



Ministry Of The Wind

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the spirit John 3:8

I want to preach on a little subject called Ministry of the Wind. The Bible says that Nicodemus came to Jesus by night, and they were talking about being born again. Nicodemus couldn't understand this idea. He asked if he had to get in his mother's womb again. Then while Jesus was talking, Nicodemus heard the word.

Jesus said, "Do you hear that wind Nicodemus, it blows where it listeth and thou heareth the sound thereof, but you cannot tell from whence it came, and you cannot tell where it is going, and so is every one that is born of the spirit".

The Ministry of the Wind; the wind is preaching a sermon on liberty. The wind bloweth where it listeth, that speaks to me of liberty. The wind is just as free to blow today as it was eons ago when it was first created.

I do not believe God wants his children to be bound. I do not believe God wants his children to sit all cooped up in a physical shell never able to pray in the Spirit. God wants us to be free.

There are some people, and I know because I have been there, that watch others shout and demonstrate. They sit there with a longing in their heart, wishing to God that one time in their life they could just let it go. There are some that have fight that battle for years.

"How do you know, Brother Johnson?" Because I fought the same thing!

When I started preaching thirty-five years ago, Brother Creol and I entered the ministry together and traveled together for almost three years.

Brother Creol had that freedom; that liberty. He would shout at the drop of a hat. Many nights I would watch him shout and demonstrate his love for God.

One night I went home and said to Brother Creol, "I wish just one time in my life that I could just let it go and shout and dance".

Brother Creole looked at me and said simply "Well, do it!"

My answer was the same one some people have. "That's not my nature, it's fine for other people but that's not me. I'm just not that kind. I get my blessings from crying and just drinking it in." That's a cop out!

You know that isn't true! Down in your heart you would love to just let go one time and cut a rug and feel that perfect liberty to worship. Well, do it! If you were told to give God a hand praise, to shout amen, almost every one of you would do it. Why then do you feel that you must be anointed, to worship God with your feet? There are more scriptures in the Bible for dancing before the Lord than there are clapping your hands before the Lord.

You have liberty and freedom just like the wind.

The Bible says that you shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free. Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is freedom and liberty. It is yours! All you have to do is reach out and take it.

The wind does not have a perfect liberty! The liberty of the Spirit isn't a freedom to do whatever you wish. I don't believe that when there is a strong spirit of conviction you should be running the aisles. Neither should a person do everything for show:

You are not free to do anything, unless you are doing it for God and God alone.

I don't agree with talking in tongues and then going up to a friend after the service and saying, "Did you hear me talking in tongues, wasn't that something:".

That's not worship, that's show business. You are to dance, clap your hands, and sing because of your love for God. No other reason. This liberty is a liberty of service. I've often wished that I could talk beautifully. I wish I was intelligent enough to use beautiful phrases. If I could talk pretty I would talk to you about the wind, as it ripples across the grass, and the grass swayed and bowed to kiss the earth under the magnificent wind. I'd like to talk to you about the wind as it danced through the tree tops and the leaves swayed in perfect rhythm as the wind blew its majestic breath and prayed through. But the wind doesn't pray. When the wind blows it is performing a service.

When the wind blows it purifies the air, and drives away all the impurities.

When we worship God we are performing a service. When you worship God and get blessed, it isn't long before your blessing starts to overflow and others are blessed also.

Several years ago in L.A. they had a covering of thick smog. It hung over the city for several days and just wouldn't lift. So they called scientists to come in and study it, to find out why. Their conclusion was this: They didn't know what was causing it, but they knew what it would take to correct it: A wind from elsewhere.

Is there a smog over your soul? Don't blame it on anyone, all you need is a good strong Holy Ghost wind to sweep through. Where does this wind come from? I don't know. I can trace it back to Pentecost and say here is the source of the wind, but if you go back further the Bible says that we were chosen in him before the foundation of the world. When is before? You don't know where the wind comes from, neither do you know where it's going.

I never dreamed when the wind filled this fifteen year old boy, that I would be preaching some day.

"Where's it going, Brother Johnson?"

I really don't know.

"But Brother Johnson, everybody knows we're going to Heaven!"

Heaven, what is that? I'm not being sarcastic, but what is Heaven? Streets of Gold! I can't imagine that! I have a very good imagination, but Heaven is too great for me to imagine!

One of these days the wind will blow, and in a moment it'll be gone and I can't imagine it! But best of all, I'm going to see Jesus! I can't imagine that either: But one of these days the wind is going to blow and I will see him as he is.