

# Dead Men Tell No Tales

by Rolfe Barnard

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*The only way to escape hell is through genuine and heartfelt repentance, and the church has a crucial role in preventing people from going to hell by becoming full of saved people or full of people who are obedient to God's will.*

**Duration:** 1:01:41

**Scripture:** Proverbs 21:2, Matthew 5:16, Matthew 7:21, Luke 16:19-31, 2 Timothy 2:19, James 2:17

**Topics:** "Conversion"

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## Description

In this sermon, the preacher expresses his heartbreak over the state of the world and the church. He emphasizes the importance of having a strong testimony and warns against giving a weak or uncertain sound. The preacher urges listeners to face their sin and calls for a revival of confession, heart searching, and agonizing prayer. He shares a story about a soldier who died holding onto a handbill from a meeting nine years prior, highlighting the power of a lasting testimony.

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## Transcript

...by Evangelist Rolf Barnard of Winston-Salem, North Carolina. His subject is, Dead Men Tell No Tales, or, The Power of a Holy Life. The 16th chapter of Luke.

Luke chapter 16. We wish to read together the last part of the story our Lord Jesus told about the destiny of two men. One whose name was Lazarus, the other, the spirit did not see fit to name.

One of them perished sumptuously here on earth, and he died and was buried. The other was a beggar, he died and was buried. And the Lord Jesus lifts the curtain between eternity and time, lets them see that their situations were reversed.

And the one who was fared so well in death's life, is suffering for me in the life to come. And the one who was a beggar in death's life, feasting on the riches of God's goodness for his people. One of the men, the rich man, does not cry to get out of hell, but he cries that his suffering may be relieved.

And the answer is that when a man dies, all the mercy that God has for men and women is this side of the grave. And the other answer is that there is a great gulf, and it's fixed. It cannot be moved, and there cannot be any travel between the land of bliss and the land of torment.

In other words, this rich man is assured, here in this passage of scripture, that his destiny is sealed, that there shall be no surcease from his awful, awful torment. Then beginning with verse 27, this rich man is made to turn his attention back to this old earth. Having found out there's no hope for him, he turns and he speaks in this life.

Then he says, I pray thee, therefore, Father, that thou wouldst send him to my father's house. He asks that the Father send Lazarus back from heaven to hell, and touch his finger and water, come and bring that finger that has touched water and bring it and put it on his parched tongue. And so that couldn't happen.

So he said, All right. I pray thee, therefore, Father, that thou wouldst send him to my father's house, back down on the earth, where I have five brothers, that he may testify unto them, blessed all souls, they come into this place of torment. Abraham said unto them, They have Moses and the prophet.

Let them hear them. He said, No, Father Abraham, but they won't listen to them. But if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent.

He said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophet, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead. There is a sentence in that expression that we cannot get around. That is, that the only escape from the torments of the life to come is the exercise of real and genuine and lasting and heartfelt repentance in this life.

This man said, If you send somebody from the dead and let him testify to them, they'll repent. He's saying that I'm in hell because I didn't repent. He's saying they're headed for hell.

And the only way of escape is Bible repentance. We're living in a generation that's going to wind up in hell. Your neighbors are going to wind up in hell.

Your children. Many of them read in Sunday school, but more interested in the things of the world than in the things of God. It amazes you to see youngsters now when we tell them they're saved because they've made a profession of faith.

And we do not see them in time except on Sunday morning. And they're at home tonight glued to a television or a radio, or they're doing something, or they're getting a lesson, or they're down at the movies, or they're going to see Grandma, and yet we call them Christians. And we find out, we do not recognize that this is the day when men make professions but do not repent.

When men claim Jesus but do not turn from their sins. When men claim to be saved but hold on to their darling love. When we say we believe the gospel but we do it apart from a heart forsaking, turning from our sins.

No one is saved who has not turned from all of his sins in such a way as to never go back to them. There's no going back in the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. No one is saved who can be happy in any kind of sin.

Is that right? That's so. And we're living in a generation now where people are going to hell. They're sending to hell from our churches.

They're going to hell from our homes. They're going to hell all about us because they've missed repentance. They've missed repentance.

And the only way on earth, listen to me, the only way on earth they're going to be kept out of hell is by the churches of the living God either becoming full of saved people or full of people who are obedient. I look in your faces tonight and I know every last one of you are in the same shape I'm in. You either need to be saved, you've met Christ, or you need to be obedient and walk in paths of holiness and come to areas of consecration you've never heard about and learn to love the word holiness instead of making fun of it.

That's what we need, isn't it? My friends, the only hope is for the churches to get on fire. Somebody said that the test of whether the gospel will work on the outside world will be determined by hard work inside. And our churches today do not have a testimony now.

Nobody's afraid of us. Nobody much is under conviction because of the holy garments that the people in our churches wear today. Sinners are not screaming for mercy but watching us live.

We talk with them, we walk with them, we have intercourse with them. We invite them to our services and they know that it's not much reality in this generation going to hell as surely as I'm standing here unless a fire can be started in the house of God. There's never been a revival since time began that has advertised revival but when a fire starts, people come to see a fire.

People come to see a fire. Most places I go, the whole meeting, the church day, the membership, the night, they let us have the building to hold the meeting in. And most of them don't show up.

Sunday morning, some of them, fewer show up Sunday night. Monday night, not so many. And to get crowds, we have to get them from vistas.

You go to Burlington, you can't get a corporal charge where these folks come from unless they have fewer members. Vistas come from other churches and we call it revival. The world's going to hell because it's misrepentance and we cannot expect our houses of worship to be filled to overflowing with men and women hungering and thirsting after God until the churches once more either get full of saved people or the ones of us who are saved get filled with the Spirit and the Lordship of Jesus Christ shall be reckoned and marched on our forest.

And people say, there's somebody's been bent to the rule of Jesus Christ. And brother, this world, when it sees the gospel work inside our churches, it'll come to watch the fire burn. Now we're down to just that.

We've tried everything else. Some of English I know would not think of trying to hold a gospel service without having a movie. Most of them have a movie.

Every night, they say, we can't get people to come to hear the word of God and we can't unless the fire is built. We can't unless God's got some people that are saved and hungering, thirsting, ready to confess every known sin and ready to deal with everything that there's any doubt about. We're such broad-minded people now.

And the only difference on earth between us and the outside world is we claim to be Christians and they don't. Neither one of us know much about it. And all that while, the world is going to hell.

I want us to think pretty seriously tonight about this very simple statement. This world's going to hell because it's missing the viable way of repentance. And the only thing between this generation and hell is the testimony of people who know what repentance is by experience.

Who know what it is to hate sin and run from it and live a godly, holy life. And whose lives, by the hole in his bosom, will strike conviction in the hearts of people. Is that what you want? I think that we cannot go on too much longer now turning wheels within wheels, having our sons through and preaching our training unions, preaching our prayer meetings, our so-called revival meetings, and we'll come in and go out like we came.

We do not need God. And we do not know what holiness is now. This is a generation where people are afraid of holiness and not afraid of sin.

And we'll never see the Shekinah glory of God in our churches. And the world will never come to see what's going on until we walk again in paths of holiness. The only thing between this generation and hell, the only hope of winning this generation, is that the fire of the Holy Ghost shall be started in the meeting houses that were called churches of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I wonder if I'm speaking to anybody at night claiming to be a Christian and there's the least thing in your life about which there's any question at all. Brother, you better get out on your knees. You better not leave this house tonight.

If you do, and you ask me to come here to lead you in revival, you're a member of this church, and you're one of these church members going around here and saying, I don't think there's anything wrong with this, and I don't believe there's any more harm in this and this and that, and I don't think God will send me to hell for this, and I don't believe this is as bad as something else. Why, it's the judgment. It'll be terrible when God charges you with the blood of sin on your hands.

Oh, my God. Think of it. This world, hell and all, misrepentant, and the only hope is for people who know repentance.

They hate all sin. They hate every kind of sin. They run from every kind of sin.

You can't get them to entertain the idea of sin. They've met God. They know what a hard forsaking of sin is.

They're not willing to be guilty of anything about which the least possible question can be raised by God or man. Oh, my. Oh, that's Christianity.

That's the evidence of salvation. These men and women run up down this country that smoke the same brand that the world does, drink the same brand the world does, go to the same shows the world does, listen to the same things the world listens to, talk the same language the world listens. They advertise the mockery of religion.

They do not advertise what's changed Jesus. And they're helping, not only going to hell themselves, but they're dragging everybody they know along with them. And the only hope of rescuing the perishing and care for the dying and seeing a breath of revival and seeing men swept into the kingdom of God in your day and mine is the people who know God in repentance and faith and hate him with all their soul and run from it and love God and bear the mark and rule of his race shall lift up their voices to this generation.

I'll listen to a man talk about things of eternity if he, if I know him and I know the gospels work for him. I'll listen to a man if I know that he's been brought to the place he hates sin. I'll listen to a man if I can see in his life the marks of his devotion to and love for the Lord Jesus Christ.

And that's the only kind of people this world will listen to. Ladies and gentlemen of Calvary Baptist Church you need not expect God to visit in revival power if there's a person here who's willing to engage in anything about which there's any question. There are two statements in one verse of scripture in the Bible that mark a child of God, let me quote.

Nevertheless, the foundation stands assured the Lord knoweth them that are his. And let everyone that nameth the name of the Lord depart from all iniquity. This is a generation, listen to me, this is a generation of so-called Christians who want to do everything they possibly can and still not go to hell.

People come to me and say, Brother Barney, will God send me to hell for doing so and so? And I say, yeah, he'll send you not for doing so and so because you show you've never repented. If you'd repented, you wouldn't want to be finding out how much sin you could do and still get to heaven. You want to be finding out how far you can run from sin.

God looks at the heart. God looks at the heart. Oh, hear me, hear me.

This is serious with me. This is serious with me. God bless your heart.

I've learned about this. My heart bleeds about it. Listen to me.

This generation is going to hell. And the churches of the living God waiting and whirling it, making fun of holiness, sneering at godliness, broad-minded, so broad we've not had enough cheese to spread on the crackers. And we've lost our testimony.

And nobody pays much attention to us. And that heart is breaking when I remember that the prayer of this rich man is, he said, there's nothing on the human side I know of. There's nothing that can reach my five brethren except testimony by somebody that knows what he's talking about.

It's heartbreaking when you face the fact that the only thing on the human side for you and I have got any part of entering into the kingdom of the Lord is some pending eternity in hell. The only thing is our testimony. Our testimony.

God help us. If it gives a broad-minded sound, if it gives an uncertain sound, if it gives a weak sound, if that, my brothers, is not lies that live or lived in proof that this gospel is the message of a supernatural death by a supernatural God and the work of the Spirit, a miracle of supernatural grace, that they'll live not commonplace lives but supernatural lives, lives that cannot be lived except by men who've met God and who know God in their experience. Listen to me.

Listen to me. That's what we need tonight. That's what we've got to have.

If that's what you want to pray for, if that's what you want to confess to, if that's what you're after, then it's not a mockery. But if we think that we can pull over God's eyes and get men born in the kingdom of God over our unconfessed sins, over our fraught minds at living, over our non-fellowship one with another, over our making fun of holiness, over our refusing with anointed lips to witness to the supernatural work of grace that's been wrought in our hearts and transformed us, and we know it's been working us and working somebody else. If we're not willing to do that, it's mockery to have church services.

It's mockery to say we're going to entertain the hope of a revival meeting. Amen? That's right. That's right.

Now, the two things tonight. First of all, if anybody's going to testify to this generation, it'll have to be us. If anybody's going to pray for men today, it'll have to be us.

Dead people are not going to come back to do our praying for us. Dead people are not going to come back to testify to our loved ones for us. This man sent him Lazarus back and let him testify to my brothers.

And Abraham said, No, no, that's not the way God works. That's not the way God works. Lazarus has done his due, and now he's in glory.

He's done all the witness, and he'll ever do. And God's not going to raise people from the dead to do the praying for this generation. God's not going to raise people from the dead to do the preachings of this generation.

God's not going to raise godly, holy men of old who saw revival and paid the price and sought the breath of God and walked under the rule of Christ and saw and moved mountains and filled up valleys and swept hordes of people into the kingdom of God. It's not enough for us to read about them and pray that God will send them back. If anybody's going to warn this generation, if anybody's going to testify to this generation, if anybody's going to weep over this generation, if anybody's going to pray for this generation, if anybody's going to keep men out of hell with their bodies transformed and laid It's the men and women who know God in this day, in this day.

If anybody's going to wish this in this community, it'll have to be the same people in the churches around here. If anybody's going to pray for them around here, you can't import somebody to do it for you. I was in Utica, New York some years since, and they took me down to a woolen mill a hundred years before.

Charles Finney, God's greatest gift to evangelism had been in Utica. Not a very big place at that time, city of a hundred and fifty thousand people when I was in it. And he held a meeting, so did I. Nobody found out much I was in town.

We had all the churches in the city pleading anything. They came together, had a big had a big oath to them, spent a lot of money on an advertisement, got me on the radio, passed out handbills, said a lot of things. Not many folks ever found out we were having a meeting.

Just went right on, just went right on. And I went down, got a card, I had to get a card and one of the pastors took me through a woolen mill. A hundred years before that, Charles Finney was in the city and he'd been in that same woolen mill and the spirit of God was still working all over that city off music that when Mr. Finney stepped in the building, all the workers coming acquainted with his presence quit working on the spinning wheels, the looms, or whatever they were, and just got down on the fence and sobbed and prayed under conviction.

People everywhere. And the owner of the spinning of the woolen mill came to Mr. Finney and begged him to talk with the people and help them know how to proceed. He said to do nothing but cry and bawl and pray and he said he can't keep my factory running and said I'm interested in their souls and said they're seeking the Lord.

And Mr. Finney, when he went in there, they begged him to show them how to proceed. I had to get me a card and they forbade me to give out any tracts and told me not to speak to anybody and disturb them. You see, the difference in Finney and me, Finney had the power of God and I don't have much of it.



And there were about 1,200 people there that looked to me like every one of them. Got out on their knees. The Ku Klux Klan got on their knees.

They fixed their robes, and the Black Legion got all that. And everybody, and of course we Baptists wouldn't do that, we were too dead, everybody prayed together. First time I'd ever been in a service like that, I never heard anything like it in my life.

Wasn't any foolishness. Just prayed. They thought the Lord could hear them, you know.

And about 1,200 people poured out their hearts to God. I'll never forget it as long as I live. God saved a lot of people that first service.

And that night, I was led to preach on the blackest sin out of hell. And a lot of those dead people claimed to live above sin, that's a worthy claim. And I tell you right now, if you're not trying to live above sin, you're going to hell.

I tell you that. You tell me you are saved, and you are not striving with all your might to be perfect. You're just as lost as you can be.

You haven't made it yet, though. But brother, if you ain't trying, you've never been saved, you've missed Christ. Christ don't save people and leave them satisfied and sinful.

There ain't no people that know the Lord and are satisfied with Him. No. But there's some of them, they claim to be above sin.

And that night I preached on the sin, claiming to know Christ, and not bringing others to Him. And I had been preaching about 20 minutes, and there was a white-headed woman. I found out she was the old mother of Israel in the church.

She began to talk. And directly she broke up my sermon. She came running down to the front, and she said, oh my God, I never saw it before.

Said, I tried to walk right before God. I tried to keep my garments holy in the sight of God. That's worthy.

I bless God for that. I'd rather be a son of hate than so much that he thinks he's got to be true. Which is one of these facts that rags about how he lives and claims one thing always.

That was. And so she said, I can't tonight. She just said that.

And she said, I've been guilty of the blackest sin I've ever held in my life. She said, well, I've been occupied and trying to do what's certain about bringing others to Christ. She said, if God will forgive me.

My big concern is to live a holy life and invest it in seeking for the souls of men. That's right, my friend. That's right.

I try to keep the average church member from talking to anybody. There ain't bad enough sheep already. But if I can find somebody who knows God.

I say, take some time. The only thing between this generation and hell is the testimony that somebody knows God. That dear old woman, you know what she did? She said, I'm going to call a prayer meeting.

If anybody wants to meet me. Meet me tomorrow night at 630. And the next night a thousand people will be there.

And I attended that prayer meeting. And every night for three solid weeks. From one thousand to thirteen, fourteen hundred sometimes.

Nearly two thousand people. Met there. And let that soak over.

For one solid hour. Before the service began. And everybody prayed together.

And I'm telling you the truth. I almost became a whore over me. They brought people from Indianapolis.

They brought them from everywhere. Not the healing services. I didn't know a thing about it.

Don't know much now. But they brought them to that meeting. And brothers and sisters.

A sinner could not get in the atmosphere of that meeting. Without being there. That's what I thought.

I ain't never seen it in a Baptist church. I've never been in a Baptist church where you get anybody hardly to pray. I hope I've met my first.

I've never been in a Baptist church where the people responded to the call to pray. I hope you will hear. So help me God as a Baptist.

I say it with shame. I've never held a meeting. Twenty-three years as an evangelist.

Going up and down the country. Baptist churches. Groups of Baptist churches.

I got my first Baptist church. Yet to ever pretend to believe and pray. I hope I've come to my place.

I'm honest with you. Baptists don't pray. We don't pray.

You call a prayer meeting to be a habit early. Most of you got to read your papers at the same time. Smoke your pipe at the same time of night.

Listen to the same program on the radio. Call the old lady out or something. You haven't got time to pray.

And brother God's hand's not on us. His power's not upon us. And we're dying on our feet.

Brother they brought people from a hundred miles around. In that northern state of Indiana. And blessed the Lord.

All the rest you had to do was to get a sinner in the air. Out here there. And he said oh.

I want somebody to tell him how to say that's revival. That's revival. That's what our hearts are hungry for.

But brother he's not going to wish it on you. I don't know the relationship between God. Sovereignty in God.

And the prayer of God's people. But I know that. And I know God chooses to.

I know that. As sure as you put my hat on. I know.

If you say well let's let God do it. He ain't going to do it. I know he will.  
Well that's through his people. And I'm going to give my life. To pay the price in agonizing prayer.  
And confession of sin. That's the act of sin I see clear in the glory. He stashed the hearts of many women.  
And caused sinners to scream out. What must I do to be saved? What must I do to be saved? Listen.  
Listen.  
The only testimony. The only testimony. Between sinners and hail.  
Is to kindly get now. And it ain't working so good. God help us.  
We must face our sin. We must face it. My God.  
I'd rather get tar and feather. And run me out of town. Than refuse to face the challenge.  
Of the message tonight. This world going to hell. This world going to hell.  
Loving its sin. Feeding in its sin. Rolling in its sin.  
My God can I call it. Is it something responding. Oh.  
For times of confession. And heart searching. And agonizing prayer.  
And faith to witness it. God given testimony. That's the need of this hour.  
God chooses to work on the outside. Through the people on the inside. That's right.  
There are three ways. That a child of God. Can testify to lost men and women.  
So far as I know. They're all the same thing. But I say it the same thing.  
From three different directions. Will you listen to me. Are you interested.  
Or not. Are you. You listening to me.  
Do you want. To be a faithful witness for Christ. Do you long.  
That when we stand at the judgment. Senators won't point their fingers in our faces. God help us.  
God help us. The first way we can witness. To this lost and dying.  
To generation that's missing repentance. Is by the power of a holy life. There's no substitute for it.  
As long as baptism is content. To be broad minded and sinful. God will have to look to somebody else.  
If he ever blessed this generation. Oh, I'm sick and tired of people calling me a Holy Rose. Because I  
preach on Bible hope.  
Why I say that. That fellow is not a Baptist. Well brother.  
You ain't a Baptist if you don't live holy life. You're a disgrace. You got no right to wear the name Baptist.

If you do not walk in holy bonds of the beast. Brother I came from a long line of Baptists. That sealed their testimony with their blood.

And they believed and practiced holy living. Holy living. How holy are we to be.

God says be ye holy even as I am holy. That's how holy we are. Somebody says I don't believe in that.

I know. That's our trouble now. That's the reason you talk to somebody.

They don't pay any attention to you. Who's under conviction beloved. Because of your holy life.

That's a serious question. Who's under conviction. Because they've watched the spotlessness.

And the purity of your life. I do not speak of Pharisees. Or having somebody going around looking down on people.

But I speak of people. Who've fallen out with sin. And head over heels in love with Jesus.

That's the kind of holy I'm talking about. There's no substitute for it. Brother.

There's no substitute for it. Oh. My.

God. A holy life. Planted in the community.

A holy life. Planted in the church. The beauty.

Of holiness. Is what this generation's dying for lack of seeing. Holy.

I had a book press. In the M.P. Scrubs. In the air-cooling yard.

When I was a child. They tied my hands. The Catholics and the moderns.

Hated me. And followed me. And tried to keep me from winning in the body of the Lord.

Preaching the gospel. And doing things else. And those chaplains with their worldly living.

Their booze. And their dirty jokes. And their everything.

They'd preach in the morning. And wallow around some filthy movie house. The rest of the afternoon.

Have their cocktails at night. That was just chaplains. In the average.

In the army. And they tied my hands. So I couldn't do much.

And I had an awful time. And so I was limited to gathering about me. Mostly.

In the army. A few of God's boys. You could tell a Christian in the army, brother.

Boy, he stuck out. You couldn't tell a Baptist. Most of them was chasing women.

Shooting craps and getting drunk. But you could tell a Christian. That's right.

I know what I'm talking about. You could tell a Christian. They stuck out.

And they still stick out. They still stick out. And I gathered them about me.

And I put them to witness. And in 30 days time. I had one buck fiver.

In the MP squadron. Bring 86 soldiers to me. And said, preacher.

I want you to help me land them for Christ. 86 boys in one month time. You know how he did it? He did it by a godly lie.

The commanding officer of that MP squadron. That's the toughest in the army. The police.

Was a Jew. And he said, when I have a boy in my squadron. I can't do anything with him.

I turn him over to private soldiers. And he said, I don't believe in your Jesus. But I believe in what that boy's got.

You can't tell me, young man. All you need to get things. Is to go to walking and obedience.

And you can win young men to Christ too. If a buck private in the MP squadron. In the army you can bring 86 boys in one month to Jesus.

Brother, you can bring some too. If God ever masters you. Ladies and gentlemen, I'm telling you the truth.

The power of the Holy. The power. There's no substitute for it.

You can't invent something to take it. Please. I believe in the doctrine of election.

But I go a lot of places. And find people they are awful strong on election. But they ain't that strong on holy list.

And I remind them that nobody's elected. Except people who walk in holy list. Election is on the holy list.

He chose us that we should be made holy. And without blame before him. That's right.

You all around you say, I'm one of God's elect. I want to see your garments, brother. They'll be pure.

If you want to go. That's right. That's right.

The power of the Holy. I remember old mother's dreams. She was enraged.

In the church I had. The last church I had. Many years ago.

Out in the state of New Mexico. And one day in a Sunday morning service. I was led to the Lord.

Not that anyhow I did. I said during the invitation. I said let's break up this thing a little bit.

And I want every man. Who's here this morning. Who owes his salvation.

On the human side. To a certain individual. If that individual cares.

I want you to go and stand for that person. And you know there were 70 some odd men. Out of that congregation.

That went over and took old mother's dreams. She was left up with her when she was 26. With three children.

And brother. I'm telling you. I don't want to look such a character.

She'd walk in a beer joint in my city. And everybody in that beer joint would quit. Stand there and respect her.

She'd give her testimony. Nobody made fun of her. I used to take her with me.

When I'd go off to hold meetings. She'd go see the mayor. She'd go see the business man.

She'd go see the postmaster. She'd walk the streets. She'd ride on jeans.

And nobody made fun of her. Everybody in that section. Of New Mexico.

Knew that old mother dreamed. Knew that she walked with me. Nobody made fun of her.

They made fun of us folks. They didn't make fun of us. The power of the holy light.

So upon the lips. So upon the lips. We can still win this war.

We had holy light. Holy light. How can we testify.

The men and women on the road to hell. We can do it. By hearts of care.

Hearts. May I ask you something? Do you care? Somebody cared for this old sinner. Brother I wasn't steamrolled into the kingdom of God.

They didn't get me saved by turning the crank or pushing the button. They didn't do it that way when I. Somebody cared. Somebody loved my soul.

Somebody wouldn't let me go to hell. Somebody wouldn't take no for an answer. And brother.

And sister. Listen to me. If this world dies.

One reason is. That the church. Doesn't know anything about the sins.

Of travail for souls. There is where love for sinners is born. Born out young in a prayer room on your knees.

That's where love for sinners is born. That's where it's born. That's the reason we sleep well.

And eat well. And work well. And worship well.

And school the church well. Perfectly content to let sinners die. And go to hell all our powers.

And lay it off on the last day. Mother love. And love for sinners is born in travail.

That's where it's born. That's where it's born. Listen.

Somebody cares for me. Somebody cares for me. Thank you.

Somebody cares for me. Oh my heart. Oh Professor Barnes.

Head of the English department in the Christian college. I was a Baptist but I wasn't saved. I was president of an infidel's club in a Christian college.

God pity them all. I go around bragging about there wasn't any God. But never Friday night I'd preach my damnable doctrine to hundreds of young students.

Yeah I was born and raised in a Christian home. Nurtured in Sunday school. Educated in Christian college.

Given to God as a teacher before I was born. Joined the church upon confession of faith. When I was ten years old I was saved till I was twenty-one.

I was a senior in college. An infidel tried to be. Made out like there wasn't any God.

Had to have something so I could sleep at night. Wasn't willing to repent for sake of my sin. So I got a revival meeting.

Came along and old Professor Barnes. He wouldn't give me a thing. Last year I was in school.

That man tormented men. Haunted men. Loved men.

Wept over men. Prayed for me. Put his arms about me.

Wouldn't give me a thing. He'd wail at me. He'd wail.

Busy as he was. He found out my schedule. And I'd run into him on the campus.

He'd stand there with a hand on my shoulder. And said, Roth, I won't let you go there. He'd wail at me as I came out of the classroom.

Put his hand on my shoulder. Tears would run down his cheeks. Roth, I love you.

I want to see you belong to my Lord. Couldn't get away from him. Couldn't get away from him.

Brother, I played poker with Baptists. I played poker with some of the faculty. I put a pint flask of whiskey in my hip pocket as the days of the flask.

Got girls drunk on the dance floor. Christian girls. But brother, I'd sneer at them.

I'd laugh at them. But brother, I'd tremble at Professor Barnes. He loved me.

He loved me. We who testify to men and women but care by a heart that cares for the souls of men. I want to ask you something, brother.

I want to ask you something. Am I out of this world? Or am I on solid ground when I say, men, if you have seen somebody who loves you, somebody who went after you? That's right. My God, we expect him to deceive and refrigerate his power.

That wasn't the way we got saved. But for us, somebody wouldn't take no for an answer. Somebody wouldn't ask you to heal.

Somebody's just as clean as can heal. It is partial with us. Somebody cares.

Somebody cares. You know any substitute for that? Come on, tell me. You have your big preaching and your big thing, your big meeting, but there ain't nobody going to get saved.

There ain't somebody around there that loves people. Loves people. How can we testify to men and women? Bless God we can testify with lips that have been touched by the fires from off the coals of God's oil.

Tell people of amazing, transforming grace. Work with me. Tell it.

Tell it. Tell it. Tell it.

Tell it. Tell it. In the New Testament, they threatened people with jails.

They didn't shut up, but they couldn't shut them up. Now we thank people to open up with the wounds. Oh God, don't let this generation go to hell until it's heard from the lips of people the transforming story of what God's done for them.

I was in the state of Pennsylvania many years ago, and I went out. One day, eight miles out in the country, one of the pastors said to the man out there, that everybody's with us too. Nobody's ever been able to help us.

He said, every preacher we've ever had here has gone and talked to him and said, I want you to. I said, all right, we'll go. So we journeyed out through the snow.

Pennsylvania winter. The man was out in the dairy barn. He's very courteous.

He said, take me about five minutes. I'll be through the chores. You'll go on up the house.

The wife will make you comfortable. I'll be there in five, ten minutes. We did.

In fact, we had a case. Got out of his work clothes and into his other clothes. Came in the park.

His wife and a little 11-year-old boy and the preacher and I. As eyewitness to the man, preached to him. Sat awhile. I asked him if it was my praise.

He said he had no objection. He believed everything I preached, agreed with everything I said. Flipped one ear and out the other.

While we were down on our knees, the pastor was leading the prayer. I heard a song. I listened.

I heard another. I peed a little bit. And the little 11-year-old boy over there, nobody said anything to him.

But he'd been listening. And there he was over there, just sobbing away. And I got up and followed the prayers going on and on and sat by him.

I said, what trouble is your son in? Oh, he said, preacher, I'm lost. I'm lost. He'd listened.

His heart had been opened. My witness to his death is no good. He wasn't honest enough.

He didn't know anything I said. In his head, none of it was honest. The little 11-year-old boy's heart was turned.

I believe I led him to the Lord. Three Christmases, four Christmases ago, I believe it was now, three or four, I got a Christmas card from a dear lady in that city. On the inside, you know how there are sometimes blanks on the inside with the letters.

And she told me this story. We were on the Guadalcanal during the last war. A stretcher bearer and a chaplain came on a young fellow out in no man's land.

Lying there, fat on his back, dead. They looked, and in his left hand was a yellow piece of paper closed like that. And in his finger and tongue was a little pencil.

The chaplain reached down, took the pencil out, gave his hand, got the piece of paper, folded it out, and it was a handbill. Nine years old. The boy that was lying there dead was that little 11-year-old boy.

He'd gone over to Guadalcanal 19, 18, 20 years old. He'd gone out that morning and chopped a jack bullet. Evidently it hadn't killed him at once.

He'd got his pocketbook, I suppose, and for reasons I don't know till I get to glory, he had a circuit of that meeting nine years before in his pocketbook. So there it was, my picture in the middle announced in the meeting in that little picture. And the boy reached for a piece of paper, I suppose just got that one, or maybe he looked for it in the house.

He had it in his pocketbook. And while he died, in a blank space just right under the picture and my name, a little blank space there, he gave his testimony. I've got that piece of paper at home.

I've got that little pen. The chaplain sent it to his mother and dad. And while he was dying, that boy, who'd met the Lord nine years before at that farm home, guess what he did while he died.

He wrote out, Dear Mom, I'm dying, but it's all right, Mom. In the revival meeting Brother Barnard conducted in our city, I gave my heart to Jesus. And Mom, He's with me now.

And I guess he must have died. He didn't sign his name. That chaplain sent that pencil and piece of paper in that little package.

Did you get one? With his watch and his personal belongings. Do you know what I'm talking about? The old man got it out and the post office said the old man wouldn't listen to me. And he took it home! His wife undid it.

They looked at those things. And then there the wife got that piece of paper and a letter from the chaplain explaining as I explained it to you. And she read it.

And she handed it to Fox and said, Yeah, Dad. Here's the last message from our boy. That old hard-hearted sinner read, Dear Mom, I'm dying, but it's all right, Mom.

In the revival meeting Brother Barney conducted in our city, I gave my heart to Jesus. And, Mom, he whispered that. And that testimony broke the heart of that old man.

He fell down on his knees and began to pray. Then he looked up and said, Mother, can you tell me how I can find God? Every once in a while I take out that piece of paper and that little pencil and that letter. And I said, OK.

I go to witness to a man who won't hear me. A little boy does. Nine years in, later on a battlefield, he gives his dying testimony.

God uses it to break the heart of him. Brother, listen to it. Listen to it.

God does become real to men and women. Jesus does stay with men in sickness and health and life and death. He's real.

And I'll keep going. Maybe some other little 11-year-old boy will hear the story. Be conquered by the grace of God and the love of Jesus Christ.

Come to a real experience where you testify to somebody. Their hearts will be open to the holy life and a heart that loves and a testimony that's real. Amen.

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Audio: <https://sermonindex1.b-cdn.net/15/SID15666.mp3>

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