

Fresh Oil

by Jack Hyles

The sermon emphasizes the importance of seeking a fresh anointing from God, being humble and obedient, and surrendering to God's will in order to fulfill our purpose and serve Him.

Duration: 1:07:37

Scripture: Psalm 107:35

Topics: "Holy Spirit", "Persevering Prayer"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher begins by acknowledging the large crowd gathered in the building, including preachers from different states and countries. He prays for the Holy Spirit to work through him in this closing service. The preacher expresses his urgency for God to intervene and help those in need, particularly mentioning a fellow preacher and some children. He emphasizes the need for a fresh anointing and power from the Holy Spirit. The preacher also shares personal stories, including one about his children fearing their house being burned down, to highlight the importance of persevering in prayer and seeking God's intervention.

Transcript

I apologize, this is only the second time in 17 years that I preached as many as three times on four nights in pastor school. One pastor school, we had a big citywide revival campaign in the Civic Center and had evangelistic services every night and I preached. And I assure you that it will not happen every year, but we felt this year we needed to emphasize the Holy Spirit, and because we did, we have been, we felt that perhaps the same speaker should carry the same theme all the way through.

And since we discussed Monday night the Holy Spirit and the layman, and then Tuesday night the Holy Spirit and the Bible, and then yesterday afternoon, those of you who were not here in the afternoon session, we discussed the Holy Spirit and prayer, our prayer partner. And now tonight I am going to bring the message that I guess is as near the trademark of pastor school. I do not recall the last time we had a pastor school and I did not bring this message.

It's often, sometimes during the day, sometimes it's at night, but every package of notes I've had all week long, I've had at least one request in the package. Every time I walked up here and cleared off part of the table, I've had at least one note every time that said, please preach on fresh oil. And so tonight I'm going to travel over familiar territory your feet have trodden before along this path, and yet it's so easy for the path that we have trodden to become full of weeds again that we need to clear it out.

And tonight I'm going to read for you this passage. Then Samuel took the horn of oil and anointed him in the midst of his brethren. And the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward.

So Samuel rose up and went to Ramah. Now David was just a little lad, or a lad at the time. He was out tending the sheep.

This is the time when Samuel came to Jesse's household and said, one of your sons is going to be the king. And Jesse trotted out his sons and prayed to them all before Samuel. And Samuel kept saying, this is not the one, this is not the one, this is not the one.

He said, do you have any more sons? Well, yes. He said, I have one. He's the baby boy.

He's out taking care of the sheep. You wouldn't want him. And Samuel said, let's go see him.

And Samuel went and anointed David as the king. But David said, I shall be anointed with fresh oil, and anointed with fresh oil he was. For in 2 Samuel 2, I read, you need not turn to it, in verse 4, And the men of Judah came, and there they anointed David king over the house of Judah.

Well, I thought David was anointed king before he was. But now he's anointed with fresh oil. And they told David, saying, that the men of Jabesh-Gilead were they that buried Saul.

But that isn't all. You come to 2 Samuel 5, and verse 3, and you read, So all the elders of Israel came to the king of Hebron, and King David made a league with them in Hebron before the Lord. And they anointed David king over Israel.

This is the third time that David's been anointed king. He was anointed king, back down there as a lad, tending to the sheep. He was anointed king in 2 Samuel 2, when he became king over a portion of the house of Judah.

And now then he becomes king over all of Israel. He's anointed for the third time. And that's why David could say in the 92nd Psalm, I shall be anointed with fresh oil.

All of the plans and all the efforts and all of the labor and all the sleepless nights and all the toil that had been endured for this pastor's school, had been endured so that we might in some wonderful way send preachers and Christian workers back home with a fresh anointing and fresh endowment of the power of the Holy Spirit. And so I read again, But my horn shalt thou exalt like the horn of a unicorn, I shall be anointed with fresh oil. Our Heavenly Father, I just don't know how I can do this by myself.

There's no way. All these thousands of people in this building, chairs down all the aisles, people filling the pews where the television screens are, hallways out there, people out in the hallways listening over the loudspeaker, 49 states and 13 foreign countries in this one room tonight, and in many cases the key preachers in those states are here. I pray, O Holy Spirit, I pray that you would take this little preacher and lift him out of himself for these moments and do something real in this closing service.

Dear Lord, this is it. It's all over after tonight as far as the evening services are concerned. This is my last message on the Holy Spirit.

You've got to do something for us. Some preacher's not going to be able to make it if he doesn't get something tonight. He's just not going to make it.

That preacher wrote me today, and he said, called home, talked to my wife, and she said had a member causing trouble because I preached on tithing on Sunday night. Said, I would have been afraid to go home, but I'm not now. I can't wait to get home and fight the battle.

Oh, give us what we need back home, and may, O Thy Spirit, breathe upon us. In Jesus' name, amen. When I was a little boy, growing up under the tutelage of this little lady sitting on the fourth row from the front here, I was a very nervous boy.

My father was an alcoholic. My earliest memories are my daddy coming home at night drunk, maybe hitting a tree out in front with a car, and my mother weeping and pleading with him to be a decent daddy. I became a very nervous kid.

Offentimes in church, my mother would have to take me out. I'd become afraid, and I'd start crying uncontrollably. I'm talking about now when I was eight and nine and ten years of age, and sometimes even up to twelve and thirteen.

I'd start crying in church. I was a little bitty fellow. And Brother McElroy, our pastor, would stop the service and say, Folks, we'll have to let Mrs. Hiles take little Jackie boy out, just like you'd take a baby out of the service.

And I'd go out, and Mother would try to calm me, and I couldn't get calm. I had high blood pressure. Every time I was absent from school, I had such high blood pressure that they'd call from the school and be sure that everything was all right, and sometimes even send a nurse by the house just to check on me.

I was always the runt. I weighed ninety-two or ninety-three pounds on my seventeenth birthday. They called me Jackie boy.

If they had voted on a person least likely to succeed, I would have won hands down. I loved sports, but I was too little to play. I didn't go with the girls until I was seventeen, because the only ones my size were in the beginner department.

Nobody really took me seriously. The church I went to, Joe Boyd also attended that church. Joe's been here this week, probably here tonight.

And Joe was my hero. Joe is ten years older than I. He looks like he's twenty-five or thirty years older than I, but he's ten years older than I. And Joe and I lived two blocks from each other. He belonged to what was called the Britain Street Gang.

That was the wildest gang in all the area. And my mother used to say, when you see Joe Boyd coming, you run home. Joe weighed about two hundred and thirty-five pounds.

And I weighed about ninety pounds or so. Joe wore a size fifty-two coat and a thirty waist, and I wore a size thirty coat and a fifty-two waist. And Joe Boyd was an All-American football player, first team, Associated Press, All-American, in 1947 at Texas A&M.

And he was also the heavyweight boxing champion of Texas A&M and the heavyweight wrestling champion of Texas A&M. And he was some guy. All of us in our church worshiped the ground that Joe Boyd walked on.

Now the ground he walked on was sinful ground for many years, and I was at church the night that Joe Boyd got right with God. I was there when he walked the aisle and gave his life to preach the gospel. I'll never forget what our pastor said.

He stopped the service and he said, folks, he said, guess what? He said, All-American Joe Boyd has to live his life to preach the gospel. And boy, people said, glory to God, praise the Lord. All around me I could hear them buzzing, Joe Boyd going to be a preacher, Joe Boyd going to be a preacher.

We figured maybe a murderer or a bootlegger, but never a preacher. And I said to my friends, man alive, good night, Joe Boyd is going to preach. Boy, I said, God, if I'd been you, that's the one I'd have called.

I'll tell you what, heaven bingo tonight, I'll guarantee you, Joe Boyd is going to be a preacher. And one night on a watch night service, Joe Boyd was sitting behind me a few feet, and God called me to preach. And God said, Jack, I want you to be a preacher.

And I said, Jack, who? And he said, you. And I was timid. And I said, I said it in my breath, Lord, they'll laugh at me and you both.

They'll laugh at me because they know I can't preach, and they'll laugh at you because you made such a poor choice. And they'll laugh at me. But the Lord said, I want you to be a preacher.

Well, a little teenage girl wrote a note down at the end, she didn't know I was being called to preach, but the Holy Spirit told her. And she wrote a note on a piece of literature and said, Jack, why don't you surrender tonight? I know God's calling you to preach. And I walked down the aisle and I said, Pastor, God's called me to preach.

I'll never forget what he said. He said, are you sure? And I said, yes, sir, I said, I'm sure. And the pastor, you know, Joe Boyd had been called to preach, he said, glory to God, folks, guess what happened? But he prefaced his announcement about my decision with these words, folks, all of us know that God is a miracle working God.

And he's the God that parted the Red Sea. He's the God that made the sun stand still. And God can still perform miracles.

And he said, little Jackie Boyd Hiles has surrendered his life to preach the gospel. And nobody said, amen. And nobody said, praise the Lord.

Several folks, I think, said, oh, my Lord, but that's the nearest they came to get religious. And nobody was happy. And I recall that was on New Year's Eve night, 1944.

And then 36 years, let's see, yeah, 36 years, next New Year's Eve night. And late after midnight on January the 1st, 1945, in the wee hours of the morning, I knelt at the steps outside our little place and looked up in the Texas sky. And I said, dear God, I'm not as big as Joe, and I'm not as strong as Joe.

But I said, I can't give you as much as Joe can give you. But I said, dear God, I can give you as much of Jack Hiles as Joe can give you of Joe Boyd. And God knows this is true.

If ever a kid gave you all he had to God, I didn't have much to give. By the way, nobody else wanted anything I had anyhow. And it was not hard for me to give it all to God.

I wish I could tell you what God's done. I wish I could tell you what God's done with that little gift I gave him that night. That was New Year's Day.

This is not a part of this sermon, but I feel constrained to tell it. I don't like to tell it. I didn't tell it for many years, and you'll know why in a minute.

My daddy didn't live with us. My daddy and mother were separated. It was on New Year's Day, and daddy called.

Some of you children know what it's like when daddy calls and says, meet me at the store or somewhere. And my daddy called New Year's morning and said, son, meet me downtown Dallas. I want to see you.

I'd meet him for 10, 15 minutes. He'd give me a \$5 bill to take home, you know, and just spend a few minutes with daddy. I got on the streetcar and drove downtown Dallas.

On the corner of Commerce and Ackerd Street, that's where the football team stayed for the Cotton Bowl, and it was New Year's Day. The Baker Hotel over on this corner, and a Banks over on this corner, and the Adolphus Hotel was over on this corner, and a liquor store on the main floor, and a burlesque theater on the floor above that was over here on this corner. Daddy told me to meet him in front of the liquor store.

That's where he was. On New Year's Day 1945, my daddy came out, and I said, daddy, by the way, my dad hated preachers. If my dad hated anybody, he hated preachers.

I've heard him curse preachers more than anybody else. He hated preachers. He thought they were all after money, and daddy hated preachers.

I said, daddy, before I go any further, I've got to tell you something. I don't want to tell you. I'm afraid to tell you, but I said, God's called me to preach, and I'm going to spend my life being a preacher.

My daddy weighed 235 pounds. He used to be a professional wrestler when he was young, and my daddy took his big old arms and he hit me like that, and pushed me against the red brick of that liquor store, and began to curse me and swear, and finally I got so weak I fell, and he kicked me in the side and cursed me and said, you dirty son of a blank, blankety blank, I'm ashamed. Any son of mine would be a blankety blank preacher.

He started walking across the street, a little crowd gathered, and I was lying there on the sidewalk, and daddy turned and came back across the street. Some football players were there even for the Cotton Bowl game, and dad looked at me again, and didn't kick me hard in the side, didn't even bruise it, just sort of like you pushing a, saying get away or something like that, and he kicked me in the side, and he said, dirty son of a blank, I'm ashamed and embarrassed for a son of a blank son of mine to be a dirty blankety blank preacher. He walked halfway across Ackard Street, right in the downtown section of Dallas, one of the main corners, just about two blocks from where the big convention center is now, and he turned and came back again, and he kicked me again, and here's what he said.

He said, if you're going to be one of those blankety blank, son of a blank preachers, why don't you go out and build the biggest church in the whole world? I never told anybody, twenty-five years. Dr. Elmer Towns stood behind this pulpit several years ago, and gave me a plaque as having the world's largest Sunday school, but it was all over. I rushed to my office, and fell on my face, and I said, Daddy, I did what you said.

I did what you said. When I was called to preach, a fellow named Dan Davis asked me if I'd preach for him at the Cedar Temple Baptist Church in Dallas. He heard I was called to preach, and he was going to be on vacation, and he said, Jack, would you preach for me? I said, sure.

It looked easy. I never had done it, and nobody told me you're supposed to study. Pastor always said, Lord, I pray you'd lead me in what I'm supposed to say, and that's what I thought happened.

And so I just said, Lord, lead me in what to say. I was sitting right here, the deacon chairman stood up and said, Ladies and gentlemen, our pastor's on vacation, but he's not left the pulpit vacant. He came as close as he could have, and he said, he's not left the pulpit vacant.

He said, we have Reverend Jack Hiles to supply for us tonight. And so I stood up. He said, I'll never forget it.

He said, we're all anxiously waiting to hear what God has laid on his heart. And my thoughts were, I don't know about him. I know I'm anxiously waiting to hear what God has laid on my heart.

And so I stood up, and you know, God forgot to lay anything on my heart. And I stuttered and stammered and stuttered and stammered. And finally, after three minutes, I said, folks, it sure is hot in here tonight.

And then I said, I can't do it. God's called me to preach, but I don't know how. And I sat down, and the folks came by and tried to console me.

My best friend came by and said, Jack, you better not go through with this preaching business. I saw a fellow a few months ago down in Texas in a service. I preached one night for an hour and a half.

He walked up and shook his head. He said, I can't believe it. I can't believe it.

I can't believe it. I said, why? He said, I was in the Cedar Temple Baptist Church the night you started out years ago. He said, I can't believe it.

I can't believe it. He said, you preached three minutes in, an hour and a half tonight. And then he grinned and said, I like the three minutes better.

But I went off to East Texas Baptist College. And one of the first weeks I was there, the psychology professor, Hubert Boyd, he came. He said, you're new in school, aren't you? I said, yes, I am.

He said, are you a preacher? Oh, my. Oh, my. I had three minutes experience.

And I said, yes, I am, and asked God to forgive me. And so he said, I'm preaching a revival on the north side of Marshall next week, and I can't get anybody to supply. All the preacher boys are busy.

He said, would you go preach for me? And I said, yes, I would. That next Sunday morning, I sat right here. I had no outline.

I had the same outline I had before. And I'd like to tell us that he went hunting. He said, he saw some birds, and he said, bang! And he missed them all.

And he said, bang again! And hit him in the same place. And so I stood up. I do not recall what psalm I turned to.

I just recall I let a Bible fall open. The deacon chairman said, we have Reverend Hiles with us. He's going to tell us the same thing, what God laid on his heart.

And so I stood up, and God had laid the same thing on my heart he did before. And so I just opened the Bible and started reading. And I just, I don't know where I read.

I just let it fall open here. And I started reading the psalms. He turneth the wilderness into a standing water.

And I said, he turneth the wilderness into a standing water. Not a sitting water, but a standing water. Not the desert, but the wilderness.

Not a lake, but standing water. I said, he turneth it. He doesn't let it stand still.

He turneth it. And I read the next verse. And I said, and dry ground into water springs.

Not wet ground, but dry ground. Not into Pepsi-Cola springs, but water springs. I mean, and there he maketh the hungry to dwell.

Not the thirsty, but the hungry. And I just read a verse and hollered, and read a verse and hollered, and read a verse and hollered. And about 15 minutes past, I said, the time of my life.

Absolutely, I said, the time of my life. Just reading and hollering, and reading and hollering. And 30 minutes past, I was still reading and hollering, and reading and hollering, and reading and hollering.

And boy, 45 minutes past, I was still reading and hollering, and reading and hollering. And now, thank God, 35 years have passed, and I'm still reading and hollering. And I will forget it when they got through.

The deacon walked up and he said, take this. I said, what is it? He said, a check. I said, what for? He said, \$12.

I said, well, but what for? What have I done? Nobody owes me any money. He said, for preaching. I said, you listen to me, buddy.

You won't buy me off. I've heard of your kind. You take your filthy look and let it perish with you.

I said, as long as I live, I'll never stoop so low as to take money for preaching the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ. I'd like to announce to all of our deacons, I've changed a great deal in these years. And I was a preacher.

In just a few weeks, I was called to my first church. A church? You might call it a church. We had 19 members.

We had a little old building. The walls both leaned, but thank God, they leaned to form a marvelous geometrical miracle. And they stayed up.

Had no rusted bell out in front. Had one indoor toilet. No, no.

One outdoor toilet in the entire church family. Just one. And no indoor toilets.

You say, but what? Don't ask embarrassing questions. Use your imagination. That's all.

One outdoor toilet and no indoor toilets in the entire church family. Only one fellow had a telephone in the entire church. He was deaf and couldn't hear it ring.

We had one lady could play one song on the piano, and that was Mrs. Charlie Smith could play Oh Rugged Cross. That's all she could play. And she played the piano bitch more than she played the piano.

And I might add, she hung off both sides of the piano too. And she, it might be a great deal, Mrs. Godfrey. And everything, everything we sang, we sang the tune of Oh Rugged Cross.

Now you try singing Dwelling in Beautiful Land, the tune of Oh Rugged Cross and see what kind of problems you got. Wait a minute. Nobody walked the aisle the first Sunday.

And the second Sunday, nobody walked the aisle. And the third Sunday, nobody walked the aisle. And for a long year, the first year of my ministry, nobody walked the aisle.

Not one person got saved. Not one person joined the church by letter. Not one person rededicated his life.

Not one person came for baptism. One long, barren, miserable year. And I used to go out in the backyard before I'd preach.

I'd gone to another little church now. And Grangehall Baptist Church, Marshall, Texas. And I'd go out in the backyard.

And I'd say, oh God, I'm about to die. I'm about to die. I can't be a preacher like this.

Nobody getting saved. Sunday morning, Sunday night, nobody getting saved. I can't do it.

And I'd go up, out in the country, but I'd go up toward town. There's a big pine thicket of trees up there. And I'd stay up there in the nighttime.

And I'd walk and I'd wring my hands. And I'd say, oh God, oh God, I can't go like this. I can't do it.

Oh, I wish somebody would feel that way tonight. I wish some preacher would say, I'm not gonna be a barren preacher. I'm not gonna do it.

I'm not, I'm not, I'm not, I'm not, I'm not. And I wish before we leave this place, you would say, I'm gonna go home and I'm gonna pay the price and get the power of the Holy Spirit on my ministry and know what it is to have that voice speaking while I preach. I went to the East Texas Baptist College Library where I was attending college.

I went to the biography section. I pulled down every biography of every great man I could find. And I know I read dozens of biographies.

I read the life of Dwight Moody. And my heart burned on the inside as I read how the two ladies in his church kept saying, Mr. Moody, God has something more for you. And Mr. Moody would say, don't pray for me.

I get four, five, 10 people say it every time I preach. Don't pray for me. But they said, Mr. Moody, God has a power for you.

You don't have yet. And Mr. Moody got sort of provoked at it. And I read how that one day he was in New York City walking down Wall Street trying to raise some money for his revival campaigns.

And he said, all of a sudden the breath of God came on him and knocked him down on the concrete. And he asked God to withhold his hand for a few minutes. And Mr. Moody went to the home of a friend and borrowed an upstairs room and fell on his face.

He said that he was never the same after that. He said where he preached the same outlines instead of having five saved, he had 50 saved. Used the same sermon, same scripture, same illustration.

Used to have 10 saved. Now he has a hundred saved. And I can recall I'd sit there, a little old country preacher, never seen anybody converted.

And my heart would burn. Oh, you don't know how my heart would burn. And I said, oh God, what Mr. Moody had years ago, could that be in 1949, in 1950 for a little country preacher in East Texas? And nothing happened.

I read the story of Christmas Evans. Halibut is riding on his horse one time. And all of a sudden he got so burdened about his condition he fell on his face beside the horse.

The power of God came on him and he was never the same after that. And my heart began to burn. Now fellas, you say what you want to say.

You call me what you want to call me. But there's something you don't necessarily get at salvation that God gives you with which to preach the gospel in the power and the fullness. And I'm not talking about a bunch of city wildfire.

I'm not talking about Pat Boone going to a nightclub and singing on Saturday night. And talking about his charismatic experience on Sunday morning. I don't want anything like that.

And I read about Savonarola. I read his life. It told in his life how he sat in the pulpit one morning for five hours.

He wouldn't preach because he was powerless. He said, I won't do it. He sat there for one, for two, for three, for four, for five hours.

And the hungry people sat there and waited. So Savonarola had the power of God and he stood and preached in mighty power. And my little old heart in East Texas burned within itself.

And I said, oh God, could that be? Could that be, could that be for Jack Hiles in 1949 and 1950? I picked up a book and read the life of Charles G. Fenney. He told how he was filled with the Spirit on the night he got saved. And John Wesley told how on October 3rd, 1738 at three o'clock in the morning, after praying all night with about 40 to 60 preachers, how that the power of God came on him.

And he knew for the first time in his life he had the fullness of the Holy Spirit. I read about George Fox who went alone for 15 days and stayed in a trance and prayed till God's power came on him. And Peter Cartwright who stood and preached his first sermon and the power of God came on him never.

And in verse 1, the Spirit of the Lord God is upon me because it's anointed to preach the gospel to the poor. And my little old heart, Sunday after Sunday I'd go and I'd preach. I couldn't eat anything.

I didn't weigh much. I weighed 141. I lost down to under 120.

I couldn't hold anything on my stomach. I'd eat breakfast and go back behind the little country church, had a little creek back there, and I'd vomit everything I'd eaten in the creek. And I'd go and I'd sit in the pulpit and say, oh God, oh God, do something, do something.

And my deacons called a meeting and they said, Pastor, we're worried about you. We're worried. My mother said, I said, son, you're losing weight.

You've got to take care of yourself. And my deacons said, Pastor, there's something wrong with you. You've got to eat.

You've got to get a hold of yourself. And I said, I can't get a hold of myself. I'm a powerless preacher and I can't do it.

Oh men of God, in God's name, don't cheat your people. Get out in a pee patch somewhere. Get on your face before God and wait on the Lord.

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. And I, if you had driven down Highway 43 between Marshall, Texas and Henderson, Texas, down that little winding highway through the fine trees of East Texas, if you'd driven down there many nights, in the wee hours of the morning, you'd listen carefully and if you pulled your car beside the road, you'd hear a little preacher crying, where is the Lord God of Elijah? Where is the Lord God of Elijah? I prayed and I cried and I went to my pulpit and nothing happened. And I prayed and cried some more.

I don't want to go any farther. On May 12th, 1950, I threw myself down face first into some pine cones and pine needles on a sand hill of East Texas. As the sun came up across the East, I prayed all night long.

And I said, oh God, I don't care what it is, I'm willing to pay the price. I didn't know what it meant. I didn't know what it meant.

That was May 12th, 1950, six o'clock in the morning, after all night praying. Went back home, ate about a breakfast, preached on a radio broadcast on KMHT, Marshall, Texas. Was sitting in the living room at 10 o'clock in the morning, reading the Dallas Morning News.

Telephone rang. Operator said, long distance for Reverend Jack Hiles. I said, this is Brother Hiles.

A voice said, Reverend Hiles, my name is Smith. I've worked with your father for years, hanging drywall. He said, Reverend Hiles, your father just dropped dead with a heart attack.

And I said, God, I didn't mean that. I didn't mean that. My daddy's lost.

And if my daddy didn't do something between the time he started to fall, had liquor on his breath, and my sister and I went to his little room and found a bottle of whiskey in the top drawer of his chest of drawers, and I fell on my face, and I said, God, I didn't mean that. It's not right. I'm trying to preach, and I want to be, I'm sincere, and you know I am.

We drove to Dallas, to the O'Neill Funeral Home. Same funeral home that had bombed President Kennedy. I walked by it.

Only twice in my life has this ever happened. But I stood over the casket of my daddy and looked at his face. I'll never forget how cold it was when I kissed him.

I looked at his face, and I felt a hand on my arm. And I looked, and it was pulling like that, and nobody had it. I looked to see if anybody was around.

Nobody was around. Didn't the Lord say he held his preachers in his right hand? We followed a hearse down to a town called Indy, Texas. We laid my dad's body in the grave down near a creek, right near, close to where my mother's two little daughters are buried.

And then we, I heard them thud the dirt on daddy's casket. We went home. Shortly after, I came back down to the grave, and I threw myself face down on daddy's grave, and I said, dear God, I'm not gonna leave here.

My daddy heard me preach twice in the year before he died. He sat right there on a Sunday morning on the fourth row from the front, and clutched the fuse, and I begged him to get saved, and he wouldn't do it. I walked out in the pasture that afternoon, put my arms around his big old shoulders, and said, daddy, wouldn't you like to be a Christian? And my daddy said, son, I'm gonna be, I'm gonna go back to Dallas and sell out, and I'm gonna come back in the spring, and I'm gonna get saved, and let you baptize me in the spring.

I wish I hadn't taken that. I wish I'd have said, daddy, now, now, but daddy, but daddy was only 62. In fact, he was 61 at the time.

Spring never came. I fell on dad's grave. I don't know how long I was there.

Somebody that knew me well said several days. I have no idea. All I know is that when I got up off my knees, the next Sunday night, I preached.

It, it, the invitation lasted till 11.15. Preacher, I don't care how many things you learn this week. I mean about the nursery. I mean about the foster club.

I mean about the fisherman's club. I mean about the building of a Sunday school. I mean about ministerial ethics.

I don't care what you learn. If you leave this place, and the mighty power of God is not upon you, then we've wasted our time. Oh, I remember how that Verrill Ackerman down at First Baptist Church, Hollywood, Florida, running a few hundred in Sunday school in a small little church down there.

Came to pastor's school one winter morning, snowing, walked in and said he never felt so lonely in his life. He sat here for a whole week, and God began to wring his heart out. And Verrill Ackerman and Jim Maston, Jim is here, where are you Jim? I saw you a while ago somewhere.

How are you, Jim? Jim Maston and Verrill Ackerman, and I'm glad he's here to verify the story. They started to leave town, and they got the city limit sign. And Verrill said to Jim, or vice versa, let's stop.

And they got out of the car and got on their faces. Made the city limit sign as an altar, and God's power came on both of those men. And Jim went to Wisconsin, built a great church, and Verrill Ackerman's church now running 2,500 to 3,000 in Sunday school in that giant complex of building.

And the same thing can happen to you if you'll pay the price and say, I'm not gonna be a powerless preacher. I'm not, I'm not, I'm not, I'm not, I'm not, I'm not. You don't have to be a powerless preacher.

The mighty power of God's for you as much as it is for me or Moody or Sunday or John Ryas or Bob Jones or Tom Malone or Bob Gray. It's for you. I remember how I used to get the Bible out.

I read in Luke 3.16, He shall baptize you with fire and with the Holy Ghost. I read in Acts 1.4 about the promise of the Father. In Luke 24.49 about the enduement of power.

In Acts 1.8, after that the Holy Ghost has come upon you. In Acts 2.7, the pouring out of the Holy Ghost. In Ephesians 5.18, be you not drunk with wine where it is excess, but be you filled with the Spirit.

But now, wait a minute, here's where the mistake comes. The mistake comes when we think that one time's all we need. David said, I shall be anointed with fresh oil as a lad.

Tending the sheep, he was anointed as an adult, becoming king of Judah, he was anointed. When he was older, becoming king of all Israel, he was anointed. And as your ministry unfolds, and as you get more responsibilities, you need more fresh oil.

I had a call, a little church with 44 people called me in Garland, Texas, Earl Little, that's not Earl, pastor of that church now, had 44 people the first Sunday. On our first anniversary, we had 617, I think. On our second anniversary on a big day, we had 1180.

On our third anniversary, we had 2212. On our fourth anniversary, we had 3163. On New Year's Eve night, 1944, December 31st, 1954, I went to my study.

Oh, I guess, middle evening, went to my study. And I said, Lord, the church is too big for me. You know, at that time, I didn't even know you're supposed to have a carbon copy with a letter when you type a letter.

I had no files. Our budget was called the count the noses and grab the loot method. That's all I knew.

I didn't know anything. Just tell us when I went to college, I majored in Bible. I also majored in secondary education because I knew I'd never pastor a church big enough to pay me a full-time salary.

And I thought if I had to work outside the church, best thing to do would be to teach school because that way I could at least influence some lives. No Christian schools in those days. I was gonna teach in a public school and try to find a little country church.

And now all of a sudden, I didn't know how to build a church. The thing just started growing and growing and growing and I was just hanging on. I'm trying to just to live and breathe.

But the church got big and I didn't know how to handle it. On December 31st, 1954, I went to my little study and I said, dear God, I've got to go. I've got to leave.

And I said, it's too big for me. I'm not a big preacher. I'm still not a big preacher.

I'm not a big preacher. I've got to go. Lord, let me have some little church in the corner, a little corner somewhere with a few people.

Let me start over again. And Bill, I can't pastor all these people. I don't know how to do it.

I got a piece of paper. And on that paper, I wrote, dear members of Miller Road Baptist Church, this is the hardest thing I've ever done, but the church has gotten too big for me. I love you like I love my own life, but I can't pastor the church.

Effective in 30 days is my resignation. That was on Saturday night, December 31st. I put that resignation in front of me and got on my knees and I said, dear God, if you don't do something for me between now and tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock, I've got to read it.

I don't know what to do. And I prayed. I prayed till 11 and 11.30 and 12 and 12.30. And at one o'clock, there's a knock on the door and that letter was right in front of me.

I went to the door. It was one of my deacons named S.O. Barnett. He's in heaven now.

He's listening to me preach. S.O. Barnett, standing at the door. He only had two hairs.

They both were messed up. His pajamas were sticking out about four inches below his trousers. And he's wiping his eyes and tears began to flow.

He said, preacher, what's wrong with my preacher? He called me my preacher, always. What's wrong with my preacher? I said, what do you mean? He said, I couldn't sleep. He said, God woke me up and told me something was wrong with my preacher.

I called your house. They said you'd probably be here. So I came down.

What's wrong with my preacher? And I showed him that resignation. He hugged me and cried and said, preacher, you can't leave us. You've won us all to the Lord.

Preacher, where are all your babies? We wouldn't know what to do at Miller Old Baptist Church without you. You can't leave us. But I said, S.O., I can't help it.

I'm not big enough. I'm a country preacher. I'm a little preacher.

He said, let's pray. He prayed. I prayed.

He prayed. I prayed. We prayed from one to 1.30 and from 1.30 to two and from 2.30 to three and from three to 3.30 and 3.30 to four and four to 4.30 and 4.30 to five and five to 5.30 and 5.30 to six and about six o'clock in the morning.

Oh, I could not tell you. I could not tell you. But I felt the hand of God again.

And I said, S.O., I believe God's done something for me. And S.O. said, you mean you ain't leaving? And I said, I'll let you know. I'll let you know in a few hours.

He hugged me, lifted me off my feet and danced around the room hugging me saying, you ain't gonna leave. You ain't gonna leave. You ain't gonna leave.

That morning, I stood to preach. Oh, I wish you could have been there. All of a sudden, something came on this preacher.

I mean, some fresh oil. Some fresh oil! And when I finished preaching, one by one, the folks came by and said, what's happened to you? And I took that resignation and I tore it up. And I said, blessed be God, I'm staying.

Why? Fresh oil? Listen, you don't need a new field. You need a new anointing is what you need. Oh, you ought to say tonight with the grace of God, I'm gonna promise my... Listen, I've been here Monday night.

You say, I heard you preach on the Holy Spirit and the layman. I heard you Tuesday night on the Holy Spirit and the Bible. Heard you yesterday afternoon on the Holy Spirit and prayer.

And now tonight on fresh oil. You ought to say, I'm gonna find me a spot in the woods somewhere. I'm gonna go out there.

I'm gonna hang on to God. I'm not gonna be a powerless preacher. I'm not, I'm not, I'm not, I'm not.

And let God in heaven anoint you with a fresh holy ointment. That's what you need. We had a wonderful minister there.

I thought I was there for life. Everybody in the church was young like I was. Nobody, hardly anybody was over 30.

George Logan was a member there at the church then. He said, and that number of you fellows were. We had a wonderful church.

And then in December, 1958, I got a letter from the Fulfillment Committee of Hammond, Indiana. And they said, after 11 fruitful years of service, our beloved pastor, Dr. Owen Miller has resigned. Would you like to know how they got my name? Right over here across the alley is a little store.

George Huesengate, one of our deacons, owns it. He sells everything from mink stores to rat gloves. Name it, he's got it.

I mean, if you want anything from a hamburger all the way to French fried snail, he's got it. He had a little, he had about a shelf, about that long, big enough to put some religious books on. And he got Zondervan's catalog and was reading Zondervan's catalog and came down to Zondervan, their write-up about my little book, How to Boost Your Church Attendance, and told about Miller Road, about his church and his growth.

And George Huesengate just took it and tore it out, the write-up about my ministry, beside that book in Zondervan's catalog. Took it to the Fulfillment Committee, tossed it on the desk and said, there's the fellow you ought to contact. And I didn't want to come up here, because Yankees live up here.

But God and His mercy, listen, from December until August, they tried to get me. And then I got here August 30th. And from that August to the next December, they tried to get rid of me.

You won't understand the battles we had. They tried to set our house on fire. Our garage is hooked onto our house.

Our garbage cans are in the garage. They set our garbage on fire and the drape of the curtain right above the garbage cans caught on fire just when the Holy Spirit woke me up. And this boy was five years old.

Another hour, we'd all been killed. Next night, bedtime, I heard a little voice from David's bedroom saying, Daddy, are they going to try to burn us, burn our house down again tonight? I said, no, I don't think so, son. He said, Daddy, would you come in here with me? And I walked in and stood, sat beside his bed all night for seven consecutive nights and held his hand.

And I heard a little voice out of Becky's room saying, Daddy, can I come in there too? And then Linda came in and the three kids on the bed and I sat beside their bed seven nights. Listen, preacher, listen to me. We have a lot of fun this week, but you'll never see anything rise up like this unless a heap of travail goes on somewhere.

They tried to get rid of me. I'm awfully hard to shake. They tried to get rid of me.

I went to Bill Rice Ranch to preach for a week in the summer of 1960. Battle was on. I mean, tough battle.

President of this bank right down here was on the board. Owner of this department store right over here was on the board. Mayor of the town was on the board.

Trustees. And though they're not bad people, they didn't want me. I went to Bill Rice Ranch.

I preached all week. On Friday night, I went to bed and I said, Dear God, I know you want me to leave. I know it.

Eight different churches had called me in Texas, eight. And I said, I'm supposed to leave, I know it. I went to bed and couldn't sleep.

I tossed and tumbled till midnight. And finally got down on my knees beside the bed. And the Holy Spirit said, Son, I want you to stay in Hammond.

I said, I don't want to stay. I don't want to stay in Hammond. I want to go back to Texas.

Holy Spirit said, I want you in Hammond. And I prayed from midnight till one. And from one to two.

And from two to three. In room 11 of the Widener Inn. By the way, that room is dedicated to me right now.

My footprint and fingerprints are in a piece of concrete and my signature outside. And a little article of sign on the outside. This is the room where Dr. Jack Hyles stayed and decided to stay in Hammond.

And they have a special apartment there where I can go down, dedicated to me and my picture on the wall and so forth. And I got on my knees and I prayed from four to five and five to six. And about the time the sun came up in the morning, the blessed Holy Spirit gave me some fresh oil.

And I knew I could stay in Hammond. Fresh oil. I'm 53.

I preached over 25,000 sermons. I get tired. I never take a vacation.

Never talk. God knows my soul. I want his anointing.

I want his power. I preached for Bill Penner the other night. And I got out after preaching.

And I'd been praying so hard for God to give me some fresh oil. And I had prayed, oh God, keep me fresh and keep me powerful. And oh God, may the Holy Spirit rest upon me.

So many preachers wash out. So many preachers don't stay. So many preachers get all mixed up and stuff aside preaching.

And they lose their power. And I said, oh God, don't let me do it while I get old. And Bill Penner leaned over and he put his hand on my knee.

And he said, Dr. Hyatt, he said, I think you've had a fresh anointing recently. And I said, I hope so. I hope so.

Look at this building. It's full on Sunday morning, full on Sunday night. And I'm a country preacher.

Go out to that college and look at it and let the little financial load of that college rest upon me. And much and much of the wisdom that's got to be had to hold that school together rest upon this little country preacher. I'm saying I'm not smart enough.

I'm not wise enough. I'm not big enough. I'm not good enough.

I've got to have the mighty power of God on my life. By the way, you're not powerful enough even in your flesh. There needs to settle on fundamentalism in America.

Fresh breath of God. Over 40,000 people call me preacher. I counsel with 150 or 60 or 70 folks a week.

I've cried more than one time this week because my people don't have a preacher. And I'm thinking about that family with a mother and several children that's to see me. And I'm thinking about that girl, that young lady in the church, and lady whose husband and father are missing and they need to see me.

At that time, I'll fall on my face again and again and say, oh my God, oh my God, I'm not a Spurgeon. I'm not a Lee. I'm not a John Rice.

I'm not a Moody. I'm not a Sunday. I'm not a Charles G. Finney.

But I'm thirsty. And you said, oh, pour water on him. I'm thirsty.

Well, if I could get you thirsty tonight, if I could get you thirsty when I, when this building was dedicated. I don't know how this building looks to you. But to me, it looks like the whole world could get in here.

I never expected to preach anything larger than the choir. And this building was dedicated. Boy, it looked big by the rate of that first day.

It was packed, just like it is now. People sitting, they said, 1,500 folks, standing out in the hallway. And all the kids were in junior churches.

I looked out and saw what they said were 9,000 people crammed in and around this place. And I walked to my office, and I walked to that door. And I looked through that door, and I took off and ran as fast as I could back to my office.

And I said, Dear God, I can't go in there. I can't go in there. I can't do it.

I can't do it. I'm not a big preacher. I can't do it.

I liked what a little girl said. A little girl passed by the pastor's study one morning. He was on his face saying, Oh God, you've got to, he said, Oh, you've got to go with me.

You've got to go with me. You've got to go. I can't go alone.

You've got to go with me. And service time came. Had the opening choir number, and the preacher wasn't in there.

The deacon chairman stood up and said, Anybody seen the preacher? And the little girl, she said, I have. She said, He'll be here after a while, and he's going to bring that other one too with him. Silly.

I've preached across the country, and gone to my room, and known God's power wasn't on me, and placed the floor. But I've preached across the country time and time again when I knew God's power was on me. And the hardest thing about being a preacher on the road is when you go back to your room after you've had a blessed, glorious service, and you haven't got anything to talk to but the dumb television set, and it does all the talking.

You want to grab somebody and say, Woo, glory to God, and you haven't got a thing but a stupid lamp there to look at. One morning, one morning when I came past, I'd been past this church a while, nobody walked the aisle. Now, we weren't having it near what we have now, but we were having 10, 15, 20, 25 a Sunday.

One man joined the church by letter, and nobody walked the aisle for salvation. Our people were stunned, shocked. We just didn't know how to close the service without baptizing.

And we finally asked somebody to lead in prayer, and I ran to my study, and I threw myself down on the floor, and I said, Oh, God, is it gone? Has that heavenly dove that sat on my ministry, when my dad, my dad's grave, is it gone? And I begged God all afternoon. I couldn't wait to go back to church that night and see if I still had it. Jim Lyons, my song leader, we were meeting in the old building that burned down years ago.

I preached that night. I told Jim, Don't sing very long, let's get to the main event. I want to preach.

I wanted to find out if I still had it. Brother Ray, stand up right here for a second. Jim was leading the choir, the invitation.

Act like you're leading the choir. As you stand there, look at them. That's what you've got to do.

You've got to wave your hands and show off. And Jim was leading the choir, and I couldn't wait for the invitation. I wanted to see if I still had it.

And right back up there on the back row, a big tall fellow in a white shirt and tie. Must have been 30, 35 years old. He took his coat like this and pulled it down like that and did like that like old gentlemen used to do.

You know, pulled his coat like that. Straightened his tie on his white shirt and came right down the aisle. And as he started to come, I started screaming, I've still got it.

I've still got it. Hey, Jim, I've still got it. I've still got it.

Jim said, you've still got what? I said, never mind, Jim, thank you. Died like Eli of old, who when the glory was departed, he fell off and broke his neck and died. And to preach without the power of God.

Oh, my dear preacher friend, one of our young men, Saturday, was put in jail in North Chicago for witnessing on the street to a sailor. That's America. That's America.

Preachers languishing in jail. Playboy magazine in almost every bookstore. Phil, in less than two blocks from where I stand right now, new dancers dance every weekend.

Less than five blocks from where I stand right now, you can put \$3, they say, down on a counter and a female will strip down to the waist. With a bare top, she'll bend over and shine your shoes for less than \$3. Now, for almost 21 years, I've stood here in one of the, honestly, one of the most crime infested places in America.

And I've tried to stand for righteousness. God knows I have. I've tried to stand against wrong and stand for right.

I've got to have God's power. These kids have got to turn out right down here this hangin' night. They've got to turn out right.

Those little girls this afternoon, our blue beret, let me after all of them. As I walked out this afternoon, let me out in the alley. A whole gang of them.

And they said, we love you, preacher. Can we walk with you down to your office? And I said, let's skip and leave. We all skippin' down the dumb alley out there together.

I've got to see to it to turn out okay. Brother Ray's got some children. I want to help him rear.

I've got some cottage kids out there that need me. I don't know what you're going to do. But I'm going to beg God and beg God for God to give you fresh oil, a new anointing, a new breath of God, a new Holy Ghost power.

That's what I need and that's what you need. Oh, men of God, let's do what we can to save this old ship from sinking. Our country's going to hell.

Jane Fonda gets more excited about her garbage than we do our truth. Fresh oil. I'm so grateful for that crave.

I drove down a little while ago. I was down in Texas. Rented a car.

Drove down to the place. But that crave on my dad won't do for the day. I'm thankful for the Bill Rice Ranch.

I stay in the same room every time I go down there. It's my room. It's called Jack House.

Little apartment now. They put me there. I can't sleep.

Thank God for that room. Several years ago, and I won't close now. Several years ago I was out in California.

Let me just tell you what I won't tell the whole story. I was in California. I decided to cut down on my ministry.

And one night I was walking up and down all night long, up and down the freeway in front of the Howard Johnson Motel where I was staying. And I walked up and down all night long and prayed for my country. And during that night, Howards Anderson College was born.

Fellas, we're going to have to learn to pray all night. Go out to Howards Anderson College and see that campus. I went out there one night, late at night.

They had about, I think, 40 students, that big campus out there, Catholic campus. I went to talk to the head guy. He came in with his robe on and his cigarette in his finger.

I said, I'd like to buy this campus. He said, who are you? I said, Jack Howes, pastor of First Baptist Church. He said, we are not going to sell it.

And he said, Baptists will be the last folks to sell it to. I said, I know. I know.

I went out there every month. Every month I went out there and prayed all night, one night a month. Took off my shoes.

Walked up the hill. Walked down to the valley. Walked across that lake.

I claimed that campus. One day they called me and said, it's for sale. I prayed those 47 students out of that school.

And then I walked down those halls. It's all I do is keep jumping around. Glory to God.

Praise the Lord. Fresh oil. You got to go home without it.

You're going to be the same preacher you were when you walked in the pulpit last Sunday. Right? You're going to come and hear a few funny things and do a few insults and learn a few facts and go home a saint. Huh? Huh? Heavenly Father.

Oh, my God. What are we going to do? People being arrested for going through with it. Preachers in jail for preaching the Word of God.

Criminal offense for taking care of children. Teaching the Bible to orphan children. What are we going to do? What are we going to do? Oh, God, I know this is true.

More than we need congressmen in Congress and senators. And more than we even need the right men in the White House. We need some mighty men of God.

To change this country. Fresh oil. Fresh oil.

Our heads are bowed and our eyes are closed. Breathe on me. Breathe on me.

Oh, Holy Spirit, breathe on me. Melt Thou my heart, cleanse every part. Holy Spirit, breathe on me.

For four days I preached about Him. Oh, I want you to know Him. I want you to know Him.

I wonder. I wonder, men of God. I wonder, men of God.

How many of you would say, Brother Howells, I'm powerless. I'm a preacher. I believe the Bible.

But, oh, Brother Howells, I'm so powerless. I need the breath of God. I need fresh oil.

Brother Howells, pray for me. Please pray for me. Would you lift your hand, please, all over the building?
All over the building.

God bless you, men. You may lower your hands. Now, dear Holy Spirit, I don't know what to do.

Buildings are full. There's no way to walk an aisle. I don't know what to do.

But I pray that these men shall begin now pleading and waiting and praying and hanging on to God. God make it so. Preachers, you raised your hand a while ago and there's no way in the world to walk an aisle.

I wish there were. I'd like to see this altar full. There's no way in the world to walk an aisle.

But I wonder how many of you, men of God, all I'm going to ask you to do now, I wonder how many of you, men of God, would make a holy vow to God that you are going to start now regularly. If it needs be in the daytime, if it needs be in the night, you're going to start spending a good portion of every week begging God for fresh oil. Would you stand, please, for a prayer? Don't you stand if you don't mean it.

Don't you stand unless God's brought a work in your heart this week through His Holy Spirit. No one is looking now. Oh, look at these preachers.

Look at them. Look at them, God. Look at them.

Oh, my God. Do something to us. Bless these men.

A lot of them have problems and burdens, afraid to go back home. Oh, my God. There's enough men tonight to save this country if we'd have the power of God on us.

Give us some great men of God who know what it is to have fresh oil. Make it so. Break us.

Melt us. Mold us. Use us.

Fill us. With heads bowed, you can be seated. God bless you men.

Now, with heads bowed.

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