

When I set out to record the verses that were directly inspired by Pastor Bill Bailey, I had no idea there were so many. These are a few of them. Comments were given, but to keep them brief, all I mention are what sort of source he used, and the date mentioned.

There are many more, so there will be future books of this nature.

Timos

From Isaiah 55:12

The trees will clap and sing with joy,
When Jesus comes to reign;
All nature will its tongue employ,
And peace will come, remain!

Right now they suffer and travail,
And all nature sighs;
But He will come, and will prevail,
Before our very eyes!

Be patient, He will come that day,
Eternally to reign;
And you, O Earth, will have your say,
And peace will come, remain!

From the Sunday School lesson of September 4, 2016.

Too Late!

To spend an eternity damned in Hell,
God's pleasure you must ignore;
Spurning all Christ has for you,
Mocking His implore.

God takes no pleasure when He casts,
Any into brimstone;
To burn forever in Hell's flame,
Away from Christ's atone.

Eternally to wish undone,
Your mocking, every spurn;
Your knowing now, but, O too late,
Too late! Too late to turn!

From the morning sermon of August 7, 2016.

From Jude 1:1 Plus

Sanctified, we're set apart,
He will not cast me out;
Positionally, I'm safe in Him,
How can I ever doubt?

Sanctified, He'll help me live,
More like Him every day;
As I daily read His Word,
He'll never let me stray.

Sanctified, when home at last,
First Thes, five twenty three;
At the final trumpet blast,
With Him eternally!

Sanctified, by Christ alone,
Through nothing that I did;
Lord Jesus, haste the day You come,
When with Thee I am hid.

Preserved in Christ, both then and now,
And when He calls me home;
Romans eight, verse thirty, on,
He will not let me roam.

Lord Jesus, make me more like Thee,
Whatever man may do;
Nought can ever separate,
Thou wilt see me through.

Ephesians one, eleven, plus,
Sealed for all time;
Peter First, one, three through five,
Preserved in Heaven's clime!

From the Sunday School lesson of September 27, 2009.

Seek Ye The Lord

Seek ye the Lord,
But not what He did;
While He is near,
And can be bid.

Seek not His works,
Nor His mighty deeds;
His power displayed,
To meet all your needs.

But rather seek,
For Him alone,
Simply ask,
For His atone.

Seek for the Lord,
He's waiting outside;
Those other things,
He will provide.

Yes, seek ye the Lord,
He's waiting for you;
He stands at your door,
What more can He do?

From the morning sermon on October 16, 2016.

Be Ye Holy

Be ye holy, as am I,
Saith God's spotless perfect Lamb;
Be ye holy, I'll provide,
Your wants and needs, and always guide.

From either the Sunday School lesson or morning sermon on November 7, 2010.

My Final Home

This is not my final home,
This shell in which I live;
Dust it is, to dust return,
Another God shall give.

Housed in this passing dwelling,
My spirit, soul abides;
But even as I do so,
Christ within resides.

Lord, keep me from adorning,
And beautifying clay;
Please, Lord, work within me,
Until that promised day.

Let Thy living Presence,
Be seen in all I do;
No matter what I'm doing,
I would that they see You.

One day You will call me,
With trumpet from above;
And give to me a body,
Fashioned out of love.

Sustained for all eternity,
In body blest by Thee;
One that never hurts or sins,
Forever I shall be.

This will be my final home,
Forever I shall live;
In body giv'n at Thy return,
This—the one You'll give!

From the morning sermon on November 7, 2012.

In Mercy

In mercy He gives us,
Less than we deserve;
Holding back His great anger,
With infinite reserve.

We still must be punished,
For wrongs that we do;
Still, in His great mercy,
His worst He'll eschew.

(I did not deserve it,
Yet Jesus still came;
In mercy He saved me,
When I called on His name.)

In mercy He gives me,
More than I deserve;
Erasing His anger,
With infinite reserve!

From the morning sermon, January 24, 2016.

My Call

To sail into the fiercest gale,
Regardless of the cost;
The Saviour empowering every sail,
On ship so tempest tossed.

Taking on the stiffest storm,
By His power I advance;
Not willing to the world conform,
I freely take my stance!

From the morning sermon, March 25, 2012.

Watch and Pray

Watch and pray, the hour comes,
The time you do not know;
When the Son of Man returns,
The hour we must go.

You cannot trust man's dating,
You will not live for aye;
Cast away your confidence,
He'll come, or you will die.

From a Sunday School lesson or evening sermon on March 14, 2010. The 'unsinkable Titanic' was used as an object lesson.

God's Yardstick

The yardstick isn't others,
Fellow sisters, brothers;
Thinking we are better than,
Any other woman, man.

We must see us, as God sees,
He's the One that we must please;
But what is man, that He should care?
Every sin to share and bear?

I'm no better than the worst,
The Bible has declared all curst;
Keep me, Lord, from getting vain,
For me, and them, Thy Son was slain.

Before (and after) I was saved,
To this pride I've been enslaved;
Thou canst help me, Thou alone,
Help me, Thou Who didst atone.

Help me to examine ME,
No one else, my only plea;
Do I do what I should not?
Or do I do as I've been taught?

Teach me, Saviour, I would know,
Guide me, Jesus, I would grow;
Back to the basics, if there's need,
Blessed Saviour, ever lead.

I would treasure Thee the most,

In Thy blessings, I would boast;
But humbly say they're undeserved,
And by Thy grace I am preserved.

Plant me in Thy garden, Lord,
Thou and I in one accord;
Then let me, by Thy matchless grace,
Join Thee, in this promised place.

But until then, Lord, lead and teach,
Thou hast promised to do each;
I come! I come! I come to Thee,
And accept Thy grace so free.

From the morning sermon, March 1, 2009.

Looking

Looking for His coming,
As He went away—
Yet working if He should delay:
The worldly overcoming,
Love not that which shall pass—
These things that men amass . . .

From the morning sermon, February 12, 2012.

Stand Fast

Quitting is not an option,
If nothing else, stand fast;
Although the Devil tempt you,
In Christ our hope is cast.

He'll strengthen, and enable you,
To keep you, lest you fall;
To always go before you,
Whatever may befall.

Victory is certain,
As on Him we depend;
He knows what lies ahead of us,
And strength and help will send.

So, when the slope is slippery,
If nothing else, stand fast;
Standing there beside you,
Is He, where hope is cast!

From both the morning and evening sermons, October 12, 2014.

Cross Words

No cross words in Heaven,
All seven have been said;
Spoken by the Son of God,
Before He was dead.

My tears cried in Heaven,
The very last was shed;
By Jesus o'er Jerusalem,
Before He was dead.

From a comment during Sunday School, on April 24, 2016, the last stanza added to finish it.

Easter 2015

Barabbas should have helped Him,
Not Simon of Cyrene;
Perhaps he wasn't even there,
At that awful scene.

(Would I have given any help,
Or been there in that crowd?
Would I have dared to volunteer,
If that had been allowed?)

We don't know what happened,
After his release;
He vanishes in history,
As mists will when they cease.

We really should have shouldered,
The cross that Jesus bore;
Lord, if I've done as Barabbas,
Forgive me, I implore!

This was written April 5-11, 2015, based on the morning sermon on the 5th---with minor changes on the 11th---this is exactly as was written during the sermon.

He Found Me

I didn't find it,
He found me;
Showing me my sin:
I saw myself,
As He saw me;
Awakening begin.

I knew I couldn't,
Change myself;
From what He let me see:
I begged Him to make me,
As Himself;
No other way could see.

My soul He cleansed,
My sin erased;
Till whiter than the snow:
Bathed in His blood,
All guilt displaced;
He found me, this I know.

Lord, keep me in,
Remembrance;
Of what I was back then:
Lest I forget,
Thy providence;
Over and over again!

On August 21, 2016, the morning sermon referred to an evangelical campaign about 40 years ago, based on a billboard. I clearly recall it, and was surprised that it was (apparently) nation-wide.

Mothers

Mothers lead their sons to God,
Caring not for fame;
Asking Him to give His best,
To those that share her name.

They need to see her at His feet,
And see her read His Word;
They need to see her on her knees,
Declaring Him as Lord.

Mothers lead their sons to Christ,
Saying—Not my will!

But Thine be done, let Thine be done,
And in them this instill.

Mothers teach their sons to work,
Though plain may be their task;
Then if they're called to go away,
They give Him every 'ask'.

Mothers train their sons' direct,
Leading them for good;
Living as they want them to,
Living as they should.

Mothers, let them see you live,
A Godly, noble life;
Be an anchor, firm and set,
In their coming strife.

Commanded by the Lord are you,
If you lead and live full true.

Written May 13, 2007, based on the morning sermon, obviously Mother's Day.

When Loved Ones Go . . .

When loved ones go to meet their Lord,
We grieve, but still rejoice;
Though saddened at their passing,
With Him they raise their voice:
Forever in His presence,
Clad in Jesus' radiance.

When loved ones who have gone before,
Greet them where they dwell;
Absent from their mortal clay,
Throughout eternal spell:
Forever in His presence,
Clad in Jesus' radiance.

When loved ones leave, they wait for us,
To meet them there one day;
Lord, here's my heart, dwell Thou within,
Then take me home to stay:
Forever in Thy presence,
Clad in Jesus' radiance.

When loved ones grieve my passing,
Lord, let them hear my voice;
Dwelling in Thy presence, Lord,
May they hear my voice:
Forever in Thy presence,
Clad in Jesus' radiance!

On June 13, 2010, there was a comment on the passing away of one of a married couple whose spouse had already gone on before and was waiting on the other side. This was finalized on the 15th.

Juggernaut

Lord, what would You have me do?
Keep moving, I will tell you;
Let Me guide you every step,
Trust Me, I will tell you . . .

Lord, it seems I'm standing still,
I'm needed where I am;
Send thy money, and thy prayers,
And trust the great I AM . . .

Lord, I know Thou wilt provide,
For each and every need;
Not only mine, but others' too,
Thou knowest every need . . .

Lord, I give to Thee my all,
Use it as Thou wilt;
What e'er I send, where e'er I go,
Be it what Thou wilt . . .

Lord, when much is given,
Thou demandest more;
Give to me as I provide,
I do not demand more . . .

Written May 10, 2009, from the morning sermon.

Acrostic

God's righteousness at Christ's expense,
Forsaking all, I trust Him;
More clever than the words of men,
More than a simple acronym.

The first to let me live as ought,
As I know I should;
The second one the only way,
So I truly could.

Written about February 4, 2010, from either a sermon or Sunday School lesson.

The Choice

Without a choice there is no love,
In earth, or Heav'n above;
Pleasure granted for a season,
Deceiving us for a simple reason.

Though beautiful she may appear,
With a smile and gorgeous hair;
When her time on earth is past,
Will be seen as is at last.

A skeleton so richly clad,
Along with jewels that she had;
By then 'twill be little late,
Past death there's no regenerate!

But those that chose the Heavenly way,
Will find pleasure on that day!

Written February 21, 2010, from the Sunday School lesson.

A Place of Rest

Heaven is a place of rest,
For those from the east, the west;
Those who think they've earned the place,
Thinking they'll see God's Own face.

A place of food, so good, so free,
A place of joyous company;
A place of happy, happy talk,
A place where golden streets they walk.

Lord, I would know that I would gain,
This place of bliss, to e'er remain;
I trust in Jesus' blood alone,
So on that day, I will be known!

Written February 1, 2009, loosely based on the Sunday School lesson.

Look Beyond The Negative

When the world pressures you,
And don't know what to do;
Look beyond the negative,
Think on that which is true.

Whatever happens, be content,
Whatever comes, whatever's sent;
Look beyond the negative,
And see the good that's meant.

The biggest problem that we face,
May not be here by God's grace;
Look beyond the negative,
To that heavenly place.

Riches don't mean blessings,
Nor poverty regressing;
Look beyond the negative,
Find truth, not mortal guessing.

(One day we'll see Jesus Christ,
The One Who knew how we were priced;
He looked beyond the negative,
The goal beyond sufficed.)

Safe am I in Jesus' hands,
This place past human understand;
I see beyond the negative,
A future glorious, future grand!

Written March 14, 2010, as delivered, with minor changes made later.

The Bible

Assailed by foes on every side,
It towers over all;
The Bible, since it first was writ,
Will never, never fall!

Written November 28, 2010, from the morning sermon.

First!

I will follow Thee, O Lord,
Where You would lead me on;
But let me first, Lord, let me first,
Then to Thee I'll be drawn.

But let me first tend to my dead,
As Thou wouldst have me do;
And say goodbye to those I love,
Then I'll follow You.

But I must take the 'first', the 'me',
And lay them at Thy feet,
Only then will all else count,
And then I'll be complete.

Let me give first love to You,
All—no more, no less;
Take myself, my very being,
Use it, Lord, to bless.

(I place Thee first,
I give my all;
Lord, take control,
I heed they call!)

Only then, complete devotion,
As Jesus did for me;
Only then will I find blessing,
And everlasting joy!

Written December 19, 2010, from the morning sermon.

Questing

In questing things for Jesus,
We walk by faith, not sight;
We can face the impossible,
While walking in His might.

With my shield—or on it,
I must go, or share;
However He might lead me,
I must go—and care!

I must put all behind me,
I must abandon self;
I must, to be found faithful,
My 'will' put on the shelf.

Lord, I would be found worthy,
When Thy face I see;
Dwelling in Thy presence,
For all eternity.

Yes, I will quest for Thee, Lord,
I'll walk by faith, not sight;
I will face the impossible,
And conquer in Thy might.

That I should be found worthy,
No ifs, no ands, no buts;
To be claimed the Thee, Lord,
Let the world call me nuts!

Written and loosely based on the morning sermon of May 2, 2010. The last stanza, I think, goes with this.

As It Happened Long Ago
(from Jeremiah 5:30-31)

A wondrous and an horrible thing,
Is happening today;
As it happened long ago,
In distant yesterday . . .

Flattering prophets state their thing,
With utterances untrue;
As it happened long ago,
Even now they do . . .

Flashy preacher orate their thing,
But not what God would will;
As it happened long ago,
Their own purse to fill . . .

Floundering prodigals debate their thing,
With itching ears, they seek;
As it happened long ago,
They are not unique . . .

When called to answer for their thing,
Will any have regrets?
Or, as it happened long ago,
Hope that God forgets?

Written September 26, 2011, loosely based on the morning sermon on the 18th.

En Etera Morpha

In forms mysterious He appears,
Old Testament, and New;
Pre-Incarnate, in the flesh,
And when He lived anew.

A man of God, the great I AM,
In Judges 13:11;
As well in verse 17,
Verse 20, rose to Heaven.

Jacob wrestled with a Man,
In Genesis 32;
Described in verses 29 and 30,
He lost—nought else to do.

Moses saw God face to face,
In Exodus 33:11;
In verse 20, and Joshua 5,
Contradiction given?

Not just Man or Angel,
But God, His very Being!
Abraham also, Gen. 17;
He spoke to God, Him seeing.

But how can God see man and live?
But for His matchless grace;
The Son made all that we behold,
Yet somehow bares His face.

The great I AM, the Living God,
I cannot face it full;
Yet He lets me see a bit,
Whom is all-powerful!

I would know the son of God,
As John did long ago,
So very little is revealed,
All I can safely know.

The great I AM will one day judge,
How the Son was viewed;
All of our lives will show,
Every act reviewed.

Jesus, help me face the day,
When You call me up away!

Written October 2, 2011, based on the morning sermon.

Fear Not The Foe

Fear not the foe,
So grim, so high—
God will help you when you try;
Your strength will grow,
As He draws nigh—
Hell's champion to defy!

Fear not the foe,
In God's strength fight—
Haste to the fray in God's powerful might;
Your strength will grow,
As you delight—
Doing what you know is right!

Fear not the foe,
He's destined Hell—
The Bible says this clearly, well;
Your strength will grow,
All doubts dispel—
The strength he has is just for a spell!

Fear not the foe,
Fear God instead—
The One Who saved you by blood He shed;
Your strength will grow,
Through Him Who bled;
When He rose victorious from the dead!

Fear not the foe,
Soon He will fall—
Give unto God, your every, your all;
Your strength will grow,
Your foe ensmall—
Until we hear God's final call!

Written based on the morning sermon on April 17, 2011.

The Mountain Top

I cannot comprehend the scene,
In Matthew chapter seventeen,
Mortal flesh in marveled sheen—
Upon the mountain top . . .

He promises to ne'er dismay,
As others do to us each day,
And hears us every time we pray—
Beneath this mountain top . . .

Hebrews eleven past comprehend,
Their faith to me past all transcend,
How they did it, on Him depend—
Looking to the mountain top . . .

Canticles six, verses four, nine, plus,
This image we find there discuss,
Sustaining us with impetus—
From the mountain top . . .

Looking to Him, Who inspires,
Fearing not the threatening fires,
Good or ill, what e'er transpires---
Below the mountain top . . .

Jesus Christ the only One,
Glowing as the noon day sun,
He will give us strength to run—
Up to the mountain top . . .

He is the only One Who saves,
The only One Whom my soul craves,
Whom SINLESS on my heart engraves—
There on the mountain top . . .

Safely held by Christ alone,
In Him alone, all hope is known,
Anchored to the Living Stone—
Seen in the mountain top . . .

He knows, and sees what's in my heart,
He comes in, says He'll never depart,
O Jesus Christ! My Lord, Thou art!!
Upon the mountain top!!!!

Written November 27, 2011, based on the morning sermon. This is as it was written while hearing the sermon, only minor changes later.

Love Will See Me Through

Faith in God, and what He did,
And all that He will do;
All this is good, so very good,
But Love will see me through . . .

Hope in Him for days ahead,
That He will keep me true;
And hope that He will come is good,
But Love will see me through . . .

Faith and hope will keep me pure,
Giving God all due;
I cannot do it on my own,
But Love will see me through . . .

Hope may light the path ahead,
And faith, the path I knew;
Both of these will pass away,
But Love will see me through . . .

My troubles may be multitude,
Problems may ensue;
Come what may, all this will pain,
But Love will see me through . . .

One day I'll walk on golden streets,
Ah—such a glorious view!
I'll gladly sing, and tell to all,
'Twas Love that saw me through!

Written June 12, 2011, based on the morning sermon, polished up that evening.

From John 3:30

He must increase, I must not,
If I would wish to grow;
I must decrease, He must not,
If He I'd seek to know.

I must turn my eyes to Him,
And let Him in my heart;
Submerge my full self into Him,
For any growth to start.

Emerging from humility,

Christ-like I shall become;
Showing His humility,
The first time when He come.

I have no worth worth anything,
Save what Christ instills;
I have no goodness, anything,
But what the Spirit wills.

Without measure He imparts,
His Spirit, as we yield;
The more we cede, the more He imparts,
This One, by Whom we're sealed.

Crucified with Him that day,
When on the cross He bled;
Riz with Him on that third day,
Even as He said.

My righteousness I leave behind,
And in His glory dwell;
Lord, never let me look behind,
And all 'self' dispel.

I must increase love for Him,
And decrease love from me;
I must place my 'all' in Him,
To grow, and be like He.

If so, the world will see my Lord,
Through this earthen vessel poured.

Written August 7, 2011, the morning sermon while it was delivered.

Realms

The first try at this is under—"Looking'

Dwelling in the realm of sight;
I must live by faith;
Though I try with all my might,
I can't do as He saith.

Dwelling in the realm of faith,
How dare I live by sight?
I can do all that He saith,
By His mighty might.

Lord, help me see by great powers,
What You would have me see;
To go, and serve Thee in this hour,
Where You would have me be.

Help me Jesus, help me see,
I need Thy mighty power;
To go and do, to go and be,
In this, this finite hour.

Soon comes the day that time will cease,
And Jesus comes at last;
I'll be with Him in perfect peace,
At that trumpet blast.

Then come, Lord Jesus, come at last,
When 'realm of sight' shall cease;
At Thy final trumpet blast,
May I find Thy blest peace!

As said earlier, this was the second, and successful rhyming of this sermon on February 12, 2012.

Come, Lord Jesus, Quickly Come

Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
I long to see Thy face;
Take me to the place prepared,
By Thy matchless grace.

The blessings Thou dost give me here,
Too many to declare;
Will pale when Thy face I see,
On golden thorough fare.

Thy blessed mercy to forgive,
And overlook each fault;
That day I will understand,
When me, Thou wilt exalt.

Thy kindness to provide each need,
Sufficient for the day;
I give Thee all—the all of me,
Thou wilt not dismay.

Let me see the lonely, lost,
As Thou, these clearly see;
Knowing that, I once was as they,
As thou once saw me.

Thy riches are past comprehend,
More than I deserve;
Thy love is even greater far,
Then I shall observe.

Even so, Lord, quickly come,
Make me as Thou art;
Until the day You call me home,
Indwell, and guide, my heart!

Written January 8, 2012, the day's sermon as it was delivered.

From the 78th Psalm

Were men to pen the Word of God,
Some things would not be writ;
Things that don't look very good,
These just wouldn't fit.

Things that show our worstest self,
At our very worst;
These the things we would not pen,
That show us accursed.

Yet God looks past our every flaw,
When laid beneath Christ's blood;
He sees us sinless—wants our best,
Although misunderstood.

Lord, I would gladly bare my worst,
If that would let men see;
That You can use me as I am,
To bring someone to Thee.

Written March 11, 2012, based on day's sermon. This one did not come easy.

Turn Ye! Turn Ye!

God never rushes judgment,
But waits a little while;
Showing us His mercy,
Going the second mile.

How very great His patience!
How very much He cares!
Before He sends the reapers,
Into the wheat and tares.

Turn ye, turn ye, while you can,
The end will come, 'tis sure;
He will not wait forever,
Judgment will occur.

He never rushes judgment,
But will not always wait;
His grace, as well as anger,
Is very, very great!

Written October 21, 2012, based on the Sunday School lesson.

All I need to Know

I don't have to understand,
Salvation's 'why' and 'how';
All Jesus says is—Take My Hand,
Simply come right now.

How simple, yet so very deep,
Beyond all understand;
He paid the price, it was not cheap,
With His nail-pierced hand.

I plunge into the blood He shed,
A fountain, cleansing, deep;
Then rise again, who once was 'dead',
Bought by a price, not cheap.

Offensive to the world below,
This message—blood was shed;
So that all can truly know,
That Christ rose from the dead.

I don't have to understand,
I can't while here below;
All He says is—Take my hand,
That's all I need to know!

Written July 8, 2012, the essence of the day's sermon.

From Philemon

Slavery isn't very nice,
But it will always be;
Until the very end of time,
Until eternity.

In Paul's day it was common seen,
Today still there, it's hid;
The very souls of mortal man,
There, as here, are bid.

Paul, the prisoner, had it worse,
He was bound by chain;
They could come and go a bit,
But He had to remain.

If I were tried for loving God,
Could they me convict?

Bound there, even if I did,
Confined and restrict?

Written June 27, 2012, based on the morning sermon.

Still . . .

Dust and ashes are we all,
In spite of wealth or fame,
Be we great, or an unknown,
Still, He knows my name!

He knows, and cares, no matter what,
No matter who (or when);
No matter what's one's fleshly hue,
Still, He knows all men.

Somehow, He knows and loves us still,
In mercy He still cares;
In grace He makes a way to Him,
A mansion He prepares.

All have sinned, and all may come,
So few there are that do;
Still, He gave His only son,
To ransom me and you!

Written October 21, 2012, from the morning sermon.

My Saviour's Calling

To love those in my family,
No matter what they do;
To have, and show, compassion,
Though what they put me through:
This is my Saviour's calling . . .

To be someone to look at,
And see God's very face;
To show His love full freely,
And radiate His grace:
This is my Saviour's calling . . .

To be someone to lean on,
And never criticize;
To never say I told you,
And never patronize:
This is my Saviour's calling . . .

To help, when help is needed,
And never questions ask;

To do as I am asked to,
And gladly do this task:
This is my Saviour's calling . . .

To be there when they stumble,
And lend a helping hand;
To treat as sister, brother,
And try to understand:
This is my Saviour's calling . . .

To love those in my family,
No matter what they did;
To have, and show, compassion,
This—my Saviour's bid!

Written October 13, 2013, loosely based on the morning sermon.

Mercy

There's mercy with God,
Although underserved,
Willingly given to me;
For each time I come,
He forgives, He forgets,
My sins He casts into the sea!

In mercy He hears,
In hearing, forgives,
Forgiving, He saves me from Hell;
Forgetting forever,
And never brought it up,
His mercy is more'n I can tell!

A mansion is mine,
On streets of pure gold,
In spite of all that I've done;
His mercy so great,
So humbly I come,
And find this in God's only Son!

The blood that was shed,
Where I ought have been,
Cleanses me whiter than snow;
Since He paid the price,
Upon that old cross,
So to Him each time I can go!

In mercy forgiving,
Forgetting my sin;
Then cleansing me fully,
Without and within!!

Written December 9, 2012, based on the morning sermon.