THE BOOKFOLIO

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WORDS THAT CARRY

A SERMON ON THE POWER OF WORDS

SERMONS I WISH I WROTE



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THE BOOKFOLIO

Words That Carry

A SERMON ON THE POWER OF WORDS

A Sermon by Terrell Powell

Scripture is from the King James Version. The words of Jesus are printed in red, the way Terrell wrote them.

📖🔥 WORDS THAT CARRY

Sermons I Wish I Wrote

A Journal Before the People

🎤 QUESTION OPENING

Can I ask y’all a question today?

How is it that something invisible can carry so much power?

How is it that words nobody can touch, nobody can hold, nobody can even see… can still shape the course of somebody’s life?

How is it that one sentence can build a person up… while another sentence can break a person down?

Have you ever noticed how people can forget what they said… but you can’t forget what you heard?

How is it that words have started wars… and words have ended wars?

Kings make decrees with words.

Presidents move nations with words.

Judges sentence lives with words.

False prophets deceive generations with words.

And if words are this powerful… why do we speak so carelessly?

Why do we say things in anger that people carry for years?

Why do we speak fear over ourselves while praying for faith at the same time?

And here's another question…

Why was the first thing God revealed to humanity not His hands… but His voice?

Because before there was light… before there were oceans… before there were stars hanging in the heavens… there was a voice.

And God said, "Let there be light."

And creation obeyed words.

So what does that tell us?

Words are not ordinary.

Words carry authority.

Words carry spirit.

Words carry life.

Words carry death.

And if God created worlds with words… what are our words creating?

What are your words creating in your home?

What are your words creating in your children?

What are your words creating in your marriage?

What are your words creating in your own mind?

Because the Bible says, “Life and death are in the power of the tongue.”

And today

, before I preach this message, I need everybody in this room to ask themselves one question:

What are my words carrying?

📖 THE MESSAGE

There are nights when I sit alone… thinking about words.

Not money.

Not fame.

Not weapons.

Not power.

Words.

And I keep asking myself the same question…

Why are words so powerful?

Why can something invisible carry enough weight to change the course of human history?

I’ve seen words build people.

And I’ve seen words destroy people.

I’ve seen words heal families…

and I’ve seen words tear families apart.

I’ve seen words unite nations…

and I’ve seen words divide nations.

Words have led millions into victory…

and words have led millions into destruction.

Before wars begin, somebody must speak first.

Before armies move, a command must be spoken.

Before nations rise, somebody must open their mouth.

Even before a nuclear weapon launches… there must first be words.

A president gives an order.

A king makes a decree.

A leader speaks… and thousands move because of words.

False prophets led people astray with words.

False teachers deceived generations with words.

And entire civilizations collapsed because people believed the wrong voice.

That's power.

One sentence can make a child believe in themselves forever.

And one sentence can break a child emotionally for the rest of their life.

One conversation can heal somebody.

One conversation can leave scars that last for years.

And that troubled me.

Because if words are this powerful… why do we speak so carelessly?

Why do we throw words around like they

don’t matter?

Why do we say things in anger that people carry for years?

I remember hearing people say:

“You’ll never become anything.”

“You’re too broken.”

“You’ll never change.”

And maybe the person who said it forgot…

but the person who heard it didn’t.

Because words carry.

And the more I thought about it, the more I realized words were never ordinary.

The first thing God showed humanity was the power of words.

Before there was light… before there were oceans… before there were stars hanging in the heavens… there was a voice.

And God said, “Let there be light.”

And creation obeyed words.

God did not build creation with tools.

He spoke… and existence responded.

That means words carry authority.

Words carry spirit.

Words carry creation.

And suddenly I understood why life and death are in the power of the tongue.

Then Scripture took me deeper.

Because the Bible says:

“In the beginning was the Word…”

“And the Word was with God…”

“And the Word was God.”

Jesus is the Word made flesh.

Which means every time Christ spoke… things moved.

Blind eyes opened.

Storms calmed down.

Dead things got up.

Demons trembled.

Because heaven recognizes the true Word of God.

And then I thought about the wilderness.

Because even the devil came after Christ with words.

Satan did not begin with violence.

He began with conversation.

“If thou be the Son of God…”

The enemy tried to twist truth with words.

Manipulate truth with words.

Corrupt truth with words.

But every time Satan spoke, Jesus answered:

“It is written.”

Yes, Christ defeated Satan at the cross.

But in the wilderness, He defeated him

with words.

Because truth spoken from the mouth of God carries authority hell cannot stand against.

And then there's the Holy Spirit…

still carrying the Word today.

Convicting hearts.

Healing minds.

Breaking chains.

Restoring souls.

Not through violence.

Not through weapons.

But through words filled with the Spirit of God.

And then the Lord showed me something…

The tongue is like a two-edged sword.

It cuts going in… and it cuts coming out.

One edge wounds the listener… and the other edge wounds the speaker.

Because hateful words don't just damage the person hearing them… they reveal damage inside the person speaking them.

And some people are still bleeding emotionally because of words spoken over them years ago.

That's when I started thinking differently.

Not just about words that hurt…

but about words that survived.

Words born from pain.

Words born from struggle.

Words born from faith.

Words that carried across generations.

I remember hearing certain songs in church growing up…

♪ "It is well…

it is well…

with my soul…” ♪

And something about those words felt alive.

Because I knew those words came from suffering.

Then I heard…

♪ “Amazing grace…

how sweet the sound…

that saved a wretch like me…

I once was lost…

but now I’m found…

was blind…

but now I see…” ♪

And I remember thinking…

Whoever wrote that must’ve known what it felt like to be lost.

Because grace means something different when you know you didn’t deserve it.

Then came…

♪ “Precious Lord…

take my hand…

lead me on…

let me stand…” ♪

And I realized that wasn’t just music.

That was somebody crying out for strength.

And then…

♪ “What a friend…

we have in Jesus…

all our sins and griefs to bear…” ♪

Not just Savior.

Not just King.

Friend.

Someone who stays when everybody else leaves.

And then the one that shook me deeply…

♪ “The blood…

that reaches to the highest mountain…

and it flows…

to the lowest valley…” ♪

And I realized…

Those weren’t just songs.

Those were sermons.

Sermons written by wounded people who still believed God.

And quietly I found myself whispering…

“Lord… I wish I wrote that.”

Not because I wanted applause.

Not because I wanted recognition.

But because those words carried something eternal.

Something that survived generations.

And then I thought about the prophets.

Jeremiah… crying while preaching.

Moses… telling God he couldn't speak.

David… writing while emotionally bleeding.

♪ "The Lord is my shepherd…

I shall not want…" ♪

Those weren't just poems.

Those were survival words.

And maybe that's why their words still carry today.

Because they weren't written from comfort.

They were written from encounter.

Then I looked at myself.

My own fears.

ByMy own mistakes.

The moments where words spoken over me almost became my identity.

But then…

God spoke louder.

And maybe that's the real reason I'm standing here tonight.

Not just to preach.

Not just to speak.

But to remind somebody…

Words matter.

What you speak over your children matters.

What you speak over yourself matters.

What you say in anger matters.

What you say in pain matters.

Because words travel farther than people think.

Somebody in this room right now is still trying to recover from words spoken years ago.

And somebody else is surviving today because one person spoke life into them when they almost gave up.

So now, before I open my mouth, I want heaven to search my heart.

Because if my words carry power…

Lord, teach me how to speak life.

Teach me how to heal and not destroy.

Teach me how to build and not tear down.

And I used to keep saying:

“Lord… I wish I wrote that.”

But one day God answered me.

And He said:

“I didn’t call you to repeat their words.

I called you to release yours.”

🙏🔥 ALTAR CALL — WORDS THAT CARRY

Before we leave tonight…

I want to ask one final question.

What words have been carrying you?

Not the words you speak outwardly.

But the words living inside of you.

The words replaying in your mind late at night.

The words spoken over you as a child.

The words that made you feel rejected.

The words that made you feel forgotten.

The words that made you feel like you were never enough.

Because some people walked into this room smiling…

but inside, they are still bleeding from conversations that happened years ago.

And tonight, Jesus wants to heal more than your body.

He wants to heal your memory.

He wants to heal the places inside of you where harmful words took root.

Because some of you have been carrying voices that never came from God.

“You’re worthless.”

“You’ll never change.”

“You’re too broken.”

“You’ll never recover.”

Those are not the words of your Father.

Because when God speaks, He speaks life.

When God speaks, dead things rise.

When God speaks, chains break.

When God speaks, light enters darkness.

And tonight, the Word of God wants to speak louder than every negative word spoken over your life.

So if you’re in this room tonight…

and you’re tired of carrying painful words…

tired of carrying shame…

tired of carrying fear…

tired of carrying wounds from your past…

I want you to come.

Don't worry about who's watching you.

Don't worry about what people think.

This moment is between you and God.

And maybe you're saying:

"Lord… I've said words that hurt people."

"Lord… my own mouth has caused damage."

"Lord… I need You to heal my tongue too."

Come.

Because this altar is not only for people wounded by words…

it's also for people who want God to transform their words.

Before Isaiah could preach, God touched his mouth.

Before Jeremiah could speak, God put

words in his mouth.

And before Pentecost changed the world, God touched tongues with fire.

So tonight…

let God touch your mouth.

Let Him heal your heart.

Let Him break every curse spoken over your life.

Let Him silence every lie from the enemy.

And let the voice of God become louder than every painful word from your past.

Because you are not what they called you.

You are not what they said about you.

You are who God says you are.

Chosen.

Loved.

Forgiven.

Restored.

Redeemed.

And tonight, before you leave this altar, I want your words to change.

No more speaking death over yourself.

No more speaking fear over your future.

No more speaking failure over your life.

From this day forward…

Speak life.

Speak healing.

Speak peace.

Speak faith.

Speak Jesus.

And maybe years from now…

somebody will still be living because of words God placed in your mouth tonight.

Father…

search our hearts.

Clean our mouths.

Heal our wounds.

And let every word from this day forward…

carry You.

In Jesus' name…

Amen.

ABOUT THIS BOOK

A sermon on the weight of the words we speak — from 'Sermons I Wish I Wrote,' Terrell Powell's journal before the people.

A SERMON BY TERRELL POWELL

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
and a light unto my path."
PSALM 119:105 — KJV

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