

A COMMISSION GIVEN & A CHALLENGE ANSWERED

Mark 16:15

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. They went everywhere preaching the word.

It was at that memorable, post-resurrection interview on a mountain in Galilee when the command was given to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature Jesus, in delegating the tremendous responsibility of the Great Commission to his disciples presupposed the approaching enduement of Pentecostal power.

In no uncertain terms did he inform them of the close correlation of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost with the execution of this timeless quest. I think that no interview ever held, no parliament that ever sat, or Council that was ever called, has had so great an impact on the world of men as that little meeting in Galilee where Jesus gave the marching orders to these stalwart soldiers of the Cross.

2. Being one of the last interviews with their Lord, it was charged with a strange, yet wonderful sentiment. Awed by the bodily presence of a man fresh from the dead and solemnized by the eminence of His departure to the Heavenly world, those eleven disciples accepted this challenge so seriously, until for them, it became the point of no return, even to a martyr's death.

Since that far-off night, this old world has known a hundred convulsions of change and transition. From a primitive existence to the push-button convenience of a modern day, it has come. Yet, that age-old commission has not been altered and its eternal obligation has not been lifted from the hearts of men.

Down from the Mountain they came, with a steadfast purpose, to preach, to testify, to witness, to die if need be that the message of this blood-bought gospel, purchased in the fiery cauldrons of Calvary might never perish from the earth.

3. We have embodied in that stupendous commission:
1. A Divine Command given
 2. An obligation imposed
 3. A message to bear
 4. A lost world to save.

It was on this unmarked mountain in Galilee, at that secret tryst, illumined by the pale rays of a silvery moon and lit by the shadowy flicker of a bon-fire that the greatest transfer of authority was ever made on this earth.

When they accepted that commission and pledged allegiance to that calling, it became the high water mark in their lives.

Life can hold no higher moment than that. The Apostle Paul never got through talking about his vision and his call to preach. To him, that was life's "finest hour."

I have relived a thousand times my own experience when God called me from between the plow handles to the pulpit.

4. with many misgivings and much tripidation, I first stood up to preach and as the years have come and gone the awareness of that responsibility grows. After twenty-five years, I am still thrilled at the prospects of it, challenged by its potential ~~of it~~, compelled by the compassion of it, and charmed by the romance in it.

The unforgivable demands of this Commission will follow a man until his dying day and in the bright lights of the eternal judgement, he will answer to God for it.

God ~~repented~~ himself that he had made man, Moved & the date of Hesikiah's death back fifteen years, changed his mind about destroying Ninevah, but in this case alone, do we have the words: "The gifts and calling of God are ~~not~~ without repentance."

In every other profession, there is a moment of respite. There is vacation time, and retirement years; but not so with the ministry. You cannot run away, you cannot retire, you cannot lay that burden down. You might go down to the seashore like Jonah, you may flee to the

5. mountains, but wherever man is found, you are face to face with the immortal souls of men to whom God has said, "Go preach." As long as the blood runs hot in your veins, there will be stamped upon your soul the unutterable woe if you^r preach not the Gospel.

The record has it, "~~That~~ they went everywhere preaching the word. You would only have to read the book of Acts to catch the spirit of those fiery evangelists. I believe it is possible to recapture some of the fire and zeal of those giants of the twilight, and I think we ought to do it.

For many years, for my own inspiration, I have made a practice of reading the book of Acts before conducting each revival meeting.

From Galilee, they went to the Mountain of Ascension. From there, to the upper room. There they prayed, praised and worshipped until the Day of Pentecost was fully come.

6. Then, the Holy Ghost addressing himself first to their ears, and then to their eyes and their emotions by the rushing wind, the tongues of fire and waves of Glory, gave the unmistakable evidence that Pentecost had come.

That was Heaven's attestation to the completed work of Calvary. It was the Father's stamp of approval upon the blood-washed fishermen from Galilee. It was the clarion call to arms. It was the trumpet blast for battle.

This was the day when the piled predictions of all the past ages, towered no longer high and forbidding, but fell at the feet of an amazed people in a blinding flash of light and glory.

The impact of that mighty enduement shook the very foundations of the Universe and the reverberations of that wind and fire and tongues ~~xxx~~ were heard around the world.

7. From fearful, stuttering, doubting fishermen, these men were transformed into silver tongued fire brands before whose swaying oratory thousands came flocking home to God.

The pattern was set that day, the cue was given, the invasion was on, and the record comes down to us from that far gone yesterday: "they went everywhere preaching the Word."

The people who spilled down out that Upper room were all preachers. Men, women, handmaidens, servants,--all were preachers. They all had a message to bear, a story to tell, a testimony to give and they must tell it or die.

They were not the kind of preachers who had to find something to say; they had something that must be said.

10 8

tapes on new religion

The truth that they had received from Jesus Christ had ~~come~~ ~~to life~~. The Spirit had given it life. They had been ~~electrified~~ electrified. Their souls were aflame and they could not be stopped. They had the truth and they had it on fire.

Some days ago it was my privilege to speak to a large group of ministers representing all of the major protestant groups in our Nation. I was ~~ag~~ giving a general resume of of the Place of the Pentecostals in the world. I left this for them to think about. "Gentlemen, we have not discovered any new truth. We do not hold any monopoly on the truth we preach. You have the same truth we have and you have had it all the time. The only difference between you and the Pentecostals is: ~~maxim~~ you have the truth on ice and we have the truth on fire".

That my friends was the reason why the Disciples were able to burn their way across Pangan lands and barbarous barriers, they had the truth on fire.

The most attractive thing in town is a house on fire. The most amazing thing in the world is a man on fire with the Holy Ghost.

~~The~~ truth they preached, and the truth we have evolves from the birth, life, death and resurrection of a Palestinian carpenter. It is the message of the incarnation of a child, a man, a baptism, a temptation, a ministry, an arrest, a trial, a crucifixion, a death, a burial, a resurrection, an ascension, a return, ~~and~~ a coronation.

~~In~~ word it is the story of a man. It is a man we preach. Not simply a creed, that is only formality. Not just a doctrine that is staid and frigid. We preach a person. A living person. A person who was dead and is now alive, eternally alive, one who can never die. ^{again} Paul so aptly fixed it when he said "We preach Christ".

This message stems from a blood stained cross and an empty tomb. It must be preached to the ~~realm~~ ^{realm} of the dripping blood and throbbing heart of the man who died just outside the Jerusalem gates between two thieves.

It must be colored by a back ground of howling mobs, bloody sweat, midnight prayers, olive trees, ~~and~~ empty tomb and silent grave clothes.

It must be climaxed with Redemptions capstone, that blessed hope, that crowning day that Holy City.

There were certain results they were to expect when they preached:

Preach it he said and it will save the world. But that is not all.

Preach it and they will persecute you. ^{But} ~~Just~~ flee to another city.

~~Preach it and some will believe and be saved.~~

Preach it, Those who believe shall cast out devils.

Preach it, Those who believe shall take up serpents.

Preach it, Those who believe ~~it~~ shall speak with new tongues.

Preach it, ~~and~~ Those who believe shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.

Preach it, for God has ordained that this is the only way to save this world.

Preach it he said. Everything depends on your preaching the gospel. I will come again when you have preached it.

Preach it. ~~Preach it. Preach it.~~ Preach it while you are young. Preach it when you are old. Preach it if you get paid for it. Preach it if you don't. Let the women preach

1) Let your sons and daughters preach it. Let your servant preach it. Pray for men to preach it. Preach it when it is in season. Preach it when it is out ^{of season}. Preach it when they will hear you, ^{when} preach ~~it if~~ they wont. Preach it to all the world. Preach it to every creature. When you have preached it lift up your heads and look towards the hills for the clouds will be bright with the second return of Gods Son from Gkory.

Blessed be God they did preach it. They went everywhere preaching the word. Luke ~~told~~ ^{gave} the ~~details~~ ^{story} when he wrote. Philip went down to the City of Samaria and preached Christ unto them.

Peter preached Christ to the thousands at Pentecost. Steve preached Christ ~~murderous~~ ^{murderous} mob. Philip preached Christ ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~Samaria~~. ~~Simon preached Christ to Cornelius house~~. Paul preached Christ at Philippi, on Mars hill, To the Jailor at midnight. On a storm swept island in the Mediteranean, To Caesard household, in a prison cell in Rome. They went everywhere preaching the word.

Steven the deacon preached it until the flying stones and gnashing teeth ~~stomped~~ ^{stomped} his burning ~~heart~~ ^{heart} and silenced

his eloquent tongue.

~~That was indeed a stormy period.~~ They preached until they lay dead in the streets, but it rocked the world. Men fell dead in church doors, lame men walked again, blind men saw the dead came back to life. Men with bleeding backs sat in jail cells and praised God at midnight that they were counted worthy to preach this gospel.

prisons

Persecutions could not stop them, ~~persecution~~ could not frighten them. When they were let loose they went to their own company. I have always thrilled to the prayer they prayed after Peter and John had spent the night in jail. They did not complain. They did not ask God to destroy their enemies or stop the persecution. They simply said, Lord grant unto thy servants that with all boldness they may preach the word.

Then it followed that they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and spake the word of God with boldness.

When the Holy Ghost began to speak on that fiftieth day a ~~quiver~~ fearful quiver ran through the nervous system of Jewery. But when the Holy Ghost said to the church, Separ

It sent a ray of light
through the dark clouds of a down trodden , sin benighted
idol worshipping Gentle world.

Hope sprang anew in the human breast, and that act of obed-
ience turned the Gospel in our direction and here we are
tonight rejoicing because it did.

It has been a long time since Peter stood up in the
upper room, a long time since Stephen preached on the
street corner; ~~a long time since Philip preached in Samaria~~
A long time since that mighty orator stood on Mars Hill.
But the echoes of those far-off Pentecost preachers have
been re-emphasized ten thousand times and tonight we feel
that same charge, we bow beneath that same woe, and we are
fired by that same Holy Ghost. ~~XXXXXXXX~~

We too, have accepted that same commission to "Go to all
the world and preach the Gospel. We, too, are going every
where preaching the Word.

I stand here tonight with the Keen awareness that we are
the people upon which the ends of the ages have come. As
never before, we are in a race with time.

16. We have a message to give, a call to fulfill, a lost world to save.

There are men here tonight who ~~heard~~ the sound of an abundance of rain fifty years ago when the Holy Ghost fell in latter Rain power.

There are those of you here who ~~remember~~ how things began to happen. You well remember how the commonplace became the miraculous; how the desert bushes began to burn with the fire of God. How the ground became holy, and men turned aside to see this thing.

America was astir. The Revival was on. The Holy Ghost had fallen. Men and women began to preach as fire brands from another world.

The people gathered; from the factories they came. They left the plow handles and went straight to the pulpit; they left their liquor stills in the swamp and came out to repent of their sins, to get in the pulpit and preach.

17. They left the drygoods stores, the cotton mills, the coal mines, the offices. From the highways and hedges they came. With one ~~cry~~ on every tongue, they came ~~saying:~~
saying

"O spread the tidings 'round, wherever man is found
Wherever human heart and human woes abound.
Let every Christian tongue proclaim the joyful sound
THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

The long, long night is past, the morning breaks at
last

And hushed the dreadful wail and fury of the blast.
As o'er the golden hills, the day advances fast
THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

Sing till he echoes fly above the vaulted sky
And all the saints above to all below reply
In strains of endless love, the song that ne'er will die
THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

~~The Comforter has come, the comforter has come, the Holy
Ghost from heav'n, the Father's promise given. O spread
the tidings round, wherever man is found, THE COMFORTER has
come.~~

15. It has been a little over fifty years since the Holy Ghost fell on America, and it has been like a prairie fire.

I thrill to think those holy men and women who have literally turned this world upside down. They didn't have any money, very little education, all they had was an old worn Bible, a ragged songbook and a heart on fire with the Holy Ghost.

They had to break with established religion. They violated all Convention and custom, but they went every where preaching the Word.

They were giants, they feared no man, and asked no odds of any one. They preached in brush harbors, on street corners, in court houses, in tents. The law would not protect them. They had their tents cut down on them, their brush harbors set afire; they were stoned, persecuted, starved, and hated; but they marched across this Nation.

Like a mighty army, ^{they came} they came, they saw, they conquered. They were as terrible as an army with banners, and came

19. ¹⁷ Like a strong man to run a race.

They were called fanatics, trash, holy rollers, holy jumpers; but for all that they went everywhere preaching the Word. It was as if John the Baptist or Elijah had come back from the dead.

They sowed ^{where they went} this nation down with the Gospel. They left a trail, down by the tracks, or over on the mill village, or down at the crossroads, little white churches began to spring up over night.

~~Little~~ Signs began to appear before mission halls, Assembly of God, Church of God, Fire Baptized, Pentecostal Holiness, and on and on they went.

America could not hold them. The Dusky faces across the sea began to call them, out from their homes they went, to China, Africa, Andia, South Amarica, the Islands of the Sea. Forsaking all that others may hear and know.

Just a few days ago I left Eastern North Carolina and drove ~~Eastern~~ across this nation until I stood like old Bilbo the Spaniard and gazed out into the blue Pacific. I was awed

20 by the vastness of our United States. But the thing that impressed me most was, as I passed through the cities, villages, hamlets and country side, I saw the blazing signs of some kind of Pentecostal church. *in almost every one.* Finally out in the vast desert I was passing through the Apache Indian country. I was pained at the poverty, squalor ~~wretchedness~~ bareness of those poor Indians still living in mud huts, toupees, and hogans with dirt floors. But to my surprise, right in the middle of one of those Indian Villages was a little white Assembly of God church.

In fifty years from the railroad track, the School house, the brush harbor we have come to main street with stately churches and multiplied thousands of members. We have built colleges, orphanages, high schools, seminaries and sent missionaries to the ends of the earth. Around the world tonight this pentecostal message is heard.

What all had a small beginning, the prospects didn't look good at the first, but today after fifty years we count out membership by the millions, and onward we go everywhere preaching the word.

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Like a mighty army moves the church of God.
Brothers we are treading where the saints have trod.
We are not divided, all one body we,
One in faith and doctrine, One in charity.

The thing I want to leave with you tonight is the fact that God almighty has guaged his timetable and set the hour of his return by the preaching of this gospel. ~~He~~ ^{Luke} writes ~~like~~: When this Gospel shall be preached to all the world as a witness to the nations, Then shall the end come.

We are in a race with time. Tomorrow both preacher and people will be gone. Let us rise to the challenge, accept anew that unforgiveable commission, get another Baptism of the Holy Ghost and go everywhere preaching the word.

I think I can join in the sentiment of the Old ~~methodist~~ colored methodist preacher when he said. "When I get to heaven I dont want to stop just inside the gate, I want to go on up town. I want to be there when the people of every kindred, tribe and tongue gather for the coronation of the King. I want to stand near the River of life. ~~Let~~

~~as close~~ to the tree of life ~~as I can~~. I want to pluck a palm branch from the never fading trees of that land, and when the Redeemed of all the ages shall lift their praises to the Lamb that is on the throne. I want to join in the Coronation, I want to wave my palm branch, I want lift my voice, and when they crown him I want to be near when Edward Peronet, dips his pen in the ink wells of immortal glory and writes again for all to sing:

All hail the power of Jesus Name
 Let angels prostrate fall
 Bring fourth a royal diadem
 And crown him Lord of all.