

Are You Willing to Be Little?

#0203

Study Given by W. D. Frazee—September 11, 1954

In the words of Jesus:

“Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom” Luke 12:32.

Another translation puts it:

“Do not fear little flocklett, for it delights your Father to give you the kingdom” Luke 12:32.

You all know what a flock is: a group of sheep. A flocklett is a diminutive—it means a little flock. And a little flocklett, that would be quite small, wouldn’t it?

So Jesus says:

“Do not fear little flocklett, for it delights your Father to give you the kingdom” Luke 12:32.

My question is: Are we willing to be little? When little David went against great Goliath, the unexpected happened. The big man went down, and the little man used the sword of the big man with which to cut his head off. God is still waiting to find little men who are willing and content to be little, and let God do great things through them.

I think of this wonderful statement in the book *Evangelism*:

“Be willing to be little men handling great subjects”
Evangelism, page 134.

What a privilege we have, dear friends. You know, the reason I like these encouraging promises to little folks is because I’m one, and I think most of you feel that you are.

We will notice what God says:

“For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; And base things of the world, and things which are despised,

hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: That no flesh should glory in His presence. That, according as it is written, He that glories, let him glory in the Lord” 1 Corinthians 1:26–31.

What kind of people are largely used by the Lord? Well, in a word, little folks. Little folks. It calls them here the weak things, the foolish, the base, and those that are despised. Can weak people do anything? Can people that are despised do anything? Can people that are accounted foolish do anything? Paul tells us here that those are largely the ones that God has chosen.

Don't misunderstand me. God is perfectly willing to use a man as strong as Samson or as wise as Solomon. But what did Samson do with his strength? Most of the time, he depended on it to get himself out of problems that his self-indulgence led him into, so that his very strength in time became his downfall and the means of his enslavement.

What did Solomon do with his wisdom? As the Spirit of Prophecy says, we need more than the wisdom of Solomon—the wisdom of One who is greater than Solomon. The Wisdom of Solomon failed. The strength of Samson failed. God would have been glad to use both. He gave strength to Samson and wisdom to Solomon. But there are some of us that He hasn't given us much strength to as He did to Samson; that may yet do exploits for God. And there are some of us that do not have the wisdom that God gave Solomon that still may speak the wisdom of God if we do just what we've read here tonight, and that is, be content to be little men handling great subjects.

I was thinking of that text which says:

“The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks” Proverbs 30:26.

Do you know what they do? They go to the rocks. The rocks are a refuge to the conies. It's the little hares, the rabbits. It's a good thing to know that we're weak. And it isn't cowardice to run when a great big eagle comes around; it isn't cowardice for a little coney to run. Oh, no.

How foolish it would be for the coney to just stand there and say, “Come on, eagle, I'll take you on.” No. The sensible thing is for that coney to run to the rocks and get in those crevices where the eagle can't get at it.

“The name of the LORD is a strong tower: the righteous runs into it, and is safe” Proverbs 18:10.

There is a place to be brave, friends; it's hidden in the Rock—the cleft of the Rock. Then we can be brave. Nobody needs to frighten us there, nobody needs to scare us there; we're hidden in Jesus. He's our refuge.

“The name of the LORD is a strong tower: the righteous runeth into it, and is safe” Proverbs 18:10.

I love to think of John the Baptist. Jesus said of him that there was none greater of all that had been born in this world—none greater than John the Baptist. But do you know what John the Baptist said, speaking of Jesus? “He must increase, but I must decrease.” When he saw Jesus, he said to the people around him, “There is One, the latchet of whose shoes I’m not worthy to unloose.” When that delegation came out from Jerusalem and said, “Who are you anyway? Are you this one and that one?” No. “Are you the Christ?” No. “Who are you?” He said I’m just a voice. I’m the voice of one crying in the wilderness, make straight the path of the Lord as saith the prophet Isaiah.

One of the most majestic, and beautiful passages in the Spirit of Prophecy is this one that I love in the *Desire of Ages*, speaking of John:

“He looked upon the King in His beauty, and self was forgotten. He beheld the majesty of holiness, and felt himself to be inefficient and unworthy. He was ready to go forth as Heaven’s messenger, unawed by the human, because he had looked upon the Divine. He could stand erect and fearless in the presence of earthly monarchs, because he had bowed low before the King of kings”
The Desire of Ages, page 103.

Ah friends, he knew he was little, and so he went to the One that was great. He knew he was weak, so he went to the Strong One, the Mighty One. You and I can do that. So in the same book we’re told:

“Happy are they who are willing for self to be humbled, saying with John the Baptist, ‘He must increase, but I must decrease’” *Ibid.*, page 182.

Jesus said of John the Baptist that he was a burning and a shining light. Do you know what happens to a candle as it burns? The longer it burns, the shorter it gets. If a candle had intelligence and could choose, and should decide that it had gotten just as short as it ought to, it would have to quit shining. Whenever it quits burning, it quits shining. John was a burning and a shining light. He decreased, Christ increased.

Are you willing to be little? Are you willing to get smaller?

We’re told about Elijah, that day when he was up on Carmel, he had that wonderful experience in praying to God and seeing fire fall from Heaven and burn up the offering and the altar and the whole thing until thousands of people were down on their faces worshiping God. He had that marvelous victory over the prophets of Baal. Then he told Ahab, “There’s rain coming,” and he went up to the top of Mount Carmel to pray about that rain.

It hadn’t rained for 3½ years, not even a drop. No dew. We know how things are sometimes with just a few weeks without rain. But there it had been month after month until 42 months had gone by with no rain. Now Elijah’s up there and he’s praying for rain. Remember, he’s the man that has seen fire fall from Heaven. He

had that mighty victory, and all Israel is fallen down and acknowledged that God is God.

He gets up there and he begins to pray for rain. He pleads earnestly that God will fulfill His promise and give rain. He sends his servant to go look and see, go look toward the sea. The servant comes back and says there's nothing. What does Elijah do? He keeps on praying. Again and again he does that, and do you know what he's doing? The Spirit of Prophecy tells us that he's reviewing his life. We're told that as he does that, he gets smaller and smaller in his own eyes until finally, he seems nothing in his own sight and in the eyes of God.

In that sense of utter helplessness, he lays hold of the Righteousness of Christ, and clings as Jacob did to the Angel of the Covenant. The answer comes. There's a little cloud the size of a man's hand. Elijah says that's enough. He says to his servant, run and tell Ahab to hurry home lest the rain stop him. Oh friends, Elijah, who was little in his own eyes, is there on his knees, and he saw more and more of his own helplessness and more and more of the mighty majesty of God.

If the prophet of God, with that illumination of the Spirit needed that experience of self-humbling and self-humiliation, what do you think we need? Do we need it? Oh, yes.

Samuel said to King Saul as one of his presumptuous blunders presented itself, "listen Saul," he said, "When you were little in your own eyes God chose you and exalted you to be king over this people, but the trouble is you've forgotten that."

There's many a man that God has chosen who was little in his own eyes when God chose him, but somehow he is liable to get the idea that some position enlarges him.

Position doesn't enlarge any man, my friend. If you and I were invited to the White House to sit in the chair that President Eisenhower occupies, we might sit there for a whole week; I don't think we'd be able to fill his position, do you? No, no. It isn't position that gives us fitness. "When thou wast little in thine own eyes the Lord chose thee."

It's only as we *stay* little in our own eyes that God keeps on choosing us. It's an unfortunate age, said the messenger of God concerning a man who was mightily used in this movement in the medical missionary work, it's an unfortunate age for any man who has talents that God can use in His work, for nine times out of ten when God gets ready to use him, God can't. The man is too big for God to use. He wants to use God, or at least use himself. "When thou wast little in thine own eyes."

The angel of the Lord came to Gideon and said, "Gideon, thou mighty man of valor; God has chosen you to deliver Israel." Gideon said, "Who am I. My father's house is poor, and I am the least of my father's house. I come from a poor, weak family, and I'm the weakest of them. What can I do?"

That was why God came there. Here was a man that was willing to admit he was weak and needy, that he must have help from God. He got it.

God taught him the same lesson when he got his group together. You remember that after testing God, getting the signs and all, he finally got his men together and how many were there? 32,000. Gideon looked at the host and said, "Oh my, it's no use for us to start with all those tens and hundreds of thousands of Midianites out there, like grasshoppers for multitude." But God came and said, "Gideon, there's too many."

"Too many? Oh Lord, I didn't think there was enough." Gideon didn't think there was enough. Too many, why? Not that God was not willing to use them. He was willing. He would like to have used them, but what did God say? "...Lest Israel vaunt themselves." Isn't that a pitiful thing, friends? They would have gone out there, those 32,000 if God had worked for them; they would have looked at themselves and said, "Well, it was a hard job, but we did it."

No. The Lord said, "Gideon, there are too many. In the morning, blow the trumpet and tell everybody that's fearful and afraid to return early and go home." Gideon did, and you know how many pulled out—22,000, over 2/3rd pulled out. With sinking heart, Gideon watched it.

Oh, my friends, we're going to see this thing happen. We'd better learn the lesson that little folks, weak folks, can still do something for God. If we don't learn that lesson, we won't know how to fight in the last battle of this age-long controversy. We won't know what to do.

The Lord said, Gideon, your difficulty is that there are still too many.

"Too many, I don't know what you mean, Lord?"

Yes, it still wouldn't work if I give you the victory now. I have another test for you before I can get the little flock that I can use. Take them down to the water and test them. They were led down there as though they were to make an attack on the enemy, and some of them as they saw the armed forces there, I suppose they thought, "Well, here's a good chance for us to get a drink of water," they all thought it, but it's interesting the two different ways they went at it.

Some just got down there and just wallowed on the bank there and just took their time and got what they wanted in an easy-go-lucky way. But there were 300 of those men that kept their eyes on the foe and just took a little water in their hands as they went forward, they meant business. The Lord said to Gideon, "Now, you watch them. Put them into two different companies according to the way they do. Those 300 there, those are the ones I'm going to use; send the rest home."

I don't know if those others ever knew why they were sent home. They weren't fearful, or else they would have gone home that morning. But they were self-indulgent. Like Peter, they would have boasted about what they could do, and would have been ready to take their swords and meet a thousand probably—to start with. But like Peter, they would have forsaken the Lord in the crisis hour. God had gotten down now to the hard core, the little flock of what He could use.

What would you have done if you had been Gideon? God said to get in order and attack. It's time to move now. Human wisdom would have said this is of all times the time *not* to attack. This is the time to not do anything like that, but God said, "Yes, this is the time."

You remember the strange and unusual and unmilitary way that Gideon was ordered to go at it. He said to those men, "Get 300 pitchers."

"Pitchers, what are we going to do with pitchers?"

"Never mind, get 300 pitchers, and get 300 lamps."

"Lamps, why we want things dark when we move in."

"Never mind, get 300 lamps, and then get 300 trumpets."

"Trumpets? Why ordinarily, there's a trumpet to each company."

"300 trumpets?"

"Yes, 300 trumpets."

Perhaps those folks who fled away fearful, maybe they were so fearful they left their trumpets. At any rate, they got 300—300 pitchers, 300 lamps, 300 trumpets. Then Gideon divided them into three companies and said: "This is the plan." They listened carefully. The Spirit of God inspired those hearts. They said, "All right, we'll do it."

And so, my dear friends, in the blackness of the night there suddenly rang out the shout of those 300 all around that vast camp, all around the circumference of it. As the pitchers were broken and 300 lamps shown out and 300 trumpets blared forth, and the Midianites suddenly awakened from their slumber, and were thrown into panic. They started fleeing, fighting, killing one another, and the battle was a success.

God gained the victory, and those 300 saw the triumph of a heaven-inspired maneuver. In the very method that was given to victory, God was teaching them the lesson.

Years afterward, the Apostle Paul, catching up the figure, said, "We have this treasure in earthen vessels." Yes, we are earthen vessels, that's all we are. Jesus wants to put His light inside, but the only way it can shine out is if the pitcher be broken. It's the broken and the contrite heart, the one who is willing for self to be humble, that God can use.

"Hark the cry goes forth abroad,
Pitchers for the lamps of God;
Not the beauty of the make,
But oh, the willingness to break
Marks the vessels of the Lord,

Meet to bare His lighted Word.”

God make us pitchers that are willing to be broken.

Some of you’ve heard me tell the experience of Moody in London, but I must tell it again. Moody had not had what the world calls an education. He was a shoe clerk in a big city store. When the Lord found him, he started telling others, keeping on with his work as a shoe clerk. He would go out and gather in the urchins for Sunday school.

He kept on telling about Jesus until finally, he was preaching to great crowds in Chicago and elsewhere. Finally, he was sent for to come to London. Sankey was with him by this time, Sankey, the great singer.

When they got there to London, the people who were arranging it had hired one of the greatest halls or theaters in London. There was a royal box, and there sat the king and queen of England, come out to hear Moody. There were other boxes where dukes and duchess and earls and all the rest were sitting in the great crowd there in Central Park. The galleries were full. Sankey led out in his wonderful way with a song service, singing and playing. And finally, it came time for Moody to speak.

Sankey was a polished gentleman, educated. Thank God, God was using that, Sankey was willing to be used. But Moody was uneducated, but he knew the Bible. Moody got up and he started reading his text.

Somehow the presence of that vast multitude unnerved him a bit, and he fumbled as he read his text. And so he started over again, trying to read his text, and again he stumbled. Sankey tried to help him out. The third time he started to read that text and again he bungled. With that he just bowed his head on the desk weeping.

He said, “Oh Lord, if you can use a poor uneducated man like me to speak to these people, then Lord, speak.”

Then he went ahead and spoke to those people. And as God gave him words, within 20 minutes that audience of thousands of men and women were in tears. The king and queen of England in the royal box were weeping, and God gave him the hearts of those people.

Why? Because he was willing to be a little man handling a great subject. He was willing to be broken, if need be, before those people.

We are too anxious to avoid being broken, let me tell you that. We are too anxious that all men shall speak well of us, forgetting that Jesus said, “Woe unto you when all men speak well of you, for so did their fathers of the false prophets.” We need the sense of intimacy with Jesus that will make us willing to walk the humble road—the road that begins at Bethlehem and leads to Calvary.

“Throughout the history of God’s people, great mountains of difficulty, apparently insurmountable, have loomed up before those who were trying to carry out the purposes of Heaven. Such obstacles are permitted by the Lord as a test of faith. When we are hedged about on every side, this is the time above all others to trust in God and in the power of His Spirit. Before the demand of faith, the obstacles placed by Satan across the pathway of the Christian will disappear; for the powers of heaven will come to his aid. ‘Nothing shall be impossible to you.’ Matthew 17:20. The way of the world is to begin with pomp and boasting” *Prophets and Kings*, pages 594–595.

Friends, if you’ll allow me to put it this way, if men had been arranging things and Jesus was to be born in this world, do you know how men would have arranged it? The press agents and public relations men would have arranged it so it would have happened at Jerusalem, and that all the royalty of earth would have either been there or seen it on television when He was brought in to be presented. Don’t you know it?

But when Jesus was born, He was born in a tiny little village called Bethlehem, and there wasn’t even a room for His mother in the inn. He had to come into this world out in a stable. The only people that came to visit that night were some humble shepherds that the angels told.

Some people would not have thought that a very auspicious beginning, but it was Heaven’s way.

“The way of the Lord is to make small things the beginning of triumph and truth and righteousness. Sometimes He trains His workers by bringing to them disappointment and apparent failure. It is His purpose that they shall learn to master difficulties. Often men are tempted to falter before the perplexities and obstacles that confront them. But if they will hold the beginning of their confidence steadfast unto the end, God will make the way clear” *Ibid*.

By God’s grace I propose to do it, friend. What do you say?

“Success will come to them as they struggle against difficulties. Before the intrepid spirit and unwavering faith of a Zerubbable, great mountains of difficulty will become a plain: and he whose hands have laid the foundation, even ‘his hands shall also finish it.’ ‘He shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shouting, crying, Grace, grace unto it’ Zechariah 4:9, 7” *Ibid*.

Oh, I thank God for this. There’s another reason that we must learn this. Ahead of us is the great crisis, and it’s not very far ahead either. And in *Volume 5*, page 209, I read these important words:

“At the time when the danger and depression of the church are greatest, the little company who are standing in the light will be sighing and crying for the abominations that are done in the land. But more especially will their prayers arise in behalf of the church because its members are doing after the manner of the world. The earnest prayers of this faithful few will not be in vain” *Testimonies for the Church, Volume 5*, page 209.

Do you know what some people will say when a statement like this is read? We’d just as well face it, for it’s there whether we face it or not. Some men will say, “Ah, there you go. You think you are holier than other people. You think you are that little company standing in the light and that other people aren’t.”

My answer to that would be this humbly: I do not think I am the only person in that little company of light, but by God’s grace I want to be one. I want to be one because I know that if I’m not, I have no assurance of the salvation of my soul. I want to press *into* that circle of light, and I want to get everybody else too.

And, friends, there does not need to be the slightest taint of self-righteousness. In fact, there won’t be, in those who press into that little company spoken of here. Let me read it again:

“At the time when the danger and depression of the church are greatest, the little company who are standing in the light will be sighing and crying for the abominations that are done in the land. But more especially will their prayers arise in behalf of the church because its members are doing after the manner of the world. The earnest prayers of this faithful few will not be in vain” *Ibid.*

Oh friends, without the slightest faultfinding with others, my soul says, “God help me press into that experience.” But remember, it’s a little company; that’s what it says—a little company. Therefore if we’re looking for great multitudes, the majority to set the principles of God and the testimony of His Spirit, we shall be disappointed.

Fear not little flock, and as the original has it—little flocklett, just a tiny little flocklett. It delights your father to give you the kingdom. We must believe God is willing to do things for little people and little groups, friends; otherwise, we’ll be utterly confused and depressed and disappointed and defeated in the crisis of the future.

We’re told that God speaks to us not only through the written word and through nature, but through the book of experience. I want to take a page out of the book of human experience tonight that I think you all will be very interested in. I want you to see how God uses people that don’t know much. If they know it, they cry to Him for help. Now, we all here tonight, I suppose, are either medical missionaries or hoping to be. It’s not alone those who call themselves medical missionaries that God uses. All over this world God has, like Cornelius, those that He’s using according to their lights.

I suppose that all of you have heard of Sis. Elisabeth Kenny, the Australian nurse who several years ago was lead to the use of hydrotherapy, as we call it, in the treatment of infantile paralysis, and whose work was finally brought to the attention of many people in Australia, in England, and in this country. And I suppose that in literally thousands of places now, those treatments are being used. All that has happened in our lifetime.

I suppose that while her name and work are familiar to most of us, probably very few of us have heard the little story that I'm going to bring to you tonight. I hadn't heard it until just a few days ago. And when I got hold of it, it impressed my heart very much. It's an example of the fact that God uses people who are little and know it, who are ignorant and know it but want to help somebody. And you as nurses or physicians or as laymen, you will, from time to time, come into hard situations just like this one that I'm going to tell you about. And when you do, remember that the same God who heard the prayers of Elizabeth Kenny will hear your prayers. When thou wast little in thine own sight, the Lord chose thee.

I'm going to tell you the story of how she happened to start using fomentations, blankets wrung out of hot water, to put on sick people with infantile paralysis. Would you like to hear about how she happened to do it? It's a wonderful story.

In her desire to help people, she had at one time decided to go as a missionary to India—this is when she was a girl in Australia. She had taken the nurses' course thinking she could help people more as a nurse. But in the providence of God, as God would arrange it, instead of going to India, she early in her experience began to work for the people in the isolated sections of Australia called "the bush." That's the sparsely settled country where the homes are miles apart, out there in the wilderness. She would get on her pony, on her horse and she'd go where a wagon or buggy couldn't go up there to help the sick people.

There was a Dr. Emmaus McDonald that she was acquainted with, and she had this kind of an arrangement with Dr. McDonald: When she'd get way out there in the bush, and she'd get into a situation that she didn't know what to do, she would go to the nearest telegraph office sometimes miles away and send in over the wire a description of the symptoms, and wait there for several hours, and finally a message would come back from this doctor telling her what the disease was and what to do. It was quite a way to carry on the practice of medicine, wasn't it? It was by remote control. But she was trying to help those poor people.

Well, when she was 23 years of age and had been doing this work for a while—just 23 mind you—she met her first case of this dread disease, infantile paralysis. It was on this wise:

One autumn evening she'd been summoned to go to the humble hut of an employee of a sheep owner. She'd been there six months before at the delivery of the little baby, the youngest member of the family. There were three other children.

And as she came in this evening to the cottage, she noticed that the children didn't run out to meet her. When she'd been there six months before, she'd been

especially taken, she'd fallen in love with the little two-year-old with golden hair and blue eyes, and she was hoping to see this little thing. Imagine her dismay to find that it was this little one that was sick; now between two and a half and three years of age. I'll let her describe it as she does here:

"This little girl, my special pet, was ill. She lay upon a cot in a most alarming attitude. One knee was drawn up toward the face, and the foot was pointed downward. The little heel was twisted and turned outward or abducted as we say. One arm lay with a flexed elbow across the chest. Any attempt to straighten a member caused the child extreme pain.

"The little golden-haired girl who had gladdened my former stay in this humble home was indeed very sick, and with an ailment that was unknown to me. For the moment I felt beaten, since I did not know what to do until I could get the necessary medical advice. This must come by telegram. The nearest telegraph office was several miles away. There was nothing for it but to write out, send my message, and await the answer. The waiting seemed years instead of hours.

"During that interval a very agitated father of seven children came with the appalling announcement that his ten-year-old son and his four-year-old daughter had been taken with similar symptoms. They could neither stand nor walk. 'They went lame yesterday,' he explained, 'and today they can't move.'

"The distance between the two homes was four miles."

So here she had three patients with this mysterious disease on her hands. She didn't know the name of it and didn't know what to do.

"In my anxious suspense, the reply to my telegram was anything but heartening. Here's the telegram. 'Infantile paralysis. No known treatment. Do the best you can with the symptoms presenting themselves.' Signed by Doctor McDonald.

"Fortunately, perhaps, I was completely ignorant of the orthodox theory of the disease. It had not been encountered by any of the members of the medical profession with whom I had been associated. In those remote days it had not been prevalent, and if it occurred at all it must have been left unobserved by the country practitioner. I felt as if I had been confronted by a blank wall, but panic plays no part in the training of a nurse."

“The obvious agony of the little golden-haired patient called for immediate action of some sort. The cruel shortening of the muscles affected the wild fear expressed in the once laughing blue eyes; the tenseness and the terror of contact even with the loving arms of the almost distracted mother were sufficient to wring the heart of anyone who witnessed them. My family upbringing and my feeling of utter helplessness prompted me to close my eyes and pray for Divine guidance.”

There she is, this 23-year-old girl, miles and miles from any hospital or doctor. She’s gotten this telegram—“It’s infantile paralysis, no known treatment, do the best you can with the symptoms.” She sees that poor little girl not three years old in that agony of pain and spasm. She longs to do something, and her sense of helplessness drives her to prayer. It ought to, friends. It ought to.

Fortunately, it did. If she had known more of the wisdom of this world, she would never have done it. She knew enough to know that she didn’t know, and she cried to God.

Now listen. Oh, it’s interesting me when we talk about the balance between faith and works—she’s got it. Let me read these two sentences together; they come right along one after the other:

“My feeling of utter helplessness prompted me to close my eyes and pray for Divine guidance. I set to work at once to relieve the mounting distress that was evident in the whole being of the disease-racked child. I saw the little girl’s efforts to protect the painful contracting muscles from stretch that would increase the pain. And from my knowledge of muscle structure I was aware that if this contraction could not be overcome, deformity and perhaps other most undesirable complications would result.

“I knew the relaxing power of heat. I filled a frying pan with salt, placed it over the fire, then poured it into a bag and applied it to the leg that was giving the most pain. After an anxious wait I saw that no relief followed the application. I then prepared a linseed meal poultice, but the weight of this seemed only to increase the pain. At last I tore a blanket made from soft Australian wool into suitable strips and wrung them out of boiling water. These I wrapped gently about the poor tortured muscles. The whimpering of the child ceased almost immediately, and after a few more applications her eyes closed slowly and she fell asleep.

“Oh, sleep, oh gentle sleep, I thought gratefully. Nature’s soft nurse. After a short while however, the little

slumberer awoke fretfully and cried out, 'I want them rags that wells my legs.' And so the little girl of the Australian bush land unknowingly spoke her approval of a treatment that was one day to become the subject of much heated debate among the learned members of the medical world."

Oh friends, I thank God for that experience. Do you see that beautiful blending of faith and works? Do you see that beautiful blending of the sense of helplessness and the determination to do something to help?

The sense of helplessness drove her to do what she could and as she saw that was not enough, to cry to God.

Did she get an answer? Did she get help? And in that help, thousands upon thousands have been helped.

Would you allow me to suggest this? I wonder if God might have been willing to do it for somebody else? I wonder if He would have. And may I suggest another question: Are there any other problems besides infantile paralysis that need to be solved? Are there any other times when a nurse or even a doctor must stand helpless, not knowing what to do?

Ah friends, "When thou wast little in thine own eyes, the Lord chose thee." "The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits." When we come to the person that's dying with cancer, when we come to other things the cure of which is not known, and most of all, when we come to the person who needs to know God and doesn't know Him, oh, how helpless we feel!

My plea is tonight, friend, let us not run from those feelings of helplessness as if they could keep us from accomplishing something for God. Let us rather sense that it is in those very experiences that we are drawing near, if we will, to the greatest triumphs of our lives.

What did Paul say? Oh, he said the Lord did some things for me to help me realize my helplessness. I cried for Him to take away the afflictions, but the Lord told me He had a better plan. "Paul," He said, "I'm going to leave that thorn in your flesh so that you'll feel helpless, so that you'll feel weak. The Lord told me, Paul says:

"My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me... for when I am weak, then am I strong"
2 Corinthians 12:9-10.

Be willing to be little men handling great subjects. I chose to be tonight, my friend. What do you say? Thank God.

In closing, I'd just like to call our attention to the greatest hour of all eternity—the hour when Jesus hung upon the cross. If there was ever a time when any cause

in this world looked hopeless, that was the hour. If there was ever a time when a leader of a cause looked absolutely helpless, that was the time.

There was only one in all that experience that called Him Lord, and that was a thief dying by His side. His best friends had forsaken Him. From the foot of the cross, there floated up to his lips the mournful words, "We trusted that it had been He that would have redeemed Israel." It looked dark. Christ seemed forsaken by man and God. He seemed to die defeated. But He refused to give up the struggle.

By faith and faith alone, He clung to the Father's promise. And through death, He destroyed him that had the power of death, that is, the Devil.

There's a great deal of singing about the cross. For years the *Old Rugged Cross* has been the great favorite. There are hundreds of songs written about the cross. But very few people are interested in getting anywhere near the cross.

If we travel with Jesus, we'll get there and not before long. And we shall need to know that God loves to use the weak, the apparently defeated, the helpless as they cry to Him.

May He bless us with that assurance, that simple faith, that childlike faith tonight. Those who learn the lesson can be daunted by nothing. I know that many of you would like to speak in response. Let us make Jesus happy by our simple faith and our assertion of it.

[Testimony service]

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W. D. Frazee Sermons
435 Lifestyle Lane, Wildwood, GA 30757
1-800-WDF-1840 / 706-820-9755
www.WDFsermons.org
support@WDFsermons.org