

From Islam to Christianity, part 1 - November 2, 2009

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Ergun Caner

Sermon entitled, "Church House or Jail House." We're gonna pick up at Acts 16:16 in a minute. If you want to read about Paul and Silas' first missionary journey you go to Acts 13 and 14.

And in Acts 16 Paul and Silas and Luke they set out on the second missionary journey. The first place they go is my country, Tyrus is on the western shores of Turkey. I'm an eastern Turk, toward the Kurdish regions.

But it is the western shores of Turkey. And they see one convert, Lydia of Thyatira. It's the beginning of Acts 16. And then they head from Thyatira south to Philippi. They don't even make it to church when we pick up the story.

It's a story that you've not only preached, you've probably taught. It's a story we all know so well. I'd like us tonight to focus on something perhaps we have overlooked as we've spent our time together reading the Bible. I want to point out what God did to transform death row into a place of life.

Pick up the story with me in Acts 16:16. "Now, it happened that as we were going to the place of prayer," we were on our way to the place of prayer, so you get the point. They're on their way to church. "A slave-girl having a spirit of divination," pneuma pythos, "met us, who was bringing her masters much profit by fortune-telling.

Following after Paul and us, she kept crying out, saying, "These men are bond-servants of the Most High God, who are proclaiming to you the way of salvation." Now you get the picture. They're on their way to church. On their way to church this woman, they pass through the flea market, the mall, if you would. And this woman has got a pallet set out.

Let me unpack the spirit of divination for a minute. Women in the 1st Century world that had this "gift" would set out a pallet and put out a basket and taking their fingers they would run them over the shed skins of snakes. That's what pneuma pythos means, "pneuma" spirit, divination New American Standard calls it, "pythos," python.

They would pretend by running their fingers over the shed skins of snakes to - they would allege to tell you your fortune, and she was obviously good at it because she's bringing her masters much profit from the fortune-telling.

Even a blind squirrel gets a nut every now and again. The only difference between her and our world is that she didn't have an infomercial and she didn't have some psycho nut pushing her agenda.

She gets up, points her bony little finger, she declares herself to be a fraud. Don't you get it? Listen to her words again. "These men are bond-servants of the Most High God, who are proclaiming to you the way of salvation." I'm wrong, I'm a fraud, I'm a nut. These guys are right.

I love how the King James dresses this up. The King James Version says, "She continued doing this for many days. But Paul being greatly distressed -" Well, it's a good word but it's not the best word.

In the Latin the word is "annoyus." What's that sound like? Annoyed. On their way to the place of prayer, on their way to church, annoyed.

Y'all ever been annoyed on your way to church? Devils favorite time to hammer you is in your car on the way to church. You are passing heathens getting drunk in boats who look much happier in their heathenry than you do as you're arguing on your way to God's house.

Yelling at each other in the car. "Look at that heathen. You need the love of Jesus."

Hey, I pastored for 17 years, a good measure of it as a married man. Best fights my wife and I ever got into were pastors of little country churches, you know, where I had to be hyphenated. I know that's a big thing now, everybody hyphenates. Pastor-Elder, Pastor-Teacher. I was Pastor-Janitor.

Pastor-Lawn Mowing Man. So I unlocked the church, and so I've got to be there early and we're yelling at each other and cars pulling up, "Woman, I said be ready at 9:00!" "Well, you didn't have to dress the baby." "Well, if I had to dress the - God bless you sir, glad to have you."

Don't be so hard on Paul. Paul is annoyed. He spins around and says to the spirit, "'Come out of her in the name of Jesus Christ,' and it came out that very moment."

You would think everybody'd be thrilled that a fraud is off the street, but no. "When her masters saw that their hope of profit was gone, they seized Paul and Silas and dragged them into the market place before the authorities, and when they had brought them to the chief magistrates," they brought, what you're gonna see is a dual indictment.

"These men are throwing our city into confusion, being Jews, and are proclaiming customs which it is not lawful for us to accept or to observe, being Romans." Dual indictment.

"The crowd rose up together against them, and the chief magistrates tore their robes off them and proceeded to order them to be beaten with rods.

When they had struck them with many blows, they threw them into prison, commanding the jailer to guard them securely;" and you know that if a prisoner in the 1st Century world escaped the jailer would suffer his punishment. You've got two boys for death row you're gonna take it seriously.

We often read this next verse, 24, and say, "And he, having received such a command put them in prison." That's not what it says. Again, the Latin has the word *salatus*. Solitary. Don't let your imagination get away with you. This is not like Otis. You know, he can reach out and get the keys for Andy Griffith.

This is more like Cool Hand Luke, a night in the hole. "He having received such a command throws them into the innermost prison," the prison within the prison. He doesn't just throw them into any ole jail cell, this is lock down, and that's never even enough. Notice Verse 24 ends, "and in the innermost prison he had their feet fastened in stocks."

Now you know the rest of the story but here's where business picks up, as my wife says. If anybody had a right to complain about the Gospel ministry, it would have been Paul and Silas.

The second missionary journey, only two people saved. If anybody had a right to complain, "Hey, we're not trying to sell anything, we're giving it away. We get a fraud off the streets, you'd think everybody in Philippi would be thrilled. The Better Business Bureau surely would be happy. But no."

"Her master saw that their hope of profit was gone," trumped up charges.

If anybody had a right to ask God to move them, it would have been Paul and Silas.

If anybody had a right to complain, lament and bemoan and be bitter, cynical and sarcastic, it would have been Paul and Silas. But that's not what we see.

Pick it up in Verse 25. "Around about midnight Paul and Silas were praying and singing," *hymna doxa*, "hymns of praise unto God, and the other prisoners were listening to them.

Suddenly there was a great earthquake, the foundations of the prison house were shaken; and immediately the doors were opened and everybody's chains were unfastened.

When the jailer awoke and saw that the prison doors had opened, he pulled out his sword and was about to kill himself, assuming, supposing that the prisoners had escaped."

But Verse 28, "Paul cried out with a loud voice, saying, 'Don't harm yourself,' he said, "We are all still here!" He called for lights and rushed in, trembling with fear, fell down before Paul and Silas. And after he brought them out, he said, 'Sirs, what must I do to be saved?'"

Paul and Silas, "They said, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus, and you will be saved, you and your entire family, you and your entire household.' And they spoke the word of the Lord to him together with all who were in his house.

And he took them that very hour of the night and washed their wounds, and immediately he was baptized, he and his entire family, his entire household."

Verse 34, second proof they were Baptists, "He brought them into his house and put food in front of them."

What do you think there was a stoneware casserole dish involved here somewhere. Somebody's name written in nail polish on the bottom. Deviled eggs or meringue pie. But they put food in front of them, "rejoicing greatly, having believed in God with his whole household."

It doesn't sound like normal church, does it? In Acts 16:16-34 God transforms a place of death into a place of effervescence and life. God takes a place where death commonly occurs and he makes it a place of uncommonly energization of the Holy Spirit of God and then it becomes a place of eternal life, not just temporal death.

Like I told you before, here's something I could only preach in places like this. The divine irony of Acts 16, the irony that exists here in America today, in our country, is that in Acts 16:16-34 God transforms a jailhouse into a church house. But around our country most church houses act more like jail houses.

Now you think about it. What do most churches have in common with jails? Well, number one, don't nobody want to be there, right? No joy, only fighting. No volunteers, only conscripted service. Everybody looking out for number one, everybody hoping for a commuted sentence, or a pardon or time served.

Man, you ever walked out a church four feet off the ground ready to charge hell with a water pistol? I believe there are very few things that are quite as good as when church is on. Amen? There is no high that the world can offer.

You can gargle all the bong water you want, there is no high that the world can offer that equals the spiritual lift that God puts in you when church is on. Man, when the worship lifts your heart, where the people are invested with God's power and they are ready to go reach the world for lost world for Jesus Christ, and they believe the Bible is the Word of God and Jesus alone is Lord.

And man, there ain't very few things as good. If you believe in that principal then you must also believe that the inversion of that principal is also true. There are very few things quite as bad as when church is off.

There are very few things quite as dead and debilitating and draining. The choir sings like it's ready for a funeral mass and the preacher, he's just wandering aimlessly. And we come only because we don't want anybody to gossip about us who comes if we ain't there.

And the most excitement we experience is what takes place in the 10 minutes before service and the half hour after service when we're standing out in the parking lot by our cars.

I don't want that.

Now, look, I'm a member of a church that I consider one of the lead churches in America, but it ain't perfect, not by a long shot. I don't want my church to be a jailhouse.

If God's really gonna transform our country he's looking for a people who are willing to worship him in spite, who praise him anyways, who love him not because of everything they get but they just love Him.

God wants to use those established sacred grounds. But you know what? If we won't, he will raise up - secular places, places of death, prison houses. Man, I want God to make my church house a church house. My pastor - after I got saved, my pastor used to make a difference between church and chuch. He took the "r" out of it. He said, "We about to have chuch in here."

I want to "chuch." I want life. I want a good old-fashioned brush arbor. I want a good old-fashioned touch of heaven. I want a good old-fashioned Jesus lovin', devil shovin', blood bought, red-hot, shoutin' and screamin', soul redeemin', overcomin', hanky wavin', soul savin' type of church.

I want the kind of place where people come because they are desperate and they know there's a place that has the answer.

If you agree with me, then perhaps we need to revisit the text and see what God did to transform this place of death and to make it a place of life. I want to submit to you three things that God did to turn a jailhouse into a church house.

Number one, God transformed that jail house and turned it into a church house when they displayed courage, courage. Look at Verse 25, "Round about midnight Paul and Silas were whining and complaining." Nope, "Round about midnight Paul and Silas called for a vote of confidence on the pastor."

"Round about midnight Paul and Silas asked for another committee meeting."

"Round about midnight Paul and Silas were praying and singing hymns of praise unto God." And the other prisoners, the lost prisoners were listening. And if you don't think they were listening, notice Verse 28 again where he says, "Don't harm yourself, we are all still here."

Who's the "all"? See, the lost man can't praise God but he can hear you do it.

They had courage. You know why that's courage? Because anybody can praise God when everything makes sense. Anybody can praise God when everything's working in your favor. Anybody - it's a Christian clich'e. Everybody - you hit the Pick 6, "I just want to thank Jesus."

The boxer knocks out his opponent, what's he say? "I just want to thank my Lord Jesus Christ." Ball player scores a touchdown, hits the final three second shot and what do they say? "I just want to big ups to my Lord." I have never heard anybody invert that and say, "Well, you know, I didn't score a touchdown, but Jesus made me fumble on the 20."

You see, anybody can praise God when everything makes sense because you have visceral proof that God's still on his throne. But I would submit to you that the mark of true Christianity, and the measure of Christian maturity is not whether you can praise God because of evidence, but can you praise God in spite?

Can you praise God in darkness? Can you praise God in the dark hours? They praised God when everything seemed against them. Trumped up charges, kangaroo court, beaten with many rods, dragged in front of a tribunal, dual indictment, death sentence, put on death row, and it's midnight when we all whine. They encouraged.

True churches that act like churches praise God anyways. True churches that act like churches praise God not because everybody's coming, but could you come if nobody else did? Or is your Christianity cultural or convenient or comfortable?

Crucified Christianity asks this question, "Would you tithed if nobody else tithed? Would you give if nobody else gave? Would you teach a Sunday School class if nobody showed up? Would you be here to unlock the doors, to be the first one in, if nobody else came in your family? Would you be willing to praise God when everybody else whined or abandoned God? Or even worse, cursed Him."

Can you praise God in darkness? That's courage. Here's the problem, my generation and younger, 40 years old, my generation and younger have very little courage to praise God because we have very little gratitude.

See, Paul and Silas learned the secret of praising Him.

They could take everything from us, cut my head off slowly, mock me on international news or national news, make fun of me in front of my friends. You can do whatever you want, take my house, take my family, take my job, but you can't take my Jesus.

Courage, courage. Somewhere down the line Christianity has become touchy-feelie, scratch and sniff. Go to any Christian bookstore and what's at the front? Stick a geranium in your hat and smile.

An entire culture built on feeling. "Excuse me, I feel -," whatever happened to, "I believe"?

See, what I believe, I tell my students, what I believe is more important than what I feel. What I know is more important than what I believe. And what God says is more important than what I know.

But Christianity has bought into this. And so now we talk about my feelings. Let me tell you a secret, how many here are laymen? How many here are laymen? Raise your hands, if you're not a pastor raise your hand.

Okay, I'm gonna tell you a secret. We get tired of your whining.

In a culture of feelings Christianity has bought into it and every big book is all scratch and sniff. "How does it feel?" Courage is based on belief.

They knew God was coming. My generation and younger have no gratitude and thus we have no courage because quite frankly we've never had to defend the freedoms that we enjoy. We've bought into this wholesale.

My son, my oldest son is gonna turn 6 next month. When he was 3 years old a man showed up at my door to sell me a computer, a computer for him. I had an Etch-a-Sketch.

See, I ain't got any stories to tell. I mean, what sacrifices have I made? Those of you who have sacrificed, you've been through World Wars and Depressions, you've poured out yourself in God's work. Man, you have gratitude because you know what it's like to be without.

This guy's gonna sell me a computer for my son. He said, "Oh, it's got all the bells and whistles. It's got a CD player." My son is not gonna listen to music on a CD player. My son - all you kids listen to me, my son is gonna listen to music the way God intended it, on an 8-track player.

A couple of you, you don't know music until you've heard it down in Program 8 and pop back up at 1.

Can you praise God anyway? Are you grateful anyways? I am immigrant. I am grateful for this country.

I am grateful that I have the freedom to speak. The tsunami was horrible, 155,000 estimated deaths, horrible, three times that have died in Christian persecution in the Sudan, United Arab Emirates, Qatar, Iraq, Iran. Hey, what about them?

Voice of the Martyrs is here. Voice of the Martyrs speaks for those who cannot speak for themselves and you cannot imagine when half a million believers in Jesus Christ, their blood is flowing on streets and in cobblestone paths right now as we speak and everybody's all worried about the tsunami.

I'm not worried about water flowing, how about a little bit of blood flowing?

How about the, stop being Purpose Driven, maybe we need a Persecution Driven church. Because their churches are growing because they're grateful.

Number two, God transformed the jail house into a church house when they displayed conviction. Beginning in Verse 26 Luke, the doctor, you can imagine why, Luke with exacting detail proves that they had ever capacity to escape.

Chains loosened, doors opened, foundation of the prison now shaken. They should have left. They're still under a death sentence. They are still - the people of Philippi do not want you here. They should have left.

They had conviction. They didn't ask to leave, they stuck around. Why did they have the conviction to stick around? Here it is, they knew there was a soul at stake.

"We leave, we go to Macedonia, Troas, Crete, we go somewhere else, we live another day. That guy, they're either gonna take his life or he kills himself." They knew it. What do you do?

They had the conviction to stick around. You see, churches that act like churches have the conviction to stick around because there are souls at stake. It's not about our buildings, it's not about our programs, it's the fact that there are souls at stake.

It's the fact that there are souls dangling over the gaping maw of hell. There are people who are dangling by the precipice of a razors edge wondering if there is somebody who's got something that's worth living for.

In other words, my friends, my brothers, my sisters, that means that churches that act like churches understand this principal. We don't build and program and budget and organize and implement for all those who are already here.

You've been saved 50 years, wonderful. You've been saved 100 years, great. This church, your church, doesn't exist for you.

Your church, this church, our churches, are supposed to build and program and organize and implement and give and budget for the souls that are not here yet.

Do you know why that's so important? Do you know why that's so important? Because somebody stuck around for you.

Somebody stuck around for me. I came here as a missionary to you. I didn't know Christians. I thought you hated me. Everything I ever learned about American Christianity I learned in the mosque from my imam or from my madrassa, my training center. And so every other place I'd ever lived I lived there as a majority person.

I always lived in a majority Islamic countries. Then I come to America. My father was a muezzin. I'm the oldest of three sons to his wife, this one wife. He had many wives. I came as a faithful and devout Muslim.

Every debate I've ever had with a Muslim, "Oh, you do not understand Islam. Oh, you need to understand the Arabic." What's next? That was my language before English. English is hard.

And the worst thing is it's not just English that's hard, all y'all got different accents.

I don't know what it is. I went to college in Kentucky and they were all - the thing is, if you want to talk like a Kentuckian just talk normally, just don't move your lips.

"I'll tell you one thing -,

And then you go to Virginia and it's, I'm going, "Ay, there's a mouse in the house."

I Every Muslim lives and dies by the Five Pillars of Islam. Shahada, _____, Salat, Zakah, _____, all those things you know that. You've heard it on every television show in the world.

But let me summarize all of Islam based on Sura 23: 101-102. Man lives and dies by the scales. If he finds his scales heavy he finds eternal paradise, if he finds his scales light he finds perdition.

In other words, from the moment your father whispers the Shahada in your ear, the creed in your ear, every word, every deed, every motivation, ever desire, everything you do, ever prayer you utter, everything that you do either goes on the good scales or on the bad scales.

So at the end of your life you've got to be 51 percent righteous to make it into paradise. That's why I had a prayer rug in my locker in high school in Brooklyn, New York and then Columbus, Ohio. I would roll my rug out and five times a day, three times in the high school and then twice other times.

<Muslim prayer> and we'd do the prayer time. That's why we fast during Ramadan, that's why we do all these things. We give one-fortieth of our income and worth, because we are terrified that the scales will be empty.

And by the way, can I put the end a little bit of political correctness? They're not terrorist, they are devout. Only one thing in Islam, only one thing offers eternal security, only one thing. There are a number of times through your life where your scales are evened out. A woman giving birth, her scales are evened out. But she goes back to scales again.

There is one eternal security in Islam according to the Islamic doctrine, to die as a martyr in a declared fatwa, in an act of jihad. That's why there's no shortage of people getting on planes. That's why there's no shortage of insurgents getting in the back of trucks in Beirut and driving to Baghdad.

It's why there will not be a shortage because we believed that by shedding our blood and yours that we'd find the one thing that had eluded us our entire lives. Forgiveness.

My father would read us at night, he would say, "Tell me your scales. Tell me - give me the accounting." We'd lie and you hope, "Maybe I'm catching up." But then you fall behind. We live and die by our blood.

Now, I'm gonna tell you how I found out that my blood was both unnecessary and insufficient. You know what reached me for the Gospel of Jesus Christ? It wasn't an incredible choir

It wasn't an incredibly instrumentation. It wasn't a guy with a toupee and a Rolex trying to sell me a Peter and Paul loin cloth on television.

You know what reached me for the Gospel? One high school kid who wouldn't shut up.

Thank God for churches that invest in youth. Thank God for youth that learn how to win their friends to Jesus Christ. Thank God for youth who will not take no for an answer.

Thank God for youth pastors who in the sweat of their brow and Birkenstocks they give themselves to their kids until they realize how to reach their friends for the Gospel of Christ.

I kept telling him no for three years. He wouldn't leave me alone. I had no friends that were Christians. I had no friends that were Jews. I took the vow of Surah 5:51, "Take no friends from among the Jews and the Christians."

He wouldn't leave me alone. Finally to show him I told my Papa I was going to go into this church. "I will show them." And so at the beginning of a revival, he invited me to everything, lock-ins, roller-skating parties, pizza parties, hot dog.

I kept telling him no. No, no, no, no, no, no, no. Finally he invited me to a revival. And so I walked in to Stelzer Road Baptist Church in Columbus, Ohio in full gear with a coat on. And that little church that wouldn't fit in six rows loved me to the cross.

They didn't mock me. They didn't make fun of my accent. They didn't make fun of the - look, if you've never been in a Baptist Church and you've never been in a Baptist world, there's some craziness going

on.

Stand, sit, turn, it's like, Jesersize. Y'all are up and down, up and down, and up and down.

I don't know what the bulletin was. I didn't know what the hymnal was. I thought that the hymnal was the second part of the Bible.

I thought Bill Gaither was an Apostle.

Some of you still do.

I didn't know when to turn. I didn't know where to look in the Bible. They kept sitting next to me. They didn't call me names. They didn't call me towel head, camel jockey or sand nigger. See, I got called that other places.

The meaner I was, the nicer they were. After the service that one high school kid, Jerry Tackett, dragged me to Clarence, "Clarence, here he is," like he's got to point out the guy in the dress, you know?

"Here he is." "Hello, I am anonymous."

"I am a seeker." He said, "Boy, what you think about Jesus?" I said, "Isa? Well, we respect him." I mean, we named the 19th chapter of the Qur'an after his mother. We respect Isa as a Prophet.

Listen to what he said. Those Muslims in this room, listen to me. He said, "You cannot respect Jesus as a Prophet. Jesus said he is God."

And if Jesus said he's God you only have two options. He could be like those walking the streets of Lynchburg drinking Woolite who think they're God.

A lot of people with Messianic complexes, insane people, or he actually was who he said he was. In other words, you've only got two options. You either revere him or you reject him. You don't have the option to simply respect him.

And then he told me about Calvary's cross. He told me that Jesus Christ shed his blood on Calvary's cross, was buried three days, resurrected, spent time with the Apostles in training, he ascended on high and Hebrews tells us what he did then. Jesus presented his blood in Heaven's temple and then he sat down.

I want you to listen to me. You know why that's important? He didn't sit down because he was tired, and he didn't sit down because he was dizzy, and he didn't sit down because he was weary. He sat down because he was done.

Redemption had been paid.

The blood had been shed. One time, one man, for the world through the propitiation of one man's blood I find peace.

My blood means nothing. My blood has no efficacious power. My blood flows on the streets and means nothing. One man's blood, one man's blood.

Jesus. We don't live by scales, we live by the cross. You got me? You see - please be seated. You see I want to cut away from something here. I walked forward. See, I didn't know where the bulletin said I was supposed to walk forward. I didn't know I had to wait for 714 versus of "Just As I Am."

I stepped out of the second pew, walked to the front. Clarence was preaching and he had his eyes closed. "What?" I said, "Isa bin Allah. I believe Jesus is God. I want saved." And he said, "Could you wait for the invitation?"

I said, "No."

He led me to Christ standing in front of the whole church.

Man, listen to me very carefully, let me put something to rest. I didn't switch teams, I didn't change jerseys, and you can pretty much tell I'm not religious. I'm saved.

I didn't go from talking about God in one language to talking about God in another language. I did not go from one form of worshipping Him to another form of worshipping Him. I am not spiritual I am saved. I am born-again. I am blood bought.

What I'm telling you is, I didn't go from talking about God one way to talking about God in another way. I went from worshipping a false dead idol and following a false profit of hell to knowing the one, true living, redeeming, atoning Lord. There is no other God. There is no other God. Jesus alone.

Somewhere down the line we have got to face our culture and go, "Shut up."

Profits of old did it. Jeremiah did it, Ezekiel did it. Now we're too nice. "I don't want to offend them. I'm spiritual."

I'm saved. "Yes, but, getting to God is like getting to Chicago." Shut up.

Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, the life, nobody comes unto the Father but by me." Well, you know, they're very well intentioned. They're well intentioned and going to hell.

Just like the Philippian jailer.

Because Jesus said - not the one who cries, "Lord, Lord." You see, Jesus said, "You must be born again."

And I'm a whosoever will. That night we went to Afterglow. It's where the youth go to Denny's and IHOP.

Huddle House. I got to do two things as a new believer in Jesus. One, took my keffiyeh off and I told the waitress I was saved. And number two, I ordered every piece of ham -

I went home and told my father. I said, "Abi, I am born again. I'm saved." It was November 4, 1982 and it was the last day I saw my father.

No, no, don't feel bad for me. You say, "Well, that's horrible." And yes, I guess on some existential level it might be. But you don't understand. Hadith Volume 9, Number 57, Mohammed's speaking, "If anybody changes his Islamic religious, kill him."

And in 38 countries around our globe that is precisely what takes place. Every Friday Jum'ah prayer, midday, those who have converted from Islam to Christianity are taken out into the city square, buried up to their waist and stoned to death. And we complain about somebody being in our parking spot.

My father disowned me as an act of mercy. The church became my family. You know those kids who show up who don't smell really nice, don't look good, got two different kind of shoes? Back in the days of bus ministries? If it wasn't for the bus driver I wouldn't be in here.

If it wasn't for an 80 year old Sunday School teacher who for some reason wanted to teach high school boys, I wouldn't be here. I was a church orphan. A year later both my brothers got saved.

All three of us born again. All three of us in full-time Gospel ministry.

You know what? All three of us born again because one high school kid stuck around.

In 1991 my Mama got saved. In the baptistry took off her hijab. She's a church planter in Truth or Consequences, New Mexico because one kid stuck around. In 1995 my Mor Mor, my grandmother got saved. Almost 100 years old, all because one high school kid had the conviction and one tiny church had the conviction to stick around.

My father never got saved. He died in 1999. But other than that my entire family changed because one kid. I'm gonna tell you one more thing, give you two illustrations

God transformed the jailhouse and turned it into a church house when they displayed courage, when they displayed conviction, but finally when they displayed compassion.

They didn't just tell him. You know, it would have been easy to hand him a Gospel tract. They didn't hit him over the head with a 50 pound Bible with a 3-D picture of Jesus looking

They went to his house. That's compassionate Christianity. They didn't just tell him and then tell him to tell his family. They told him and then told his family. They shared the word of the Lord together with those who were in his household.

That's compassionate Christianity and that's transformed Christianity.