

# The Sin of Silence

by Jack Hyles

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*The sermon emphasizes the importance of standing up and speaking out for God in the face of evil and injustice, and warns against the sin of silence.*

**Duration:** 35:01

**Scripture:** Obadiah 1:1

**Topics:** "Silence"

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## Description

In this sermon, the preacher emphasizes the importance of taking a stand against immoral influences in society. He shares a story about a man who took extreme measures to protest against movies, highlighting the need for Christians to speak out against such things. The preacher also condemns Playboy magazine and challenges anyone who doesn't see what's wrong with it to seek forgiveness from God. He encourages believers to be bold and unashamed in their faith, standing up for Jesus in all areas of life.

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## Transcript

When I went to junior high school, the Bowd story, junior high school of Dallas, Texas, there were two young ladies who obviously were the most beautiful girls in high school. One was named Jeanette Brentlinger, B-R-E-N-T-L-I-N-G-E-R. The other was named Bobbie Brentlinger.

They were very striking young ladies, strikingly beautiful. They attended also, though I did not know them, they did attend later the church where I was licensed and ordained, called to preach. I did not know these young ladies, I did not know their family, I just knew they were very striking, beautiful young girls.

The kind of young ladies that anyone would notice as being lovely. One night I went to the Hillcrest Baptist Church of Dallas, where I attended as a boy, to a brotherhood meeting. Now any of you folks that have Southern Baptist backgrounds know what a brotherhood is.

They have the Brotherhood for the Men, and all these letters, the W-M-U, and the R-A, and the G-A, and the W-P-A, and the N-R-A, and so forth. All of these are Southern Baptist groups. But I went to the brotherhood meeting.

At that particular night we had a testimony meeting. A man stood up right in front of me. He gave his name and said, My name is Brent Linger.

I'll never forget it. I'll never forget it. He talked for 15 minutes and told a story that is most impressive and unusual.

When he gave his name, immediately I knew that he was the father of Jeanette and Bobby, because I knew that the name was unusual enough, and our neighborhood was not a... Most everybody knew everybody else, and I knew who he was. He said, God gave me, or gave to me and my wife, three lovely young girls. He said, when my oldest girl was born, I was not serving God, though I was a Christian.

I never took her to Sunday school. I never took her to church. I stayed at home.

She went to Sunday school. I never went with her. Time and time again she would come and say, Daddy, please go to Sunday school with me.

All this he was telling to a great crowd of men, I'm guessing three or four hundred men. He said, I never took her. She wanted me to.

She begged me to. She became a junior girl, went to Sunday school by herself. I never went.

I was a Christian, but I never went. I shirked my responsibility as a father and as a leader of my family. I did not go to church.

She became a teenage girl. Soon she drifted away from church. And before long she was in the wrong crowd.

One night she was out till late at night. It was cold. The car was not heated properly.

He went on to tell how that she was taken ill. She came home. She wasn't well.

The doctor came. Back in those days doctors made house calls. The doctor came to the house.

He examined her and said, Your daughter has pneumonia. Now in those days we didn't have penicillin or miracle drugs. Pneumonia in those days meant you probably will die.

How many recall those days when pneumonia was, oh my, it was like cancer is today. First they had pneumonia, it was just, well, you just thought maybe you had a 50-50 chance to live. And he said, I came to my daughter's bedside.

She got worse and worse. And one night the doctor came to our home and looked in the face of my 17-year-old daughter, a beautiful girl, and he did have beautiful girls. And he kept on talking, but this time his lips began to quiver and tears began to stream down his cheeks.

And he said, Men, my daughter is dead. Daddy, could I say a few words to you? And I'll tell you, Doctor, I'm dying and I know it. And that big strong man, I'll tell you who reminds me of, reminds me a great deal of Mr. Rossman in our church.

A lot of hair and beautiful hair and graying temples and distinguished looking man. And this man began to tremble. And he said, Men, my daughter said, Daddy, I want to talk to you.

He said, She said, Doctor, I know I'm dying. I know, Daddy, I'm dying. I'm dying now.

But she said, Daddy, I'm going to hell and I know it. And it's your fault. Daddy, I used to go to Sunday school and I begged you to go, but you wouldn't go.

You gave me a good home. You gave me all the food I needed to eat and the nicest clothes I could wear. And you worked hard, Daddy.

And you taught me how to live. But, Daddy, I'm dying now. And I don't know how to die.

I begged you. I begged you, Daddy. I begged you to take me.

I begged you to go with me. You wouldn't go. You made a living for me.

But I'm dying. And I'm going to hell. She was gone.

And that big old man, trembling and tears streaming like rivers down his face and his hands trembling, he said, Men, oh, he said, Men, in God's name, in God's name, take them. Don't send them. Take them.

Don't send them. I taught my girl how to live, but I did not teach my girl how to die. I've never forgotten it.

And then he said these words and sat down. I was a Christian all these years, but I was a silent, a silent. I know of nothing more despicable than such a Christian.

I know of nothing in this world more disgusting or distasteful to the spiritual side or the spiritual people and to the God in heaven who made us than for someone to bear His name. I am a Christian. Bear His name.

Have His grace. Enjoy His blessings. Delight in salvation.

Have a home in heaven being prepared for Him. And be ashamed of the Christ who gave His life. And that's why this morning I had Brother Colston lead us in reading about Obadiah.

Obadiah was a friend of Ahab and Jezebel, but he was a disciple. He feared the Lord greatly. Of course, as Dr. Rice says, he feared Jezebel more.

But he feared the Lord greatly. He was saved. He was a God-fearing man.

Except he was unwilling to stand up in the house of Ahab and say, I belong to God. I believe the Bible. I take my stand with God's people.

I am one of His own. Oh, yes, I am one of His own. A child He'll never disown.

I'm His. He's mine. I'm going to heaven.

I'm going to take my stand. Yes, he was a Christian. But he was afraid.

And he committed the sin of silence. A silent Christian. Oh, one time he took a hundred prophets.

Jezebel was persecuting the prophets. And he took a hundred prophets and divided them into two camps of fifty each and hid them in a cave and fed them on bread and water. Well, isn't that wonderful? Bread and water.

Here's a man who worked for the king. Here's a man who had position. A man who had authority.

And he thought because he was hiding God's men and saving their lives, he was doing an honor to them and fed them on bread and water. We've got too many bread and water Christians here this morning. Christians who say, I'll give something to God, but not my best.

I'll give something to God, but not my all. I'll give something to God, but not everything I have. Oh, but I have.

Stand up and be counted for God this morning. Stand up at school, young people. Stand up at work, men.

Stand up in the neighborhood, ladies. Stand up at play, boys and girls. Stand up and be counted.

Don't be a secret, hidden disciple. Ashamed of him who was a public spectacle on Calvary for you. Dr. Bob Gray told a story he didn't tell at all the other day.

I hadn't thought of it in years. He told a good part of the story that I think is so beautiful. Pardon me.

In Boston, Massachusetts, Dwight L. Moody was conducting a revival. By the way, he's from that area. Or was.

Dwight L. Moody was conducting a revival back in his days. He came that night to the services, and a little boy was standing outside the door, a little fellow. The little boy walked up, and he's crying.

And Mr. Moody said, What's wrong, son? He didn't know this fellow was Mr. Moody. What's wrong, son? And the little boy said, I wanted to get in. I've heard of Mr. Dwight L. Moody, and I hear you speaking here tonight.

And I wanted to hear him. I wanted to get in. And the little boy said, But I can't.

They said, I can't. Mr. Moody. The boy didn't know he was Mr. Moody.

Mr. Moody said, Why, son, I think I can help you get in. No, he said, Mr. He said, I can't. He said, I've come a long ways to the meeting, and I wanted to see Mr. Dwight L. Moody because I heard about him.

And I know he's God's man, and I want to hear him. But they said, It's all full. Mr. Moody said, I'll tell you what to do.

He said, You get behind me. And he said, You grab ahold of my coattail. And he tied his long coat into a knot like that.

He said, You grab ahold of my coattail. And he said, You hold on tight, and I'm going to walk through the audience, and you just hold on to me. I'll get you in.

And Mr. Moody said, That little boy grabbed Mr. Moody's coattail and held on. And Mr. Moody took off through the crowd and up to the platform. The little boy was amazed where he took him.

He had no idea he was going to sit on the platform. And Mr. Moody had a seat, and he said, Now, son, you sit right over here. And there sat that little boy.

He had no idea he was Mr. Moody. He sat there for the entire service on one of the choicest seats in the house because he came in Mr. Moody's coattail. And Mr. Moody, after the service, said, and this is the part Dr. Gray didn't tell, but Dave and I heard it.

It is said that when Mr. Moody finished the sermon, he forgot the little boy. And when he came back to get his Bible, there were two pennies on the pulpit with a note from the little boy who said, Mr. Moody, thank you. This is all I had to give.

Did you know that's the way I got to God? That's the way I'm going to heaven on Jesus' coattail? And all that's good and all that I have and all that I ever will have and all that I am, it's because of Jesus. The house was full, but Jesus said, I'll get you in. That's why I want to give him everything I have.

So I got two cents. I wanted to have two cents. I've got two million dollars.

I wanted to have a million of it. I'll take the other million. But I wanted to have the two million.

All I have, I want to be to him. I don't want to be like Obadiah in this whole sin-curse world. Listen, the only people who are ashamed are Christians.

Only folks who are ashamed. Look at the Dirty Playboy magazine crowd. They put their magazines right on the front.

Look at the hippie crowd. They have their riots and revolution and chant and meet and have great mass meetings and they pass out their literature. Look at the communist crowd.

They print their literature and stand what they believe and stand unashamedly. Look at the Jehovah's Witnesses passing out their literature. Look at the men in airports, the Buddhists and so forth, passing out their literature.

Look at young men shaving their heads for false teaching and false doctrine. The only crowd in the world that's ashamed of their theology and philosophy is the crowd redeemed for the blood of Jesus. We ought to stand on the housetops and say, everybody know we stand for Jesus Christ.

Obadiah, stand up and speak up. Obadiah, feed those creatures on something besides bread and water. Obadiah, let the crowd know whose side you're on.

Obadiah, rise and shine for Jesus Christ. Don't commit the sin of silence. This morning I got a letter under my door.

And by the way, when you knock on the door before the service, I simply can't answer always because I've got to sometimes talk to the Lord a little bit before the service. But anyway, a note was not pushed under my door this morning and I read it a while ago. One of our ladies said to the house, I'm burdened and concerned.

She said, I went to Zare's department store and I'm going to call the names. I'll be calling more names of stores in town in a few days too. This is the days come and go.

She said, I went to Zare's department store. Now that's a family store. That's where you buy your school supplies.

That's where you buy your, the clothes for boys and girls to go to school. That's where the common people buy clothes for growing children. That's where, how many of you have been to Zare's department store in the last few months? Raise your hand would you please.

And she said, she said, I noticed right in plain view of Playboy magazine. And she said, I went and asked for the manager. And I began to laugh.

I went and asked for the manager. And she said, I told him, I buy things here. And this is a family store and I bring my children in here.

And I just don't think my children ought to look at naked women on the cover of magazines. And he said, I think he said, you're the first one that's said anything about this. But where are the rest of us? Obadiah? Obadiah? All the rest of you folks go to Zare's department store.

Are you saved? Do you belong to Jesus? Let me tell you something this morning. Let me tell you straight forward. You like it or not, doesn't matter.

But until Christian people decide to stand up and be heard and speak out, the rot and garbage and filth is going to flow like a river in this area of ours. Now brother, you're listening to somebody this morning that's about to speak out. And I'm going to call more stores by name.

And they're not going to put Playboy magazines and dirty sex crazed magazines where our folks trade without one preacher standing up and saying, you quit trading there. And by the way, you folks that trade at Zare's department store, if every one of you who go there would go to the manager, I mean go to the manager and tell him what you think about that kind of garbage. What do you do? He'd lose more money losing the business in this room this morning than he would taking the dirty Playboy magazine and throwing them out the back door.

Stand up! Let folks know. Now I don't mean walk back there and take a magazine and tear it up. Like Dr. Rice preached a sermon on movies one time.

Put a book out on movies and a guy in Cincinnati, Ohio got incensed at the movies, what they're doing for America. He got an axe and went down to the local theater, walked in, walked upstairs right during a movie and chopped the thing in pieces. I think that's just terrible.

But chopped it in pieces, got two years in jail because of it. And I don't think you ought to do that. But I'll tell you what, I've got more respect for a fellow that'll chop it in pieces than a fellow who'll say nothing about it.

Why don't we just start a campaign this morning and say that we see grocery stores and department stores where our children have to go. And we see dirt. Let me say this.

You say, what's wrong with Playboy magazine? Don't you ever say that to me out loud. I might lose my Christianity and punch you in the nose. If you don't know what's wrong with Playboy magazine, you ought to get on your face at this altar and ask God to have mercy on your wicked soul and forgive you and give you some decency and give you some morality and give you some principle.

The dirty Playboy philosophy is sending this country to hell. Somebody's got to be more than some Obadiah hiding the prophets of God in a cave and feeding them on drink and water. Somebody's got to say, we'll stand for decency again in our country.

But you're not even saved. You ought to hate that kind of stuff. This morning we ought to say, everywhere we trade, everywhere we trade, we're going to take a stand and we're going to talk to the manager and

force our protest.

Everybody protests except Christians. And we wear smile buttons. Anybody can dislike something and stand and fight and crusade, but somehow we've gotten the idea that Christianity is not a crusade.

That's not true. This Bible is one great moral revolution. That's what this Bible's all about.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, ye soldiers of the cross. Lift high his royal banner. It must not suffer loss.

Obadiah, disciple who was secret. But he's not the only one in the Bible. There was Nicodemus.

I like Nicodemus. I feel sorry for him, but I like him. It was Nicodemus who was the teacher of the Jews, a Bible instructor, an Old Testament professor.

It was Nicodemus who came to Jesus by night and talked to him and said, We know thou art a teacher come from God. It was Nicodemus whom our Lord spoke three times. Ye must be born again.

It was Nicodemus who went away without ever giving us any hope that he was saved, though I think he was. If you'll read the seventh chapter of John, you'll find that Nicodemus gave some little, a little, he opened the door just enough to let a little light come in to maybe make us think that he was born again. And then in the latter part of the scriptures, when Jesus was on the cross and gave up the ghost, it was Nicodemus who came along with Joseph of Arimathea and claimed his body and wrapped his body and prepared it for burial.

It was Joseph's borrowed tomb where our Lord's body was laid. But Nicodemus all those years wouldn't stand up for Christ. Oh, think of the chances he had.

Think of the times Nicodemus could have stood up and said, I belong to him and I want you to know it. Think of the influence Nicodemus could have had. He was a teacher of the Jews, perhaps a member of the Sanhedrin, a Bible instructor, a teacher of Judaism.

He could have amounted to something, but he wouldn't stand. And his life was wasted. You know, I was thinking, a deacon in our church works at a certain plant here in this area.

And I met a fellow the other day, a few years ago, who works that plant. He said, I work at a certain, certain place. I said, what department? He told me.

I said, yes. Do you know of so-and-so? Sure, I know it. I called this deacon's name.

I said, why, he's a deacon in our church. He said, yes. Is that right? I didn't know he was a Baptist.

I didn't know he was a deacon. Are you sure he's a deacon? I said, no. I don't even know the fellow.

He said, why, I've worked for him 17 years, and I didn't know he was a deacon. Nicodemus? Nicodemus? Why, have you been working for a fellow 17 minutes? He ought to know you're a Christian. He ought to know you stand for God.

The very way that you work. By the way, that fellow's no longer a deacon here. And if we've got any deacons, we've got a hundred deacons, if we've got any deacons, they can work in a place 17 hours, or 17 days, or 17 minutes.

And folks don't know you belong to Jesus. You love this book. You hate sin.

You stand for God. Then you resign the deacon board. The very idea of God's blood-bought, blood-washed people being silent Christians.

I've been pastor of this church 14 years. I will become next week the pastor who's served here longer than any pastor in the 85-year history of this church. I was thinking last night of the mistakes I've made.

There's some things I've said I wish I hadn't have said. There's some times I've been stubborn and I wish I hadn't have been. They're mistakes.

And I've been hasty sometimes in some decisions. And sometimes maybe I've been a little quick. I never have tried.

I've tried not to be selfish, but sometimes maybe I've been a little bit quick. And sometimes maybe I've been a little harsh when I shouldn't have been. But I said last night, I said, Jesus, you know this is true.

I've stood for you for 14 years. Nobody in town wonders what I think about you. When you mention Jack Hiles and Hammond, nobody wonders what he stands for.

Nobody wonders, everybody knows. Everybody doesn't love him. Many folks hate me, but everybody knows my stand.

Everybody knows what I believe about fiddery drinking, the liquor traffic. Everybody knows what I think about the nudity going on in our schools. Everybody knows what I think about the playboy philosophy.

It's leaked out again this morning what I think about that. Everybody knows my stand. Everybody knows my position.

And I have made my stand. If the whole town likes it, I'll stand. If the whole town hates it, I'll stand.

But I'm going to stand for Jesus if I stay here 100 years. Oh, listen to me. We need some men, not like Nicodemus, who just teach the Bible and teach the Old Testament and secretly follow the Lord and are silent in their stand.

We need somebody who will stand up and be counted and say, Lord, I'm going to stand for you. Oh, listen, I can't go to England and steal. Most of those men out there will never hear me preach.

They've been, some of them prejudiced, and some of them have heard stories about my preaching and my stand, and they won't come. Did you know that if we ever reach that great crowd of men at England and steal, that means you men that work out there have got to live what's preached from this pulpit as you work out there during the week. You've got to be a testimony.

You've got to stand up for Christ. You've got to take your stand. You've got to stand for righteousness and stand against unrighteousness out here at Youngstown or at Ford Motor Company and these other places.

Most of them won't come. You students that attend Hammond High School or attend Hammond Tech or attend Morton or Gavitt or Clark or other schools in this area, did you know that many of them know my stand? They know I hate communism. They know I fight it like I fight a rattlesnake.

They know I hate the dirty, many-skirted craze where girls look like stripteasers sitting in chairs at church. They know I hate that kind of stuff. They know my stand on long hair and the hippie crowd and the communism and revolution and riots.

They know my stand on nudity and free love and all the rest of it. They know my stand. They won't come here if they ever see the love of Christ.

If they ever know that somebody stands for Jesus, you're going to have to show them at Gavitt and at Morton and at Hammond Tech and at Hammond High School. You're going to have to show them. There are millions of people in this area, and there are tens of thousands who will never walk through those doors, but you walk through their doors.

You go to a business place and you buy something at a grocery store or go downtown to a clothing store. You can carry the message. I don't mean that you'll get your big family Bible and walk into the store when you buy your groceries next week and say, Hey, bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name.

But I do mean the way you walk and the way you act and the way you talk. It ought to be the kind of behavior that will magnify the Savior, and folks will know whose side you're on. And when there's an issue at hand, you'll stand up and speak about it, and you'll speak a good word for Jesus.

I was over at a barbershop not far from here. A fellow walked in, a great, big, blabber mouth fellow, and he also had a blabber stomach too, and he walked in and he said, He used the word God and then the word D-A-M-N at the end. Oh, it's G-D hot today.

Jesus Christ, this G-D sunshine is terrible. And he started, you know, I was getting a haircut, and he sat over there and he used God's name in vain for about ten minutes, and I finally looked at him and I said, You're very religious, aren't you? What do you mean? Big guy. I said, You're very religious.

He said, Why? I said, You've been talking about God ever since you came in here. You must be a very religious fellow. I said, I appreciate a man who talks about God so much.

I said, I'm ashamed. I haven't talked about Him more. What are you talking about? I said, I'll tell you what I'm talking about.

I said, You're twice as big as me. And I said to the barber, Let me have your razor if you don't mind. I said, You're twice as big as me.

But I said, I'm not going to sit up here and take you cussing the best friend I've got any longer. Now, one of us is leaving. I said, Barber, you decide which one.

Now, I didn't do it until I'd taken all I could. I'm simply saying, Well, you say, Well, I just let my light shine so people can see my good works. If you don't keep your mouth moving, you don't let your light shine.

There's no such thing as a shining light without a moving mouth. Now, I believe in both. I believe that your light only shines.

I believe you ought to be honest and I'll pay your debts. And I'll say a few words about that tonight. But, I'm weary of pastoring people, in many cases, that can work for 17 years at a steel mill.

And folks don't even know whose side you're on. Folks ought to know your stand. You ought to say, I will never know how I stand.

Then there's Nicodemus and there's Obadiah. But there's another one, and that's Joseph of Arimathea. The Bible says that Joseph of Arimathea, who borrowed the tomb, or who was born of tombs, was given to our Lord for his burial.

The Bible says he was the disciple secretly for fear of the Jews. Secretly for fear of the Jews. Would you pardon my vanity for a few minutes in closing? As I recount a little bit.

And God called me to preach. I always took my stand. In Texas, I was a loudmouth preacher that always fought everything that was wrong.

When I got called to the First Baptist Church of Hammond, Indiana, somebody told me this was the richest church in the whole North. I wish I had checked on it first, but somebody told me this was the richest church in the entire North. They told me we had four millionaires in this church.

We did. Lost them all the same Sunday. I didn't mean to.

Sorry. Anyway, I came up here, and I was 14 years ago. And the devil sat on my shoulder and said, The fellow who was mayor of that town, by the way, did you know that just before I came, the mayor of Hammond belonged to First Baptist Church of Hammond? By the way, a nice man.

I'm not criticizing these people. Did you know the man who is now the president of the Calumet National Bank? And a fine man. Remember this church.

And I'm not being critical of anybody. Did you know that the devil came and sat on my shoulder and said, You know, Hyles, this is your chance. This is your chance.

Did you know that a wealthy man in this church sent the pastor and his wife on a cruise every year before I came? And did you know that immediately the city of Hammond, the fathers of the city, began to whine? I'm sorry, carrot juice and dine me. Orange juice and they began to whine and dine me. Did you know that almost every day some city father would walk in my office and want to take me out to eat lunch? Did you know that I was a special guest at the city clubs in Hammond? And the real estate board had me as their honored guest.

Did you know that? And did you know that some of the wealthiest people in this town, most influential people in this town, decided to become my godfather? And the devil said, How do you like it? I said, It's fine. I've never had this before. They're all just cussing me now.

They're taking me out to eat. And I'll never forget. One day a lady said to me, Do you plan to join a ministerial association? Well, I wouldn't join any association of preachers unless every one of them had to sign a statement.

He believed every word in this book. Every word. But I didn't want to upset anything.

I said, I haven't thought about it. She said, Think about it. So I thought about it.

She said, Now are you? I said, Well, if it's fundamental, I will. I'm still trying to hedge a bit. She said, It's not fundamental now.

Are you going to join or not? Well, I was in the corner. And let me just say this very kindly. Don't ever get Jack Hiles in the corner.

I was in the corner. And I said, No, I'm not. And I said to her, and I said to her husband, If you ever need any business, any advice about your business, you call me.

And I'll be glad to advise you. But I'm not going to advise you until you call me. And I said, If I ever need any advice about my preaching, I'll call you.

But until I call you, you keep your nose out of it. I went back to my study. I said, I'm going to be the same preacher in Hammond I was in Texas.

I got on my knees over here in the same study where I am now. And I said, Dear God, I'm not a great preacher, and I know it. And I don't have eloquence, and I know it.

But they're not going to buy me. And if they turn, I've enjoyed being dined a bit. And I've enjoyed being sort of beloved a little bit.

But they're not going to buy me. And I'll promise you, they may railroad me out of here next week. They may chase me out of town, but I'll not be bought.

I'll not be bought. They're not going to buy me. I'm going to stand.

And God knows it's true. I've stood for 14 years for what I thought was right and for the Bible. And I can say with Paul this morning, day and night I've worked for these years.

Day and night. And I've taught you publicly and from house to house. And I've taught you with tears.

And I've tried to stand for what's right. And I want you to join me. I want you to say, I'll join you, preacher.

We'll stand for righteousness and right. I'm going to stand up for Jesus. Let our voices be heard for decency again.

And to that I dedicate myself this morning again. I believe God. If there ever was a day in this country's history when the voices for decency need to sound forth like a trumpet, it's today.

If there ever was a day when somebody ought to say, I'm going to stand and work, it's today. Our schools have become cesspools of iniquity, sex perversion, and sex liberty, and communism, and anarchy, and revival. It's 1973.

I challenge you this morning, on this August Sunday morning, 1973, to leave this place with me with a new dedication and consecration to stand up for Jesus. Not Obadiah, afraid. Not Nicodemus, silent.

And not Joseph of Arimathea, burying a dead Jesus. Jesus died before men. I saw my girl die.

I saw her say, Daddy, I begged you and you wouldn't do it. Daddy? Daddy? I'm dying. And I'm going to hell.

You taught me how to live, but you didn't teach me. How's your life this morning? Huh? How's your life? Dads? Moms? Young people? Children? Let's learn to live, but let's learn to die. Our Heavenly Father.

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