

The Man God Tore Apart

by Leonard Ravenhill

America is in a state of spiritual crisis, and the only way to escape judgment is to repent and turn to God with a broken heart and a contrite spirit.

Duration: 35:32

Scripture: Exodus 15:18, 1 Samuel 2:30, 2 Chronicles 7:14, Jeremiah 9:1, Joel 2:17, Matthew 23:37, Revelation 11:15

Topics: "Spiritual Decline", "Gods Judgment"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher expresses deep sorrow and concern for the state of the nation. He emphasizes that God's mercy and patience are running out, as they have crucified Jesus and stoned the prophets. The preacher recalls a time when he preached on a text with a broken heart, lamenting the lack of spiritual fervor among the congregation. He warns that despite the abundance of material blessings, there will come a time of spiritual famine in America. The sermon concludes with a heartbreaking story of a tragic accident involving a covered wagon and the loss of a mother and child, highlighting the urgency of seeking God before it is too late.

Transcript

I got a watch but I never use it. You know, the problem with Israel was they got proud and arrogant. We're the chosen people.

God delivered us. God gave us food from heaven. God gave us clothes that don't wear out.

They became arrogant. Do you remember the day when Mr. Nixon stood at the microphone and then said, now look, America, we've got a man on the moon. We're the greatest nation on earth.

Do you know what came to my mind? I'll read it to you. You see, Nixon was a bit late on God. It says in Obadiah, there's only one chapter and it says in verse 4, though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, which is a symbol of America.

Every nation that had an eagle as its symbol perished. Germany had a big eagle that used to be on the head of the Kaiser. He had a big golden eagle on his helmet.

The eagle was once a sign of Russia and they perished. It says here, though thou exalt thyself to heaven, though thou exalt thyself as an eagle, and though thou make thy nest among the stars, I will bring thee down, saith the Lord. From that very day that Nixon said that, things have gone wrong for America.

What happened in the Vietnam War? We were humiliated before all the nations. You may not like that. It's come from an English tongue but anyhow, it's the word of God, it's not mine.

Let me go back here a minute to the ninth chapter in this wonderful man of Jeremiah. Read again verse 1, O that my head were waters, mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter. The slain of my people? Two nights ago they told me on TV news that last year there was a tremendous increase of 16-year-old girls becoming pregnant.

Do you know who was at the head of the list? Texas. Do you think that made me happy? No, I'm not afraid of Russia. I don't find a text in scripture that tells me to be afraid of any of my enemies.

I'm afraid of God cutting us off like he cut Russia off in 1917 and have been in a mess ever since and never get out. Nobody has mutilated the gospel more than we have in America. Nobody has merchandised it more.

I think it should be illegal to beg. I don't send out a newsletter. I don't have to.

I guess it shocks you when I tell you last year I earned \$150,000 but I didn't get it. I mean I earned, I worked hard enough to earn it. You're looking so serious.

I won't fine you for laughing. I labored night and day. In business I would have earned \$150,000.

I didn't get it. I made a deal with God years ago, Lord, to the capacity I have, spirit, soul and body, I look after your kingdom, you look after mine. I've never sent a letter out with a begging letter.

Never made an appeal for funds. I don't owe a dime. Yes, I do owe something on my car but somebody tricked me into getting that anyhow.

And it was a preacher as you'd expect. I'm winding this up. He says, all but my head were waters.

Remember Psalm 137, isn't it? Israel weeps. She's in captivity. By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down and wept.

When we remember Zion, when we remember glory, when we remember the favor of God, the blessing of God, the power of God, the revelation of God, the anointing of God. But we've lost it. Do you know why we don't miss it? Because we never had it, that's why.

Now maybe the pastor will fire me, I won't get back to preach again. All but my head were waters, mine eyes were a fountain of tears, and I weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people. You see, this man is in depression all the way till you get further in the book.

Do you know what he says finally? That if you let God have his way and if you don't, he'll use someone else. Finally the Son of God is going to reign over this universe. The ultimate triumph.

Do you think Jesus bled and died and went through hell in Gethsemane for a church in the condition it's in today? We're dirty with carnality, we're dirty with pride, we're dirty with laziness, we're dirty with disobedience. All but my head were waters, mine eyes were a fountain of tears, that I might, that I might weep day and night. Notice he doesn't say so he might sleep comfortably.

I put a cross reference here which I've already quoted. My bowels, my bowels, my heart is disturbed. I cannot hold my peace.

My soul has heard the sound of a trumpet. Do you ever hear the sound of a trumpet? Does God raise an alarm in you that we're getting dangerous in there to the moment when you're going to cut us off? And send judgment without mercy? Who has had more mercy than us? There are 600 million Bibles in America. Tell me another nation that has them.

There are more Bible schools in America than all the other nations in the world put together. Are we more righteous? Are we more holy? I wonder how many of you are parents, you parents take the Bible out every day and read it to your children and pray. You fathers, are you the king in the house? I'm not saying the boss, are you the king? Are you the priest in the house? Will your children rise up and curse you at the judgment because you were so lost in business or lost in something else you didn't have time to nourish their never dying souls? I think we could take that scripture when Jesus says, remember, say Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them, if thou knewest this is the day of thy visitation.

I wish Swaggart would preach on that. This is the day of America's visitation, we're making a mess of it, but this is the day of our visitation. We may be in captivity, you've got an option.

I'll tell you what the option is. To concentrate in prayer or pray in concentration camps, take it. It's as severe as that, as God's my judge.

Oh, that my head were waters. Not that my mind was colossal. Oh, that my head were waters.

I want the privilege of weeping. Oh, this is not news to you, is it? The roads in heaven are paved with what? Gold. The roads in, what's the city in? Venice? The roads are paved with water.

Because they're not roads, you're going to vote. The roads in Venice are paved with water, the roads in heaven are paved with gold. The roads to revival is paved with tears.

You can have tears without having revival. We can't have revival without having tears. I don't have time to go into all this.

He tells the people they should wear sackcloth and ashes. Nobody more than Pentecostal, I guess, Pastor, quote Joel chapter 2. There's going to be a day when, before the great and terrible day of the Lord, before God rips the whole of nature apart, before all the anger he's stored up, he's poured out on that generation. He says, before the great and terrible day of the Lord, he's going to pour out his Spirit on all flesh.

His sons and daughters will prophesy. But you see, we like to start at chapter 1, but 2, chapter 1 is a secret. I've been invited to two or three congresses on revival, just because I've written some books.

I won't go. Get up, listen, Dr. So-and-so's going to give you a lecture. Somebody else is going to give you a lecture.

I'm not sure I'll ever go to another one until we obey God. Are we trying to improve on God? What does God say is the gateway to revival? Well, in the first chapter, what does he say? Let the priests who minister to God weep between the altar and the doorpost. Let them lay all night, in mourning, in ashes, in sackcloth.

All the boys go to these conferences in their nice suits, all dressed up, and have their hair done in a beauty parlor somewhere before they go. They don't go with broken hearts, they don't go with broken spirits. If I got a group of men to come together, I'd say, listen, before you come, you should promise me before God you'll spend a week on your face in fasting prayer.

My dear wife would say sometimes, Lenny know you. It looked a bit rude. Then she'd say, no, it's all right.

Sometimes we get company come to the house and say, stay too long. I walk in the next room and pray. Most of them don't talk intelligently anyhow.

This man says he was torn apart. Let me go on record before God, tonight. If it takes that to tear me apart, I don't care what it is.

Break my heart, tear my liver, move my bowels, which are figures of speech, for tear up my affections, tear up my love, tear up my interest. Dry me up until I get to the place of the feet of a holy God where I can only weep day and night. Not just for America, but for this town.

I've told you before, God wants to do something in Tyler. And I want to see him do it. I can't buy it, you can't buy it.

I've got 25 or 30 millionaire friends. They tell me, any time you want money, just call me. I've never once asked and I never will.

My father looks after my accounts. If we could buy Revival, full gospel, businessmen would have signed enough checks to buy it. But God Almighty says, no, your money perishes with you.

Let me get to this, just a minute. I had a beautiful church in the old city of Bath in England. The city was built 55 years before Christ was born.

We had a kind of miniature Westminster Abbey, a lovely Gothic church. And as I went through the square, I looked at an old theatre being closed down for years. On the top of the porch, there was a head about this height.

It was the head of Garrick, the greatest Shakespearean actor, maybe in the history of the world. George Whitfield has been called the greatest soul winner since the Apostle Paul. It was Whitfield that came and began to birth that Revival that Jonathan Edwards took up.

Then through an American preacher by the name of Gilbert Tennant. And he had two sons, one was called Gilbert and I forget the other one. You know, they said, and here's something for me, gets into me.

They said of George Whitfield that when he preached on hell, you'd think he'd been there a week. You could almost smell the brimstone of him. He could tell you with terrifying splendor how they'd worn and grown.

But also if he preached on heaven, you'd think he'd been in heaven a week. David Garrick one day was going to hear George Whitfield. There's a very famous deist in Scotland by the name of David Hume.

It was five o'clock, a dirty, drizzly, messy English morning. And David Hume went round the corner and bumped into a friend of his. The man said, David Hume? A brilliant scholar like you up a dirty, wet morning like this? Sir, where are you going at five in the morning? I'm going to hear George Whitfield preach.

He's preaching on Mile End Way, so that meant he had to walk about two miles. You're going to hear what? Whitfield preach? Yeah. Ha ha, the man said.

You don't believe a word he says. He said, no, but he does. Ever wonder if a preacher really is doing that? Is he a parrot? Is he reciting a philosophy, a doctrine? Can he say like Jeremiah, a fire burns in my bones? They said Whitfield could raise his hands and when he'd exhausted all his argument he would say, oh.

He had a voice like an organ. They said he would just go roaring and he had a voice that could whisper. He was a paltry young man.

He had vicious cross eyes. They joked about it. They called him Dr. Cross Eye on the English stage.

He stood on a high platform. He had a bit of protruding tummy. At the end of the day a woman said to him, Mr. Whitfield, I'd like to ask you a question.

What is it? She said, I've heard you preach three times today from seven this morning at midday and tonight. I've been standing beneath you and three times I've been drenched with your tears. They bounce off your coat and I've received your tears.

Three times in this day. Sir, I want to know why do you weep? He said, lady, because you don't. I weep for the sins that you've committed.

I weep because the wrath of God is gonna catch up with you. David Garrick said, I listened to Whitfield. He took an offering for his orphanage.

I took out my little leather pouch and I shook out some golden guineas and I passed them up to him. He went on preaching. I put my hand in my pocket and I took out my silver and I passed it on to him.

He preached a bit longer about his orphans. He said he stripped me of everything I had, which wasn't for him. He said, I heard him say that awesome word that seemed to come from the very pit of his body, when he cried, oh, that I could lead you to Christ.

I'd give a thousand of those golden coins if I could say, oh, like that. If he'd give a thousand, he'd give ten thousand to a head, Jeremiah said. He'd give a hundred thousand to Jesus looking to the nations that's going to destruct you.

And he said, oh, Jerusalem. He said it with a broken heart. He said it with tears running down his face.

He knew that God's time was running out on them. God's mercy was running out on them. They'd crucified Jesus and they'd stoned all the prophets.

The final thing here, I preached on this text at least three times in my life, not much more. I remember the first time I preached on it. And I preached on it with a broken heart.

In heaven they sing the song of Moses and of the Lamb. They sing the fifteenth chapter of Exodus, the last verse of which talks about the glory of God. Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders.

That's what they're going to see in heaven, the song of Moses and the Lamb. What do they sing in hell? I'll tell you what they sing in hell. They sing the harvest is past, the summer is ended and we're not saved.

I guess some people go down this main aisle in this church and go straight to hell, even with the preachers poured his heart out and wept over them. The harvest is past, the summer is ended. We're not saved.

I went to a little Bible college in England. We had a lot of celebrity preachers, famous preachers from America and England came. And I was glad to hear the announcement, so-and-so's coming, so-and-so's coming.

I particularly like the president to say, and this next week we're going to have to speak to you a few times and dine with us at dinner, that's the only good meal we had anyhow, in the middle of the day. Gypsy Smith, little round fellow with black eyes, and he talked and he talked and he talked. He was raised in what you would call a covered wagon.

He was in a town by the name of Epworth, out in the country road. And he said, we were always on the move. Now he said, there is no gypsy Bible, but he said, every one of my brothers and sisters had a Bible name.

By the way, no wonder Jonathan Edwards needed a wife like that, didn't have any children, she bore him twelve. And yet his daughter said, if you, one of her children said, if you saw my mother come out of her chamber in the morning, she needs a veil over her face like Moses. She radiates the glory of the risen Christ.

You hear my dad, you think he's rough and tough, but you should hear him weeping and sobbing there in that room when he's locked up by himself. Do you wonder they had lasting fruit? I don't believe two percent of the converts in these big revivals last, go through with God. Because they don't get saved, they just confess their sins.

Catholics do that every week. Gypsies said we were packing up our caravan, and across the road there was a caravan there, or as you would say, a covered wagon. The lady had buried her husband just a couple of weeks before.

She had a healthy son about seventeen years of age, and he was loading up the, all the stuff they had, into the covered wagon. And suddenly the horse took fright, and it started down the road, and he ran after it for all he was worth. He jumped on the back of the thing, climbed on the roof, and he got over the reins.

But it was going downhill, and it was going at a tremendous speed. And there was one of those humpback bridges there. And he said, my daddy said, if he can get through that narrow bridge, he's got it made, because the horse will have to pull that monstrous thing uphill, and he can't do it.

But it so happened that with the swaying of that covered wagon, it hit the edge of the bridge, a stone piece that was there. And suddenly the wheels shot off it, and the woman was thrown into the river, his mother, and a baby, and a two-year-old boy. Well the boy dived off the bridge, and he struggled, and there he went, and others went down to help him.

Too late. The baby's body was washed up at a dam. The other little fellow was drowned.

He said, three days after we went to a graveyard, the boy said, I tried to get my mother. I called to her. I struggled with her.

She fought me. She fought me. She must have been delirious.

But she fought me. And he said when he came to her funeral, they put the babies there in two different little graves. They lowered the casket with his mother in.

And he said that swarthy-skinned handsome boy just got down on his knees, and he just pointed down, and he said, Mother, Mother, you needn't be there. You needn't be there. I tried to save you, but you wouldn't let me.

Some of you tonight, if you don't meet God, at the judgment bar, God will say, I came to that meeting in Rawls Heights that Sunday night. I tried to save you, and you wouldn't let me. So burn in hell forever.

You see, today everybody talks about the love of God, but the apostle talks of the goodness and severity of God. We've had so much goodness, we're like a cat in the milk. We're soaked up with goodness.

We're soaked up with treasure. We're soaked up with lovely homes, and beautiful cars, and wonderful clothes. It's harvest time.

I'll tell you what's coming before long. There's going to be a famine in America. Again, a famine of the hearing of the word of God.

The harvest is past. The summer has ended. I tell you before God, as I'm an honest man, sometimes I think I won't get through the night.

I think I'll burst with grief that in a nation like this, with all the privileges you have, half the church is as dead as can be. And you can hardly find one with the glory of God, where when you come in, I know this night, you're all chattering. If the holy presence of God was here, you wouldn't dare to mutter once you go through those gates.

And you'll be talking football as soon as you get out. What's he talking? He's talking to a backslidden nation. They've heard the voice of God.

They've had visions of God. They've had the mercy of God. They've had all the benevolence of God, and yet they turn on him and rebel.

Do you know what? I'm going to ask the pastor to do something. I never asked this. I've never done it in my life before.

I may never do it again. Pastor, would you stand here? Do you mind? Thank you, and face the crown. Many of you tonight, your prayer life is in tatters.

Your devotion, making love to Jesus, you never know a thing about it. All you do is go beg, beg, beg, and ask for privileges. If you're honest tonight, you'll say, God, I failed to read your word.

I failed to have compassion for the lost. I failed my pastor. I haven't stood behind him.

I haven't joined my heart with his in intercession. If I ask you to repent, you'll kneel there and shed a few tears and go off. I'm going to ask you to do something more than that.

It'll puncture your pride. I'm going to ask you to come out and say to the pastor, Pastor, I failed God and I failed you. I'm going back to my seat to repent.

Come on, some of you deacons should come first. You failed the pastor. You failed God.

No one brave enough to come. I've been preaching for 64 years in many countries, many places. I've never asked anyone to do what they did tonight.

But I remind you that the chorus in a lost eternity is the harvest is past. God doesn't owe you another thing. If you live to be 90, he doesn't owe you anything.

He spoke to you tonight. He doesn't have to come back. He's not your servant.

He's your God. Normally, I do not sing a chorus. There's somebody here not saved.

You've made a profession. How do I know I'm saved? I have the witness of the Spirit. How do I know? I love God's Word.

I devour it. How do I know? I love intimate fellowship with Him in prayer and worship in brokenness. Confessing is not getting saved.

There must be repentance. And when God says it, there must be restitution. I'm going to ask the ladies to play the chorus.

Savior, Savior, hear my humble cry. I don't know the verse. What's the verse? Oh, yes.

Pass me not, O gentle Savior. Thank you, Pastor. Pass me not, O gentle Savior, hear my humble cry.

While another's hour calling, do not pass me by. Somebody here has never been saved. I want you to walk to the front.

I'm not going to ask you to close your eyes. As I say, Jesus didn't close his eyes going to the cross. It will help you to make a right start tonight if you say, well, I need this.

I don't want to go to a lost eternity. I don't want to say at the judgment, God said I called you that night and you wouldn't hear. Pass me not, O gentle Savior.

You walk right out. The pastor will be there shaking hands with you, and I'll pray for you as you close the meeting. Pass me not, O gentle Savior, hear my humble cry.

While another's, while another's hour calling, do not pass me by, do not pass me by, Savior, Savior, Savior, Savior, hear my humble cry. While another's hour calling, do not pass me by, while another's hour calling, do not pass me by. To come to our prayer meeting Friday night, all the way from Mobile, Alabama to come to the prayer meeting.

I want to talk with him in the morning. I said, well, it will have to be short. Oh, give me a few minutes.

Come at nine in the morning. He came to my office, and he said, do you remember you came to Fred Wolfe's big church? And there was a stirring of the spirit. Yes, I didn't obey God.

The next time you came, you went to Cottage Hill Baptist Church. The place was jammed, the hours were filled, and one night you said, I don't know why I'm here. I could be in a dozen other cities, a dozen other invitations.

I don't know why I'm here. I said, yes, I do. I'm here for one man.

I believe God will take me around the world to reach one man. There's one man here, he's God's man. He said, Brother Bailey, I was God's man that night.

God met me, transformed my life, has given me a ministry of intercession. I don't work. I have six children.

I live by faith, and I spend all my time in quietness, alone with God, except for a few chores around the house. You know, there's somebody here tonight, and you're that one. I'm not going to praise, I'm not going to argue.

I know there's somebody here. This may be God's last call to you. So you won't say the judgment that Ravenhill didn't give me a chance.

I thought you'd know that chorus so well, you don't know it apparently. Savior, Savior, hear my humble cry. Let's try it again.

Savior, Savior, hear my humble cry. While on others. Do not pass me by.

Well, come here, I'll pray for you. Come on, it's the last time. Lord, I thank you tonight for your presence with us.

I thank you for strength to get through this meeting, for compassion. It burns in my heart tonight. Lord, don't let anybody go to hell after they've been in this meeting.

Give them a sleepless night, give them a sleepless week if need be, but don't let them perish. Don't let them trample underfoot the blood of Christ. I pray, Lord, all those who apologize to the pastor that they love him now with the same love that he loves them.

I pray you put a baptism of love on this church. Love for Christ first of all, love for this fellowship. I pray again, as I said, I pray for Sissy and others here, Patty and others, that Lord, you make them mothers in the home, that when they come from the prayer chamber, they radiate the risen Christ.

You raise daddies here who become for the first time maybe in their married life, they become the priest in the house. Lord, not because I've been here, but because you've been, I pray this church will never be the same again. I pray we'll be more eternity, I want to be more eternity conscious.

I want to reach those depths of prayer I haven't reached yet. I know it's easy to say I want to be a living sacrifice, but Lord, I do. I don't care what it costs.

I may lose many friends, I may lose many other things. I want to see God come in revival blessing to Tyler, and maybe it would come if you came and humbled yourself before God as I close. I want to ask again, get to the front seat and kneel there and tell God you want to be a living sacrifice.

Say, God, help yourself to my life. Do as you like with me, as long as glory comes to this city. Do you want to pray, pastor, please?

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