

# Somebody Prayed - Part 2 (Classic Audio Sermon Compilations)

by Compilations

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*The sermon emphasizes the necessity of heartfelt prayer and tears for the salvation of souls, urging Christians to cultivate a broken heart for the lost.*

**Duration:** 9:06

**Scripture:** Psalm 126:6, Proverbs 11:30, Matthew 5:4, Luke 19:41, John 11:35, Romans 12:15, 2 Corinthians 2:4, Galatians 6:9, James 5:16

**Topics:** "Heartfelt Prayer", "Spiritual Revival"

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## Description

This sermon emphasizes the importance of genuine tears and heartfelt prayers in seeking God's intervention and salvation for others. It calls for a return to a deep, emotional connection with God, highlighting the power of weeping over lost souls and the need for a broken heart that truly cares for the salvation of others. The speaker shares personal experiences and examples of individuals deeply moved by the love of God, urging listeners to be sincere in their faith and to weep for those who are lost.

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## Transcript

I long to see this become more and more a place where this beautiful linoleum will feel the splatter of God-given, God-wrought tears. So that God will be able to say, I saw your tears, and I heard your prayer. It's not too far till we can get into the position of our old primitive Baptist people, God wants to convert to heathen, he can do it without our help.

No, sir. They shocked me some years ago when I needed to be shocked that God wrought special miracles. He's one good to miracle workers.

But ladies and gentlemen, he did it how? By the hands of Paul. Yes, he did. Yes, he did.

There's a man that God could work miracles by using him. God wrought special miracles. They're looking for souls, for Christians know that no lost sinner is ever saved.

The fire from a saved sinner going after him, seeking him, and bringing him to Christ. That's God's truth. Somebody wouldn't let me go, brother.

That old college professor, he waylaid me. He ambushed me. He prayed for me.

He wept over me. I don't know why God laid me on that old professor's heart, I just thank God he did. That professor couldn't save me, but he could set sure we would.

He couldn't save me, but he could set sure I asked God to save me. He couldn't satisfy me, but he asked God to break my old stubborn will. I thank God on his own design.

I wish I didn't have this awful heart. But I tell you right now, I'd hate it. I'd hate to be some of you young folks.

I expect you boys will just go right on there. Your mother don't give a hoot where you're saved, and your daddy don't give a hoot over times of being religious, but you don't want to be. They don't know what it is.

The old-time mothers used to have a place to pray. I've been in homes where the boys, the children, the trail their mothers made. Where at a certain time of day, she went and took her children to God.

I've been in homes where the old man of the house had a certain time of day, and come hell or high water, he was at his place, where he met God, took his children. We don't have that none today. Bless God, mothers and papas, deacons and priests.

No wrath. We're nice little people. We don't know what it is to weep for souls.

We don't know what it is to cry and to gawk with strong supplication. Amen. I'm talking to you tonight.

You said you wanted to have a revival effort. I told you to remember this church. Put a sign out there.

Talk to that building. Say, the meeting's called. Let the people arrive and go to hell.

We haven't got time to weep over them. We haven't got time to pray for them. We haven't got time to put our arms around them.

We don't care. At least be honest. Do one or the other.

In the same sense, keep on going through the motions of having services and insulting God, bashing him to bless us when they don't know what it is to weep over souls. Amen. It's still true that he that goeth forth and does what weepeth, bearing precious seeds, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing the seeds.

The truth won't get him nowhere. Your identity won't get him anywhere. But your tears are what God uses, not crocodile tears.

But if you can't weep over lost people, for God's sake, quit claiming to be a Christian. My Lord wept over all the sinners. I believe if I was a Christian, I could weep over one shanty, don't you? I believe we could.

I believe we could. I remember we were down in Baltimore one day and Michael was down there and he was preaching. And as Michael was preaching, my back was to him and all of a sudden I heard the pitch of his voice change.

And I looked over and I know what Michael was going to experience because I had experienced it numerous times in my life and all of a sudden, I saw Michael's heart break for those people, strangers, masses of people. And he began to weep. He began to weep.

He began to beg them to come out of their sin. And it was so amazing to see the love of God come upon him in a moment like that. And he's weeping for those people to get saved.

And before he knew it, Michael was on his knees. He was on his knees just wailing, weeping. Please, please repent.

Please get right with God. Please, please. You're headed to hell and you don't know where you're going.

Will you come? Will you come? Will you come? You know, only 1.5% even share their faith anymore. And what percentage of them are really broken? Are we really broken over the sins of the people? The shortest scripture in the Bible is when Jesus went to lay his wrath from the dead and he would not believe he was the resurrection life. And it says, and he, he wept.

2 Corinthians 2, 4, Paul said this, For out of much affliction and anguish of heart I wrote unto you with many tears. In Psalms 12, 126, verse 6, He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seeds, shall dollars come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. Brothers and sisters, I'm not talking about working with tears.

I'm talking about us crying out to God and saying, God, I need your heart. I need to have a broken heart. I need to care.

And they'll help me. Instead I came this morning hoping somebody would help me. And then I began to listen to the preacher.

And then I forgot myself. And all I could think of was my daddy who whipped me. My mother who cursed me.

My sister who spat on me. And my brother who kicked me. And then she held up her arms like this and she broke the heart of that aristocratic Boston church.

In her piercing tears she said, Oh, men and women of Jesus, please help me pray for my daddy who burned in a hole you heard about this morning. Please help me pray for my brother and my sisters and my mother. She said, I forgot everything else except that those dear ones were going to hurt all my soul.

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