or older person? You've been hardening your heart to God, resisting Him suppressing his truth.

Do you realize you're provoking God? For you to be saved God must reveal himself to you. To whom must the arm of the Lord be revealed? You're actually shaking your fist at God and saying, I don't want you. And yet in that very moment, your only hope is that God will reach down and unlock your heart from the inside and put new life into it. Do you see the danger pulling?

And Jesus acknowledges that at the end of Matthew 11, no one knows the Father except the one to whom the son chooses to reveal him. And yet Jesus turns from saying those very words and looks out at a world that give every appearance as rejecting him and hardening their heart to him. And Jesus says, come to me all you who are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn from me from a meek and lowly of heart, and you will find rest for your souls.

That sounds contradictory. He commands people to come who won't come because they can't come because they won't come. It cannot be because Christ's Word has the power to create everything out of nothing. And Jesus is saying to you this evening, young and old, rich and poor, black and white, and everything in between -- come to me. Trust in me Lay dying your unbelief. Let not your pastors in this church weep anymore. How few respond in faith.

And if you're here this evening as a missionary or considering the call to missions, be confident and be courageous because there are people in this world destined to believe in the gospel. It's like Easter egg hunt – they are only fun when there are eggs to be found. If you went out to do an Easter egg hunt this evening, it would be pretty boring and fruitless because there's no eggs hidden to be found.

In this world God has scattered in every nation, tribe and tongue the Elect. What kept Paul going when he said it to Paul, a bond servant of God, called to be an apostle for the faith of those chosen by God and the knowledge of the truth which leads to godliness and the hope of eternal life, which God promised (and he cannot lie) long ages ago. But what, what, what Got Paul out of bed in the morning -- he was out as a man on a mission for the faith of those chosen by God. In one sense, we have a hopeless task. We're calling people to believe who won't believe and therefore cannot believe. I feel like a man standing in a graveyard bidding the corpses to raise you. If you did not that they would lock you up?

But I'm only a man. But when you preach, you're not the only one speaking. The Lord Jesus Christ is also speaking. When He speaks, the blind see, and the deaf hear and the dead live. And you serve for the faith of those children of God. If you are here this evening and you feel (as I felt when I was a medical student) the tug of God upon your heart, pulling you towards missions, when you give your life for the faith of those chosen by God, you're not on a fool's errand. God will have his elect and Christ will have his bride and the church from every nation, tribe and tongue will be saved.

Let's pray together. Father, Thank you for your mercies that are new every day. Thank you, Lord God, for the privilege of opening up your word. And we pray as the Gospel is preached from this place to the ends of the earth, you'll banish the darkness of unbelief. In Christ's Name. Amen.