

My Experience as a Chaplain - Part 2

by Rolfe Barnard

The need for strong gospel churches and a return to biblical values in order to address the moral condition of America and build a new generation of Christians.

Duration: 45:30

Scripture: Matthew 12:31, Hebrews 9:22

Topics: "Testimony"

Description

In this sermon, the speaker recounts his experience of being invited to preach at a church in Brooklyn that hadn't had evangelistic services in 25 years. The pastor and deacons were desperate for a revival, so they decided to have a protracted meeting. The speaker shares his observations about the moral decline in America, particularly in relation to the Lord's Day and the use of money. He also talks about his experience as a chaplain in the army and how he found success in sharing the gospel with young soldiers. However, he had to stop his evangelistic work due to the war effort and the influence of the Catholic regime.

Transcript

Now I want to take a minute to lay my heart out before you. I'd like you to take the pastor's words seriously. I believe the greatest need of this hour is the building of some strong gospel churches.

I believe that's the only thing that's holding America together and it's about to break loose. I believe when you invite a man like me that you ask me not to come to preach to you but to preach for you. You hold up the hand.

Those who get out, get people in, especially during the weeknights, it's very embarrassing. Ask them to consider joining the church where the host isn't there. They've been invited but the host wasn't there.

He was there for the tally. His wife, they heard I was going to preach and they took off. They said they wish they'd have known that they'd have prolonged it so they wouldn't have to endure it.

I got it in for him. But this is no time to be a spectator and an occasional looker-in-arm. We're in a desperate battle for souls.

If you've got the bellyache, come to church and get well. I've preached many, many years and there's an unutterable, unbearable pain. It can be done.

You be sure that the host is here if anybody else comes. And you're the host. Now all of you are not like Brother Charlie.

Some of you have to make an honest living. Which is like all he's got to do is get up there and holler a little twice a Sunday and then he'd rest until next Sunday. But it can't all be that fortunate.

You have to fight this rat race to make a living. But I didn't create the conditions. I'm simply saying that if you go at it like Mom and Papa did, they hadn't got a thousand things to contend with, you've got.

You're going to be drowned if you don't watch out. While you drown, the church is drowned. Now tonight I want to speak not to just some church members.

I want to speak to people. You've got out here and taken a mallet and beat them over the head or something and get them in here. I want to preach tonight on seductive Delilahs and willing Samsons.

Delilah represents this attractive age. Ten thousand filling stations on the roads you live on. You can tank up.

Next year be sure you get to hell. And a generation that's willing, willing to risk God's awful judgment. And then I tried to pray, I don't know whether it reached the mind of God, but right now I want to invite you to invite friends to hear me Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings as I speak on the same subject, the unpardonable sin.

I usually bring eight messages sometimes on that, but I'm going to bring four, the Lord willing. Now, be a friend of Christ. The occasional listener to the word of God hadn't got a Chinaman's chance to get into heaven.

The essence of saving faith is a constant listening to the word of God in the hopes that God will speak to you. Sunday morning attenders, just, well, half of the time in this life you ain't going to make it to heaven. You haven't got a Chinaman's chance.

And say that you call yourself Christian, this Sunday morning Christian, this damn, this country, and made religion a thing of convenience instead of utter submission to the lovely yoke of the loveless Son of God. I want you to do your best. You're a kid now, you've got to keep them home from school.

You just keep on and let them watch television, listen to the radio and mumble pigs instead of bringing them out to the house of God. And they'll pay for it and you will too with your soul. Some mothers, of course, are not only determined to go to hell, but determined to take the kids too.

They are very much interested in their health and they're going to be mighty healthy people in hell. I'm telling you, people need to be under the constant proclamation of the truth of God. Not a case.

Not a case. And I trust this church and I love you under the shepherd and I'm honored to be here. I don't want you to get people here but you have to knock them in the head.

Monday night, Tuesday night, Wednesday night, Thursday night, that's the sin of this age. And I want you to do it. Now do it.

You're a lovely people. I've bragged on you all over America since I got to Queensville. Don't let me down.

Don't let me down. Brother Sanders, you didn't backslide this morning, so I'm going to try to sing you a song. Here we go.

That's Bill McGee, isn't it? That's him.

Shackled by a heavy burden Knees full of guilt and shame Then Jesus touched me And now I am no longer the same He touched me Oh, he touched me And touched my soul Well, something happened And now I know Oh, he touched me I made me whole Since I met the blessed Savior Since he cleansed and made me whole To praise him I'll sing it while eternity rolls He touched me Oh, he touched me And touched my soul Something happened And now I know He touched me I made me whole I have to turn in the Bible this morning to the book of Hebrews at chapter 9 at verse 22 of Hebrews chapter 9 just one verse And almost all things are by the Lord not all, but almost all are by the Lord purified with blood And apart from the shedding of blood there is no remission We are greatly influenced by our experiences Many

years ago I went to New York City to preach for the first time when I was a little boy five and six and seven years old I devoured Horatio Alger's books about the little blue black that had lots of trouble but he wound up being president of the bank In those days the youngsters read stories of deprivation that was blessed by success Today they read about Hopalong Cassidy and I don't know what else And I had never been to New York City and I didn't know they were just full of people And I remember there was a pastor of a Baptist church that was actually in Brooklyn In desperation he called the deacons of the church together They hadn't had what we call evangelistic series of services in twenty-five years And they were in a desperate condition And the pastor was saying what on earth we can

do And one of the deacons said Well let's try to have what our fathers and mothers used to call a protracted meeting There used to be the glory of America And the pastor said Well, but who on earth could we get to come and lead this And they sent me an invitation And I went with some fear and tremor And I was amazed to find out that after the first service the pastor got up and said Now you people who are present this morning you may be allowed to come back on Thursday night There won't be room for you You give room for somebody else And then that night he told those people they could be back on Friday night And each night he graduated He left room for three services during the two-week meeting for young people up from sixteen to twenty Nobody could attend Well, I shall never forget the

impression that was made on me by that meeting It was a small church about ten million people in New York City And one evening after the service some of the young people asked me to go down to the drug store for a drink And I questioned I said, I don't understand this business Youngsters just flocking I wish you'd been here every night I said, I wish I could but there's no room for us And a young man said to me Brother preacher in New York City there are two places to go to God's house or to heaven It's just about so People who think they can walk for one foot in the spirit of this godless age And the other in the house of God going headed for trouble I didn't make the world but it just about settled down to what that young man said I had another impression in New York City later I went

and ministered a week in the Bowery Mission I've had the privilege of ministering in most of the awful missions I mean the missions dealing with the down and outs in many of the cities Everybody that's a church member ought to go and live in those missions Witness to them Stay down on Skid Row and see what sin if not checked in this life will do It's not a pretty picture of men and women who are already in the empty room of hell live in misery Every last person I've ever preached to in my life in a mission desperately wanted to be saved They'd do anything on earth you ask them to do any of the motions we got But

something happened down the line Their will is completely gone Their understanding is void That makes an impression Then my first pastorate when I was the only preacher in the

city 5,000 people in all of town in this state 26 months 16 months the only preacher in town living with death walking the street the main street of that city when a man would have to walk on the outer edge of the sidewalk is on the main street the poor fallen women were in their cubby holes and they'd reach out catch hold of the garments of a man as he passed by if he's a little too close Not a nice picture Sin doesn't wait to ruin men in hell it ruins them down here My experiences as a chaplain in the second world war were the most shocking experiences I've ever had And this morning I want to speak from the text without or apart from the shedding of blood There is no remission Are you familiar with the fact that in the army in the second world war soldiers at least in the air force

where I was and I'm told it was everywhere were assembled together to hear some chaplain or some vicar preach to them that every man who shed his blood to defend his country in America would be saved I heard that many many times It was drilled in our boys that if a man shed his own blood in defense of his country that God would take him to heaven from that bloody battlefield I preach on my experiences as a chaplain because of the shocking things I discovered Everybody else I guess knew about them but it took me a long time for God to show me anything I entered the chaplain's head because I desperately wanted to preach to men who many of them were going to shed their blood for the country Friends raised money before we got in the war and I got a big tent and I went to near towns adjacent

to or to army camps and the influx of undisciplined and unregenerated church boys who we said goodbye to them and let them go into the army as we were preparing their undisciplined lusts were already making hell holes out of every city and reach of the army camp and the pastors didn't know what on God's earth to do The army sent the trucks into every city every Saturday night and load them up with your daughters to go out for the soldiers to hug on Saturday night in the dancing floor and that is all patriotism and of course human nature being not as nice as we've been taught all hell was breaking everywhere morally speaking so the pastors would always help me in the meeting and I found out that if you could confront young men who they had in a sense knew they were being trained to go

beyond and be killed or killed that if you could confront them with the gospel of Christ and the Christ of the gospel then I would listen to you but I had to go out of that business because evangelism was not considered essential to the war effort and every Baptist preacher that got gasoline enough to visit the hospitals owed it to the Catholic regime that has power in America because they're united and they put so much pressure on the government that they had to give them gasoline so Brother Jackson he wasn't old enough to don't guess but this fella's got some sense you remember the pastor's got a little gasoline and they wouldn't ship my equipment on the trains and so I said well if I can't preach to the boys that are not yet I'll get inside and I'll hold my nose and I'm going to try to

preach to those boys not that I'd be the only one but I'm just responsible for my little ministry and I want to invest it in the ministry preaching to the boys so I got in the Army I got in the Army and I found out I found out the desperate moral religious condition America was in I worked first hand with Catholic priests and Jewish rabbis and Baptist preachers and Presbyterians and Methodists and just named them I lived in the atmosphere of training boys to kill I lived in an atmosphere where every Army officer understood that when that boy got over there and the bullets got to flying he'd be scared and the only way on earth to make good soldiers out of them was to treat them so rough that he wouldn't care whether he lived or died the only way you could go over the top in the first world

war you didn't tell me people were scared by the time they make a soldier out of him he'd just as soon be dead as alive you know and to hell with the consequences and I was brought face to face that I've lived in two world wars and no wonder holiness is sneered at righteousness is an unknown word and this generation is going to hell with a little religious protection while we rot in moral corruption I saw in the Army the product of Sunday morning easygoing believism without transforming of character and calling it salvation I live in the atmosphere of an abandoned desecration of God's holy day we didn't recognize Sunday in the Army and there didn't anybody else in America and under God the reason I say to you that unless we can build some strong churches not a whole lot of little old two

bit churches standing for some little old peckerwood gospel and going to tear in a passion the peace is over one little aspect of truth most of the little churches have started like that but some churches standing in the gap whether anybody listens or not being the salt to keep America from being swallowed up by the forces of hell that are blowing all about us ladies and gentlemen if we keep on like we're going now and do away with God's holy day rest for the body and worship of God we'll be as rotten as Rome when God has us pure out of the mouth there are two things that are the absolute crux of the moral tone of a nation what it does on the Lord's day and what it does with its money I saw the promotion of fornication and adultery in the army my old Roman Catholic supervisor a chaplain

had two hundred chaplains under him I was stationed in Montgomery, Alabama thirty thousand soldiers all of them training to be either fliers or navigators or whatever you call it bombardiers in the air force finest young people you had to be nearly perfect physically to get in the air force and my old supervisor chaplain said brother Barnard said you work harder than any fifty chaplains I've got reach more men raise more hell and all my two hundred chaplains put together he said I don't understand a fellow like you he said are all Baptists like you?

I said no don't guess the world could stand anybody else like me he said I don't understand your philosophy and I explained talk he said unless a soldier can go to town on Saturday night get him a quart of whiskey and a blonde woman life ain't worth living he was a supervisor at chaplain your boy was in there and some of your men were in once a month I had to make a speech the squadron commander and one of the physicians and the chaplain make a speech the squadron commander the physician would get up and tell your boys how they might have sexual intercourse without contracting venereal disease and then I was supposed to get up and tell what the bible said about adultery and fornication and then always on the table were hundreds and thousands of contraceptives piled up and when the

physician would give his instructions and the chaplain would talk about what the bible said the squadron commander would get up and cuss a little bit and say for so and so, so and so sake don't let us waste this money here fill your pockets full and did you know that in the army if a boy went to town and hurt himself physically and he could not prove that he had carried with him a contraceptive he lost his pain all the time he was in the hospital what are you talking about brother Barnes I'm talking about two world wars like that when we threw the bible away when we forgot God's holy day and when we trained the manhood of America like that under God the chances are you going to wallow your filthy way in the pit of moral corruption and go on to hell if you don't quit this little two-bit

stuff and begin to agonize that's to the mercy of God to apply the shed blood of the Lord Jesus Christ which is the only thing on earth that's got power to clean up a filthy guy like you Baker you don't get this little Sunday morning junk in this little attending God's house if I haven't got your belly aching just sitting on the rail of the state treaty where is this artfully just too soft in its moral corruption it's going to drown you I

saw the degradation of the ministry I honor every godly priest oh my soul how ungodly I found out the public preachers of America it's sin it's slaying its thousands now morally corrupt religion easy going politics on Sunday morning to make us comfortable in our sin that's American religion today and I saw as I had never seen before this terrible truth

that our churches do a nice little job of just failing at one point of failing at making Christians out of people the army of course divided religiously in three classes Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish everybody wasn't a Jew was either Catholic everybody wasn't a Catholic they'd put in the lump of a Protestant somebody asked me about whether you could be a secret disciple or not I don't know how to handle it but I won many Catholic boys to the Lord but I told all of them not to tell anybody because they could have been court-martialed and I could have been court-martialed for actually talking to a Roman Catholic boy about his soul did you know that? after reading over your radio and your televisions and your big papers and your big denominational magazines and the very atmosphere

religiously speaking now we're awful broad-minded now awful broad-minded that's all we're all headed for the same thing I ain't brother I don't want to go there where everybody's religious now is headed and I went to Harvard University to learn how to be a chaplain and the head of their school the chaplain every morning would say men of God that's Catholic Jew and Protestant do not be seen drunk on the streets if you have to get drunk do it in your own room I saw the hospital chaplains making the rounds of the chaplains making the rounds of the hospital every Monday morning in the V.D. department of venereal disease and I heard many of chaplains curse the boy out not because he committed fornication Saturday night but because he contracted a disease no, nothing wrong with the sin thing

that broke that Catholic preacher's heart was that that boy couldn't be a good soldier for a while oh boy you mean tell me this generation's nice this generation you reckon you're going to escape it when Jesus Christ came to deliver us out of this present age and that means the spirit of this awful age salvation's no good unless it does that brother there's an ungodly age that needs to be delivered out of sure as you put my hat on church membership didn't do a bit of good but two weeks after your boy got in the army unless Jesus Christ was enthroned in his heart he's chasing women getting drunk and gambling that's right Baptists and Methodists and Presbyterians and Catholics oh that didn't matter in that sense and the boys that knew the Lord took out like sore thumbs they'd follow me

around and that made me feel like little puppy dogs crowded aisles smeared at defeated holy joes they called them the chaplain was supposed to be a good joe never will forget the first time I went to the officer's dance I got a letter from the hard drinking hard cussing Episcopalian colonel he'd been in the army 30 some odd years he was my dear friend I tried to win him to the Lord he said they put a little water on my head and I was a baby and confirmed me when I was 12 but said didn't do no good priest he'd get drunk as a boiled owl every Saturday night but he had some sort of something he'd get sober up and he'd sit right on the front seat of chapel and he gave me lots of favors but I couldn't land him for the Lord and he sent me of course I got an invitation you get an invitation from

the colonel that's the command and I was supposed to show up at the officer's dance at 9 o'clock well I knew I'd have to do that and get in the army and all that sort of junk and so I dressed up my best bib and took her and I never had been one of those things I got there at 9 o'clock nobody else there about 1130 here they came in and about 1 o'clock I preached 5 times the next day at 1 o'clock I did like poor Joseph the colonel had him a young wife and she tried to hug me and I left I didn't blame her I'm so good looking but I thought I'd better get out but the preacher you see brother Jackson supposed to be there supposed

to be there to sort of put a godly atmosphere on the 58th and that's all the churches most of them are doing now they're just sanctifying this ungodly age I'd love to

see you folks with belly aching and deal with this godly pastor here a church that folks would drive 10 miles out of the way to get close to cause they actually believe the word of God Oh sin sin deep dirty filthy hateful rebellious lawless sin no remedy on God's shining sun for it except an application of the merits of the life laid down of the Lord Jesus Christ if I try and will recover a little of the bigger and the tremendous earnestness of people long ago and you'll find men like Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho that rebellion is so terrible that lawlessness is so widespread that sin is so hateful and obnoxious to God that even God can't find any other remedy for sin except for his son to pour out his life ignore that take it for granted make it common place and you'll pay for it with your soul

this is true this is precious the blood of Christ without shedding of blood there's no remission there's no remission I had this unique experience for nine months I preached to a different crowd every Lord's Day and I preached to them knowing that I would never preach to them again they brought the young men in and kept them on the post for 13 weeks and then they went somewhere else the first 7 weeks I believe I'm right they were confined 30,000 precious young men to the post and the Jews were marched to chapel in formations and the Protestants were marched to chapel and the Catholics 1600 young men would fill the theater at 9 o'clock on Sunday mornings the sergeant would march 1600 young men to the theater and we'd have a 30 minute service soon as that service was over they'd march out

and soon as the pass was clear there were 1600 other young men waiting and they'd have their service they had 5 such services that then the next Lord's day I'd preach at say 10 o'clock different crowd for 9 months I'd preach 1600 young men I had other services but I preached to 1600 young men who were marched to chapel they had to attend and that's the only chance I ever got to preach to them I was not allowed to give any sort of an invitation I was supposed to follow an order have everybody quote the Lord's prayer and I wouldn't do that and I got in trouble but they couldn't make me I said I'm not going to allow an unsaved man to see our father cause God isn't his father and we had a lot of fun and I booked them but of course I could not give what you call an invitation cause the young

men weren't there cause they wanted to be like I hope you are they were there cause there's this march there but they couldn't keep me from doing this I threw away all the service and preached the same sermon I guess every time for nine months preached 1600 boys a day never preached the two boys the two different boys at the same time I read one time when 64 great bombers got shot down on one flight over Germany eight boys to a bomb that's way up in the neighborhood of 500 boys later sortie over Germany that's the most I think bombers that were shot down in any one flight and I wondered how many of those perhaps 500 young flyers and bombardiers and navigators eight to a bomber I wonder how many of them when I get to the judgment I find out I had one chance to preach to them and they think

I'm one old sourpuss the brother Jackson would just about say amen they didn't have many opportunities to hear a chaplain preach on Christ to hell when I get to the judgment I'm going to be looking some of the sows and I preached to quite a few they'd move them out nine months every Lord day preached to 1600 boys just one time when I get to the judgment I'm going to be looking looking how many of those precious boys I'll have to see sent to hell be a witness against them just that one time I didn't fool around talking to them about they ought to be good I just had a little simple message there's just one remedy for deep dark died sin that's to have the marriage of the Lord's life laid down applied to you so that when a Christ holy God left from poor Ralph Barney he'll say where am I and

that's yours that's yours that's yours but but I said but I wish I could preach until the spirit of God could plunge it you are such a wicked person that's the only way God can avoid sending you to hell is to hang your son on a cross and for you to be a part taker of that cross blood blood oh hard drinking hard drinking hard drinking hard hard drinking hard drinking hard hard hard drinking hard drinking hard hard hard hard hard hard drinking drinking hard drinking hard hour and everybody did.

He told them this is it, this is it, you boys are shipping out.

They're scared. Anybody be scared of that since nothing's coming out of the range. I never faced those bullets, but I just don't believe you.

You tell me you can go through that kind of war and not be scared. I don't believe you're a human being. And so they got out their little organ and a fellow that was a beautiful white boy played the organ and a boy with teeth like pearl and skin as black as soot led to singing.

And they sat on the grass under some trees, passed out a few songbooks and pumped that organ. And that old colored boy led them singing, what can wash away my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus, what can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus, what can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus, what can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus, what can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus, what can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus, what can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus, what can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus, what can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus, what can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus, what can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus, there left a cross when my Savior died, there was a vow for cleansing from sin I cried, there was my heart, my heart was the blood applied, glory to his name. And then I preached to them, I said it's Christ or hell, it's Christ or hell, it's the identified, well that one who was taken outside of a holy city and killed between two malefactors, so that when God looks at you, he says, as an old boy, that is a bigot.

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