

20Church

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He Sat Down

June 11, 2023

Overview

According in just a moment, we're trying to organize this so that I know when we're going to go. So we're on the air right now, and it sounds like I'm a big radio announcer now or something. But we do send out this message over the waves through streaming, and I get a lot of response from people saying thank you, the message meant so much, etc. So we're very pleased for those who would be joining us even just now. So the title of my message this morning, I'm not always given to titles, but the title of my message is, he sat down.

He sat down.

And I'm looking at, to begin with, Hebrews chapter 10 and verse 1.

Hebrews 10 and verse 1 reads thus,

but when Christ had offered for all time a single sacrifice for sins,
he sat down at the right hand of God.

I was very much aware of that terminology.

I learned it when I was a young fellow in church.

It wasn't spoken of in any, with any significance.

And then I became a preacher and I would read it and I think he sat down like anyone else would. But then I got very, very intrigued.

But then I had an invitation to go to India, and that was there for a period of six weeks doing outdoor ministry crusade type.

And I was staying at an orphanage that was overseen by an elderly gentleman and his two sons.

And so I was staying at the orphanage and had my meals there and the little children just entertained me to no end.

And it was quite the event for me to be a part of.

On more than one occasion, it was the first occasion that struck me.

And then as I learned about this, then I tried to follow through as was the custom.

I was sitting with the elderly son who at the time was over 40 years of age.

So he'd be the older of two sons sitting with him in a sitting room.

And the older gentleman walked in the room.

The moment the dad walked in the room, the 45-year-old sprang to his feet, stood there for a moment.

And then the older gentleman gave him a little wave of the hand and that was the signal.

You can sit down now.

It was kind of like being in one of those churches where you don't know what's going to happen next.

All of a sudden, everybody stands up and say, oh, then you stand up.

Then all of a sudden you realize that your Mr. Bean and everyone else has sat down and you're still standing.

And so then you're so that's how I felt in that room at that time was he jumped up.

I jumped up.

He sat down.

I thought it's time to sit down.

So later on that day, I had a chance to say to him, what was that all about?

He said, it's all about respect.

I said, how does it work?

He said, I have never sat in my father's presence without being invited to do so.

And then he went on to tell me some more.

And that's why I've got a chair right here right now.

When he was told by his dad was simply the wave of a hand, he sat down.

I never noticed I crossed my leg like this.

I've since learned that to cross your leg in someone else's presence, to let them to see the soul of your foot is the worst thing, the most discurdiest thing you could ever do to anyone.

This is the kind of culture where people wander around barefoot.

A cow did something here.

A dog did something there.

And you're saying, well, how do you do?

So here I had my legs crossed and he did not correct me.

He just left me alone.

So as we talked on, he said, I would never cross my legs and my father's presence.

He went on to explain this is crossing your legs.

No, both feet are flat on the floor and you would never fold your arms either to get comfortable.

Your hands are either at your side or on your thighs like this.

And that's a message to the elderly person with whom you are sitting.

The elderly person doesn't have to be your relative.

They just have to be older than you.

And when you sit with your feet flat on the floor and you haven't got your arms crossed, it's a message.

I'm ready to serve you.

I'm ready to serve you.

You never sit down until you're given permission to do so.

The big difference would be that if two men, let's say they were brothers,

let's say they were born on the same day, they were twins.

Neither one would have to look for permission from the other because they were on equal footing.

3

So you could sit in the presence of another if you were on the same level as they.
And suddenly Hebrews chapter 10 verse 1 got my attention in a brand new way.
When Christ had offered for all time a single sacrifice for sins, he sat down at the right hand of the Father.

In order to understand and perceive scriptures like this,
I told the wedding party yesterday that there's not an idle word in the entire Bible.
I was the official at this almost said funeral.

No, it was a wedding.

And so I took the liberty to speak to these people all from a different religious heritage than when we are.

And so I took the liberty at any way to teach them a little bit out of the gospel relative to marriage and what it's about.

And so I wanted to indicate to them that there's not an idle word in the word of God.

And so when it says he sat down, the significance is absolutely tremendous that he sat down.
So in the Old Testament tabernacle, it was designed to teach Israel how to enter into the presence of God.

That's what the tabernacle was for.

It was a teaching pattern.

This is how you enter.

You can be all excited as you're coming towards the tabernacle.

You might start off in Jericho with a group of people saying,
let's go up to the house of the Lord and you can bring your tambourine, your guitar,
and your bass drum and carry on carry on.

But the closer you get to the capital, the closer you get to Mount Zion
where the ark of the covenant is resting and the ultimate presence of God is,
you're going to change your tune.

You're going to start to silence your tambourine.

You're not going to be dancing and carrying on.

You're coming into the ultimate presence of the divine one.

And there comes a time when you get into his divine ultimate presence,
when you wouldn't say a word, you wouldn't dare utter a word,
you would be lost in total silence and the majority of us, if we were there,
would have fallen flat on our face.

And God forbid that somebody starts playing a tambourine and singing a new song.

You don't tell somebody in the holy of holies,
let's all stand and lift our hands.

You better know what you're supposed to do before you get there, honey.

It's no time to change the pattern.

It's no time to change anything.

You're in the divine presence of God and the restrictions about being in his presence
went all the way up to the high priest.

So you had the high priest who was doing the most specific duties as unto the Lord,
presenting sacrifices for the sins of all of Israel.

And then you have what we could call the common priest, all the rest of the priesthood.
And so they were all dutifully trained on how to function in the tabernacle
because you were ultimately close to the very presence of God.
So it's been pointed out by people smarter than me,
that there's only a couple of chapters in the Word of God about how God created the universe.
But the tabernacle, there's 50 chapters about how it was created.
A total of 50 chapters that talks about how we're to approach the one who created the heavens
and the earth.
50 chapters because it was ultimately important
that the people would understand you don't mess with the Lord God.
So there's more chapters devoted to the tabernacle than any other single subject in the entire
book.
The tabernacle was where we meet with God.
Now going on from there, talking about the high priest, the Levitical priest,
the Lord gave instructions to Moses and he said,
this is what you're to tell your brother Aaron.
He's not to come whenever he chooses into the most holy place,
behind the curtain in front of the atonement cover of the ark,
or else he'll die, for I will appear in the cloud over the atonement cover.
So the priest was warned.
You don't just casually wander into the holy of holies.
This is God's dwelling place.
The ark of the covenant in the tabernacle was where the Lord God said,
I will make myself known to you.
Don't mess with it.
It's interesting that in preparation for the day of atonement,
and that's what atonement means, atonement, where God through the sacrifices that were
offered to him
would allow for the people who were estranged from God by their sin,
would be allowed to come closer to him, if not visually, if not tangibly,
in heart and in soul. The day of atonement was a day when the people were relieved to know
that even the sins that they had not been aware of,
we can be guilty of sins that we commit,
but we can also be guilty of failure in the omen.
I forgot.
I never thought about that.
We heard a most appropriate message recently from Pastor Peter.
I love to call him Pastor Peter says, don't call me that, but that's who he is.
Call him Pastor Peter. It's quite okay because that's what he is.
You know, you can take a shepherd away from the sheep,
but he still has a shepherd's heart.
He gave us an appropriate message a couple of weeks ago about
be careful how you would say these words.

Well, I thought,
I just thought that's how it would be.
Joseph and Mary,
where's Jesus?
I thought he was with you.
Well, where is he?
And as they went through the caravan,
have you seen our son Jesus?
Well, no, we all just, we thought he'd be with you.
Sometimes our thought processes are off kilter.
On the day of atonement, even though even the I thought mistakes
were covered now and set aside by the sacrifices made.
But the one who was going to offer that sacrifice,
he had to get ready for this moment because he's going to go behind this
massive, ultimately, Warren Curtin.
You could put a team of oxen on either side of that thing.
They could not tear that thing asunder.
And he was going to go behind that curtain and there he was going to be confronted
by the ultimate power and presence of God.
What he had to do to get ready to go into that place is like nothing short of incredible.
You want to talk about orthodoxy.
You want to talk about, you know, every last little,
they prisoner washed him down with brillopads.
He had to be absolutely clean.
They had to cut his fingernails back to the quick to make sure there was nothing
underneath the nails like he was washed and washed and washed.
And then he was anointed with oil and more and more.
And it was the Lord's way of teaching us, you don't get haphazard
walking into the presence of God.
Get ready, get ready, get ready.
And this is the calling and the warning of the church today.
We want to go to heaven, get ready, honey.
You can't go in there with dirty feet.
When Aaron is to go in before the Lord, he has to be clean, physically clean.
Well, pastor, shouldn't he be worried about spiritually clean?
They had to begin with physical appointment.
They began with scrubbing until it hurt.
It was an indication, I know I'm not worthy, not worthy.
If we wonder how deep is our unworthiness, visit the cross and behold, the man of God
who hung on the cross and how his flesh was tormented, why?
For our sin, for our failures, for our need of a Savior.
Finally, there was one, the Lamb of God who was well able to take care of all of our sins.
The sins of our commission, the sins of our own mission.

I'm building up something here to hopefully make you uncomfortable, to let you know how desperately, awkward we should feel with the things of God.
How can we ever find it the right way to appear before him?
And I've gone to great lengths to tell you in my teenage days,
I wanted to serve the Lord, but I had not been taught in a proper, systematic way about my position in him.
Who I what? Every time an evangelist came to town, if he had a half decent message, I got saved every time.
I was not feeling assured.
I was not feeling assured.
It was my lack of knowledge.
So what was built into me was the sense of fear on one occasion.
I'm almost embarrassed to tell you this, but I dare say I could take a little straw vote.
And if you were honest, I think I'd get a few hands raised on this.
Was there ever a moment in your life where you thought the rapture had taken place and you missed it?
I won't ask you to show of hands.
Some of us are not quite that honest on a Sunday like today.
But my hand is up high and dry.
I was not a bad boy.
I was raised in a good Pentecostal church.
I had the fear of God in every cell of my body, like I'm telling you, every preacher they came.
I was the breakthrough that every evangelist was looking for.
Well, at least we got one saved tonight.
You could count on me coming to the cross saying, oh, dear God, I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
I even wanted to go to the movies.
Mickey Mouse must be a terrible person.
I wasn't allowed to go.
I lived under this umbrella of fear.
God was somebody in the heavenlies with a baseball bat saying, you can't have fun.
You can't have fun.
Take that.
Take that.
What was so good about being batted over the head by the Lord was the pain stopped when he seized.
I lived under this umbrella of fear of fear.
And isn't it any wonder?
Because I did hear about the priest not only being washed with javaks, but then his garments, his garments had to be specially woven by people who were extremely artistic.
And everything about his garments spoke of the holiness of God.
And then around the skirt of his garments, and you've doubtless heard about this, that the Lord said in Exodus 28, make pomegranates of blue.

Now, I used to think I missed the word make.
So was it my study in preparation for this?
They didn't use real pomegranates.
They made something that would look like a pomegranate.
It would be a woven pomegranate.
Make pomegranates of blue and purple and scarlet yarn.
Even the colors, you see, had to be absolutely selected.
And why those colors?
I won't take the time today to show you how uneducated I am on what those colors represent.
But trust me, if the colors are named, there's not an idle word in the book.
But every one of those colors had a significant story behind it.
So at the skirt of his garment were pomegranates that were woven.
And then between the pomegranates, alternatively, a pure gold bell was also attached.
So pomegranate bell, pomegranate bell.
There's no specific detail in the Word of God as to the significance of the bells.
But would be an easy assumption.
Whenever the priest was moving, the bells would be jingling.
All right?
So this was the only way that anyone on the outside, starting from the common priesthood to the thousands of Israelites who were awaiting outside away from the tabernacle as companies,
as families gathered around the tabernacle, curtaining.
There would be somebody surely passing the word.
They hear the bells.
They still hear the bells.
And way out there in some distance, thousands of people away, you would not have heard the bells.
I'm thinking there was some kind of a relay system.
The bells are still ringing.
Why would that be of interest?
If the bells are ringing, God didn't strike him dead.
Why would God strike the priest dead?
If he went in there carelessly, if he didn't wash himself completely, if his heart was not right, he was not welcome.
Be sure your sins will find you out.
There is only one redemption path.
It's the blood of Jesus Christ and my confession of the power thereof, for if one believes in his heart that Jesus died for our sin and believes that God rose him from the dead.
If you believe it with your heart, confess it with your mouth, you will be saved.
There's no alternative path.
The bells were ringing, and that told everybody he's alive.
I hasten now to move on to Acts chapter 2 and verse 33.
It was about Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost.

And Peter announces to thousands of people who are really stymied, they are caught in awe.

Because pouring out of an upper room was hundreds of believers in the Lord. Speaking in another language as they were empowered by the Holy Spirit, Peter receives a special

function and anointing that day.

And God drops something in his heart that he speaks in the moment.

He didn't have time to prepare a sermon.

I had a whole week, two weeks because I had Pastor Peter.

And I also had Pastor Bonnie last Sunday.

I've had some time to get some stuff ready.

Peter didn't have any time like that.

There was suddenly a moment where somebody had to stand up and Peter had the vinegar.

He was ready to go.

And so he stands up before the people and he tells them what is going on.

These men are not drunk like you suppose, being only the ninth hour.

This is that which was promised in the old days by the old prophet in the last days.

I'll pour my Spirit out upon many and they will prophesy.

They will dream.

They will see visions.

And he goes on and he says, how would that come about?

He goes on to say, this same Jesus is therefore exalted.

At the right hand of God and having received from the Father the promise of the Holy Spirit, he has poured out this that you yourselves are seeing and hearing.

I submit to you that when Jesus was hanging on the cross, if there had been some high priestly scribes, theologians observing and had any understanding that Jesus was hanging on the cross for the sins of all men, the question would have been in their minds.

Will God accept the sacrifice?

For Jesus was the sacrificial lamb, but at the same moment, he was our high priest.

He was the priest that was offering the lamb, the lamb being himself.

So the question that should have been asked in light of what we read a few moments ago from Exodus and from what we understood about Leviticus, the preparation of the priest.

Also, I've not gone into detail about the preparation of the sacrifice.

It had to be absolutely perfect.

So a theologian looking at Jesus, hanging them across, should have stroked his beard and wondered, will the Father accept this priest?

And will this sacrifice be sufficient to accomplish?

Behold the Lamb of God who will indeed take away the sins of the world.

As the disciples are standing out on the Mount of Olives with Jesus, and he says, the last thing I have to tell you is don't leave Jerusalem until you're empowered from on high and you receive the promise of the Holy Spirit.

There's so many reasons why I believe that Jesus was saying to them, this is what they need to do.

And the majority of those reasons you're already are pointed with, I won't go down. I want to share with you one reason that I believe that he said, don't miss that hour when God pours out a spirit.

There's a huge reason, and Peter took advantage of that reason.

He shouted to thousands of people.

We all saw the bottom of his feet as he arose and went into heaven to present himself as the sacrifice.

But the question would have to be, was the sacrifice acceptable?

But Jesus, we know he's sitting at the right hand of the Father and Peter in as much as saying this.

We know where he is because our tongues are the pomegranate bells.

What you are seeing and what you are hearing is a clear, clear picture that he or high priest is alive.

He's alive.

The bells are ringing.

The bells are ringing.

What's the value of speaking in tongues?

It's a bell.

It's a bell.

It's not a fire alarm.

The bells rang when Prince Charles was crowned.

Okay.

But there's a greater set of bells that continue to ring every time you kneel before the Lord.

Every time you allow the Holy Spirit to flow through you, every time you burst out in that prayer language, beloved, it's not something that can just casually be accepted.

Beloved is a design.

It's a design when we speak in tongues, the world takes notice.

Celebrates the glory and the majesty of the King.

It's the promise so the descend of the Holy Spirit on that day was a clear sign that my redemption was complete.

I didn't need to get saved every time the evangelists came to town.

I believe in repentance, that there's no question about repentance.

But do you know that there are some people who are gospel oriented and their primary password, their primary focus, the primary way in which they identify with the Savior is repentance?

Don't get me wrong.

I'm not saying that we don't need, we can set aside repentance.

But there are some people who actually live for repentance.

I had to preach a sermon across Rhodes Cathedral in Toronto some years ago.

I declared from the pulpit, nobody in this church gets to backslide ever again.

I don't want to hear it from you because you give a top opportunity for a testimony and you'd hear them say, I backslidden again, I go, that's their testimony.

They were always getting saved.

If I preach the right kind of message in that church, the deacons would come forward and get saved again.

They wanted to repent and repent and repent.

I've declared from pulpets here and there.

I don't want to hear this statement anymore.

I'm just a sinner saved by grades.

I don't like that.

I am not just a sinner.

I'm declared a son of God.

I'm declared in heaven as a saint.

Do I fail the Lord every day in countless ways but beloved?

That does not silence the palace of heaven.

I'm redeemed.

I'm redeemed.

I'm redeemed.

And my salvation is secure.

I'll never win a popularity contest in heaven.

But I'm saved, brother.

I'm saved.

Brother, do you believe in eternal security?

I do.

For me, I don't know about you.

I'm eternally secure.

But if you have to repent every day and get saved every day, I guess you don't believe in eternal security.

When Christ sat down, when Christ sat down, He did not seek permission.

He's equal to the Father, folks.

When He entered into heaven, can you imagine?

Jesus said, when one soul gets saved, heaven comes unglued.

The disciples were watching Jesus go.

Little Mary was weeping.

There goes my son.

I lost him at the cross.

I got him back at the empty tomb.

Now he's gone again.

The disciples have somewhat bewildered.

We've got to go into all the world and preach this gospel.

He's not going to be here to help us.

They're all fretting and worrying.

And maybe we should go into 40 days of prayer and fasting.

And heaven was going crazy because the King of Kings, you know the psalm, lift up your head, O ye, Gates.

And be you lift up up, you everlasting doors.

I hear a little angel, an innocent one nearby.
He knows this song.
He knows exactly what this celebration is about.
But like a little child, He cries out, why?
He knows why.
Lift up your heads, O ye, Gates.
Be you everlasting doors, be lifted up.
Why?
Because the King is coming home.
The King of Kings, the Lord of Lords, He defied Satan.
He silenced hell.
He won the day.
And when He had by His single sacrifice secured our salvation, He arrived home and said, Father,
send them the sound of the bells.
It's time for the church to rejoice.
I'm alive and now they're alive.
I feel like preaching today.
That was my introduction.
I really debated this one to whether I should tell you.
But it's a personal experience.
Oh, I already missed one.
I told you I always thought I missed the rapture, didn't I?
I'll tell you that one first because I was not secure.
I wasn't a bad boy, but I came home late one night later than I was allowed to come home.
And I got the car up to a pretty good speed.
And when I got to our country lane, I turned off the motor, shoved my little Volkswagen
into neutral, and rolled up the gravel driveway as far as the car would go until gravity started
pulling me back, pulled on the brakes, and quietly pulled on the emergency.
As I turned to slip out of the car, I undid the shoelaces, and it carried my shoes.
I didn't want mom and dad to know I'd come in after curfew.
I went through the back door.
There was a way into the house from the garage down the stairs, into the basement, put my
shoes there, crept up the stairs, made my way down the hall.
And at the end of the hall on the left was my bedroom.
The door was well ajar.
And to the right was my parents' bedroom.
It's 11.30 a quarter to 12 at night.
It's late.
Wow, they're sleeping soundly.
I can usually hear heavy breathing if not a good snore.
When I got to their door, I stood there in the darkness, and I can't believe my eyes.
It's so dark, it's hard.
And they actually started going in a little bit closer.

The bed covers weren't even disturbed.
I touched the bed.
Maybe they just got skinny.
Oh, there's nothing there.
Dear God, I ran into my bedroom.
I dropped on my knees.
It was a summer night the windows were open.
I think if the owls in the bush in the back had been asleep, they were awake.
I wouldn't be surprised if the coyotes started hollering along with me.
Dear God, dear Jesus, please send another wave.
I repent.
I want to go, oh, don't leave me here.
Dear God, dear God, dear God.
And suddenly here, David, is that you?
What?
My friends were good.
My mom and dad were personal best friends with our neighbors.
They'd gone next door.
We're eating chocolate brownies drinking tea.
Well, David thought he'd miss the rapture.
Hello.
Insecure.
I wasn't a bad.
I don't even know what I thought it was guilty of.
If I didn't repent at least once a week, I'd feel guilty.
Are you serious?
I was in Montreal, 1967.
I was a street preacher.
I was working under the auspices of what David Wilkerson had started called Teen Challenge.
I would go into the streets looking for young runaway young people.
We had a house where we would take them to our house and give them a meal, invite them to stay over and try and help these kids get away from that crazy street life.
I made my way one day over to what's a celebrated place on the side of Mount Royal opposite to the major city of Montreal.
You go around behind that big mountain and on the other side, built on the side of that mountain is this magnificent cathedral that took, I forget how long, like generations of building the thing, a Roman Catholic cathedral.
It's an amazing structure and a celebrated priest who died some years ago before they buried him, they cut out his heart and put it in some kind of a pickling brine.
And you can go into where that little jar is held with his heart and you can kiss the jar and maybe get a blessing.
I'm telling you what I saw.
I remember going outside and descending down to the very bottom of this massive hill, big

parking lot that would lead out to a major thoroughfare and then turning back from the parking lot and looking at this stairway which was cement steps all the way up.
How many steps, 233 stone or concrete steps led up to the grand entrance of one of the most famous cathedrals, perhaps certainly in Canada, if not within many countries?
And as I started to ascend these steps wondering, what, why?
Well, what's the why?
Why would they go to such lengths?
Because parking up at the top, buses go up and drop, loads of that.
Well, what's the meaning?
Like what's this all about?
And the steps were wide like it was like a ballpark, the cost of building such a thing.
And as I was going up step by step by step, my legs somewhat aching, 233 steps.
As I was going up, there were people on the steps and they were paused.
They were kneeling there and they had beads and they were praying.
And as I continued on up, I found a very elderly lady.
She was wearing stockings.
The stockings were torn at the knee.
I very boldly stopped and looked.
Her knees were bleeding.
My heart got heavy and it occurred to me.
Here is someone that doesn't know that the bells are ringing.
Here's someone who's trying to somehow attain salvation.
I was always trying to attain my salvation by repenting and repenting and repenting.
This lady was trying to attain her salvation.
Myself, I think the word is flag, flagellation.
She was harming herself.
She was punishing herself, punishing herself.
The Lord would only know what she felt guilty for, what she felt she had to atone for.
On that day of atonement, on that day of onement, nobody in all of Israel built their own little altar and offered a turtle dove or a pigeon or a goat.
That would be sacrilegious.
There was one atonement happening.
It was in a very sacred location where the Lord said, this is where I'll meet you.
So if somebody was out there doing their own thing, it was literally saying, I don't feel like I'm worthy to be counted on Israel.
I don't feel I'm worthy to be counted among those whose redemption, whose atonement is being satisfied.
I don't belong there.
Or it would be, my sacrifice is better than that.
No matter how you want to picture it, it would have been sacrilege.
We must be careful not to step over the privileges, the blessing and the offering of the atonement,
the blood of Jesus Christ.

And when I confess much to say, Jesus, come into my heart, which I did at the humble age of about eight.

I believe that that moment, my name was written down in the Lamb's book of life.

And to this day, I might have done failure.

I might have failed God, left, right, and said, I might have done things I wasn't anywhere.

There's nothing has transpired in my life that would cause angels to bow their head as God would erase my name from that book.

Give it a rest.

I'm saved.

How can we get unsaved?

How can we...

We have children.

I could never disown them.

I could never turn my son or my daughter away from my front door for any reason.

And neither can God turn you or me away from the door.

Ephesians 2 and 8, for by faith are we saved.

Not of works.

We know what that word works means, don't we?

Not of personal tribulation.

No amount of money putting in an offering plate.

No amount of self-demeaning will ever supersede the wondrous power in the blood of Christ.

It's not of my works, lest any man should be able to say, well I know I'm saved.

I gave to the Red Cross last year.

I dare to tell you this.

I was preaching a camp meeting.

I think it's called Sunset Beach.

It's in Alberta.

Wonderful place.

I dare say I've not preached that camp anything less than ten times.

They had me every year for a while.

Somebody once said, we're going to keep on inviting you here till you get it right.

We had some awesome meetings.

On the one year alone, two nights in a row, the service never ended.

I left the building, the tabernacle, one o'clock in the morning, wasted.

I was like a dish rag wore out.

The altar was still strewn with people flattened out, speaking in another language.

Holy Ghost came in there like a cloud.

When I left the tabernacle, I literally stepped over people who got up thinking, I'm going to go back to my cottage now.

They never made it.

The Holy Spirit came upon them and they're in the grass, silently laying there.

In the morning somebody said, when they left, they started up their car, started backing out.

There's no significant parking lot, just a huge, beautiful cut grass parkway.
This person backed their car up and started navigating and they had to stop.
They're about to run over a body.
There was somebody laying there under the power of the Holy Spirit.
It was a week to remember forever and ever.
And because of the glorious time that was happening at that camp, there came a keen sense of what would be right.
No one wanted to do anything that would disturb what was happening.
I dare say people probably prayed and extended meal giving thanks over their dinner.
Last, they would be guilty of praying too short of prayer.
I'm not being silly.
Everybody was being so, we were walking on eggshells.
Don't disturb.
Don't disturb what God's doing.
It was prior to the evening service when I'd gone over to the stammering acle and just wanted to be alone for a while.
And this very elderly lady came up and sat down beside me.
And as I turned to look at her, she's weeping.
And she said, Brother David, I'm here to beg for your forgiveness and to ask for you to pray for me.
I said, I don't even know your name.
I don't know why you think I should forgive you.
Well, this morning, I left before the end of the message.
Oh, Mr. Forrest, I'm extremely frail.
You can see that.
And if I wait till the service is over, then making my way across the road, a road actually goes through this camp.
There's the big place where you eat, the big gymnasium, across a gravel road.
And on this side is the cottages.
So she said, by the time I go across the parking lot here, cross the road and get to the dining hall.
The lineup of all the young people, all the young families, stretched out over across the way.
And there I am at the end of the line.
I'm so frail.
The heat is getting to me.
Sometimes I just give up and go to my little cottage and just have a little piece of bread.
I can't take the heat.
I said, well, what brings you to me?
Well, I walked out when you were preaching the Word of God.
Yes.
But that's unforgivable.
I'm living under judgment.

I said, no.

Oh, yes.

Yes.

We've been taught, you know, when the Word of God is being preached, it's a sacred moment.

And you must never do anything to disturb or interrupt.

And she said, I walked out on God.

Will he ever forgive me?

I thought, dear Lord, how long?

Has she been saved?

How long has she known the Lord?

How many sermons has she sat through in church?

And she never got the assurance.

God's not going to beat you up with a cat at nine tails.

I put my arm around her and held her like she was my grandma.

She wept like a little child.

I said, mama, mama, mama.

No.

Jesus loves you beyond words.

And He would never turn His back on you because you were trying to look out for your own health.

I said, God loves you more than that.

I said, I'm not offended by you leaving.

Do you think God loves you less than me?

I don't even know your name and I love you enough to care about your distress.

Serbents, He loves you more than I could ever love you.

And you have not caused God to turn His back on you.

Will you pray with me?

I said, I'm going to pray that God will give you the assurance that the blood of Jesus Christ has washed you thoroughly and your ripe old age.

I doubt you're going to go out and rob a bank now and follow God's favor.

Like it was, I just, so you see, as a pastor you will continuously hear me in this pulpit, not preaching a sermon like April and I sat through some years ago in a huge church at the time it was called, it's known as the fastest growing church in America.

And the sermon that morning was, how to survive in a toxic environment.

They read a verse of scripture to make it right, I guess.

And then they talked about the toxicity of the day that we're living in.

And I sat there thinking, what's the point?

What's the point here?

I don't want to hear about surviving in a toxic environment.

If I'm walking with Jesus, I don't rely on anything like this.

I don't care what my sign is on the zodiac.

I don't care about walking under a ladder.

I don't care about a four leaf plover.

I don't care about nothing.
I'm saved and I can survive because he walks with me.
He talks with me and he calls me David, my friend.
We sing a song up here.
I am a friend of God.
I am a friend of God.
As long as I don't walk out of the service a little too early.
Are you serious?
I'm talking about the failures in our own churches and I'm talking about the failures
in other churches where people wear themselves out to prove themselves to God.
The Levitical priesthood had to go through unbelievable cleansing process to be worthy
to go into the holy of holies.
Jesus went through an unbelievable process as he entered the holy of holies.
But he went in by design.
He was born to die, to rise again and he ever lives.
Why is he sitting down?
Because the work is done.
The work is done.
He sat down.
Why?
Because your salvation is securing him.
And you cannot break that without the devil coming and invading your being and taking
over dear God.
He's afraid of you.
Stop being afraid of him.
And stop doting your salvation and stop doting the power of the blood of Jesus.
Come with me, there is power, power, wonder working power in the blood of the Lamb.
There is power, power, wonder working power in the precious.
You believe that?
Stand up, raise your hands and shout.
Hallelujah!
Is it because you're old?
You can't shout anymore?
I think both hands.
Get a lung full with me right now.
We've got to celebrate our salvation together right now.
Let all doubt be tossed out in the name of Jesus.
Lift your hand and shout.
Hallelujah!
Those of you who are sitting watching your computer, I hope you didn't scare the living
daylights out of the people on the next floor and the apartment beside you.
God will forgive you and maybe they'll get saved.
Heavenly Father, thank you for the blood.

Thank you for the High Priest who was worthy to enter in.
As our High Priest entered into the holy of holies, he took our sin.
He was the sacrifice.
He was the priest.
And it's forever settled in heaven.
And the proof of it is he sat down.
And how do we know he sat down?
Because we can hear the bell still ringing today.
He's alive.
He's alive.
He's alive.
And we would say, amen.
And you men.
And you men.
Sorry I got carried away today.
You better turn that off.
Those people should never.