

Chimham

by Jack Hyles

The sermon emphasizes the importance of prioritizing one's children's spiritual development and the role of godly influence in shaping their lives.

Duration: 54:16

Scripture: 1 Samuel 16:7, 2 Samuel 9:7, Psalm 127:3, Proverbs 22:6, Matthew 6:33, Mark 10:14, Luke 9:23

Topics: "Parental Guidance", "Spiritual Legacy"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher tells the story of Barzillai and his request to King David. Barzillai asks that his reward be given to his son, showing his selflessness and love for his child. The preacher reflects on his own life and the sacrifices he has made for the youth, emphasizing the importance of staying close to God. He urges parents and adults to follow Barzillai's example and prioritize the spiritual well-being of the younger generation.

Transcript

In the spring of 1962, our deacon board met and started making plans for this building. We asked God to lead us to the right architect, and believe we did. For this building is no doubt the most copied church building in America.

I go place after place. This church, this building, started the trend in America back to the fan-shaped building. Up until we built this building, most of the church's buildings were long and skinny.

And now all across America, the fan-shaped type building is becoming very popular. We employed Bob Fultz to be our architect. We had to have money.

We had just been through some deep waters. But our church was flourishing and growing, and we felt like we had to have another building. If you recall, at that time there was a building over here, the Baptist Youth Center we used for our junior high and high school departments.

Then there was an old house sitting about right here. We paid \$40,000 for that old house. It wasn't worth a dime.

And then there was a men's Bible class building. Remember that building? A little flat building that was next to the auditorium, and then a big auditorium that we converted into an educational building, and it burned. And so we only had one place to build, and that was here.

Jim, take that draft off me if you would, please, sir. And that was here between this building and this building. So we tore down the men's Bible class building and bought the house, and tore the house down, and broke ground on this building.

We sought help from lending institutions, and finally we found \$325,000. We borrowed that money and broke ground on this building. For two years we were planning, drawing plans, finding money.

We raised, I think, if I recall, about \$92,000 with which to furnish the building. Raised that from our own people. And we worked.

We worked. And this building became a reality. We had a wonderful day of dedication.

Was that the night you got attacked by the Fisk? We stayed there that night until after midnight. Brother Fisk was over here on the corner, sweeping off the sidewalk while all of us were in here. We were vacuuming and getting everything ready, and some thugs attacked Brother Fisk and tried to kill him, I'm sure.

And he had to go to the hospital through the night. And he came the next morning and looked like Dr. Billings at that hotel room when he came. But it was some other thugs.

But anyway, we dedicated the building, and we were so happy. To us it was the most beautiful thing ever built, and I still wouldn't trade it for any ten auditoriums I know in the world. But three months to the day after that, as you've heard me say again and again, that my phone rang ten after one.

It was the police chief. I'm sorry, the fire chief. And he said, Reverend Hiles, your church building is on fire.

And I jumped out of bed and rushed here and stood across the street and watched the building next door. And this building, completely destroyed. And this building here, between the two buildings that were burned.

I saw the firemen come through those doors and take big axes and chop huge holes, big enough to put this pulpit through, across this back wall back here. Our new building, three months old. We'd worked for two years to put it here.

Borrowed and sacrificed and given and hoped and dreamed and planned. And I stood right behind this pulpit, smoke so thick I could hardly see my hand in front of me. And waded through water, up to my ankles, ruining our good carpet.

And watched them as they chopped the holes in the building, or the wall, and squirted water into the building that was burning. I thought this building was gone. And we stood outside and we cried.

It's been now over eight years ago, as we saw this building nearly ruined and two of our buildings go up in flames. But there's something worse than that. When we take a child in our nursery and train him and teach him, he goes to our beginner department and then to our primary department, our junior, junior high and high school.

We pray for him, counsel with him, have hopes and dreams for him, preach to him, teach him, and do our best to make something out of him. And then watch his life wrecked. I wouldn't give this building tonight or exchange this building for one of you kids.

Not a one of you. I happened to see Ralph Crawl over there. Maybe it's because he's got the biggest stomach.

I don't know, but I happened to see him. Just happened to, and no reason, I just happened to look at him first. Ralph, you represent tonight all of our kids for a minute.

I'd rather see this building destroyed tonight than see your life destroyed. I guess one of the most heartbreaking things that any pastor, any parent, any worker faces in a church is to give his life for the kids. Building, plans drawn, money given, building the life, and then all of a sudden the kid grows up and we see him ruined.

But the fact is that's the greatest sorrow I have going back to Garland. The greatest heartache I have, and I go back to, I pastored there almost seven years. The greatest sorrow and heartache that I, I was back there a few weeks ago and preached, and to me the greatest heartache is to see the people, the kids, they're adults now, but the kids that we sacrificed and taught and trained and loved and dreamed for and hoped for, to see them, their lives wrecked and destroyed.

I look over here when I talk about our kids, but I could well look other places because we have teenagers all across the building. But kids, you're our lives, you're our lives. Now I'll tell you a story, would you listen carefully while I tell you a story.

The name Barzilliai, does that mean anything to you? It will in a minute. Barzilliai, Z-I-L-L-I-A-I-I-I-A-E-I-O-U, I'm not sure. But Barzilliai, one of the most tremendous fellows in all the Bible.

You'll like him if you'll listen, let me tell you about him. Barzilliai lived close to a place called Mahanaim, M-A-H-A and something else. Mahanaim, M-A-H-A-N-A-I-M or something, Mahanaim.

Now what does the place Mahanaim mean? Mahanaim was the place where David dwelt when he had lost the throne. Do you recall the story of Absalom? When David was king of Israel and sat on the throne in Jerusalem, Absalom, his handsome young son, rebelled against his dad, stood outside the gate and said to the folks who came by, if I were king, I'd sure do a lot better than my dad is doing. Gathered around him a group of people, rebelled against king David and his army fought against David's army, but David would not fight against his son.

And so David took his forces and fled the city and left the palace and left the city to his rebellious son Absalom. And by the way, don't you forget this either, we only have one record in the Bible, apart from Samson, of anybody, of anybody who had long hair. Any man who had long hair, only one.

No other record at all. You say Jesus had long hair. Let me ask you a question, are you a fool or any other subject than that or is that the only one? There is, you'll get my little book that's going to come out in a few days on Jesus had short hair, you'll never say that again.

Jesus did not have long hair, he had short hair. And my little book's going to prove it to you. But only one person, all the Bible, we know of, apart from Samson, had long hair and he rebelled against his father, rebelled against his country and caused a revolution.

Long hair on men has always been associated with revolution. Always has. Nothing unusual, you Absaloms, trying to cause rebellion.

Now you say, well I have long hair and I'm not trying to cause rebellion. Well what do you want to look like it for then? You say, I was here once before and you mentioned long hair. Yeah, if you ever come again I will too.

I'm against the badge of communism or revolution or dope and I'm as much against it next Sunday night as I am tonight. I'm God's people, look like God's people. You say you're preaching to me? No sir, I'll preach this before you came.

And I'll preach it when you're gone. But I'll also preach it while you're here. Now look like a Christian.

But anyway, be it as it may, I've forgotten the story. My sermon tonight is, Jesus had short hair. Basillii.

Basillii was a man who had a crew cut. I had a crew cut and the crew bailed out. But anyway, Absalom.

Help me get back on the subject. But are they this way in Scotland? Are they as formal as we are in Scotland? Don't let our formality scare you now. But anyway, Absalom is on the throne.

David has fled the city, not willing to fight his own son Absalom. But what he got to, he got to a place called Maenaem. There was a wonderful fellow there.

His name was Basillii. What did Basillii do? Basillii got for David, fiddles, food to eat. And took care of David.

David was alone, forsaken. The saddest day of his life. The darkest midnight of David's day of his life had come.

And David, can you picture realizing your own son? Can you imagine? David, for example. Can you imagine David Hiles causing a split here in the church and trying to take over the church? I can. But that's what happened.

And David said, I'll not fight my own son. And so he fled the city. But there was a faithful man named Basillii who came to David.

And he said, Basillii was from Maenaem. And he said, David, let me take care of you. And so he gave him a place to lay his head.

He brought food to him. And cared for him. You recall the story.

Halibut, by the way, Basillii had a son whose name, some folks call him Chimom, and some folks call him Kimom. We found out tonight that the right ones call him Kimom. And I call him Chimom.

But I started to say he's sometimes called Chimom and sometimes Kimom. Everybody else calls him Kimom. I call him Chimom.

But anyway, Chimom was his son. And Basillii loved his son dearly. Now David's son Absalom had been defeated with the passing of time.

David is, by the way, as you recall, he was hung by the hair of his head. I would not say that I'm glad. And I would not say that I wish all fellows that have hair down to their shoulders would be hung.

Just a few. But anyway, and I don't, of course. But David can now go back.

And so David is going back to the palace. And he calls Basillii to him. And listen now carefully.

He said, Basillii, I'm going back to Jerusalem. I'm going over Jordan. I want you to go with me.

You've been good to me. You fed me. Now I want to feed you.

You've been good to me. Now I want to be good to you. You've cared for me.

Now I want to care for you. Now he said, I want you to come to the palace and live. I want you to live in the palace.

Isn't that something? And Basillii, 80 years of age now. And David says, come on. Now you go back with me.

We'll cross Jordan together. You can go to my palace. And you can live in the palace.

Eat at the king's table. And be as one of my own family in my palace. You fed me in Manila.

I want to feed you in Jerusalem. You've cared for me when I was down. Now I want to care for you while you're aged.

Come on. And Basillii said, no. He said, I'm too old.

I'm 80. He said, I'm so old and sickly that I can't even taste my food anymore. When I take a drink of beverage, I can't even taste it anymore.

I can't even hear music. When they play the music, I can't even hear it anymore. He didn't say this, but in the Hebrew it says, I have to wear glasses when I preach.

And he said, no use in taking me back to the palace. Let me go a bit of the ways with you and enjoy a part of the trip. Then I'll come back and I want to be buried here anyway with my mother and father.

And let me be buried in the family cemetery. But he said, we should do something. Now here's the story.

He said, David, I got a boy. I got a boy. Now here.

David, I don't want to go back, but I got a boy named Timmon. If you really want to do something for me, let me stay here. But you take my boy to the palace.

And you treat my boy just like you would treat me. Now I know it was I who helped you, fed you. But now he's my boy.

And I'm too old. I'm not worth anything to you. And then I'm too old.

He didn't say this, but he probably said, I don't want to change. I want to sleep in the same bed. I'm too old to change beds.

And I'm too old to move. Now I want to stay where I am, but take my boy and put my boy in the palace. And let my boy live close to you.

And let my boy sit at your table. And let my boy receive what you would give to me. And in this is a beautiful story.

Let me give you three simple things that he requested. The first thing he requested was that his reward be given to his son. His reward be given to his son.

He said, David said, Brasiliai, let me reward you. Let me give you some reward for what you've done for me. And he said, if you want to reward me, you help my boy.

You help my boy. Last night, I was sitting in my study, counting my poverty. Takes a long time.

I picked up a little book I wrote called Satan's Bid for Your Kid. I looked at it, and I said, little book, you could have made me rich if I'd taken the money I, profit I've made on you. I held it up and looked at that little book.

Thirty, what, thirty-two pages? Thirty-six, maybe? A few pages? Had 25 cents a copy. We've had 200,000 copies printed. And by the way, we're having our third 100,000 copies printed right now.

It's going all over the world. Fell up in Madison, Wisconsin. Read that little book.

Got some ads in the public school system. Ran for the school board and got elected. Later down in Houston, Texas, I think it was, went before the state board of education to complain about the situation in the schools.

And she stood up to speak, and she, somebody walked up and handed her my little book, and she just read the book instead of speaking. My book's been read before the state board of education in your state, state of Texas. It's gone all over the country.

School boards with a dozen have had it, have read it. But that one little book, 200,000 copies, 25 cents a copy. You know how much money I could have made off that book? About \$30,000.

For me, since Christmas. Yeah, I could have made \$30,000 off that one little book if I'd taken the profit since Christmas. Dr. Miller, this is the truth.

I don't have \$30,000 in my pocket right now. You don't believe that, do you? But it's the truth. It's the truth.

I can prove it. And I was thinking, look, son, Jack, you're 45 years of age. You'll be 46 22 days after September the 3rd.

And I was thinking, how foolish that seems, Brother Miller. Really. I could be rich.

I could have made \$100,000 last year for Jack Hyatt. I could have invested that \$100,000 and had me a guaranteed income the rest of my life. Did you know I haven't got enough money saved to pay off the debts I owe? You see, you must be a fool.

That's what I said last night. I said to myself, what if you had a heart attack? What if you all of a sudden had a stroke? What happened to you? You're poor. And I am.

I'm poor and alive. I didn't realize it until last night. I want to start taking the profits off my books.

No, I'm not either. You know why? Because I've been poor for 46 years this September 25th. And I've been happy.

I've been happy. Now, I know I'm happy poor. I don't know I'd be happy rich.

And I'm afraid to chance it. Really. So I lifted up my eyes and saw my jewels.

And I walked over to the south wall of my study and got on my knees. And looked at my preacher boys, my heroes. I looked on the wall and there was a young man preaching tonight in Iowa.

One of my boys. One in California. Some in Texas.

One in the Philippines. Several in Michigan. Two in Louisiana.

Two in Tennessee. Several in Illinois. One in New Jersey.

Two in Virginia. Several in Indiana. One in Maryland.

Two in Kansas. One in Wisconsin. Two in Georgia.

Two in Ohio. Two in South Carolina. One in Missouri.

And one in Colorado. And I said, I'm not poor. I called last night long distance at 1130.

Somebody caused him trouble. One of our young preacher boys in our church. Called him on the phone late last night.

And I said, look, am I your friend? He said, yes, you're my friend. I said, if I ever stood for you. He said, you stood for me.

But nobody else would stand for me. I said, then okay. You stand for my preacher boy.

I said, you treat him just like you would treat me. He's my boy. My preacher boy.

You treat him right. If you love me, you love him. If you treat me right, you treat him right.

Just like Paul said, if I even receive onestimus, as you receive me. And I said, I'm rich. And so, Marzulli, I said, David, I know I have a reward coming.

I know you want to give me a reward. But he said, if you want to do something for me, you do it for my son. That's my reward.

Young people, you listen to me. The only reward we ask. The parents who sacrificed and done without.

The pastors who preached and hoped and dreamed. The teachers who taught and prayed. Most of us are poor.

Some of us are poor by choice. We don't want any money. Thy money perish.

We just want you to turn out okay. That's the only reward we want. Marzulli, I said, what does it matter? What does it matter? Whether I get anything or not.

David, let my place at your table be taken by my boy. Let my place in the palace be taken by my boy. Let my bed in the palace be filled by my boy.

Let my life in the palace be filled by my boy. Let the blessings of being beside the king be filled by my boy. I ask for no reward for myself.

If my boy can be okay. That's all I ask. And that's all I ask.

I may die a pauper. And well I may. But if I can get on my face and see my boys.

And you kids to turn out to be all we've dreamed you'd be. That's all we ask. That's all we ask.

Time and time again after I've had a conference with one of our teenagers. As he leaves I bow where he's set and get on my face and say, Oh God bless that kid. Help him to be all he ought to be.

All he ought to be. Last week or two weeks ago I went to Garland, Texas. And drove around Garland.

I pastored there seven years. And I drove around Garland one night late at night. Stopped in front of the houses of some of the teenagers.

I used to be their pastor when I was a little boy. I stopped in front of their houses and said, God bless the guys that live there. Bless that family.

I'm not here anymore. And they have another pastor. But oh God bless the family.

Presently I said, David. I'll go back and be buried. I'm 80 years of age.

Doesn't much matter to me. About me. I'll go back and be buried beside mom and dad.

But my boy, Kimmon. David, take him. My reward.

Help my boy get my reward. And that's what this church is all about. And that's what.

We don't have any desire to start a grade school. Or two grade schools. Or a junior high and high school.

Or a college. Perish the schools unless they make something out of a kid. That's all we have.

That's all we have. I wonder how many of your parents have said to me. For the high of the reason I'm sending.

Or sacrificing for my kid. Is I want him to have what I didn't have. I want him to have what I didn't have.

I'll say it as I've said before. Pity the kid who stands before God. Who grows up in this church.

Who doesn't turn out right. Pity him. Pity him.

Heavy, heavy hangs over your head. More is expected of you than is expected I think of any young people in all the world. One in every group had a chance.

The age of four. You can enroll in a Christian kindergarten. Pre-kindergarten.

Stay there until you get your master's degree if you want to. The influence of godly teachers. And godly people.

And Christian young people. Where decency and honor. And respect for authority.

And respect for law and order. And the Bible. And Christ.

And all the good things of life are given and offered. Pity if you don't turn out right. We don't ask you to send us a check every month.

Every two months you'll be okay. We don't ask you to send us a check every month. I don't ask you when I get old to take care of me.

All I ask you to do is turn out okay. That's what Horgelius said. But there's something else he said.

He said not only is my reward my son. But he said my life is my son. My life is my son.

David, my life doesn't matter. It's my son's life that matters. My future doesn't matter.

I'm 80 years of age. I'll be going the way of all flesh before long. I'll get buried beside mom and dad.

But David, my boy. That's my life. My boy.

Anybody who's been around First Baptist Church knows that our life. Our heartbeat. Our heartthrob.

Our dream. Our hope. Our work.

Everything is built around one thing. And that is our kids to turn out okay. Sure we love the senior citizens.

God bless every one of them. Sure we love the couples and the men and women of our church. God bless you all.

And sure we do. But wait a minute. Whether you be a grandfather, a grandmother, a father, a mother that cometh after you.

Young people. An old man traveled a long highway. Came to the evening cold and gray.

To a chasm vast and deep and wide. Through which was flowing a sullen tide. The old man crossed from the twilight dim.

For that sullen stream had no fear for him. But he paused as he reached the other side. And built a bridge to span the tide.

Good friend, said a fellow traveler near. You're wasting your time in building here. Your journey will end with the ending of day.

You must never again pass this way. Why pause you at even tide to build a bridge to span so vast and wide. Good friend, said the old man lifting his head.

There cometh after me, he said. A youth who also must pass this way. He too must cross at the end of the day.

He too must pass in the twilight dim. Good friend, I'm building this bridge for him. I was thinking tonight about the fellow from England.

And you folks from Scotland. I've been to Europe. I've been to fundamental churches in Europe.

I've been to fundamental churches all over Canada. I've been to the Great People's Church in just a few days. Preaching for Dr. Oswald Smith and Paul Smith.

And the People's Church in Toronto. But I've been to Canada. And I've been to England.

I've been to Scotland. And I've seen. I'm sorry.

I've been to Scotland. I've been to England. And I've been to Europe.

And I've seen the services there. And the thing that characterizes the Christian fundamental churches. In England, the ones that I've attended.

In Scotland. I'm sorry. In Canada.

In other countries in Europe. Is the fact that basically it's a group of grey beards meeting. And I always ask myself the question.

The time we gave our lives to career. The next generation. The race does not end when you stop your lap.

You've got the hand of a pawn to another. In God's name let's live for our kids. This nation of ours that looks.

If Borzilliai had lived in our generation. He would have said. David just send me a check the first month and hang my boy.

Better still. Raise my boy's taxes so I can get a bigger check. We keep on adding to our national debt.

And say to our great-grandchildren. Hey, we're making debts for you. It's as wicked as it can be.

We ought to tighten our belts. Drive older cars if we have to. But be honest as a nation.

How can we expect our people to pay individual debts. If we make debts in our nation. And go so far in our national debt.

It will take our great-grandchildren to pay off our debts. Our lives for our kids. Kids.

Do you realize. That there are people in this room tonight. Who are holding down two jobs.

Just so you can get a Christian education. I know men in this room tonight. Who work hard all day at a steel mill.

The blast furnace. Come home and eat a bite of supper quickly. Change clothes.

Maybe freshen up a bit. And take off for a job. Where they'll work from 7 to 11 maybe.

At night. Do you know why? For you. This man right here.

Dr. Billings. I dare say tonight he may be so tired and weary. He can hardly stand up sometimes.

Cuts up a lot. But his body may be so tired tonight. He can barely make it.

You know why sometimes we get weary. And stay up at night. And work and toil.

For you. For you. We have ladies in this church.

Who have taken a job. You know why? For you. I know mothers in this church.

That have not had one new dress. Since Hammond Baptist High School started two years ago. You know why? For you.

For you. Some of us have worked day and night. You know why? For you.

Now you listen to me kids. I hesitate to just look at this section. Because you're all over it.

You listen to me kids. Every kid in this house tonight. We deserve more than a failure.

We deserve more than a fizzle life. We deserve more than for you to say. I'll do it my own way.

We deserve more than for you to be some kind of a smart addict. And a cocky know-it-all. Who fizzles.

We deserve more than that. That mom and that dad. That pastor.

That assistant pastor. That principal. Those school teachers.

Those who have given. And given. And sacrificed.

Deserve more. Than for you to goof off. And be less than what you ought to be.

We'd rather see the building burn. Than to see you destroyed. And just as those firemen took those axes.

And went back to the wall back there we had built. And hoped for. And dreamed for.

And been proud of. And I saw them as they. As they slashed the axe in the wall.

And chopped a hole in the wall. And tore it all to pieces. And filled it with water.

I'd rather see it tonight. Dr. Billings. I'd rather see your entire Baptist city.

Wiped off the map with a tornado. Than to see one of you kids go astray. Barzilliai.

You've been good to me. You fed me when I was away from home. In May and A.M. You brought.

You came to me. Gave me a bed. Don't wish to sleep.

And gave me love. And gave me food to eat. And clothes for my body.

In my darkest hours. You stood beside me Barzilliai. And I'd like you to come home with me.

I'd like for you to see my little place. I've got a palace in Jerusalem. If you'll just come with me.

I'll make you royalty. I'll let you sit at the king's table. I'll put you in king's garments.

I'll let you walk down the hall of the royal palace. As one of my own. Beloved.

Fellow man. Workers. Come with me.

Barzilliai said. Your majesty. What an honor.

But my life is not for me. My life is for somebody else. My boy.

My son. Let me stay here. You take my son.

And let him go. But that is the third thing. And this is the sweetest of all to me.

Barzilliai not only got his reward through his son. His wife was his son. Barzilliai had one great desire.

Are you listening? What was his great desire? For his son. To stay close. That was his great desire.

Now. Stop and think for a minute. That meant saying goodbye to him.

Would you picture something for a minute? Mrs. Smith and Glenn. I thought about you last night. Way in the night when I came to this.

You got one boy in New Jersey. You got one boy in Georgia. You got one boy in Texas.

Nobody left but the girls. And no girls there. And you had to say goodbye to them.

And they're scattered across the country. That's what Barzilliai said. Barzilliai.

Come with me to the palace. No. No.

Take my son. And can you picture for a few minutes please. That scene.

When David said. Barzilliai I'll do what you say. I'll take your son and I'll feed him as I would have fed you.

And clothed him as I would have clothed you. And cared for him as I would have cared for you. And honored him as I would have honored you.

And give to him as I would have given to you. And I will reward him as I would have rewarded you. I'll take your son.

And can't you see Barzilliai saying. Oh I'm so thankful. Son you stay close to the king.

I want you to always stay close to the king. And that's what I want for you. To always stay close to the king of kings and lord of lords.

But can you picture that scene. And that aged 80 year old man. Said goodbye to his son.

They had no airplanes. They had no train tracks. They had no buses.

He was going miles and miles away. His dad never see him again on this earth. But he said.

Come on. I'd rather you be close to the king than close to your dad. And can you imagine how that old man.

Generous. Unselfish old man. Hugged this boy's neck.

And he said. Son I won't see you anymore on this earth. This is it.

But son. I'm proud of you. You're going to stay close to the king.

And I want you to stay close to the king. Even more than I want you to stay close to me. Hal Buckner.

President or founder of the Buckner Orphan's Home. Missionary for many years to China. Came back to America and was.

The orphan's home and he preached one day. One night on. Who will go.

Who will go to China. Who will go to China. Young people he said.

Somebody ought to go to China. Somebody ought to go to China. Down the aisle came his own 17 year old daughter.

She looked at her father. And she said. Father.

I'm surrendering my life to go to China. And Hal Buckner said. Sweetheart.

I didn't mean you. Sweetheart. Your dad won't get to see you maybe anymore.

I didn't mean you. I didn't mean you. I meant somebody else.

She said. Dad. God's called me to China.

And Hal Buckner said. I'd rather you do the will of God. Than stay close to your dad.

Barzillia. I said. Son.

Stay close to the king. I want you close to the king. That's what this building is all about.

That's what our youth program is all about. That's what the grade school is all about. That's what the high school is all about.

That's what the college is all about. We're trying to rear a generation of young people. Who live and stay close to the king.

That's what it's all about. Now Barzillia. I could have said.

David. David. Don't take my boy.

I'm an old man. He's the only boy I've got maybe. The only one at home.

Don't take my boy. David. I'd like for him to be with you.

But. I need him. I'm 80.

I need my boy. I need him. Don't take him.

But not so. Barzillia. I said goodbye to him.

It won't be long till. Lee Johnson. Mrs. Johnson.

Will be saying goodbye to Danny. 13 years ago. He was one of our teenage boys.

In our Sunday school. Teenage nothing. I don't think he's a teenager even.

Danny Johnson. God called him to be a missionary. He's going to South America in just a few months now.

He'll be saying goodbye to his mom and dad. And for four or five years they won't see him. But he'll be close to the king.

That's all that matters. That's all that matters. He'll be close to the king.

Young people. The will of God may for you be some little thatch hut. We always say Africa.

I don't know why. Anybody in Africa wears shoes and eat out of plates and everything. We always think of Africa as being the most remote place in all the world.

Truth is. South Africa is one of the most modern places in the world. But it may be in the jungles of Kenya.

It may be that for you. The will of God may be. A little church building.

Caribbean. The will of God for you may be a little. Building with lizards climbing up and down the walls.

I've seen them. It may be a few dark faces singing. Amazing grace how sweet the sound.

The will of God for you may be. Sacrificing your life to a handful of people. Trying to get the gospel to some nation.

The will of God for you may be pastoring a church in California. Up in the state of Washington. The will of God for you may be the plains.

Or the deserts of Arizona. Or the snow-capped peaks of Colorado. Or the lakes of Minnesota.

Or the hills of Missouri. The will of God for you may be. The plains of Texas.

Or it may be. The mountains. Of Oregon.

The will of God for you may be some distant mission field. Or it may be here in the city of Hammond. But whatever it is.

The big thing. The big thing. Stay close to the king.

If we have to say goodbye to you. No, I hate to say goodbye to our kids. I hate to say goodbye to kids.

I got a call from one of our preacher boys last night. I said, Brother Hiles. I've got a problem.

I need your help about it. Last week I got a call from one of our preacher boys. I said, Brother Hiles.

I've got a problem. I need your advice. I always say to the fellows.

Fellows, be kind. Be firm. Be wise.

Be kind. How many times have you called me with a person you're pastoring? I said, Preacher, I'm in trouble. In fact, I had to get him back here to Hammond to keep him out of trouble.

That disease he's got is a serious disease. Brother Fisk has called me. A Californian.

He said, Preacher, I'd like to have your advice. They called from all over. Our boys.

I want them close to the King. I wish all of you could stay here. I've hugged many shoulders of some of our boys.

They said, Brother Hiles, we don't want to ever leave First Baptist Church. I said, we don't want you to go either. Except you've got to stay close to the King.

And so, the day I said goodbye to his son, Kimmelman, Kimmelman went off to be with the King. And that's it. That's it.

I'll say it again. I'll say it again tomorrow. I said it yesterday.

I'll say it a year from now. Young people, children, boys and girls. The reason we stop the service and say, listen while I'm preaching.

The reason we have stopped and say, don't you talk while I'm preaching. The reason we try to scold you and discipline you. And make you behave yourself.

And preach to you. And give to you. And sacrifice for you.

So you'll stay close to the King. That's our reward. I go down a trail.

A little place called Nehemiah. That's the state. I come up to the gate of a farm.

I open the gate and cross the cattle guard. I walk down a little hill. Up on top of the hill.

I see an old man. Maybe he's rocking in his chair. Swinging in the porch.

Hey, hello! In Texas, that's ringing the doorbell. Hello! Hello! You ignorant Yankees don't know anything about modern doorbells. Hello! The old man says, hello! My name's Hia.

Jack Hia. What's yours? My name's Barzilliai. Barzilliai.

Hey, I read about you in the Bible. I admire you. You want to feed David? Yes, sir.

I want to feed David. Hey, who lives with you here? Nobody. Where's Kimmel? A smile comes across his face.

He said, he's with the king. You miss him? Oh, I miss him. But I'd rather he be with the king.

When did you see him last? I'll never see him again. He'll never come back. But I'd rather he be with the king.

That's what I want for you. Tonight, Bill Watkins stands in Iowa. Tom Allen.

Tonight, Jerry Smith stands in Texas. Tom in Georgia. Kim in New Jersey.

Tonight, Fred Bleck stands in Ohio. Mel Brown stands in Illinois. Our boys stand all over the world tonight.

They're preaching while I'm preaching. How rich I am. How rich we are.

I'd rather have that than have \$30,000 since Christmas. I'd rather have that than have \$100,000 in the bank. \$100,000 will perish when I'm gone.

Somebody else will use it when I'm gone. The young people in whose lives we've invested our lives will be carrying the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ around the world. Close to the king.

Wait a minute, not close. 500 years, Pastor. Yeah, 500 years.

That's 10 or 15 generations, Pastor. I walk down the trail to Bethlehem. I'm tired and I'm weary.

And I say, I think I'll stop for the night in a hotel or a motel. Hey, here's one! Says, vacancy! What's the name of that hotel? It's called the Kimmel Hotel. Isaiah 42, 17.

The Kimmel Hotel. I think I remember that name. I think I heard about it one time.

Hey, I know what that is! That's the son of Bartholomew! 500 years later! Weary travelers rest their tired bodies in a hotel named after that boy that stayed close to the king. Fellas, you want your name to linger after you're gone? You stay close to the king. You want your life to linger after you're gone? You stay close to the king.

Young people, you want your name to be doing things for God after you're gone? Kimmel went to the king! Whoever heard of Berzilliai? No hotel named after Berzilliai. No town named Berzilliai. There's a town named Kimmel! Kimmel! Kimmel! Kimmel! What is it? An everlasting tribute and statue and honor to an old father who said, I won't go.

Take my boy. Give him my reward. Give him my life.

And may he always stay close to the king. For the Francis, it's been 20 years. This December since we sat in G.P. Wigg's living room and talked to the pulpit committee.

And you never had met me before. The first word you ever said to me after you said hello before you ever knew a thing about me was when can you come? He didn't know whether I was a crook or not. Well, he hadn't found out that I was a crook.

He said, when can you come? It's been 20 years. I look at my boys that we turned out for Middle Road and I rejoice. I look at George Logan and Mike Green and Carmen Hartsfield pastoring in Maryland now.

And all those boys. And then I weep when I think of those boys that went astray. And I say, oh my God, don't let it happen to these.

If there's a reward, give it to the boys! Kids, if there's anything in life you want to give me, give it to the kids. And oh God, as Rosario said, may our kids always stay close to the King. Close to the King.

And that's our prayer for you. And that's what we want for you. You're our reward, our lives, and our hopes.

Let us pray again, please. Our Father, this is a beautiful story. Certainly you put it in the Bible for a purpose.

May its purpose be fulfilled in this service tonight. I pray you speak to the heart of some parent tonight to say it's more important that my child go to a Christian school than that I have a more luxurious life. I pray you speak to the heart of some kid tonight, young person, to realize it's more important that he become what he ought to be as far as character is concerned than to play on the ball team at some school.

Fulfill the purpose for this message, whatever it's in, whatever it is. Our heads are bowed, eyes are closed. A young man came to my office last week.

He said, pray for me. I said, why? He said, I'll be the starting fullback. I think he said fullback at one of the high schools in Hammond this year.

But God has told me to go to Hammond Baptist High School. He said, Pastor, my coach is putting pressure on me. The faculty is putting pressure on me.

Pray for me. And I did, and I do. How about it, moms and dads? Are you like Brasiliai? Are you selfish for yourself? Let the kids go to the devil as long as I can have a bigger piece of meat on my plate.

Close your eyes to the evils of our generation and all the temptations and wickedness and the dope and all the rest of it. Close your eyes so you can live it a life of ease and luxury eat, drink, and be merry. Or would you say with the old man Brasiliai, whatever you're going to give to me, dear God, give to my boy.

He's my life. Keep him close to the king. If I have to say goodbye to him, okay, but may he stay close to the king.

I'd rather have him close to the king than close to home. God make it so the parents will care. I'm wondering tonight if I'm talking to a parent.

Or a Sunday school teacher. Or a superintendent of a department who's not giving your life to the kids. You're not doing your best for the young.

You're not as concerned about them as you are yourself. You're not like Brasiliai. You're there with the house.

God has spoken to my heart tonight. Brasiliai has spoken to me. His example has spoken to me.

There's been a message to my heart and God has spoken to my heart tonight. I want you to join me in prayer about a weakness I see in my own life. How about moms and dads and adults? Would you raise your hand please? All over the building.

Moms and dads, where am I? Adults, where am I? God bless you. You can lower your hands. I wonder how many young people tonight are the kind of young people that are worth it all.

Are you worth it all? I'm going to build a haven for you. Fella, are you worth it? Are you worth it? Or are we going unrewarded in your case? You are our reward. Young people, children, you are our reward.

I wonder how many kids is here with the house. I'm not the kind of reward I ought to be. I want you to pray for me.

I'm not what I ought to be. I know all of you are doing, this church is doing things for us that no other church is doing for its kids in the world. But I'm not worthy.

Pray for me. Lift your hands kids, would you please? Would you? God bless you. Our Heavenly Father, speak to our hearts in the closing moments of this service.

May some parents become Brasiliais and some children become Kimmons. May some parents give up something so the child can stay close to the King.

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