

Personal Testimony - by Keith Daniel
Evangelist from South Africa
By Keith Daniel

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Preached on: Monday, July 9, 2007

School of Prayer

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... and to seek Jesus Christ with all our hearts.

I believe this conference and these conferences are so owned of God in this time we are living in that I wonder if we can't attribute it to the reason of our survival of no compromise, to come as a point like this and see God.

I am going to help him.

Thank you.

Thank thee, dear Lord, for this time of prayer, of praise, of singing, of testimony and of learning. We bless thee for all those who this morning already have shared their ministry, their life with us. And we ask thee to honor them and protect them. Thank thee, again, for dear Harold and Debbie and what their vision is that we saw consciences born of God and owned of God and honored by God. Protect them very specially in the most wonderful way from all the powers of darkness and continue to mightily use this advance, these separated times of seeking God [?] honored, Lord, oh Lord. Could it not be the beginning of what America is waiting for when God's people of all denominations as God's people are wanting God at any cost. Oh God, do come to America. Do put the devil to shame in this land that it will be a shame for him to do his things as this nation seeks God again. Oh, do it. Bless us in this time in thy mercy. In Jesus Christ's name we ask these things. Amen.

A number of years ago on the streets of Johannesburg in South Africa I, as a young teenage boy, opened my life to evil, to sin. I went against my God given conscience and opened my life to that which I knew was wrong.

My father, when I was 13 years old, left our home town of Durban, a beautiful town, and took us to Johannesburg, the largest city in South Africa. And we moved there because my father wanted a higher position and more money, a better salary and better living conditions.

And I lost, at that moment of my life, the protection of my childhood friends. I would never have regarded them as protection unless I later on in life had to look back and wonder where did I go wrong? Why did I go wrong?

I suddenly found myself, for the first time that I ever knew in life, without one friend. And I had to look now for new friends. The others had as little boys just grown up with me. Now I was looking for a whole new group of friends. And what shocked me was every one I turned to, without exception... As I turned things were held out to me that I never dreamed humans were capable of doing. I was so shaken I literally turned and ran from some people. Things I didn't know humans were capable of doing, if I had heard of some of these things I never dreamed they would be held out to me with such force. Everywhere I turned.

And I was walking around bewildered after a few months in that city of Johannesburg, bewildered.

I had a God given conscience. God, in his integrity towards every single man on this earth, even to children who have never heard the gospel, who have never seen a Bible or a church, God in his integrity and goodness gave every single one of us a conscience to protect us, to protect us from ever touching or tasting or handling things that could destroy our lives, things that if you go against your conscience just once, just once, even if you are a young boy or girl, you will suffer the repercussions until the day you die.

I remember a friend I finally made, befriended him. And one day he turned to me and held out this drug. And he told me of the sensation he went through physically, mentally, emotionally under the influence of this drug. And what shocked me was the way he held it out to me. There was something in the way he held it out that didn't seem to hesitate to think that I could say no.

And, once again, something in me cried out, "No. Touch not, taste not, handle not."¹ I didn't know that verse was in the Bible. There are things your conscience... you don't lectures on morality, on drugs. You know. God gave you a conscience.

I said to him, "We don't need that to enjoy life. That could destroy our lives. Look at what happened to her."

There was this young girl who I knew he knew and I knew who was lying in a terrible state through that drug. I said, "That will happen to us. It will happen to us. Why take something like that if that could happen to us?"

And he started to laugh, a young teenage boy. And he said, "Keith, I am not a fool. Only a fool would become a drug addict. Not everybody that takes drugs becomes addicted. Not everybody that takes alcohol becomes an alcoholic. I have watched your father, Keith. He drinks alcohol. It is exactly the same as this generation. Drink. There is no different reason. It is just a legalized drug, alcohol. There is no other reason, no difference. It is that generation's drugs. Your father takes it. Think. But he is not an alcoholic. Only a fool would become an alcoholic. I am not a fool."

¹ Colossians 2:21.

What he was trying to say in his limited understanding, in his childhood way was what the older people would say moderation. Anything is fine.

They will point to Scriptures. Moderation.

Well, a few months later his mother phoned me and she was weeping on the phone, a goodly woman. And she said, "Keith, did you know my boy is taking drugs?"

And I said, "Yes. I do know."

"Oh, why didn't you tell me? Do you know what type of drugs he is taking, Keith? Why didn't you warn me?"

She found them in the garage behind the house. What he did to himself physically under the influence of the drug I cannot tell you from the pulpit of God. Your mind wouldn't be able to accept it. He was taken to hospital. They somehow got him through. He survived, somehow. He was put into a drug addict home and he was there a long, long time.

I waited something now years and years later to when I was saved, years after that moment, years when I went and sought him out to tell him about God.

There he was married, a man now, his own children. And do you that after all those years of not touching that drug once again, he was still suffering the repercussions of going against your God given conscience. I medically, psychologically cannot tell you how things work out of a man's system. I have no answers there how long it takes and to what degree he went, but I have learned something. You suffer through until you die if you go against your conscience.

Not only drugs, morally. There is a moral code, your conscience. Cross it and you suffer until the day you die. Anything, don't pin point some destructive thing and say, "That's it that I am talking about." No.

I wish I could stand here today and tell you I never went against my God given conscience. Oh, God, that I could say that. I would do anything. But I did go against my conscience.

I thought back numbers of times, why? What made me... What made me touch what I knew my whole system cried out, "Don't touch"? What made me do that?

And, you know, the only honest explanation I have to my own heart is that it was in one weak moment in a crowd where I just suddenly as a child feared that I was going to be left out of this crowd. And that was the only reason. There was nothing wicked in me. There was nothing of a rebelliousness in me to rebel against society, to rebel against decency. The only reason I can honestly think that I touched that first time was a fear that suddenly in one weak moment in an atmosphere I didn't even know how I got into

that atmosphere, that for fear of being left out of this crowd, of losing this crowd, I reached out and I did some thing that my whole system cried out, “You dare not do. Don’t!”

But I did it. I touched.

And then the greatest shock that ever happened to me in my entire life from the day I was born to this day happened right then. I suddenly found something in me I had never known before. I had to touch again.

It was not now because of fear of being left out of the crowd. This shook me. It was not now an atmosphere I have caught and now another reason. I found myself being drawn to touch it and I couldn’t understand this. Everything in me was so confused. There was a war going on in me that I had never known before, but I... I went back and I touched again.

I suddenly became conscious that I was a servant of sin.

Now I would never, ever have identified, understood or agreed with the Lord Jesus’ words of a man being a servant of sin. I wouldn’t have understood until that moment of my life I could never have understood those words. But now I became conscious—though I didn’t even know that was in the Bible—that I was enslaved. It was something now that had taken a hold of me, making me do something I didn’t want to do each time, but drew me to it.

The Lord Jesus, God in his holiness has put words in this Bible, sometimes that we can hardly dare read from the pulpit of God for fear of offence. But to show his horror at what a servant of sin is, going against you conscience to the degree that you are enslaved to something that your [?] you don’t want to do, but you go back and no matter what it is going to do, no matter what it is going to cost, you fight, but you go back.

God says in his horror of seeing a man become this “As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returns to his folly.”² And God uses those words. The horror you and I feel as we look at this that we can hardly speak about it without being repulsed. How do we think about is the horror God says he looks at a man who does this, a dog going to that which his body has repulsed, which his system rejected. It is bad for him. He goes and he licks it up again. He takes it back. And you and I can’t look at that without repulsiveness, horror.

And God says, “As a dog returns to his vomit, so a fool returns to his folly.”³ The horror that takes over of God, the repulse that is in God’s sight towards what a man is doing when he goes back to that which is going to destroy him, to that which he knows is going to destroy him. Don’t you believe a man wants to be destroyed through sin? No man wants that. Don’t you tell me he chose that. Don’t tell me a man wants to come home and reeking with drink. Now it is uncontrollable because he touched.

² See Proverbs 26:11.

³ Ibid.

And, you see, his children despise him. His wife aching. You see his marriage being destroyed, losing the things he treasures most in life. Don't tell me a man wants to come home and his wife know where he has been in unfaithfulness and he wants to lose those treasures of children. He sees hatred starting to come in their eyes, contempt. As he sees himself losing the things he treasures most in life, don't tell me he wants it.

Oh, it is a terrible thing when you become a servant of sin. It is a horrific thing for God to even look when a man went against his conscience and now he is enslaved.

Don't tell me a man wants to lose his honor, his health, his family, his work. How many hundreds of thousands even their work their, lose to their sin. Don't tell me a man wants to become destroyed or a servant of sin. He is so obnoxious when you finally look at what it has done, what it has done going against your conscience, even a boy.

I remember the fears that gripped my heart the first time daddy came and I was in deep trouble. And my father was such a good man that there is no words that I could ever find fitting to tell you of how good my father was, an unsaved man. When my father walked in that room, when he had been called after I had been in terrible trouble that first time when he looked at me every man in that room fled weeping when they looked at the man who walked through that door and his face when he looked at his son.

I looked at the shame on my father's face. And he said, "Why?"

Oh, how many times I heard daddy say those words to me, but that first time I can't tell you what happened in my mind when I looked at my father that I loved and he looked at me with such shame and said, "Why?"

I didn't know why. But I know this. Everything in my being cried out, "I will never do this thing again. I will never do this to my father again." And I meant it.

But do you know days later I was back doing worse things? Do you know the horror of being a servant of sin when the things the people you love more than breath you destroy because you can't stop?

Oh, the complexes, the fears, the lying awake in the nights, the pains that started coming that I didn't know why from worry. As I saw daddy starting to drink I knew it was me. The darling of his life he couldn't help. And so he turned to drink.

When I came home in the nights, some nights late and he stood there looking and I wondered, oh, have they got hold of him? Have they told him? Does he know what I have been doing?

And I cowered. I couldn't look him in the eyes anymore.

And he would say, “Boy, why can’t you look me in the eyes? Where have you been, Keith? How can you come home to daddy this time of the night?”

There was this young fellow called Desmond. I don’t remember his surname, it was so many years ago. He had this big thick black hair. You know, the days when Brill Cream, I don’t know if you ever were out there. But there he was. I never knew anyone more uninhibited than him. It was fearful to be in his presence though he was a teenager. You didn’t know what this fellow was capable of. I don’t even know what I was doing with him that day. But there we were. He was up to wickedness and he stood and he looked at me and he shouted. I will never forget the way he shouted. He didn’t care who was listening and shock what we were doing. He shouted, unashamedly, “Isn’t it wonderful, Keith, the be so wild, to be so free?”

And something in me cried out at that moment. “No. No. It is not wonderful. I am not free. I wouldn’t be here with you.”

Oh, I didn’t say those words to him, but my heart cried it out at him from within me.

“I don’t know what I am doing here with you. I don’t know why I am here. I don’t want to be here. I am not free. My confused mind is crying out. It is not wonderful what I met.”

Then there was the moment I went away from the crowd one day. You know, with the crowd you are so different. Had you told anyone of the crowd I was with that I was in the state I am in no one would have believed you. I laughed the loudest.

But one day I got away from that crowd and I got in this cold, dark, open building in Johannesburg and I stood there, a young teenager and I began to cry. And I remember for a few hours standing there sobbing until I don’t know how I found another sob that could come from my being. My whole head became numb from all the sobbing, for the hours I stood there in the cold sobbing at the consciousness of my helplessness, the consciousness of my helplessness against these things.

One day I heard of a friend, a close friend who killed himself, a good looking fellow. The girls loved him. He was so popular, but he did a terrible thing and I will never forget the shock it took hold of me.

I had heard of other people who I knew had killed themselves. We [?] this young girl with blonde hair. She looked like an angel. She was so beautiful. She was laughing. That is what I will always remember for eternity. She was laughing. No one knew the state she was in. The next thing she did was get to the top of a building and throw herself off.

I couldn’t grasp what was going on. How can someone laugh?

Don’t go by what you see outwardly, friend, in this world. The one laughing the loudest, pray for if they are in sin.

I had been shocked, but not like when I heard of this fellow. That shook me that I went into absolute fear because when I heard of what he did, I identified. I had never done that before. I identified. I understood how someone who hadn't had much of life could want to end it, who couldn't face another day of it. I understood why. And that filled me with fear.

I remember standing at a church. You find this hard to believe, an evangelical church. I didn't even know it at that time. All I knew is they said things that I found later I would call testimonies.

In this youth meeting... I used to change churches as I changed girl friends. But this particular youth group they had these little stories and things and we all walked out and this was a group that I was, started mocking and blaspheming and about the things that had been said in there. There was this incredible undermining.

And we were standing outside of this church and I remember laughing. But suddenly as I stood there laughing outside of that youth meeting something died. I remember something that never happened in my life happening that night. Something just died in me. It was so horrific that I just turned while they were still laughing. I stopped laughing. I just turned and I walked into the dark and I got in the main street and I got into the center of the road and I just walked and my mind was in a state I could never put into words of self abhorration.

And I felt the gush of the wind of the lorries and buses as they missed me by inches, just swerving, hooting, the cars. My eyes are like a blur with all the lights. And something in me just cried out, "Finish it, finish it, finish it."

But then God struck me. Now, I know it was God. I didn't that night, but I know now. God couldn't make me die. You see, he hadn't presented to me in a way my darkened mind could grasp the gospel, what he wanted of me, what he could do no matter how destroyed you are. And he wanted to do that and God seemed to, I believe with all my heart. One fellow followed me from that youth group, looked at what was happening. And he ran screaming and pulled me off the road a split second before the lorry would have crushed me to my death.

Oh, there were repercussions from that, but I don't want to go in, the fears that fooled mommy and daddy's heart.

Daddy had worked himself to the top of his profession in the country, in our country. And because of his influence, his position he got me work that nobody deserved at my age or the amount of money that was offered to me, double salary if I just get a pass, let alone an A, for little courses they would send me on promising me positions. That is your position, to a person who deserved nothing.

Of course, all of these unsaved businessmen, good, good men. So my father destroyed through what was happening in my life. And their love for daddy mad them try and take hold of me, everyone trying to do something to put purpose in this young destroyed life.

Oh, but it didn't work. A little while after all this I just remembered walking away into he streets of Johannesburg, just walking those streets day after day, week after week, month after month. How I stayed alive, I don't know, doing things with low people, low, low things, things I am too scared to think about let alone speak about.

I have preached in many, many pulpits across my country and other countries and I have heard people testifying normally a shocking testimony, some more shocking than mine. And I trembled as I have seen people explaining their sin, you know, talking about it, some with smiles, some laughing. And I said, "God, I am so ashamed." I don't name any of the sins. I am too ashamed to think of them let alone tell you or explain to you. I talk about the repercussions of sin, the consequences. I am too ashamed to name my sins to you, to ashamed. I don't know how they do.

Oh, I did things I am too scared to think about, let alone speak about from the pulpit of God and defile you with some testimony. Don't let me do that, God.

And then Jesus Christ came, this holy, perfect Savior, God, Father, friend. He came to me in my [?]. He came to me. I wasn't seeking him. He sought me.

None of us in my home were seeking God. I wish we had been. I wish I could say we were seeking God. No, he sought us. He saw for the love.

He came to my brother. That is how he came. The first one in my home, Dudley, three years older than me, so different from me. He is like daddy. I wish I could say I was like my father, but Dudley was, not me. He was just in his early 20s, just barely in his 20s. He had his own business, businesses. Everything he touched just turned to gold like daddy. He just had something. He was the [?] champion of the sport. He had his sports club [?] into this country. Even in the years that we went to [?] because of our Apartheid. It is so good they just couldn't exclude him.

Everybody's idea of a successful young man, but he wasn't. If God hadn't come then Dudley would have been totally destroyed. I know that now having heard his testimony.

God came to my brother. God used a girl. He does things like that, you know. My brother wouldn't have heard the gospel, believe me, but he fell in love with a girl. They were so beautiful he couldn't help himself. She was really utterly beautiful as a person.

Well, the difference about this girl was she belonged to a home that was as Christian. She talked of being born again. She came from a home who were the pillars of God's people in their whole community, loved, revered by so many across our land as the godliest of the godly in the Church of Christ throughout our land. Oh, God brought my brother into his home and they panicked when they saw this smoking, drinking, full of himself fellow,

you know, and their daughter was in love with him, so in love that something was suddenly found out. She wasn't saved. She was a Sunday school teacher in the evangelical church. She could tell you how to get saved, but she wasn't saved. It was all up here. It hadn't gone down here and they suddenly saw that she went through love into the world with this man she loved.

Oh, they tried to get Dudley to come to church, but he told them the first time, "Don't ever, ever expect it of me. I will never, ever be religious. I respect you. I will never, ever come to your church. Don't ever ask me again. I will never become religious."

He told them straight.

Well, they aren't the sort of people that put you against the wall and preach hell fire. So they didn't. What we must do, they got on their knees and they got others on their knees. The godly of the godly across our land started praying for this man who had come into this godly home and taken this girl into the world now who they thought was saved and there were prayers going up. Oh.

And then the godliest man I have ever known in my life, Will MacFarland, he returned to our country, his homeland in his old age to the mission he had started with which I serve God in now. And they took him in his old age to the old Presbyterian Church up in Boxburg, outside of Johannesburg which is the home church of this Anne's mother and father.

And there was this week of meetings that the other churches all took part, too, different ministers meeting each night. And God broke through in a way that he hadn't broke through for over 30 years. The last time this man had stood in that pulpit God had come to Boxburg, never since then. But, again, God came and they were coming, souls seeking God. Christians breaking, weeping aloud under this holy man of God's ministry.

And they came to Dudley and said, "Dudley, you have told us you will never come to church. But this man is different. Something is happening here, Dudley. We don't want you to miss. Please, we will never ask you again. Just come this once and if you don't like him we will never ask you again. But don't miss what happened, please."

And Dudley thought to himself. I want to marry their daughter. I had better show that I am not as wicked as they think I am. So he went along to church.

Imagine going to church for that reason. No seeking after God. Amazing how God gets people to church.

There he was, determined to switch off to all the fanaticism, determined to take no words that you cannot switch off when God has an appointed time.

You have the right to say yes or no. If I didn't believe that I would get out of the pulpit now. But you cannot switch off when God wants to tell you what he wants of you. And

all the powers of hell are simply pushed aside and God brings you to one of the greatest men of God that ever lived as Dudley suddenly was sitting under his ministry.

Oh, the devil must have tried to keep my brother away, but even Satan couldn't win. God said, "I want this boy to hear it."

He heard for the first time in his life a man speaking of heaven and hell, a man weeping as he spoke of hell. The only time he had ever heard in his life the word hell was in blasphemous jokes. But here a man in the pulpit of God, he had never heard a man in his life in the pulpit of God use the word hell. This man believed it, yet this man was weeping over it. The man preaching heaven, the joy believing the beauty, the glory of heaven.

And...

[gap in recording]

And the only way to escape hell and to gain heaven is through the cross of Christ. Come. Say to God, "Nothing in my hands I bring, simply to the cross I cling." That is all God waits for and until he sees you do that, he cannot save you. But if he sees you do that, you will be saved from hell to heaven. And you will know you are saved. Come. If you know God brought you here, you know it isn't a man speaking. It is a voice that only God and no human voice ever penetrated. Come if God is calling you. Come.

Dudley got up and he walked out, stunned like a drunk man, tripping, falling, weeping. He got out. Anne looked at him and began to weep as she saw the state of him.

"What is wrong, Dudley?"

"Anne, God spoke to me. God has never spoken to me in my life. God spoke to me when that man said, 'If God has spoken to you, you can now.' I should have gone out, Anne."

Amazing, you know God spoke to you and go out the building. It is possible. It is actually possible.

Anne looked at Dudley and said, "Dudley, it is not too late. Go back in."

And for some reason that night my brother was the only one. For the first time in his life he pushed against the crowd, weeping. He fell on his knees. This godly man put his arm around him and cried out to God with him to save this boy's soul. And God saved his soul.

Oh, I was in Durban. I don't know to this day how I even got there. All I do know is my uncle found me in the street, ran up to me, shook me, wailing, not weeping, "Your

mother and father don't know if you are dead or alive. Prove yourself a man, for God's sake. You go home to them. Do you know what you are doing?"

I said, "All right. I will go home again."

He put me on a train. They didn't tell my parents I was coming home for fear I wouldn't make it. I had thumbed a lift out to my mother's firm.

They couldn't find her and so they called on the intercom. I said, "Don't you say who it is, please." I just stood there and waited. Eventually this little lady came down the passage and I shook. She had turned snow white. She had been so beautiful. Her face was just wrinkled and her eyes swollen. She seemed like a little battered bird.

And I said, "Oh God, look what I have done to my mother. Look what I have done to my mother."

And I shook, I trembled and I wept.

She said to me, "Keith, something has happened to your brother." She couldn't say he was born again, saved. "Something has happened to your brother. He said if we ever found you we must just get you to him. Please, come with me now before you go again."

"Take me, mommy."

We went to daddy first. He saw me and he ran and he fell. Oh, and they all lifted him up and I... I said, "Daddy, you would never take me home if you hear the things I have done. I want to tell you that now."

And he said, "My boy, I don't care what I hear about you. I forgive you now because you came back today."

Oh, fathers are wonderful.

And then I went to Dudley and we hadn't got on much, Dudley and I. He blamed me for daddy's drinking. Forgive me. And we go to his firm and he ran. We put on this little table with our fighting, Dudley and I. Daddy didn't quite know what to do with us, but when I saw my brother's eyes, I knew something has happened to my brother. He looked at me with love.

He put his arms around me. He sent mommy off. He must [?] with me. And he said, "Keith, all you need is Jesus. All you need is to become a Christian. I have become a Christian, Keith. All you need... you need nothing else but Christ. You need to become a Christian."

I said "But [?]" That is brother in South Africa. "I am a Christian. We are all Christians in this country. We are born Christians. What are you talking about?"

He said, “We are not Christians. You... we never knew, Keith. Somehow I don’t now how it is possible we never heard the truth. But I want to tell you the truth, Keith. Come off the streets to mommy and daddy’s [?]. Come off the streets. Come work with me. I know God is going to do for you what he has done for me.”

Oh, as I watched this life a thirst came in me. I can understand a thirst in Naomi and Ruth, you know, those words, “Thy God shall be my God.”⁴ Just looking at her life, that’s all, made this woman say, “Thy God shall be...”⁵ I was crying out, “Thy God shall be my God. Thy people shall be my people.”⁶ These people who didn’t need dirt and filth to laugh and they laughed more sincerely and heartily than anybody I had ever heard in my life. I wanted these people to be my people.

Oh, he took me along to his church the one night. I didn’t listen so much to the message. It was a good message on the cross, but I knew before I walked in that church I am coming to God tonight through my brother’s life.

After we... I waited for the appeal, but the minister didn’t make an appeal. And that shook me because I heard there was going to be an appeal. So I went to the door and I said to him as they introduced me to him. I said, “Sir, I came here... I came here to let God do for me what he did to Dudley. Please help me.”

He said, “My boy, I... I will pray with you. Unless you count the cost, it is going to cost you to be saved, my boy. Where I come from in Scotland,” he said, “It costs.

“This thing of old grace, it is free, you know. It is not true. Is there [?], but it costs you more than anything will cost you in life in this world to be saved. It is going to cost you a sin. Oh, you don’t come for forgiveness. You come for deliverance till you come to Jesus to be forgiven of what you are letting him deliver you from. It is going to cost you everything you have got on earth, Keith. I guarantee you that.

“Written across your life by God for every human that comes near you will see written across your life clearly will be this words, “Finished with the world,” by the way you dress, by the way you speak, the slang you stop now, by the company you keep from this day to the day you die will be written across your life, “finished with the world,” by the places you go, “finished with the world.”

“Unless you are willing for that you are wasting time, you are wasting my time. You are wasting God’s time. Go count the cost in my home while I say goodbye to these people.”

I went to his home. I waited. There were a group of people in the room with us that night and we sat in silence and I said, “It is no cost for me. I don’t care if I lose every friend I have got in life, if God could just do that for me.”

⁴ See Ruth 1:16.

⁵ Ibid.

⁶ Ibid.

He didn't ask me when he came in, "Have you counted the cost?"

He said, "Get on your knees."

He opened the book. He read a few... the prodigal son. I remember daddy falling and daddy saying, "I forgive you, if you would just come back."

Is that how God is?

And he said, "Pray." And I prayed all the wrong things I am so... I stuttered. I stammered. I sweated. I never prayed with other people. But God does not look at the words that proceed out of the mouth. He looks at the heart from whence they come. And God saw this heart truly believing in the blood of Christ for forgiveness. There is the power of God for deliverance. And I came in repentance for God to deliver me from what I was repentant from.

And I stood up. I didn't feel a thing and I thought I should feel different. I thought, that's strange, I don't feel any different and I was quite shaken. I feel the same.

And he seemed to have [?] read my thoughts. This is the minister, the Scottish man who died just after that.

God just kept into me to give me a foundation that I had to ask to survive. He said, "Keith, it doesn't matter if you don't feel anything."

I looked at him. How does this man read my mind?

"It doesn't matter if you don't feel another feeling until the day you die, boy. Don't go by feelings."

And he put the old King James book in my hand.

"This is all that matters now. Soak yourself in the Bible. This is your source of survival. The devil's greatest priority to the day you die from this die will be to keep you from this book. But if you make sure you never enter into a day in your life again without soaking yourself unhurried time with God in his presence in this book, you will never go back to sin. You will never go back to the world, Keith. I guarantee you. This is your source of survival. Go home now. Start now."

I went home. It was about 11 o'clock in the night. I opened. He said, "Start at John. Read John now. You need to read that as a saved person. Look what God did. Keep a pen beside you. Every verse that God speaks and holds and says this is you, this is yours from me. Mark it. Don't lose it. Put the date. Put the time."

And I had a pen and I opened. Oh, forgive me. And I started reading. “Get through John,” he says, “Then Matthew to Revelation. Get the New Testament three times, then start in the Old and the New, three of the Old, three of the New, never less often, more every day of your life, but never neglect the New for the Old.”

So I read through, started with:

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not...⁷

I read. I read. And I thought to myself, I have never understood this old thees and thous, you know. But I thought I had better read. So I read and I read and then I saw tears. I understand.

And I read. It wasn't the thees and the thous. It was me, the natural man can't receive the things of God.⁸ But when the Holy Spirit is in you—the letter killeth, the Spirit giveth life⁹—suddenly this book was alive. It wasn't condemning me. It was like... it was like God speaking, confirming to me I am his child. [?] cry out everything just to be saved. You are mine.

That was to me the witness of the Spirit through the Word, God speaking to me. I knew, I knew God was saying to me and I knew it wasn't me giving a chance. I knew I was born of God.

Oh, I went to work the next day. Tea time came. I didn't want to speak. I just looked at the Word of God. More...

Do you know what happened that night, that first night? I looked up, the sun was shining. I read the whole night. I hadn't slept. I had to work. I didn't feel tired. I got to work, tea time came. I just read a few more chapters. Lunch time, a few more chapters. Fifty years later nothing kept me from the Word of God. No one, no one kept me from the Word of God.

I didn't realize it. The holy book says, “As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby.”¹⁰ I was growing. I was growing.

“Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.”¹¹

You can't stay alive without it.

⁷ John 1:1-3.

⁸ See 1 Corinthians 2:14.

⁹ 2 Corinthians 3:6.

¹⁰ 1 Peter 2:2.

¹¹ Matthew 4:4.

But he said, "How do I know I am saved?"

I said, "Can you live without the Word of God one day? Then you are not saved or something is radically wrong."

You have to read it to survive. It is breath if you are saved. You cannot live by bread alone, by food. You will die without it. You cannot live without the Word of God spiritually when you are born of God.

In the moment you are born, "As newborn babes, [you must] desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby."¹²

Oh, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word."¹³

"Thy word have I hid in mine heart [oh God], that I might not sin against thee."¹⁴

Oh, "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth."¹⁵

There is a separation. My priorities, my every value in life was changing. Things I valued suddenly had no value to the Word as I soaked myself in the Word of God.

My greatest love in life because he speaks to me through it. What could be more beautiful than God speaking?

Oh, I have gone over my time, haven't I, way over my time, haven't I? Good. I am going on then.

Brother [?], I won't take advantage of you and your graciousness. Can I tell you this much? Daddy took one look at us, at Dudley and I. Daddy was an alcoholic then. Drank through the day. Went to work into his office, just closed the door, took out the bottle. Came home, grabbed the bottle.

Mommy was going through a divorce. She couldn't take any more. And as she went to the lawyers Dudley was saved. God came just in time. And mommy looked at Dudley and stopped the divorce procedures she had hoped just looking at the life. Something is happening here.

Oh, daddy looked one night. He looked long and he went into his room and I don't know how many hours he was there, but I don't even know what he said to God, but I know he came into that room and he smashed the bottles with such anger.

¹² 1 Peter 2:2.

¹³ Psalm 119:9.

¹⁴ Psalm 119:11.

¹⁵ John 17:17.

He said, "I will never allow drink in the home again."

Mommy couldn't even bring... or was it something about baking cakes. "You have to," she says, "to bake my fruit cakes."

Daddy said, "No, not in this house, never again."

He threw down his cigarettes, 60 cigarettes a day for over 20 years. He never touched another one. He didn't go through withdrawal stages. That was the wonder of it. Something of the wonder of God when a man really desperately looks to a God he knows can save him through what he has seen in his sons' lives.

Oh, he picked up the book and he read it. For nine years he lived. Sixty-eight times he read through this book from cover to cover. I have that Bible.

He walked with God.

Mommy, mommy was something unique. She looked at us and she said, "Keith, I know you are trying to tell me I am a sinner. Don't think I don't know the people you bring in this house aren't all trying to just tell me I am a sinner. Don't think I don't hear when [?] to meetings that it is just crying out I am a sinner going to hell. But I am not. I am not going to hell, Keith. I am not a sinner. You, I can understand why God could have sent you to hell. Your father, your brother even. But God cannot send me to hell.

"Keith, listen. I have never in my life sworn a dirty word. Go to your father. He was my childhood sweetheart. Go to my brothers, sisters. I have never listened to a dirty joke. Ask them from when I am a child to this day [?]. I have never tasted alcohol. I don't know what champagne does [?]. I have never smoked cigarettes. I can't do what your father did and throw away my secrets, smash the bottles. I can't do that. I can't stop swearing. I don't do these things.

"Men try to get me, Keith. I never thought I would look you in the eyes and tell you as my son, men tried, but I never let them. I have never let a man [?] no matter what your father did to me.

"And you went astray, boy, but I want you right now to point me and tell me one thing in my life that caused it. And then I will repent of it. What do I throw away? I don't read dirty books. I don't read dirty magazines. I have nothing to throw out? What am I to [?] from?"

She wept. In her confusion at what we were trying to tell her. I didn't know what to say to her, but I stood there. I marvelled at her life for [?].

One day through godly people coming into our home like Colin Peckham and Mary Peckham, Eileen [?], William MacFarland. Oh God sent the godliest to our home to give us the highest standard there is where there is still levity and not bondage.

Oh, through these people she heard things. 1 John chapter one, “If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins,”¹⁶ not just for the rest of our lives one mighty encounter with God to be forgiven of a life of sin, “he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. If we say that we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us.”¹⁷ We are calling God a liar for God has said, “All have sinned.”¹⁸ There is none righteous, no, not one.”¹⁹ “All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the LORD hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.”²⁰

It is like saying Jesus had to die for every one else on earth, but not me. That is your greatest sin, Mrs. Daniel. That is an awful sin.

“All your righteousness becomes as filth, filthy rags in my sight,”²¹ God says if it keeps you from realizing you are a sinner.

You can't be saved unless you know you are going to hell. You can't be saved unless you come to God to be saved from hell, from the consequences of sin and the judgment of sin.

I don't know what God convicted my mother of. God said, “All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth...”²² To us some sins are big, some small. To God the same sin as a lie is in the same sins as a murderer. To God it is the same thing. It nailed Christ to the cross. You nailed Jesus to the cross. Until you come, nothing, nothing, nothing that I haven't done, like the Pharisee. “I thank I am as other men are.”²³ That is why he went to hell. That is why the only man that bowed his head and said, “Forgive me I am a sinner, he was justified, not the religious good man who never did the evil things²⁴ and couldn't put himself into the category of a sinner.

Oh, I don't now how God convicted my mother, but I know one night she came out in a meeting. She became quiet for days and days. We watched her. She came out. We don't now what she said to that person she prayed with. I never saw my mother [?]. I never saw my mother transform and become a new creature in Christ. I never saw that. But I will tell you this much. I saw, I saw a woman for the first time in my life who had peace in her eyes, who had joy that she had never once had in her life, God's joy, who had an unashamed testimony of God's grace. She testified to the world of what God did to her

¹⁶ 1 John 1:8-9.

¹⁷ 1 John 1:9-10.

¹⁸ Romans 3:23; 5:12.

¹⁹ Romans 3:10.

²⁰ Isaiah 53:6.

²¹ Isaiah 64:6.

²² Revelation 21:8.

²³ Luke 18:11.

²⁴ See Luke 18:13.

sons unashamedly and then her own gracious way of what God did to her. And I also saw another thing. She picked up this book and loves it more than anything in life.

Our home became a beautiful home, their marriage a beautiful marriage.

My brother and I left the businesses eventually, went into [?] training, became preachers. And he preaches and has led many, many, many multitudes of people to Jesus. I stayed in the mission God put us in, provided a start. And I preached and I thank God for the years he has helped me to stay faithful.

I sense God's presence in the pulpit more than any quiet time. I love to stand in the pulpit of God because God stands with me. And I don't know why, but I love him for it. I would die the day he took away from me the privilege to preach. I would be totally worthless, for there is nothing else I long to do, but to see men seek God, love him, find him and know without any doubt as I see them seeking him that what he did for me he will do for them.

Thirty years later I am married to a godly, holy woman. Next to the Lord Jesus Christ she is the most precious gift God ever gave me. God gave us three children. The two eldest love God, walk with God. Our little baby, seven years old, he is not saved yet, but he is coming. He is our joy.

Well, imagine if my brother had walked out of that building and not come back in. I would be dead. Don't doubt that. Daddy and mommy would be divorced, die of a broken heart. Dudley would be a drunk. Don't doubt that.

Imagine if God brought you here and he isn't thinking only of you. He is thinking of all those who needs to reach through you, through your life when you go home. Imagine if you make a choice and say no. Even if you know God himself is speaking to you.

It must be something to stand up in a meeting like this and say, "I am unsaved," with all these saved godly people. But imagine if you said no and God never ever spoke to you again as he is speaking to you now.

Will you bow your heads, please?

If there is anyone in this building who knows that they are not born of God and God is speaking to them, where no man's voice ever penetrates, I know it is a Christian campaign. But something in my heart says, "I must make this appeal." Even if you say no, at least I made it.

If you need Jesus and you are the link that God has to reach homes that are broken or breaking or about to be destroyed and lives that are about to die, who maybe laugh in your company and you are going to be shocked when you see the next thing they do. If you are the one God is looking at and God brought you and you know it is not man, you know you have no argument, not emotionalism. It is God in his mercy. If you need to

give your life to Jesus and let him start in your home, in your circumstances, something you will never stop once he has begun, I want you to let God do that if that is why he brought you, no matter who you are. I want you to have the courage to stand up while all heads are bowed. You just stand, please and say, "It is me. It is me. I need prayer." Will you do that? It is going to cost you. Come. Come, I know [?] another [?] no doubt. Will you come? Will you just stand swiftly? Thank you. Just remain standing please.

I ask just once more. There is only one standing. We need not look around to see it, but if it was that one, then it was worth it. And God knows why the rest of you had to hear this testimony because I seldom give it. I seldom give it. It cost me too much to give it.

Please stand. Thank you, I knew. Yes. I am not going to embarrass you. The two that are standing, would you please make your way to the door at the back. No one is going to look. Please do this. Debbie, would you organize two godly women to pray with them downstairs or somewhere where they can go and be quiet, please, without any disturbance from us. You just stand outside and Debbie will deal with you.

Thank you for the time you gave me. I have no doubt God wanted me to give this testimony and I thank you for your graciousness in allowing me to share this thing, because I know it is not easy to hear such a thing. Will you pray for me that God keeps me to the end, faithful, true and never, ever entering a day without loving the Word of God more than life itself, because then I will be safe? Will you please remember that? To pray that for my boys and my darling wife who lets me go so many times to preach?

And, perhaps, I was thinking of this as I was preparing this testimony this morning. Perhaps, Lord, knowing how many are saved here they need to hear this in case their sons, their daughters, their husbands... Perhaps they are losing heart and they need to know there is no one God won't reach if you pray even for the young man that has come in your daughter's life. He will come to God. But let your life be the thing that makes everyone in your home and out of it that you are praying for say. "Thy God shall be my God,"²⁵ just because of your life.

Can we all stand, please, and our brother will take over?

²⁵ See Ruth 1:16.