A baby was born to slave parents. Because the parents were slaves, the baby was a slave. And this little, black baby never knew anything other than, getting up and being in the fields before sun-up, watching his parents work all day until after
sun-down. And because he grew up on a plantation where the whip was viciously used, from his earliest remembrance, all he could remember was the sound of that whip cutting through the air, and then slicing into somebody's flesh.

Sitting here tonight, I don't know that any of us here can imagine what it would be like to hear someone say, "I OWN you! You're just a piece of property. Because I own you, I can do anything I please, and even if I kill you, I've done nothing wrong. A slave.

When this little boy, whose name was Charley, was five years of age, his mother did something that angered one of the plantation bosses, and no one even knew what it was. But in his presence a man took a whip and started ministering a cruel beating to his mother.

Charley went over and held his mom's head in his arms, and within the hour she died.

I wonder how you'd feel if someone whipped your mother to death in your presence -- and then you held her head while she was left to die?

The next morning, the plantation owner was so angry that the woman had died that, in vengeance, he took the boy's father and sold him, and the boy never saw his dad again.

You're five years old, and in one day your mother is beat to death in your presence, and your father is sold -- never ever to cross your path again.

This young boy had some talent and ability, but on this plantation they forbid him to get any schooling, and they forbid him to go to church. And so up until age 15, all he did was work seven days a week. At age 15, he could not read, in English, one word, and he'd never been to church in his life.

His back was carved with scars from the bottom of his heels, and the back of his head has been beaten so severely that hair would not grow there.

At age 15, he was freed by the War Between The States [Civil War]. He still worked in the field, but at night for the first time, at age 15, he was free. They asked Charley, "What to you wanta do, now, the first night you're free?" He said, "I wanta go to church. I wanta go to church for the first time in my life."

He walked twelve miles one way, went to a church, and there he heard something he couldn't imagine. The preacher stood up and said, "There's Somebody who loves you."

He said, "There's nobody who loves me -- I'm Charley."
That preacher said, "You’re wrong. He loves you so much He died in your place." And Charley, the first time he was in Church, heard the Good News of the gospel and trusted Christ as his own Savior.

After they prayed with him, one of them said, "Do you have a Bible?"

He said, "No".

They said, "We wanta give you a Bible."

Charley said, "That won't do any good. I can't read."

They said, "You mean you can't read WELL."

He said, "I mean I can't read AT ALL -- not one word."

I thank God for the ladies in that Church who said, "Listen, we need to teach this boy how to read so he can read the Bible."

Don't you ever take reading for granted! What a privilege to be able read the Word of God -- for yourself. The TREASURE!

These ladies went to that plantation and diligently taught that young black boy how to read -- and WHAT AN APPETITE HE HAD FOR THE WORD OF GOD! The only thing that held him back was that he couldn't get enough candles to keep them lit to read in the dark.

After he had been saved for three, going on four, years, he was in church one day, and he said, "I'd like to make an announcement."

They said, "What's the announcement, Charley?"

He said, "I believe God has called me to preach."

Incredulously, someone there said, "WHAT?"

Charley said, "I believe God's called me to preach."

They looked at him, and said, "Son, that can't be! You've had such a disadvantageous background, so much heartache." They said, "There's no way, God would do that."

He said, "Well, do it or not, I think he DID."

And one of the men there, who didn't mean wrong, said, "Charley, you've forgotten, you're nothin'."
It startled the boy, and tears began to roll down his cheeks, and he said, "You're right. You know I'm nothin', and I know I'm nothin', and I'll promise you, God knows I'm nothin', but if the One Who's EVERYTHING wants to use something that's nothin', that's HIS business." And he said, "Pray for me. I wanta preach the Word of God."

They said, "You'll FAIL!"

How many of you know people who are "equipped" to say THAT?"

I love what he said back, "If it's up to ME, you're dead sure right, but if God's in that, God's got the ability to make it happen."

He went over two hundred and fifty miles -- went over into the middle of nowhere to a place called Cape May, New Jersey. There this young black man announced that he would be preaching.

Had his first service -- nobody came -- so, he stood up and preached to himself.

Had his second service -- nobody came -- so, he stood up and preached to himself.

Third service -- nobody came, so he preached to himself.

He always preached an hour.

They said, "How come you preached an hour?"

He said, "'cause I need to preach." So, he preached to himself.

It got out, "There's a nut down there, preaching to himself."

And people started coming, just to see somebody that had THAT KIND OF COMMITMENT!

His message was always the same: "HE'S EVERYTHING, and I'm nothing."

And you'd be amazed at the One Who's EVERYTHING -- what HE can do if someone just admits they're nothing!"

People started getting saved. People started coming to church -- got their lives all turned around. As it began to grow, the Church had ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, then a hundred. Next, they put up a small building, but when the congregation
continued to grow, they tore it down, built another building, and pretty soon, the largest church in the state of New Jersey was pastored by this young black man.

One day, he stood up and said, "I believe God's called me to go to Philadelphia. That was the second largest city in America at the time and the intellectual center.

They said, "Wait a minute! It's one thing for you to preach out here in the middle of nowhere, but if you go up THERE, you'll never make it."

Same story -- first service, nobody came.

Second service, nobody came.

Same MESSAGE! -- and if we would JUST humble ourselves, and admit we're nothing, and acknowledge He's EVERYTHING -- and live right! -- God's looking to make Himself STRONG to the people who do that.

Folks started coming. Within a year's time they were running twenty. Two years' time, they were running a hundred. Ten years after he arrived in Philadelphia, they put up a building that could seat 600 hundred, and it was full every service. Fifteen years after he arrived they had an auditorium that could seat 3,000 thousand, and they filled it 6 times -- EVERY SUNDAY! -- and the largest church on the Eastern Seaboard was pastored by Charley.

The man's name was Charles Albert Tindley, and you may not know his name, but I venture to say you know his songs, because he was a hymn-writer as well as a preacher.

They came to him, at the time, and said, "How do you ever make sense out of losing your parents, and all the things that happened to you -- how do you make sense out of that? And he wrote the song, "We'll Understand It Better..." What are the next words? -- "Bye and Bye." That song was written by Charley.

He said, "I'll never understand it," but he said, "I promise you, HE UNDERSTANDS IT ALL."

They came to him, and they said, "What do you do with your burdens when you think about all of the injustices that were done to you?" And that same day he wrote the song, "Take Your Burden To The Lord, And LEAVE IT THERE."

At the end of his life, they came, and asked him, "What's the secret to what God's done in your life?"

"Ah," he said, "It's real simple. He's EVERYTHING; I'm still nothing. And all I gotta be sure of is that there's 'NOTHING BETWEEN MY SOUL AND THE SAVIOR.'"
02 -- A FORMAL SKETCH OF CHARLES A. TINDLEY
(Compiled From One At Least One Online Source)

Dr. Charles Albert Tindley was born July 7, 1851, in Berlin, Maryland, and
died at age 82 on July 26, 1933 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He was an American
Methodist minister and gospel music composer -- often referred to as "The Prince
of Preachers." He educated himself, became a minister and founded one of the
largest Methodist congregations serving the African-American community on the
East Coast of the United States. The Tindley Temple United Methodist Church in
Philadelphia was named for him.

Tindley’s father was a slave, but his mother was free. Tindley himself was
thus considered to be free, but even so he grew up among slaves. After the Civil
War, he moved to Philadelphia. He continued his education while working as a
church janitor, teaching himself Hebrew and Greek and eventually earning a
doctorate. After 25 years, he became the pastor of the same church at which he had
been a janitor. Under his leadership, the church grew from zero to a multiracial
congregation of 10,000. [David Gibbs said Tindley’s congregation was 3,000
attendants six times per Sunday, totalling 36,000, more than three times more than
the 10,000 just stated! -- DVM]

Tindley was a noted songwriter and composer of gospel hymns and is
recognized as one of the founding fathers of American gospel music. Five of his
hymns appear in the revised Methodist hymnal, which is used worldwide. He was
the first hymn writer to have a hymn copyrighted, but Tindley never intended for his
songs to be sung in formal worship services, but rather on informal occasions. He
published a hymn collection in 1916, titled New Songs Of Paradise.

03 -- LINES FROM TWO OF HIS HYMNS

LEAVE IT THERE

Verse 1
If the world from you withhold of its silver and its gold,
And you have to get along with meager fare,
Just remember, in His Word, how He feeds the little bird;
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.
Leave it there, leave it there,
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.
If you trust and never doubt, He will surely bring you out.
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.
Chorus
Leave it there, leave it there,
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.
If you trust and never doubt,
He will surely bring you out.
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.

*     *     *

Verse 2
If your body suffers pain and your health you can't regain,
And your soul is almost sinking in despair,
Jesus knows the pain you feel, He can save and He can heal;
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.
Leave it there, leave it there,
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.
If you trust and never doubt, He will surely bring you out.
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.

Chorus
Leave it there, leave it there,
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.
If you trust and never doubt,
He will surely bring you out.
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.

*     *     *

Verse 3
When your enemies assail and your heart begins to fail,
Don't forget that God in Heaven answers prayer;
He will make a way for you and will lead you safely through.
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.
Leave it there, leave it there,
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.
If you trust and never doubt, He will surely bring you out.
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.

Chorus
Leave it there, leave it there,
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.
If you trust and never doubt,
He will surely bring you out.
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.
Verse 4
When your youthful days are gone and old age is stealing on,
And your body bends beneath the weight of care;
He will never leave you then, He'll go with you to the end.
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there
Leave it there, leave it there,
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.
If you trust and never doubt, He will surely bring you out.
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.

Chorus
Leave it there, leave it there,
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.
If you trust and never doubt,
He will surely bring you out.
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.

NOTHING BETWEEN

Nothing between my soul and the Savior,
Naught of this world’s delusive dream;
I have renounced all sinful pleasure;
Jesus is mine, there’s nothing between.

Nothing between, like worldly pleasure;
Habits of life, though harmless they seem;
Must not my heart from Him ever sever;
He is my all, there’s nothing between.

Nothing between, like pride or station;
Self or friends shall not intervene;
Though it may cost me much tribulation,
I am resolved, there’s nothing between.

Nothing between, e’en many hard trials,
Though the whole world against me convene;
Watching with prayer and much self denial,
I’ll triumph at last, there’s nothing between.

* * * * * * * * *

04 -- A LIST IF TINDLEY’S HYMNS
A Better Day Is Coming By And By
A Better Home
After A While
Christ Is The Way
Consolation
From Youth To Old Age
Go Talk With Jesus About It
Go Wash In The Beautiful Stream
Have You Crossed The Line?
Heaven's Christmas Tree
Here Am I, Send Me
HE’LL TAKE YOU THROUGH
I Believe It
I Have Found At Last A Savior
I Know The Lord Will Make A Way
I Will Go, If My Father Holds My Hand
I’ll Be Satisfied
I’ll Overcome Some Day
I’m Going To Die With My Staff In My Hand
I’m Going There
In Me
It May Be The Best For Me
Joyous Anticipation
Just Today
Leave It There
Let Jesus Fix It For You
Lord, I've Tried
Mountain Top Dwelling
My Secret Of Joy
NOTHING BETWEEN
Our Suffering Jesus
Saved And Satisfied
Some Day
Someone Is Waiting For Me
Spiritual Spring Time
STAND BY ME
Stranger Cut The Rope, A
Today
The Heavenly Union
THE HOME OF THE SOUL
The Lord Will Make The Way
The Pilgrim’s Song
The Storm Is Passing Over
WE’LL UNDERSTAND IT BETTER BY AND BY
What Are They Doing In Heaven?
Will You Be There?
Your Faith Has Saved You

* * * * * * *

END OF THIS ACCOUNT