“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 receive he will share with us the infinite and unfathomable love, 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 it, taking it off and giving it to Christ." And 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 said, "Brothers, I must have all the keys or none of them." And that night, F. B. Meyers said, this dream came upon him so powerfully 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 he had opened the room into which Christ had never come was the key to my life. 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 of our lives and asks for admittance? He comes offering all the blessings which only he can bring. And in return 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 tears 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 come here. I will hear 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 be personally acquainted with each member of that family, and I'd like to have that family even 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 up my sleeping habits somewhat but I'm eager to have these visits." That first morning I received our appointment. I tried to sneak 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 months 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 life of the home is by helping to carry the mail. The men 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 opened their hearts and homes to others. And I'd like to use the days of the week in the home. I'd like to be times of thanksgiving 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 is difficult and theirs are easier." Who really wants to be 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 when you open your doors and help you in your daily work. You began to learn about a creative power that can help a person live his life with joyful abundance. 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 were having great troubles and needed a friend? Or are they to be left 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 startling 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 believe that there was first a check 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 pauper, that the last check is for '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 could come and sit with us and show them how it was done. I was startled when 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: Walking a Conversion Path in Two

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.

Closing the Door

- Coming to enter, bringing all His being,
- He said, "I must enter into your life.

The Devotional Life

- Wanted to need each moving to come to know each other better.
- Forget a few times.
- At first I wanted to do all the telling. Finally, he insists that I must listen.

Our Times At Meals

- Hurried, ugly affairs with much unhappiness.
- He said meals were meant to be times of joy and family sharing.
- Great friendship
- Daniel Austin
- Overliving stone
- Ehrn as Winning Experience Pop of Boonton
- Liza France, Drake
- F. B. Pape

4. Chains at the Door

5. The Questionable Life

3. Den Family Life as Meas

4. Conquering Yourself with Others

5. Free People in the Neighborhood

- Concern

- Writing Checks

2. Varnish at the House

4. Free Skeletons in the Closet
Comparison With Others All The Time
- Always talking about what "they say" and what "they think."
- Your heart can only be filled with envy and resentment.
- Your life and standards should be measured by a deeper, more lasting goal.

"He sees you gathered, in the Meuse, offered
Your doing about others"

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

Writing Circles
- Everything first and then my cause.
- Yet everything you have has come
  from me and life and energy is
  my gift.
3.
The Entertainer 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 Thing 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 so commit ourselves.
First Baptist Church
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

THE MORNING WORSHIP SERVICE

September 4, 1960

Broadcast on Station KELO

Eleven O’Clock

“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 Fredriksen

“The Key To The Last Room”

Communion Anthem—“Soulds 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
This morning Pastor Fredrikson will greet folks at the balcony door, Rev. Babcock at the side door and Rev. Rowe at the main door.

The broadcast of the service today over Radio Station KELO, beginning at 11:10 a.m., is sponsored by Petroleum Carriers.

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**EVENING GOSPEL FELLOWSHIP**

7:30 P.M.

Prelude  
Call to Worship and Invocation  
Period of Hymn Singing  
Scripture—Matthew 25: 1-13  
Prayer  
Greetings and Announcements  
Hymn  
Offering  
Special Music  
Special Message by Carolyn Spong

Evening Meditation by Pastor Fredrikson  
"A Cry At Midnight"

Hymn of Invitation—"I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say"  
Benediction—Closing Moments—"Beneath the Cross"  
Postlude

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**OPPORTUNITIES OF THE WEEK**

**SUNDAY,** 8:45 p.m.—Hi Fi at the home of Ruth Piorier, 1202 S. West

**TUESDAY**—Study Club  
Explorer Post

**WEDNESDAY,** 4:30 p.m.—Junior Choir Rehearsal  
7:15 p.m.—Midweek Prayer Service in Fellowship Hall

**THURSDAY,** 12:00 noon—Trustees meeting at YMCA  
1:15 p.m.—Junior Philathea Class meeting in the Parlor  
7:30 p.m.—Sanctuary Choir Rehearsal  
7:30 p.m.—Junior High Guild  
7:30 p.m.—Scouts in the Youth Room

**FRIDAY,** 6:30 p.m.—Men's Fellowship Dinner in Fellowship Hall

**SATURDAY**—Men's Retreat, Lake Poinsett  
Senior High Retreat, Lake Poinsett  
6:00 p.m.—Junior High Banquet in Fellowship Hall

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**CHURCH STAFF**

**Ministers:**  
Dr. Roger L. Fredrikson, Pastor  
Rev. Albert H. Babcock, Christian Education  
Rev. James E. Rowe, New Life

**Secretaries:**  
Miss Winifred Jones, Financial  
Miss Margaret Clark, Pastor's Assistant  
Mrs. Clarence Anderson, Church Hostess  
Hostess, Mrs. Hilda Bockelman

**Musicians:**  
Dr. Lee Bright, Director  
Dr. Maynard Berk, Organist  
Mr. Harold Wortman, Youth  
Miss Lois Harchanko, Children

**Sextons:**  
Mr. Frank Weins  
Mr. Warren Dolan  
Mr. Lamont Reichelt
The most intimate and searching experience we share together in the eating of the Lord's Supper. This is our "family meal" as a congregation. The greatest reality, alone 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 to unceasing gratitude, to sincere searching of heart and confession, and to the offering of our deepest 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 we will share with us all God's in cease gifts—forgiveness, love, peace and joy. It is not the theological definition of whose this life is with Christ but 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 keeps claim to all the areas of our life asking that we surrender our total selves to him. This is a searching, transportation invitation in the Revelation of John to which we ought to listen carefully: "Believe (Rev)
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 will sup with me.
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, the most inmost self in terms of 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, 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 said, "I saw myself fumbling down around my belt and I found the ring with the keys on it and took it off and handed it to him." After he took the keys and
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"THE KEY TO THE LAST ROOM"

Revelation 3:14-22

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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.

Is it not true that Christ comes to each of us, knocks on the door of our 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. 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
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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. Unkinds 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 grouble 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 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 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 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.
A Cry at Midnight

Introduction

- So much teaching that a Maria life
  should be in readiness. Be prepared.

We are waiting for something

1. Christmas to July 4th

2. From Childhood Through Adulthood
   - Five Long Years
   - Five Joe and the Five Money
   - Marriage and Children

3. Beautiful and Terrific Things
   - Wars and Peace Treaties
The World and The Word Unit

1. Marxism and the Classless Society
2. The Nation's Being Red Unit
3. George Orwell - 1984
4. Nietzsche - On the Beach
5. Hemingway - Brave New World

When is The Word Lifting?

This World Is On A Great Venture

1. Its Great Goal is in Someone's Hand
2. The Bride needs someone writing
   for the Bridegroom
3. The two deep in the journey of Crossing The Ocean. With Master Without Master
That I also render an account every day

1. The Two Kinds of Sleep.
   - No expectation - No Oil.
   - Expectation with Oil.

2. Life Without Oil
   - Form Without Content
   - Card war Without peace
   - Technical Progress Without the Mind.
   - Fours - Gethsemane
   - With all modern Comforts

3. The Meaning of the Oil
   - Something constantly used up.
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, 0, 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
Benediction
Choral Response
Postlude

This morning Pastor Fredrikson will greet folks at the balcony door, Rev. Babcock at the side door and Rev. Rowe at the main door.

The broadcast of the service today over Radio Station KELO, beginning at 11:10 a.m., is sponsored by Petroleum Carriers.

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EVENING GOSPEL FELLOWSHIP
7:30 P.M.

Prelude
Call to Worship and Invocation
Period of Hymn Singing
Scripture—Matthew 25: 1-13
Prayer
Greetings and Announcements
Hymn
Offering
Special Music
Special Message by Carolyn Spong

Evening Meditation by Pastor Fredrikson
"A Cry At Midnight"

Hymn of Invitation—"I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say"..............................200
Benediction—Closing Moments—"Beneath the Cross"
Postlude

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OPPORTUNITIES OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY, 8:45 p.m.—Hi Fi at the home of Ruth Piorier, 2012 S. West

TUESDAY—Study Club
Explorer Post

WEDNESDAY, 4:30 p.m.—Junior Choir Rehearsal
7:15 p.m.—Midweek Prayer Service in Fellowship Hall

THURSDAY, 12:00 noon—Trustees meeting at YMCA
1:15 p.m.—Junior Philathea Class meeting in the Parlor
7:30 p.m.—Sanctuary Choir Rehearsal
7:30 p.m.—Junior High Guild
7:30 p.m.—Scouts in the Youth Room

FRIDAY, 6:30 p.m.—Men's Fellowship Dinner in Fellowship Hall

SATURDAY—Men's Retreat, Lake Poinsett
       Senior High Retreat, Lake Poinsett
6:00 p.m.—Junior High Banquet in Fellowship Hall

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CHURCH STAFF

Ministers:
Dr. Roger L. Fredrikson .......... Pastor
Rev. Albert H. Babcock ......... Christian Education
Rev. James E. Rowe ......... New Life

Musicians:
Dr. Lee Bright ................ Director
Dr. Maynard Berk ................. Organist
Mr. Harold Wortman ............... Youth
Miss Lois Harchanko ............. Children

Secretaries:
Miss Winifred Jones ................. Financial
Miss Margaret Clark ......... Pastor's Assistant
Mrs. Clarence Anderson ... Church Hostess
Hostess ...................... Mrs. Hilda Boeckelman

Sextons:
Mr. Frank Weins
Mr. Warren Dolan
Mr. Lamont Reichel