

Hell

by Ed Ballew

Ed Ballew's sermon emphasizes the reality of hell and the urgent need for evangelism to save lost souls.

Duration: 54:48

Scripture: Luke 16:19

Topics: "Hell"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher emphasizes the urgency of having a burden for the lost souls who are going to hell. He shares a story about a man whose clothes caught fire and cried out in agony, comparing it to the screams of those dying without Jesus. The preacher urges the congregation not to be complacent or impressed with theological knowledge, but to focus on reaching out to the lost. He challenges the listeners to examine their own hearts and ask if they have a burden for the lost, emphasizing that it should lead to action in evangelism and missions.

Transcript

I want you to open your Bibles to Luke 16. God's kept the service right in line. It's not gone too high, it's not gone low, it's just hit the top of the mountain and run right along the top of the mountain.

Would you stand with us please while we read a verse from the Word of God? Can all of you hear us all over the tabernacle while we're coming through? Can you hear us back there? If you can, raise your hand please back there in that corner. What about over here? Fine, thank you so much. I want to begin reading in verse 19 of chapter 16.

And there was a certain rich man which was clothed in purple and fine linen and lived sumptuously every day. And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus which was laid at his gate full of sores and desired to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. Moreover, the dogs came and licked his sores.

And it came to pass that the beggar died and was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom. The rich man also died and was buried. And in hell he lived up his eyes, being in torment and seeing Abraham afar off and Lazarus in his bosom.

And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me. And say to Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue. For I am tormented in this flame.

Our blessed Father in heaven, we come now to this time of this service. And I stand before you, Lord Jesus, fully conscious that in us, Lord Jesus, we're unable to do anything whatsoever. But I know, our Father, that thou art able.

I know, Lord Jesus, that tonight, God, you're able to do that that man cannot do. I pray that the power of the Holy Spirit will hover over this place. God, that we'll see the real moving of God.

We'll see the manifestation of the Holy Spirit. We'll see old-fashioned, Holy Ghost conviction. We'll see men and women come to know the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Savior.

We wait before you. God, we trust in thee for the results of this hour. We pray it in Jesus' name, amen and amen.

You may be seated. Much has been said today and throughout the camp concerning the size. I noted two or three different times that different preachers have commented on the size of congregations.

Large and small numbers have been quoted. For the record, it's a time, I'm sure, that every one of us must realize that surely, if you read your Bible as Brother Taylor said, it's just about time to go home and be with the Lord. That brings joy to the heart of every born-again believer.

And if that doesn't bring joy to your heart, you ought to be on the order right now. Looking for that blessed hope, my dear friend, is one of the most joyous moments in the heart of every born-again believer. But my dear friend, tonight, since we are striving to reach as many as we possibly can with the gospel, trying to get as many to Jesus as we can, my dear friend, I'd like to leave a few simple things with you tonight.

I wonder how many preachers right now in this building, how many of the men of God that's been called to preach the gospel. Brethren, would you stand up just a minute, please. I want to see all of God's preachers.

Thank you. I appreciate that. I want to see where you're at.

You can be seated. I don't know whether you remember or not. I don't know how many of you recall.

I feel sure that most of you. I'm sure that I do. I know quite well.

I remember that first message and the first messages. I remember so well how my knees was trembling just about like they are now. I remember so well that time when I walked up in the pulpit with that little old dime-store Bible.

I hadn't heard of Schofield. You know, I didn't know he'd even been born. I didn't know you could get red and blue Bibles.

I thought they was all black. I was in my studies some time ago, and I love to get in my study. I like that.

I remember as I sat down in my chair and turned around and faced the wall. One whole wall is filled with bookshelves. On those shelves are Spurgeon's works, some of Moody, there's Feeney's biography, and there's many, many great men.

Ford and Oliver Green and many other great writers are there on my bookshelves. My eyes wandered up to the third shelf, and stacked over on one side is a line of Bibles that I've used, Brother Bob, in thirty-one

years of preaching the gospel. There are Schofield Bibles now.

There are some Thompson Shane reference Bibles. Not a good news for Modern Man and the Bunch. There is no living letters, as I feel the pull now.

This is that moment when preachers love to preach. And the God bumps break out on you. My eyes settled on a little Bible.

Over at the end was that little Bible. Seemed like the Holy Spirit said it sure would appreciate it if you'd pick it up and look at it. I got it down, and for a moment I fondled it in my hand.

The backs were slick, and suddenly I realized this is one of my early boy preacher Bibles. And I let it fall open. And as most young preachers are aware of, your knowledge of the Bible was extremely limited.

You preached a lot on the Prodigal. And may I say, we addressed ourselves to Luke 16 quite often. And I say to you, I was no exception.

My Bible laying in my lap, that little cheap Bible. I looked down at the margin of it, and I made little bitty notes to myself. And here it said, such and such a church.

We had 15 saved. Down the margin I went, and record after record, it said 15, 20, maybe 30 and so on. I'd come to know the Lord.

And I said, Holy Ghost, what are you trying to show me? And he said, Ed, I want you to remember those days when you was a boy preacher. I want you to remember those times when you hadn't learned how to type style your good. When you had a car, you had to park it on a hill so it would roll off.

The only lock on the door was the nail drove at an angle. God said, Son, do you remember those times when you preached on Luke 16? You cried a lot in those days. You cried an awful lot in those days.

And you just wept over souls. And I had not become acquainted since I was raised in a little mountainous church. I looked at that little Bible again.

I said, Oh God, I don't know enough now, and I ought to know more. And I apologize for not giving you one more time. God said, Look at it a while, Son.

And he let me hold that Bible in a literal burning hell. My dear friend, there's a place called hell. That is called hell.

Son, for some unknown reason, that young man that came by that time, my friend, that tractor, the windshield broke out, and he was conscious. But I never will forget. His left arm was somehow pinned under him, and his legs was down in that tract screaming.

With our deep knowledge, which is great and good, and my soul, he was scratching. So preachers, this has been so long since I've preached on hell. You know what? I'll give you some message that will fill our churches.

I'll give you some message that we can get folks to realize. First of all, our folks are going to hell. I believe it will get folks with more of an intention just to count noses.

Let's say they're going to hell without God. Oh, friend, I want to tell you this. I was in a city some time ago.

I never will forget it. Preach this very message. The young man came to me after the service, and he said, Preacher, I forgot how awful hell must be.

He said, My old daddy, he said, My old daddy lives way down in Alabama. He said, It'll take me all night to get to him. But Sid, me and daddy have been buddies all of our lives.

We've rabbit-hunted together. I said, Preacher, I forgot that my daddy is going to hell. He said, Preacher, will you pray for me? I'm going to drive all that.

I can't stand to think about my daddy going to hell. He said, Preacher, pray for me that I'll be able to win him. I said, Boy, I'll do it.

He got in his car in the church yard, him and his wife, and started driving south. You know, he drove all night, and he told me this story. He said, I drove up that old farm where I played.

He said, I jumped out about daylight, ran up, and started beating on the door, hollering, Daddy, Daddy, Daddy. He said, the old fella came to the door. He said, I put my arm around him and said, Daddy, I don't want you to go to hell.

I've drove all night to get to tell you I haven't slept with his dad, Bernie Everlasting. Let me ask you this. Hold on, I want to find out something.

How many here right now, right this minute, have got some loved one? I mean real dear to your heart that's lost. I mean lost. They're not going to be lost.

They're lost now. And if they die tonight with a heart attack, they'll plunge in to the depths of hell. They'll plunge in to that burning inferno.

How many of you got somebody that you love that's lost? Lost. Oh, what an awful word, lost. Take your hand down.

I want to ask somebody a question. I wonder if there's somebody here got a mother or a daddy lost. Would you raise your hand? Or just a mama.

Sir, take them down. Sir, let me address you. Which is it, your daddy or your mama? Your mama? Both of them? Oh, she held you in her arms one day.

Cared for you when you were tiny. Son, do you realize? Have you done all you can? Have you sometimes said, I'm going to give up? Oh, that's daddy and mama, boy. That's daddy and mama we're talking about.

My blessed old daddy that's in heaven, Sammy. Oh, mama said I ain't going to give him up. I'll pray for him till he gets born again.

Now then, daddy's in heaven. Hey, dad! Hey, man. Oh, you suck preacher.

Let me ask you a question. Was there somebody in here had a mother lost or a daddy? If there was, let me see you. Mother or daddy? Look up here, honey.

Stand up here, would you please? Who is it, honey? Your father? You love him, darling? And if he dies, he's going to hell. Oh, James, am I preaching right, brother? I'm trying to tell people about Jesus so they won't go to hell. Man.

So they won't go to hell. Oh, folks, I believe in a hell. Oh, how many of you sitting right here right now said I just give up on him? I just give up on him.

Sammy, I can't do it. Doctor said oughtn't to preach, but preach. Well, now, look at him.

And I've seen it, man. How many more? Go, anybody over here got a mom or a daddy lost? Huh? Is there? Honey. Come here, little lady, right here on the front.

Come here to Brother Blue, honey. I ain't going to embarrass you or hurt you. Who is it, darling? Your mom? Both of them? Do you love them, honey? Have you done all you can to get them to Jesus? Oh, honey, let them see Jesus in your life.

Let them hear you pray, darling. Oh, just do everything we can to keep them out of hell. Amen.

Amen. It will make a better Sunday. It will.

Wonder how many mommas and daddies here right now got a lost son or daughter. Huh? Lost son or daughter. Raise your hand up.

Lost son or daughter. Thank you. Stand up, sister.

Just stand there, dear. Which is a son or daughter? A son and a daughter. Daughter-in-law.

Mama. You remember when he was a little boy? Huh? Did you used to hold him in your lap and sing to him? Did you used to feel his little soft face? Huh? You used to get sugar right over there. Huh? Mama, you don't want to go to hell, do you? Mama, have you done all you could to keep him out of hell? Oh, my God, thank you.

Folks, do you realize tonight that there's a great number in this crowd sleeping under the same roof you are, that you'll go home tonight and not even have a family honor. You'll not even have a Bible reading. You'll not have a devotion.

There are some of you mamas. Remember that old hymn that said, How sweet and happy seems those days of which I dream when memory recalls them now and then. And with what rapture sweet my weary heart would be if I could hear my mama pray again.

There are some of you children I hear right now that's never heard your mama pray. You've never even called them on their knees and prayed. You've never saw them down weeping before God for a lost community.

Oh, folks, you listen to me. There's daddies and mamas scattered around this country right now that you haven't even made a long-distance phone call to. How sad it's going to be when you have to look down in that chasm for the undertakers of the sin of the Lord.

My more eloquent, educated, refined, big- I never put you on hell in my church. I'll tell you, my friend, you listen to me. You can call me an old hell-fire brimstone preacher if you want to.

You can put any tag and title on me if you want to. With that little cheap Bible in my hand, I looked at this Bible and it said, I preach this message so that there's no notes where so many were saved. And I promised God the other day with that little cheap Bible in my hand, Lord, I want to get as many in as I can.

Little old children lost. Husbands lost. Some of you wives have gone and swore off.

You said, I ain't going to mention it to him no more. I ain't going to mention it to him no more. I never will forget mama.

Daddy would get drunk and fall on the front porch and we'd drag him in. She'd wash the vomit off his face and sing Amazing Grace right down in his face. Amen.

She never did fuss at him. Never did nag at him. But she prayed him to God.

Amen. There are some of you sitting here right now. It's amazing how nonchalant you are.

Your own children are lost. And if they die, if they die, they're not going to the world's fire. They're going to hell.

They're going to hell, folks. Don't you know that? They're going to hell. There are some sitting here right now.

There are some sitting here with their shoulders touching someone that's so dear to you. There are some sitting with your shoulder right now. Somebody that you haven't even reached out a loving hand to in a long time and said, I want you to go to heaven with me.

I want you to go to heaven with me. Oh, glory to God. I don't know about you more cultured and refined folks.

There are some folks I'm counting on going to heaven with. I mean, listen, I'm looking forward to it. I'm so glad, glory to God, I'm not going to hell.

I've had folks to cuss me and consign my soul to hell with an oath. But I've got news for you. Amen.

A man sitting in arm's reach of you is a lost loved one. Oh, listen to me. They've waited maybe for so long for just a tender hand to reach out and say, I love you.

I want you to go to heaven with me. Oh, you've laid back your shoulders and said, No, I'll give up on them. I'll not talk to them no more.

There's such a little son back there. Over here is a daughter that's lost without God and without hope in the world. Over there is a daddy that maybe you'll give up on.

But you realize what you're saying? You're saying, I know my daddy's going to hell. I know my daddy's going where they're begging for just a tiny, tiny drop of water. I know that.

I know. I know they're going to that place where they'd yield ten million worlds just for enough water to wash their brow. I know they're going to that place where they'd give anything just to cool their fevered brow.

Amen. I noticed my dear brother Robert Taylor as he spoke so lovingly of that precious girl. How old was she, Bob, when she got saved? Your daughter, I believe you said was five.

Five years old. Five. But can you imagine the horror of your heart, Brother Bob? How old did you say she was now? Can you imagine the horror of your heart, my brother, to think that your 20-year-old daughter

was lost without God? Brother Bob, I ask you, sir, could you actually lay down on your pillow? No, no.

A million times no. I could not. I say to you, I tell you right now, I'd want to do something to do my best to get told about Jesus.

I'd want to tell her about the old rugged cross. I'd want to tell her about the blood streaming from His lovely side. Still I say to you, how many of you have some love on you right now? That's a lot.

Hold up your hands. I want to see them. Right here in this building, lost without God.

Thank you, sir. And my friend, let me ask you tonight, what have we done? Shall we cease? Shall we stop? Shall we fail one more time to get unto the Lord Jesus Christ? Oh, when I remember it's burned on my heart indelibly. I still see that man.

I still see him as he grabbed his hair and that arm was on fire. He pulled his hair out. Oh, it caught on fire in his hand.

The sleeve of that coat was burning. Waving in the air. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.

Suddenly, suddenly across his face his hand fell. The old truck driver said, it's all over. And I thought, oh God, no.

It's just beginning. Just beginning. Do you believe in an eternal hell? You mean eternal? Do you believe that? And my dear friend, would I ask you, and can I ask you, and I may ask you, what are you doing? What are you doing? Have you stopped? Have you ceased? Will you continue? My dear friend, or shall you leave this building tonight saying, oh, I've done all I can.

I've done all I can. Up in Chattanooga some time ago now some large gasoline storage tanks exploded. Exploded.

And some men standing quite a distance ignited like dry grass. One man began to run. He grabbed his hands like that and they cooked together.

The ambulance attendant said, as they had him in the back of the ambulance rushing toward the hospital, he looked up at them with glazed eyes and said, don't let me die with my hands stuck. I don't know the Savior. I don't know Him.

Don't let me, don't let me die. But I believe in hell right now. That boy's walking with his hands stuck.

In a dirty barroom floor up here the other night in a town about 20 miles from here a boy with a red hot bullet laying in his intestines on a dirty barroom floor with his life and blood pouring out on him. His friend bent over him and said, you can't leave me like this. He said, I'm dying.

And I'm not ready to go. He died there in vomit and dirt and puke. He said, where is He at right now? I believe He is walking.

I believe the rich man's crying. I want to talk to another crowd right now. You that are pulling those ragged ropes.

You and your dirty robes of religion. Amen. Somebody said, I care not what other preachers preach on tonight.

You're going to preach on hell. Whatever they preach on. That's my business.

But it's for you and the message I want you to preach on. You're going to preach on hell. I ask you again without apology for being repetitious.

I ask you again without hesitation. Don't you stick your hand up in the air so nonchalantly. Don't you do it.

If you give up on somebody. If you've got a son and daughter that your eyes are dried over. If you've got a mother and daddy that you can't weep over no more.

Don't you tell me, my dear friend, that you're where you ought to be with God if your eyes are dried. When you remember daddy may go to hell. I want to see the hands of those that honestly.

Honestly. Don't you stick your hands up if you don't mean it. Say, I know my son's lost.

I know my daddy's lost. I know they'll go to hell if they die. Preacher, I believe in hell.

I know they're lost. I haven't told them in a long time. Preacher, I know they're there.

Some of you kids walk down these schoolhouse halls all year long. All year long you walk down those halls. You saw your classmates that are lost.

And you're the only Christian around them. And you say you believe in hell. You bump shoulders with men down there.

You bump shoulders with them. You say to me, I'll tell you what, I'm convinced men don't believe in hell. Carl, I serve notice on you my friend.

Many times as we grow more theologically sound. I fear a lot of times we forget those days. When we were boy preachers.

Carl, you remember those days. Didn't know much Bible did you? But you cried a lot didn't you Carl? But they got back. Carl, I want to see that again.

Jamie, I want to see that again. I want to see that again. As we polished out prefabricated steeples.

As we've installed our plastic mapsters. And we've put down our DuPont 501. We somehow forgot those days of those dime store Bibles.

That were not leatherbacks but cardboard. But oh Lord our God. We may not could have preached out of nothing but Luke 16.

But we got men to God. We got men to God. You preachers say what you will and you go your own direction.

And I'm not going to try to be as simple as an OS. But I'm going to start my life with the grace of God. I want the ladies to come to the instruments.

Sammy, I've got to make an over call. I've got two. I don't know any previous plans or arrangements.

But I've got to make an over call. Folks, don't leave me. Please don't get up and start walking around.

Preachers, please pray. If we can get one boy, one mother's son, one mother's daughter. They'll be rejoicing in the presence of the angels.

I wonder if a hand reached out to that loved one that you're sitting next to. I'm wondering. I'm wondering right now.

Sunday school teacher, have you lost your mind? Oh, my God. Our eyes are dry and our knees are not bending. Our souls are not compassionate.

Oh, God. We impress folks with our choirs. We tap.

Oh, I say to you, my friend, and I. We say we believe in hell, but do we? We say I believe in hell, preacher, but do we? That is, you hug that baby in your arms. You remember one thing. Oh, going to hell, can you imagine? As they hear, brothers and sisters, I say, do everything in your power by the aid of the Holy Spirit.

Oh, listen. Reach out for that little boy. Son, right there, be still right there.

You just be still. Oh, listen to me. This is an hour.

Oh, this is an hour. If we ever got a burden, don't you go back to your mother. They're dying.

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