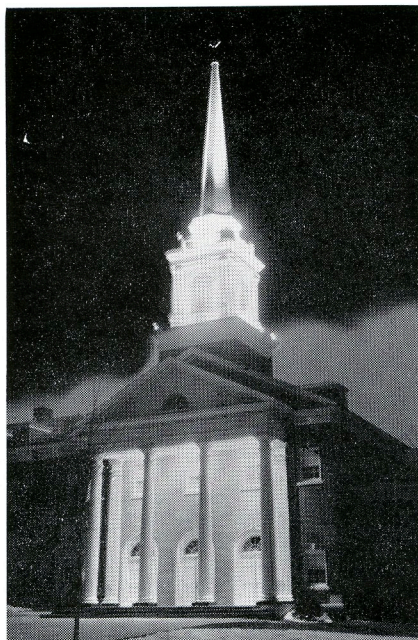


# "THE KEY TO THE LAST ROOM"



A Communion Meditation by Pastor Roger Fredrikson given on September 4, 1960. This is shared with all members of our congregation on **Church Loyalty Sunday**, November 13, 1960, with gratitude for the rich investment made by our people in the work of Christ.

**FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH**  
**Sioux Falls, South Dakota**



# "THE KEY TO THE LAST ROOM"

*Revelation 3:14-22*

**"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; and if any man hear my voice and will open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with me." —(Revelation 3:20)**



The most intimate and searching experience we share together is the eating of the Lord's Supper. This is our "family meal" as a congregation. The greatest reality about this service is not what is said, but what we do together. As we eat the bread and drink the cup together, God's Spirit can lead us into unceasing gratitude, to honest searching of heart and confession, and to the offering of our deepest selves in allegiance to Christ.

## OUR COMPANIONSHIP WITH CHRIST

At this table we are reminded that the Christian life is a profound and incredible companionship with Christ. He invites us to enter into deep fellowship with him. If we open our lives to his presence he will share with us all God's richest gifts—forgiveness, love, peace and joy. It is not the theological definition of what this life with Christ means that is important, but the companionship itself. This transforming friendship becomes the living center for all life. Christ is constantly leading us into a deeper experience of his amazing grace. In sovereign love he lays claim to all the areas of our life asking that we surrender our total selves to his Lordship. There is a searching, poignant invitation in the Revelation of John to which we ought to listen carefully. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock and if any man hear my voice and will open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with me."

One of the great Baptists of Great Britain of another generation, was a man whose name was F. B. Meyers. There is a famous story of his life in which he says that in the midst of one of his most popular pastorates he had a dream in which Christ came to him and said, "Would you give me the keys to your life?" And in the dream Meyers said, "I saw myself fumbling down around my belt, finding the ring with the keys on it, taking them off and handing them to Christ." After he had taken the keys and studied them carefully, Christ asked, "Are these all the keys?" And Meyers said, "No, there is one left—just a little key to a very small room in my life. Surely you are not concerned with that key?" But Christ answered, "Meyers, I must have all the keys or none of them." And that night, F. B. Meyers said, this dream came upon him so forcibly that he woke up and it seemed as if his hand were burning because he had held the ring with the keys in his hand. So he got out of bed and knelt beside it and searched his heart. That night he knew that the little room into which Christ had never come was the room of envy. For down the street a short distance was another minister whose success and popularity, it seemed, were greater than his own and he had envied him. So it was that night Meyers said, "Lord, you can have all the keys to my life." And that night he found peace.

## CHRIST COMES TO EACH OF US

Is it not true that Christ comes to each of us, knocks on the door of each life and asks for admittance? He comes offering all the blessings which only he can bring and in return he asks that we pledge our deepest allegiance to him. Let me state this quite simply and personally.

Late one afternoon there was a knock at my door. When I answered the knock, I was greeted by a strong, kind guest. I noticed as I greeted him that his eyes revealed a mixture of love and sadness and that there were scars on his hands. I had been expecting him, so I said, "Won't you come in?" When I began to usher him to our guest room he said, "Now, it should be understood at the outset that I expect to live here as one among you. I will hear the things you say and be aware of all the intimacies which go on within this family." This brought me up a little short because I had not really been aware that this was a part of the bargain. But for better or worse I said anyhow, "Won't you come in and stay in your room?"

Near the end of that first day we visited. "Now," he said, "I have a custom that wherever I live I want to become personally acquainted with each member of that family and I'd like to have that family get acquainted with me. If it's all right with you, I'd like to meet you in the early morning by the fireplace so we

can visit a bit and come to know each other." "Well," I said, "this will upset my sleeping habits somewhat but I'm eager to have these visits." That first morning I missed our appointment. I tried to sneak out quietly without disturbing him by the fireplace but all that day I had a guilty conscience. Finally, in the struggle of it all, I began to meet him more frequently and soon it became a habit. Those times when I did meet him, I found myself doing most of the talking. Probably I was trying to cover up the empty places in my life. One day he said, "You don't understand that if we are to be friends we must share with each other. Up until now you have done most of the talking. Suppose tomorrow when we have our visit, you let me do some of the talking?" From that time on these daily visits began to lead into a great friendship, and as the mornings passed I began to learn the meaning of an eternal friendship which lingers with one at all times.

One day he drew me aside saying. "I want to become a part of family life. One of the best places to enter into the family circle is at the time of eating. But the meals in this home are not all they could be. You seem to rush through these experiences thoughtlessly. Unkind things are said and sometimes there is unhappiness and tension where there should be joy. If you'll read my Book you'll discover that many of the most happy experiences people had were when they ate together. Now wouldn't it be a wonderful thing if in your family, meals could be times of thanks and sharing?" From that day there came a new spirit in the common business of eating because the influence of our guest began to be felt in our meals.

Then one day he said, "I notice that in your house much of your conversation has to do with comparing yourselves with others. You talk about what **they say** and what **they do** and what **they think**. Sometimes you even complain because your lot seems more difficult than "theirs." Who really runs your life, the people outside like that or you? Surely there is a better standard and goal to live by than just what they say or what they do. In these morning visits we are having, let's spend a few mornings talking about how you can hear the sound of another world which will guide and help you in your daily living." After that visit I began to learn about a creative power that can help a person live his life with joyful abandon. This meant the world could no longer squeeze me completely into its mold and a new freedom came to my life.

You can see that some of these visits with our guest were painful and embarrassing. However, in the midst of this there came a new peace and joy in every day. But we had not reached the end by any means. One day he said in his quiet way, "I notice that you travel in just your own little group. Whenever you have friends over or whenever you go out it's the same group over and over again. Now did you know that some new people have moved into your block who feel strange in the city? You have been too busy to notice them. And did you know that there were people a few doors from you who are having great trouble and no one has gone to see them or offered to be a friend? Suppose you were to do this?" From that time on at least I tried, as best I could, to look at others outside my own little group and discover their needs and try to be of some help to them. It was amazing how my circle of friendship began to expand.

## CHRIST AND OUR CHECKBOOK

Well, one night near the end of the month something happened which was really quite a shattering experience. You see, I was going through the same kind of experience all of us go through in writing the checks to pay the bills. He could not help but notice that there was first a check written for gasoline, then one for groceries, then for insurance, then for some clothes and so on. Then he called my attention to the fact that the last check which had been written was for **his work**. So he said in his strong, simple way, "I notice in the writing of your checks, even though you are a pastor, that the last check is for the church. Haven't you ever spoken to the people about "seeking first the Kingdom of God?" Now doesn't it seem that what is preached should square with the way the checks are written? You will never know the release and freedom of total commitment until all these matters become consistent." There came a new joy the day I gave "His Kingdom" top priority even with my checkbook.

One night we planned to have some friends over. I didn't know exactly how the evening would go, so I thought that it might be best to suggest that our guest go out and visit someone else during the evening which I did. The only trouble was that he came back early. There was an awkward and embarrassed silence



when he entered the room. This embarrassment wasn't due to the friends I had there, for I knew that he was the friend of all kinds of people. It was the fact that I felt ashamed of him and he knew it. That night we went to bed in painful silence and the next morning there were long pauses in our attempts to converse with each other. Finally, I could stand it no longer and I blurted out the hurt of my own heart, "Dear Friend, why was I ashamed of you last night?" His answer came honestly and simply. "This is because you do not understand that I belong to all life—in friendship, in love, in sorrow, in joy and in work—in all of life." Then he shared with me once again the words, "Whoever confesses me before men, his name I will confess before my father who is in heaven. Whoever is ashamed of me before men, of that man I will be ashamed before my father who is in heaven." And from that day on I began to try to think that wherever I went, with whomever I might find myself, if I was going to be his friend, he belonged there. Otherwise, I had to ask myself questions about what I was doing.

## THE LAST ROOM

And then finally, we came to the last room. One day he said, "Up until now, I have gotten to know you very, very well. You have allowed me to enter all the areas of your life, except that one little room you always seem to keep locked. What are you trying to hide?" And I said to him, "Lord, I can't let you in that room. It's only filled with a lot of old rags and some leftovers. You wouldn't be interested in that, would you?" But he said gently, "Will you not let me enter this last area of life?" And as he reached out for the keys, I noticed those nail prints in his hand again. Then I cried out, "Lord, that room is filled with my most unholy thoughts, my least desirable habits, my self-centered ambitions. Here is where I keep my jealousies, my envies, my hot passions." Even as I said this I knew that I could no longer resist him. Finally, I knelt and gave him the key. And that day he opened that room and entered it. That was the day peace came.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock, and if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come into him and sup with him and he with me."



### Our Prayer:

Our Father, help us to understand that this strange Man whose life we so seldom understand, has walked among thieves, has known the bitterness of rejection, has grown tired, has cried hot tears, has felt the loneliness and the agony of life itself. But we thank Thee that as Thy Son he has offered us eternity in the midst of our needs. Let us, O God, let this Christ stand in our midst this day. Take from us pride, and jealousy and bitterness. Deliver us from not caring, from being centered only in ourselves, that we may really and truly eat his bread and drink his cup. O Lord, give us the courage and the humility to let Christ into all our lives. We pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Our Lord, Amen.



# The Key To The Last Room <sup>William Conversion</sup> <sup>- Health in jail</sup>

+ Coming from Myron Clemen  
+ My background - Swedish Baptist  
+ My Story. Lives of the American

## Introduction

- The Christian life is basically a companionship.
- Going all the way in this companionship.
- F. B. Meyer and the key to the last room.

## Chino At The Door

- Coming to stay. Bringing all his things.
- He said, "I must enter into your life."

## The Devotional Life

- Wanted to meet each morning to come to know each other better.
- Forged a few times.
- At first I wanted to do all the talking. Finally he insisted that I must listen.

## Our Times At Meals

- Heavier, angry affairs with much unhappiness.
- He said meals were meant to be times of joy and family sharing.



- Great friendships \* | - Samuel Butler for  
- David Livingstone -  
- Her. to Henry & Penrice Lord of Leon - Sir Francis Drake  
F. B. White - Champion ship of  
Cleese |

② The Quotational Life — Pigea Pie

③ Our Family Life as Meals

④ Comparing Yourself with others

⑤ See People in the Neighborhood  
- Concern. |

⑥ Writing Checks.

⑦ Work at the house

⑧ See Skeleton in the Closet



2.

## Comparisons With Others All The Time

- Always talking about what "they say" and what "they think".
- Your heart can only be filled with envy and insecurity.
- Your life and standards should be measured by a deeper, more lasting goal.

*"I beseech you brethren, by the mercies of God"*  
You forget About Others

- The new family in the neighborhood.
- The people who have known trouble and difficulty up the street.
- "Maximize as you did unto the least of these my brethren, ...."

## Writing Checks

- Everything first and then my cause.
- Yet everything you have has come from me and life and energy is my gift.



3.

### The Entertainment of Guests

- Asked him to leave for a party, but  
He returned early
- Then we seemed ashamed of him.
- That night I could hardly sleep.
- "Whoever confesses my name before  
men . . . ."

### The Hidden Things In The Closet

- Finally that they and their peace  
came.



## THE CHURCH COVENANT

We believe in Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Influenced by His Spirit, we consecrate ourselves to His service and unite with one another in this ~~covenant~~. *Commitment*

We will live together in brotherly love and help one another to think, speak and act as Christians.

We will share each other's joys and endeavor with tenderness and sympathy to bear one another's burdens and sorrows.

We will make prayer a part of our daily living, seeking God's help to enable us to do our daily tasks, to overcome temptations and to live righteously.

We will attend the services of the Church with regularity.

We pledge ourselves to show our appreciation of God's blessings by contributing cheerfully and regularly to the support of our Church and its ministry in the world.

We will seek to live to the glory of Him Who has called us into His Service.

*We do Commit ourselves*

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# First Baptist Church

Sioux Falls, South Dakota

## THE MORNING WORSHIP SERVICE

September 4, 1960

Eleven O'Clock

Broadcast on Station KELO

\*\*\*\*\*  
"The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life: of whom shall I be afraid?"

### ENTERING THE TEMPLE

Organ Prelude—"Holy Ghost with Light Divine".....Willan  
"Adoration".....Bingham

(Congregation in Silent Prayer)

Choral Call to Worship—"The Lord Is in His Holy Temple"  
Processional Hymn—"Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken".....431  
Invocation  
Lord's Prayer and Gloria

### OPENING OUR LIVES TO HIS PRESENCE

Reading of the Holy Scriptures—Revelation 3: 14-22  
Choral Call to Prayer—"Hear Us, Our Father"  
Pastoral Prayer  
Choral Response—"Lord, Give Ear to My Prayer"

### PRESENTING OUR GIFTS

Invitation to the Lord's Supper  
Receiving our Tithes and Offerings  
Offertory Solo—"Just One Day at a Time".....O'keef  
Mrs. Delmar Kroon, soprano  
Doxology and Prayer of Dedication

### THE PREACHING OF THE WORD

Communion Meditation by Pastor Fredrikson  
"The Key To The Last Room"

Communion Anthem—"Souls of the Righteous".....Noble

Souls of the righteous in the hands of God,  
Nor hurt nor torment cometh them anigh:  
O Holy hope of immortality,  
Souls of the righteous in the hands of God.  
To eyes of men unwise, they seem to die:  
They are at peace, O, fairest liberty.  
On earth as children chastened by Love's rod,  
As gold in furnace tried,  
So now on high they shine like stars  
A golden galaxy:  
Souls of the righteous in the hands of God.

### IN REMEMBRANCE OF HIM

Taking the Bread  
Drinking the Cup  
The Fellowship Offering  
The Renewal of Our Commitment  
Hymn of Fellowship and Invitation—"Blest Be the Tie That Binds".....476







The most intimate and searching experience we share together is the eating of the Lord's Supper. This is our "family meal" as a congregation. The greatest reality about this service is not what is said, but what we do together. As we eat the bread and drink the cup together God's Spirit can lead us into unceasing gratitude, to honest searching of heart and confession, and to the offering of our deepest <sup>selves</sup> self in allegiance to Christ.

At this table we are reminded that the Christian life is a profound and incredible companionship with Christ. He invites us to enter into deep fellowship with him. If we open our lives to his presence he will share with us all God's richest gifts — forgiveness, love, peace and joy. It is not the theological definition of what this life with Christ means that is important, but the companionship itself. That transforming friendship becomes the living center for all life. Christ is constantly leading us into a deeper experience of his amazing grace. In sovereign love he lays claim to all the areas of our life asking that we surrender our total selves to his lordship. There is a searching, burning invitation in the Revelation of John to which we ought to listen carefully: "Behold (over)



I stand at the door and knock and if any man hear my voice and  
will open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with  
him and he with me."

## "THE KEY TO THE LAST ROOM"

Revelation 3:14-22

On this Communion Sunday what I share with you very simply, I would like very much for all the students to take with them as they leave. More than this, I would like for all of us to have a sense as we come to this table that what has been said will have some relevance to our eating the bread and drinking the cup together. I have a feeling that of all the experiences we have in the church together, there is none more intimate than this one; and the most important thing that we do in this service is not what I say and your listening to it, but it is what we do when we take the bread and the cup in our hands and what then permeates our deepest, most inmost self in terms of <sup>the</sup> consecration, the gratitude and the deep searching of heart and confession that we bring into His presence.

You are aware of the fact -- surely you are by this time, for most if not all of us have tried to walk in Christ's presence with Him as a companion -- that in one sense the deepest thing about this Christian walk is that it is a friendship. We can get so bogged down in theology and much talk of what this all means that we lose the central fact that to be a Christian is to walk with Jesus Christ in a great friendship. When one embarks on this journey or on this pilgrimage, one begins to discover that really there are always greater heights or depths, a greater vision to which he calls us together. One thinks of this when he hears that familiar invitation from the book of Revelation, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock, and if any man hear my voice and will open the door, I will come into him and sup with him and he with me."

One of the greatest Baptists of Great Britain, <sup>of another generation</sup> was a man whose name was F. B. Meyer. There is a ~~very~~ famous story of his life in which he says that ~~right~~ in the midst of one of his most popular pastorates he had a dream in which Christ came to him and said, "Would you give me the keys to your life?" "And in the dream," Meyer <sup>found</sup> said, "I saw myself fumbling down around my belt and ~~I found~~ <sup>finding</sup> the ring with the keys on it, ~~and took it off~~ <sup>taking them off</sup> and handed ~~it~~ <sup>my them to Christ</sup> to him." After he ~~took~~ <sup>had taken</sup> the keys and



"THE KEY TO THE LAST ROOM"

First Baptist Church  
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

A Communion Meditation by Pastor Roger Fredrikson given on  
September 4, 1960.

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## "THE KEY TO THE LAST ROOM"

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keys?" And Meyers said, "No, there is one left -- just a little key to a very small room in my life. Surely you are not concerned with that key?" But Christ answered, "Meyers, I must have all the keys of none of them." And that night, F. B. Meyers said, this dream came upon him so forcibly that he woke up and it seemed as if his hand were burning because he had held the ring with the keys in his hand. So he got out of bed and knelt beside it and searched his heart. That night he knew that the little room into which Christ had never come was the room of envy. For down the street a short distance was another minister whose success and popularity it seemed were greater than his own and he had envied him. So it was that night Meyer said, "Lord, you can have all the keys to all my life." And that night he found peace.

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Near the end of that first day we visited. ~~N~~Now," he said, "I have a custom that wherever I live I want to become personally acquainted with each member of that family and I'd like to have that family get acquainted with me. If it's all right with you, I'd like to meet you in the early morning by the fireplace so we can visit a bit and come to know each other." "Well," I said



"This will upset my sleeping habits somewhat but I'm eager to have these visits." That first morning I missed our appointment. I tried to sneak out quietly without disturbing him by the fireplace but all that day I had a guilty conscience. Finally, in the struggle of it all, I began to meet him more frequently and soon it became a habit. Those times when I did meet him, I found myself doing most of the talking. Probably I was trying to cover up the empty places in my life. One day he said, "You don't understand that if we are to be friends we must share with each other. Up until now you have done most of the talking. Suppose tomorrow when we have our visit, you let me do some of the talking?" From that time on these daily visits began to lead into a great friendship, and as the mornings passed I began to learn the meaning of an eternal friendship which lingers with one at all times.

One day he drew me aside saying, "I want to become a part of family life. One of the best places to enter into the family circle is at the time of eating. But the meals in this home are not all they could be. You seem to rush through these experiences thoughtlessly. Unkind things are said and sometimes there is unhappiness and tension where there should be joy. If you'll read my Book you'll discover that many of the most happy experiences people had were when they ate together. Now wouldn't it be a wonderful thing if in your family, meals could be times of thanks and sharing?" From that day there came a new spirit in the common business of eating because the influence of our guest began to be felt in our meals.

Then one day he said, "I notice that in your house much of your conversation has to do with comparing yourselves with others. You talk about what they say and what they do and what they think. Sometimes you even complain because your lot seems more difficult than theirs. Who really runs your life, the people outside like that or you? Surely there is a better standard and goal to live by than just what they say or what they do. In these morning visits we are having let's spend a few mornings talking about how you can hear the sound of



another world which will guide and help you in your daily living." After that visit I began to learn about a creative power that can help a person live his life with joyful abandon. This meant the world could no longer squeeze me into its mold and brought a new freedom to my life.

You can see that some of these visits with our guest were painful and embarrassing. However, in the midst of this there came a new peace and joy in every day. But we had not reached the end by any means. One day he said in his quiet way, "I notice that you travel in just your own little group. Whenever you have friends over or whenever you go out it's the same group over and over again. Now did you know that some new people have moved into your block who feel strange in the city? You have been too busy to notice them. And did you know that there were people a few doors from you who are having great trouble and no one has gone to see them or offered to be a friend? Suppose you were to do this?" From that time on at least I tried, as best I could, to look at others outside my own little group and discover their needs and try to be of some help to them. It was amazing how my circle of friendship began to expand.

Well, one night near the end of the month something happened which was really quite a shattering experience. You see, I was going through the same kind of experience all of us go through in writing the checks to pay the bills. He could not help but notice that there was first a check written for gasoline, then one for groceries, then for insurance, then for some clothes and so on. Then he called my attention to the fact that the last check which had been written was for his work. So he said in his strong, simple way, "I notice in the writing of your checks, even though you are a pastor, that the last check is for the church. Haven't you ever spoken to the people about "seeking first the Kingdom of God?" Now doesn't it seem that what is preached should square with the way the checks are written? You will never know the release and freedom of total commitment until all these matters become consistent." There came a new joy the day I gave "His Kingdom" top priority even with my checkbook.



One night we planned to have some friends over. I didn't know exactly how the ~~evening~~ would go, so I thought that it might be best to suggest that our guest go out and visit someone else during the ~~evening~~ which I did. The only trouble was that he came back early. There was an awkward and embarrassed silence when he entered the room. This embarrassment wasn't due to the friends I had there, for I knew that he was the friend of all kinds of people. It was the fact that I felt ashamed of him and he knew it. That night we went to bed in painful silence and the next morning there were long pauses in our attempts to converse with each other. Finally, I could stand it no longer and I blurted out the hurt of my own heart, "Dear Friend, why was I ashamed of you last night?" His answer came honestly and simply. "This is because you do not understand that I belong to all of life -- in friendship, in love, in sorrow, in joy and in work -- in all of life." Then he shared with me once again the words, "Whoever confesses me before men, his name will I confess before my father who is in heaven. Whoever is ashamed of me before men, of that man I will be ashamed before my father who is in heaven." And from that day on I began to try to think that wherever I went, with whomever I might find myself, if I was going to be his friend, he belonged there. Otherwise, I had to ask myself questions about what I was doing.

And then finally, we came to the last room. One day he said, "Up until now, I have gotten to know you very, very well. You have allowed me to enter all the areas of your life, except that ~~the~~ little room you always seem to keep locked. What are you trying to hide?" And I said to him, "Lord, I can't let you in that room. It's only filled with a lot of old rags and some leftovers. You wouldn't be interested in that, would you?" But he said gently, "Will you not let me enter this last area of life?" And as he reached out for the key, I noticed those nail prints in his hands again. Then I cried out, "Lord, that room is filled with my most unholy thoughts, my least desirable habits, my self-centered ambitions. Here is where I keep my jealousies, my envies, my hot passions."



Even as I said this I knew that I could no longer resist him. Finally, I knelt and gave him the key. And that day he opened that room and entered it. That was the day peace came.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock, and if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come into him and sup with him and he with me."

Our Prayer:

Our Father, help us to understand that this strange Man whose life we so seldom understand, has walked among thieves, has known the bitterenss of rejection, has grown tired, has cried hot tears, has felt the loneliness and the agony of life itself. But we thank Thee that as Thy Son he has offered us eternity in the midst of our need. Let us, O God, let this Christ stand in our midst this day. Take from us pride, and jealousy and bitterness. Deliver us from not caring, from being centered only in ourselves, that we may really and truly eat his bread and drink his cup. O Lord, give us the courage and the humility to let Christ into all our lives. We pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Our Lord, Amen.

# Q Cry At Midnight

① Review!

- Has the Price

## Introduction

- So much teaching that a man's life should be in readiness. He should be prepared.

## We Are Writing for something

- ① Christmas to July 4<sup>th</sup>
- ② From Childhood Through Adulthood
  - First Long Pants.
  - First Job and the First Money
  - Marriage and Children.
- ③ Beautiful and Terrible Things
  - Wars and Peace Treaties.



## Nations and The World Unit

- ① Marxism and the Classless Society
- ② The Nations Being freed Unit.
- ③ George Orwell - 1984
- ④ Neil- Shute - On the Beach
- ⑤ Huxley - Brave New World

When is The World Ending?

## This World is On A Great Venture

- ① Its Great Goal is in someone's hands
- ② The Bride maids were waiting for the Bridegroom.
- ③ The two days in the journey of crossing the ocean. { With Master  
Without Master

3.

But I also render an account Every Day

① I see Two kinds of Sleep.

- No expectation - No Oil.
- Expectation with Oil.

② Life Without Oil

- Form without Content
- Cold War without Peace
- Technical Progress without  
the Human.
- Fourds - Gethsamane  
with all modern comforts

③ I see Meaning of the Oil

- Something constantly used up.  
That needs replacement.
- Marriage
- Prayer Life



# First Baptist Church

Sioux Falls, South Dakota

## THE MORNING WORSHIP SERVICE

September 4, 1960

Eleven O'Clock

Broadcast on Station KELO

~~~~~  
"The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life: of whom shall I be afraid?"

### ENTERING THE TEMPLE

Organ Prelude—"Holy Ghost with Light Divine"-----Willan  
"Adoration"-----Bingham

(Congregation in Silent Prayer)

Choral Call to Worship—"The Lord Is in His Holy Temple"  
Processional Hymn—"Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken"-----431  
Invocation  
Lord's Prayer and Gloria

### OPENING OUR LIVES TO HIS PRESENCE

Reading of the Holy Scriptures—Revelation 3: 14-22  
Choral Call to Prayer—"Hear Us, Our Father"  
Pastoral Prayer  
Choral Response—"Lord, Give Ear to My Prayer"

### PRESENTING OUR GIFTS

Invitation to the Lord's Supper  
Receiving our Tithes and Offerings  
Offertory Solo—"Just One Day at a Time"-----O'keef  
Mrs. Delmar Kroon, soprano  
Doxology and Prayer of Dedication

### THE PREACHING OF THE WORD

Communion Meditation by Pastor Fredrikson  
"The Key To The Last Room"

Communion Anthem—"Souls of the Righteous"-----Noble

Souls of the righteous in the hands of God,  
Nor hurt nor torment cometh them anigh:  
O Holy hope of immortality,  
Souls of the righteous in the hands of God.  
To eyes of men unwise, they seem to die:  
They are at peace, O, fairest liberty.  
On earth as children chastened by Love's rod,  
As gold in furnace tried,  
So now on high they shine like stars  
A golden galaxy:  
Souls of the righteous in the hands of God.

### IN REMEMBRANCE OF HIM

Taking the Bread  
Drinking the Cup  
The Fellowship Offering  
The Renewal of Our Commitment  
Hymn of Fellowship and Invitation—"Blest Be the Tie That Binds"-----476

