



THE CHURCH AT ELLERSLIE
SUNDAY SERMON NOTES

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SUNDAY, JUNE 7, 2015

RELENTLESS LOVE

A Study in the Bold Evangelistic Pursuit of Lost Souls



My Dream of Being Surrounded by “The Love Army”

I woke up thinking, “That is the way the Church should be . . . relentless and untiring in its love!”

The Confession of a Modern-Day American Pastor

- I feel I am an emaciated picture of what the robust and relentless Christian ought to be
- I am deeply convicted that I have not loved the lost as I should. I have not agonized over the thought of their imminent departure into the fires of an eternal hell. I have not allowed God’s burden to fully consume me and to move me to desperate action.
- I am convicted that my life supplies a pattern to others for bold proclamation amongst the believing ones and for remaining silent amongst the unbelieving ones.
- I recognize my need for a baptism of Christ’s Love. And I wish to be the first among us to today to confess my need for something far more than what I currently possess in my soul.

Hey You! Yah, You, Eric! Go!

And He said unto (Eric Ludy), Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.

Mark 16:15

Go ye therefore (Eric Ludy), and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

Matthew 28:19

And the Lord said unto (Eric Ludy), Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.

Luke 14:23

As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you (Eric Ludy).

John 20:21

The Outbreak of Slow Rot

The Key Terms

The Suburb of Destruction

The district, under the governance of Mayor Macabre, on “that side” of the line, under the canopy of darkness, where every single person is slowly dying from Slow Rot.

The Suburb of Salvation

The district, under the governance of King Christ, on the “other side” of the line, in the full light of the Son of God, where every single person is made whole and healthy through the Lone Cure.

Slow Rot

A disease that always leads to a slow, miserable, painful death. The Rot Weevil hatches at the uttermost point of the great cardiac vein near the apex of the human heart. It feeds on human blood and slowly grows, eating away the life of the host. The Rot Weevil’s secret is its numbing agent that it injects into the heart tissue of its host prior to devouring the tissue. Therefore, the human is wholly unaware of the horrible creature eating away its insides. After the Rot Weevil increases to the size of a baseball, it begins to be noticed by the human due to the fact that the pain of the Weevil’s feasting is greater than the power of the Weevil’s numbing agent. From this point till death, the human suffers in abject misery. That is, unless the Lone Cure for Slow Rot is brought.

The Lone Cure

The Blood Transfusion. Come to the Hospital on this side of the line. Submit to the Great Physician and let Him supply you the New Blood for your body. You lie down and yield to His tender, yet firm, salvation. He will place His own Life within your Body and you must allow your old blood, your old life, to exit. When His Life comes in, the Rot Weevil will be driven out and all future Rot Weevil eggs will have no old blood to feed on and grow.

Two Forms of Pain

Enemy Pain and God Pain

The Three Theaters of Suffering

The Concentration Camp vs. The Boot Camp vs. The Field of Battle

The Question Lies Before Each of Us?

Just outside your door, across that line, in the Suburb of Destruction, is your neighbor who is dying of Slow Rot. You have the Lone Cure. You have been asked by your King to cross the line, to enter that dark district and to authoritatively tell them, in the Name of the Risen Lord, Savior, and King to leave their district and submit themselves to the Blood Transfusion, lest they die. What will you do? For if you stay silent, they will soon die and their suffering will be eternal.

The Two

- Goats, Sheep
- Tares, Wheat

Two Churches - Two Responses to Slow Rot

- The Church that exists in order to subsist, but can only survive one more generation
- And the Church that exists for the proclamation of a Kingdom, to go into all the world and preach the Gospel

There Are Always Two

- The Church that just tries to survive
- The Church that defies, and as a result, thrives

There Are Always Two

- The Church that goes silent
- The Church that confesses

The Confessing Church

The Only Real Church is the Church that Does Something

And when He had called His twelve disciples to Him, He gave them power over unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all kinds of sickness and all kinds of disease (Mat 10:1) . . . These twelve Jesus sent out (Mat 10:5) . . . (Jesus said to them) "Behold, I send you out as sheep in the midst of wolves. Therefore be wise as serpents and harmless as doves. But beware of men, for they will deliver you up to councils and scourge you in their synagogues (Mat 10:16-17) . . . And you will be hated by all for My name's sake. But he who endures to the end will be saved (Mat 10:22) . . . do not fear them (Mat 10:26) . . . Whatever I tell you in the dark, speak in the light; and what you hear in the ear, preach on the housetops (Mat 10:27) . . . Do not fear (Mat 10:31) . . . **whoever confesses Me before men**, him I will also confess before My Father who is in heaven. **But whoever denies Me before men**, him I will also deny before My Father who is in heaven (Mat 10:32-33) . . . He who loves father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me. And he who loves son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me. And he who does not take his cross and follow after Me is not worthy of Me. He who finds his life will lose it, and he who loses his life for My sake will find it. He who receives you receives Me, and he who receives Me receives Him who sent Me (Mat 10:37-40) . . . And whoever gives one of these little ones only a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, assuredly, I say to you, he shall by no means lose his reward (Mat 10:42)."

The Anatomy of Confession

Homo + Logos = Confession

Homologeō - Hah-mah-lah-gay-oh

A verbal declaration of your thorough alignment and agreement with The Word of God in Text and in Person

... **whoever confesses Me before men**, him I will also confess before My Father who is in heaven. **But whoever denies Me before men**, him I will also deny before My Father who is in heaven.

Matthew 10:32-33

We Want to Be the Confessing Church

But, oh, we are so weak, so timid, so, so . . . “American”

American

The Modern Definition: *Inclined toward comfort, ease, self-satisfaction, self-reward, self-coddling, and letting someone else do the heavy lifting for us*

Passivity Begets Passivity

- Golden Retrievers beget Golden Retriever puppies
- Eagles beget baby eaglets
- Timid Christians beget Little Timid-ettes
- However, that said, Bold Christians beget Bold Christians

The Return of the “Christian” Christian

Those that won't take “No” as a valid answer

Relentless Christianity

Pursuing the lost with the Pursuit of the Holy Spirit (with relentless love, relentless kindness, relentless truth, and relentless invitation)

The Jack Philpott Residence

The *Christian* Christian comes to the door of the Philpott residence. Jack Philpott, a staunch and devout unbeliever, shuts the door in his face with a huff of incredulity. The *Christian* Christian goes to the window of the Philpott home and beckons Mr. Philpott to consider the desperate state of his soul. Jack Philpott slams the window on the *Christian* Christian's fingers with a curse. The *Christian* Christian sticks his head in through the dog door and begs Mr. Philpott to hear him, but Jack Philpott boards up the dog door with a shout of disgust after supplying a swift kick to the *Christian* Christian's nose. The *Christian* Christian immediately climbs up on the Philpott roof and calls down through the chimney. Jack immediately starts a fire in the hearth and sends forth a cloud of ash up into the *Christian* Christian's face, knocking him off the roof and into the brambly sticker bush on the north end of the house. Jack Philpott loads his rifle and cocks it. The *Christian* Christian raps with morse code on the siding of the Philpot house. "S-U-R-R-E-N-D-E-R _ T-O _ J-E-S-U-S _ _ J-A-C-K!" Jack, in a fury of rage, steps out and shoots the *Christian* Christian in the chest. It's a fatal shot. But in the last few gasps of life that the *Christian* Christian possesses, he whispers to Jack, "Jesus died for you, Jack, because he loves you. I will die for the same reason." And then the *Christian* Christian reaches for his cell phone and speed dials another *Christian* Christian and with his dying breath he groans into the phone, "Send another *Christian* Christian to the Jack Philpott residence ASAP! He's ready to hear. Love has broken through!" The *Christian* Christian dies with a smile of satisfaction on his face. And minutes later, another *Christian* Christian arrives at the Philpott home ready to pick up where the first *Christian* Christian left off. Jack is waiting there . . . bewildered . . . conquered . . . wholly transformed by this Divine love. Jack Philpott is ready to say "Yes!" to Jesus Christ, because a *Christian* Christian did what they were commissioned to do.

The Romanian Pastor

Pleading “Where’s the Dignity in Such a Thing?”

NOTE: Here’s Catherine Booth’s response to the concern about losing the dignity of the Gospel in being relentless after someone’s soul

It was a very undignified thing, looked at humanly, to die on a cross between two thieves. That was the most undignified thing ever done in this world, and yet, looked at on moral and spiritual grounds, it was the grandest spectacle that ever earth or heaven gazed upon, and methinks that the inhabitants of heaven stood still and looked over the battlements at that glorious, illustrious sufferer, as He hung there between heaven and earth. The Pharisees, I know, spat upon the humbled sufferer, and wagged their heads and said, "He saved others, himself He cannot save." Ah! but He was intent on saving others. That was the dignity of Almighty strength allying itself with human weakness, in order to raise it. It was the dignity of eternal wisdom shrouding itself in human ignorance, in order to enlighten it. It was the dignity of everlasting, unquenchable love, baring its bosom to suffer in the stead of its rebellious creature--man. Ah! it was incarnate God standing in the place of condemned, apostate man--the dignity of love! love! LOVE!

Catherine Booth

What Holds us Back?

The want of Heavenly Love

The Confession of Samuel Logan Brengle

*“God blessed the Word mightily to others,
but I think He blessed it most to myself!”*

That confession put me on record. It cut the bridges down behind me. Three worlds were now looking at me as one who professed that God has given him a clean heart. I could not go back now. I had to go forward. God saw that I meant to be true till death. So two mornings after that, just as I got out of bed and was reading some of the words of Jesus, He gave me such a blessing as I never had dreamed a man could have this side of Heaven. It was a heaven of love that came into my heart. I walked out over Boston Common before breakfast weeping for joy and praising God. Oh, how I loved! In that

hour I knew Jesus and I loved Him till it seemed my heart would break with love. I loved the sparrows, I loved the dogs, I loved the horses, I loved the little urchins on the streets, I loved the strangers who hurried past me, I loved the heathen - I loved the world.

Samuel Logan Brengle, 1896

But, Can We Have This Same Love?

. . . **the love of God is shed abroad** in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.

Romans 5:5

Ekcheō - Eck-(clear throat) hhhay-oh

To gush forth in great measure; to severely hemorrhage blood as from a spear wound; to burst forth in massive quantity ; to dump out in entirety; to break open and spill out; to distribute in great measure; to cascade over due to the vast abundance of substance gushing without restraint into a small vessel; a Niagran waterfall overwhelmingly plunging into a small container.

Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which **he shed on us abundantly** through Jesus Christ our Savior.

Titus 3:5-6

Re-Introducing Relentless Christianity to the Church

Christianity that won't take 'NO' for an answer, but is like a Niagran waterfall of unceasing love washing over the lives of the lost and dying

The Timid Woman That Became a Powerhouse for the Gospel

It seems to me that we come infinitely short of any right and rational idea of the aggressive spirit of the New Testament saints. Satan has got Christians to accept what I may call a namby-pamby, kid-glove kind of system of presenting the Gospel to people.

`Will they be so kind as to read this tract or book, or would they not like to hear this popular and eloquent preacher. They will be pleased with him quite apart from religion.' That is the sort of half-frightened, timid way of putting the truth before unconverted people, and of talking to them about the salvation of their souls. It seems to me this is utterly antagonistic and repugnant to the spirit of the early saints: "Go ye, and preach the Gospel to EVERY CREATURE"; and again the same idea--"Unto whom now I send thee." Look what is implied in these commissions. It seems to me that no people have ever yet fathomed the meaning of these two Divine commissions . . . Look at them. Would it ever occur to you that the language meant, "Go and build chapels and churches and invite the people to come in, and if they will not, let them alone?" "GO YE." If you sent your servant to do something for you, and said, `Go and accomplish that piece of business for me.' You know what it would involve. You know that he must see certain persons; and run about the city to certain offices and banks and agents, involving a deal of trouble and sacrifice; but you have nothing to do with that. He is your servant. He is employed by you to do that business, and you simply commission him to `Go and do it.' What would you think if he went and took an office and sent out a number of circulars inviting your customers or clients to come and wait on his pleasure, and when they chose to come just to put your business before them? No, you would say, `Ridiculous.' Divesting our minds of all conventionalities and traditionalisms, what would the language mean? "Go ye!" To whom? "To every creature." Where am I to get at them? WHERE THEY ARE. "Every creature." There is the extent of your commission. Seek them out; run after them, wherever you can get at them. "Every creature"--wherever you find a creature that has a soul--there go and preach My Gospel to him. If I understand it, that is the meaning and the spirit of the commission.

Catherine Booth

The Bold Sprint

The Scene: The Battle of Israel against the Philistines in the Valley of Elah

The Particulars: It's the 41st day. David just arrived in the camp delivering bread and cheese. And he sees something that, for some reason, no one else sees. Everyone else in Israel is focused on a big mocking giant, named Goliath. But David sees "the cause of God".

Is there not a cause?

David

1 Samuel 17:29

A Little Imagination is Required Here

Introducing the "Lost Soul"

If you look really close, and ignore the big boasting giant for a second, you will see a desperate soul behind the tree-like legs of the giant. He is trapped, unable to escape - from under the spell and control of the giant.

Israel is fearful and considers its well-being of more import than the rescue of the "Lost Soul"

David, on the other hand, is faithful and considers the worth of this lost soul of more import than his very life. So, he grabs five smooth stones and boldly sprints.

The Giant is Already Defeated

Go into all the world and rescue my sheep. I have not given you the spirit of timidity, but the spirit of power, love, and a sound mind. Go! Go! GO! Do not fear this giant. Do not heed his disdain or his mockeries. Relentlessly pursue those entrapped in his snare.

Reasoning Like Heaven

- Christ bled, suffered, and died for that lost soul currently crouched defiantly behind the tree-like legs of the giant of Sin
- He assigned ME to go after that soul. Is there not a cause?
- Do I fear the giant more than I love the lost soul held slave to his power?

- Even if my bold approach causes even greater mockery from the giant of Darkness and the lost soul itself hollers at me to shut up and leave him alone. I am led onward by a higher purpose than social etiquette, but by the mandate to love, even unto death.

The Commission to Sprint

They are asleep--go and wake them up. They do not see their danger. If they did, there would be no necessity for you to run after them. They are preoccupied. Open their eyes, and turn them round by your desperate earnestness and moral suasion and moral force; oh! it makes me tremble to think what a great deal one man can do for another! "Turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." How did Paul understand it? He says, "We persuade men." Do not rest content with just putting it before them, giving them gentle invitations, and then leaving them alone. He ran after them, poor things, and pulled them out of the fire. Take the bandage off their eyes which Satan has bound round them; knock and hammer and burn in, with the fire of the Holy Ghost, your words into their poor, hardened, darkened hearts, until they begin to realize that they are IN DANGER; that there is something amiss. Go after them.

Catherine Booth

Compel Them!

Go out . . . and **compel** them to come in, that my house may be filled.

Luke 14:23

What is to be done? They have souls. You profess to believe that as much as I do, and that they must live for ever. Where are they going? What is to be done? Jesus Christ says, 'Go after them.' When all the civil methods have failed; when the genteel invitations have failed; when one man says that he has married a wife, and another that he has bought a yoke of oxen, and another that he has bought a piece of land--then does the Master of the feast say, 'The ungrateful wretches, let them alone?' "No." He says, "Go out into the

highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." I will have guests . . . Go and COMPEL them to come in.

Catherine Booth

What! Am I to let my unconverted friends and acquaintances drift down quietly to damnation, and never tell them about their souls, until they say, 'If you please, I want you to preach to me?' Is this anything like the spirit of early Christianity? No. Verily we must make them look--tear the bandages off, open their eyes, make them bear it, and if they run away from you in one place, meet them in another, and let them have no peace until they submit to God and get their souls saved. This is what Christianity ought to be doing in this land, and there are plenty of Christians to do it. Why, we might give the world such a time of it that they would get saved in very self-defense, if we were only up and doing, and determined that they should have no peace in their sins.

Catherine Booth

It's Okay to Acknowledge your Need

You just mustn't allow the timidity to remain

Eric: Lord, I can't do this!

Jesus: Eric, will you let me do this in you?

Eric: Yes, please. I beg for the baptism of love to overcome me. May I have an eternal ache for the souls bound in sin, and may I not be able to ignore these precious ones, forget them, overlook them, or walk by them passively again.

For God Has NOT Given Us the Spirit of Fear

For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.

2 Timothy 1:7

- KJV - hath not given us the spirit of fear
- NKJV - has not given us the spirit of fear
- NIV - the Spirit does not make us timid
- ESV - (God) gave us a Spirit not of fear
- NASB - (God) not given us a spirit of timidity

He Has Given Us a Spirit of Power, of Love, and of a Sound Mind

Once recommenced, the fruitful agency of field-preaching was not allowed to cease. Amid jeering crowds and showers of rotten eggs and filth, the immediate followers of the two great Methodists continued to storm village after village and town after town. Very varied were their adventures, but their success was generally great. One smiles often when reading incidents in their labours. A string of packhorses is so driven as to break up a congregation, and a fire-engine is brought out and played over the throng to achieve the same purpose. Handbells, old kettles, marrow-bones and cleavers, trumpets, drums, and entire bands of music were engaged to drown the preachers' voices. In one case the parish bull was let loose, and in others dogs were set to fight. The preachers needed to have faces set like flints, and so indeed they had. John Furz says: "As soon as I began to preach, a man came straight forward, and presented a gun at my face; swearing that he would blow my brains out, if I spake another word. However, I continued speaking, and he continued swearing, sometimes putting the muzzle of the gun to my mouth, sometimes against my ear. While we were singing the last hymn, he got behind me, fired the gun, and burned off part of my hair." After this, my brethren, we ought never to speak of petty interruptions or annoyances. The proximity of a blunderbuss in the hands of a son of Belial is not very conducive to collected thought and clear utterance, but the experience of Furz was probably no worse than that of John Nelson, who coolly says, "But when I was in the middle of my discourse, one at the outside of the congregation threw a stone, which cut me on the head: however, that made the people give greater attention, especially when they saw the blood run down my face; so that all was quiet till I had done, and was singing a hymn."

Charles Spurgeon
Lectures to My Students - #17

You Were Relentlessly Pursued

Now, You must allow the Relentless Savior to Love and Pursue Others Through You

Find a sinner and start practicing!

Ray Comfort

The Mission of Relentless Love

- If they slam the door in your face
 - *Then go to the window*
- If the window shuts
 - *Then go to the dog door*
- If the dog door is boarded up
 - *Then go to the chimney*
- If the chimney shoots out ash
 - *Then start rapping on the siding with morse code*
- If you get shot in the chest with a bullet, and your life is fading away
 - *Then whisper your love to the sinner and call on one of us to pick up where you left off*