

Fresh Oil - Part 2

by Jack Hyles

The secret to having fresh oil is to seek the power of the Holy Spirit and yield to Him.

Duration: 9:36

Scripture: Acts 1:8

Topics: "Holy Spirit", "Effective Ministry"

Description

This sermon shares the journey of a country preacher who faced a year of complete failure in his ministry, leading him to seek the secret to experiencing the power of God in his preaching. Through reading biographies of great men of God and studying the Scriptures, he discovers the importance of being filled with the Holy Spirit to transform his ministry and effectiveness in reaching others for Christ.

Transcript

A country preacher of complete failure. I recall one time preaching in Waco, Texas, and just before I had gotten there, Dr. John R. Rice had preached there, and Dr. Lee Robertson had preached in the area, and so had Dr. J. Harold Smith, three very well-known preachers. I preached one night, and one little fellow walked up after the service, and he said, for the highest I heard Dr. Rice, and I heard Dr. Robertson, and I heard Dr. Smith, but he said, you did more for me than all three of those put together.

Well, I thought, my, I must be a better preacher than I thought I was. Dr. Tom Malone says that a preacher is like a wasp. He's bigger right after he's hatched than any other time in his life.

And I said, son, you like me better than John Rice and Lee Robertson and J. Harold Smith? And he said, that's right, you did more for me than all three of those put together. And I said, well, what did you like best about me, son? And he said, when I heard Dr. Rice, I said, I never could be that smart. When I heard Dr. Robertson, I said, I never could be that handsome.

When I heard Dr. J. Harold Smith, I said, I never could be that dynamic. But when I heard you, I said, bless God, if he can do it, anybody ought to be able to do it. And the truth is, anybody can do it, but there's a secret to doing it.

And I'd like to share with you in this message on fresh oil, that secret. I said a while ago for one year I preached, not one single convert, nobody walked the aisle, nobody got saved, nobody came for dedication of life, not one single person for a whole year. What a lonely year it was.

I can recall going out behind the church after the service and crying and saying, oh God, what's it going to take for me to have production and me to have results? What's it going to take? And I'd go back and preach again the next Sunday and again, a dry hall, no response, no one coming forward, no conversions. And I said, oh God, what's wrong? I've got to have something to help me. For a long, lonely, miserable year, I preached.

Finally, I began to lose weight. My family came and said, you better take care of yourself. You're going to get mad sick.

I lost over 25 pounds begging God to do something to give me power. I went to the East Texas Baptist College library. I began to read the biographies of great men.

And as I read the biographies, I was searching for one common denominator that all the great men of God had. And I thought I found it. I read about how Dwight L. Moody was walking down Wall Street one day and all of a sudden the power of God came on him.

He had to seek refuge in the home of a friend and beg for God to withhold himself for a while until he could be alone. And Dwight L. Moody said his life was never the same. His ministry, he said he preached the same sermon he preached before.

Had five converts and now he has 50. He used the same outline he used to use when he had 10 converts and now he has 100. And Mr. Moody said all of a sudden his life was transformed.

And as a kid preacher, the pine thickets of East Texas, walking up and down the sand hills, I would say, oh God, is that thing that you had for Moody available for little Jack Hiles, a little quiet introverted country preacher? Whatever Moody got, is that available for Jack Hiles? As I continued my pursuit of the biographies of the East Texas Baptist College library, I read the story of Savonarola, who one day went to the pulpit to preach, but there was no power. He sat there, it says, for five hours, refusing to preach, sitting in the chair right to the pulpit until the power of God would come on him. He said, I will not be a powerless preacher.

I will not preach in the flesh. For five hours, he said, for five hours the people waited until finally the breath of God settled on him and something supernatural took over. My heart began to burn on the inside as I realized there was something this little country preacher did not have, that thing that makes a man of God what he ought to be.

I continued reading and I continued praying. I read about Christmas Evans, the famous old preacher born on Christmas day, a one-eyed preacher because his one eye was put out by stone hurled by a friend, so-called, on the day of his conversion. Christmas Evans tells how he was riding his horse one day on his circuit and all of a sudden the power of God came on him.

He fell off his horse and got on his knees beside the horse and the Holy Spirit of God came into his life and he was never the same. I read about Charles G. Finney, the power of God that was on his life. He could walk into a school room and folks would begin to cry, what must I do to be saved? He could walk into a factory and folks would begin to weep and say, help me find God.

I read about John Wesley who said that on October the 3rd, 1738, he and several preachers had been praying all through the night and about three o'clock in the morning all of a sudden there was the power of God that came on him and the great Methodist movement was started back when the power of God was

on that great movement. I read about George Fox who tried everything to get peace and power and finally for two weeks he went along with God, fasted, prayed, was in some sort of a trance and those who heard him preach when he came back said he was never the same. I read about Peter Cartwright and his fullness of the spirit.

I read about George Whitefield who said that on June 20, 1736, he was ordained to preach the gospel. Bishop Benson laid his hands on him and Bishop Benson's hands were laid on George Whitefield. He said something happened.

There was such a yielding of himself to the Holy Spirit that he knew for the first time in his life he was filled with the Holy Spirit. My heart began to burn as a little country preacher, just a kid of a boy. I began to burn inside as I would sit in that library and read those biographies.

I was trying to find something that preachers had that God had blessed that I did not have. Back to my pulpit I'd go, preach again, no results again. Back to my pulpit again, preach again, no results again.

And finally I got the Cruden's Concordance and I found every scripture I could on the Holy Spirit and I got in my Bible and I bathed myself in the word of God. I must have what Moody had. I must have what Wesley had.

I must have what Spurgeon had. I must have this mighty power of God. And I began to search the scriptures to see what the scriptures said about the Holy Spirit.

I read in Judges 6 and 34 where it says the Spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon. And in Judges 14-6, the Spirit of the Lord came upon Samson. In 1 Samuel 11 verse 6, the Spirit of the Lord came upon Saul.

And in 1 Samuel 16-13, the Spirit of the Lord came upon David. In Acts 9 and verse 17, I read that the Apostle Paul was filled with the Holy Spirit. Then I read in Luke 4 verse 1 that even Jesus my Savior was filled with the Holy Spirit.

I didn't understand what I was seeking, but I knew there was something I did not have. I knew that I was preaching in the flesh. I knew the power of God was not upon me.

I began to read the scriptures. Luke 3-16, he shall baptize you with fire and with the Holy Ghost. Acts 1-4 spoke of the promise of the Father.

Luke 24-49 mentioned the enduement of power. Acts 1-8 says after the Holy Ghost has come upon you. In Acts 2-7, I read about the pouring out of the Holy Ghost.

Ephesians 5-18, and be you not drunk with wine where it is excess, but be you filled with the Holy Spirit. I began to search. Could it be for me, a little old East Texas preacher, just a little runt of a fellow, introverted, untalented, and yet with all of my soul, I wanted to be a man of God.

I'd seen so much sham in the church. I'd seen so much powerlessness in the pulpit. I'd seen so many substitutes for the real thing, and I said, God, I'm not going to be a powerless preacher.

I came to Isaiah 40-31, they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles. They shall run and not be weary.

They shall walk and not faint. Night after night, I would seek refuge in the pine thickets of East Texas. Night after night, I'd fall on my face among the pine needles on the sand hills of East Texas, out in the woods, crying, Oh, God.

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