

I Love You

by Jack Hyles

Jack Hyles emphasizes the dual role of love in pastoral care, balancing correction and support for his congregation.

Duration: 36:58

Scripture: Proverbs 13:24, Hosea 11:4, Romans 6:23, 1 Corinthians 9:22, Ephesians 5:19, 2 Timothy 4:2

Topics: "Church Discipline", "Christian Obedience"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher emphasizes the importance of preachers who love their people enough to discipline them when they are in sin. He uses the metaphor of taking cords and whipping the people to correct their behavior. He also mentions the idea of tying the cords to the muzzle and pulling the people towards God's will. The preacher acknowledges the challenges of belonging to a big church and not being able to personally visit everyone. He also mentions a sweet memory of shaking hands with an elderly woman who never thought she would have the opportunity. The sermon is based on a verse from the book of Hosea where God speaks to his people and uses the metaphor of whipping them to correct their behavior. The preacher warns against using worldly language or music and encourages the congregation to speak and sing like Christians should. Overall, the sermon emphasizes the need for discipline and obedience in the Christian life.

Transcript

I have filled this pulpit, or the one next door that was like it. This pulpit, by the way, is exactly a replica of the one that was next door. By that I mean it's not the same design, but it's the same size, the top is the same width, the same depth, same width of the pulpit, same dimensions in every way.

Because I got used to the old one, I liked it, and we built this one exactly as that one. For almost 13 years I've stood behind this pulpit, or the one next door. And I mean it when I say I've tried to acquaint you with this book.

I have taught it, preached it, outlined it, asked you to memorize it. I don't think I've ever said this publicly, I think I'll say it this morning. Never have said it publicly, I've said it to two or three people I guess in my life.

I'm not easily offended. I mean if you criticize one of my friends, I may hit you, I'm not sure. But I'm not easily offended if you criticize me, I've had so much practice being criticized.

I hardly ever get hurt because of something folks do to me. There's only one hurt that I feel, as far as I know, that I still feel. When folks say, I've been called everything.

Down in Texas one time, somebody spread the rumor that I took \$1,500 out of the church budget and bought new carpet for the Parsons without anybody knowing it, and that was a very lie. It was only \$500, that's all it was. But I've been called everything just to be called.

I do not know of anybody that's cussed any more than I'm cussed. And I've gotten to the place to where nothing hurts me except one thing. And I hope I can get over that.

But oftentimes, see, I try to put the jelly on the bottom shelf where the smallest child can reach it. I try to make it so simple that, I don't care if it's the deepest doctrine in the Bible, I can almost make sacrilegious the doctrine of justification by acting it out. And I want everybody to understand what I say and what I teach.

And occasionally across the country folks will say about me, well, Hiles, he has a lot of converts, but he's shallow. Now that hurts. That hurts.

I promise you I'll get over it. But I don't mean to get mad at them. I just want my people to know the Bible.

And I've tried to transfer the Bible knowledge to you in these years. I was thinking, this morning I got up and I took a drive. I do not recall the last time I took a drive on a Sunday morning.

But I took a drive this morning. And I passed by your house, as many of you, and drove by and prayed for you. Drove out to Baptist City and prayed the blessings of God upon those who teach in that place.

Drove up and down in front of your houses, many of you. Stopped in front of some of your houses. Prayed for God to wake you up in time to get here for Sunday school.

But I drove around this morning. And I prayed for you and relived some sweet, sweet memories. I've been thinking this week about a precious verse that I used as our text this morning for the kids.

The Lord is speaking through Hosea to his people Israel. And he takes, I think, maybe he may have even taken or had Hosea take a whip, some cords. Like it, you've whipped a horse, haven't you? Has anyone here ever lashed a horse? Now, raise your hand, please, you cruel people.

And the young lady sit up now and hear what I have to say on the front. Sit up straight now and listen to what I have to say. Nobody snoozes here very long.

Deacons do some, but we wake them up before long. And so the writer to Hosea, Hosea is saying of it, as the Holy Spirit inspires him, he sings to the Israelites. He sings, I have whipped you.

He took some cords and he used those cords as a whip. And he said, I have used these cords to whip you, to make you go and to get you right. And to make you move for God and make you confess your sins and get back in the will of God.

He said, I whipped you. And I whipped you in these 13 years. I beat the fire out of some of you.

I spanked you. Some of you folks have walked back. Somebody last week, no, several weeks ago, brought me some corn by the office.

And they gave me some corn. And I said, thank you. They said, it's just the debt I owe you.

I said, what do you mean? They said, you've been giving it to me for 13 years. I was a puppet. I've got to pastor people like that.

And smart alecks. But I whipped you. I have.

There are people in this house this morning who have gotten so mad at me after a sermon they've gone home. And they've said, I'll never go back. I'll never go back.

But the dear Lord brought you back. One man came to my office not long ago. He walked in.

He said, let's see. He said, preacher, I'm mad. I'm mad.

He said, I'd leave the church, but I can't. I said, why? Well, he said, why am I mad or why wouldn't I leave? I said, why are you mad? He told me. I said, I'm mad.

He said, I'm mad at you. I'd leave. But I can't.

I said, why can't you? He said, because you're the only hope my kids have got. I've got to stay. He said, you love my kids.

And you scold my kids. And you spank my kids. And you're trying to make something out of my kids.

And I have. And I will. And I'll continue to spank you.

Every time I hear one of you drinking a bottle of beer, I'm going to get the whip out of him. Lash her back and say, get out of that kind of garbage. You're a Christian.

Every time I see you young folks, you young fellas, your hair getting down to your neck, and you look like a worldly bunch of communist hippies, I'm going to get out the whip, and I'm going to lash her back and say, look like Christians. Every time I hear you use the world's lingo or the world of music, the dirty rock music crowd, I'm going to get the whip out, and I'm going to lash her back and say, talk like Christians and sing like Christians ought to sing. And I've taken the cords and I've smitten you across the back in these thirteen years.

But there's something else found in this passage. I have read it and studied it, and I think there's a lot here. I think that the writer is saying, I've taken the whip and I have lashed her across the back, but then after that, I've taken the same cords, the same cords, I've tied them to the muzzle.

You've seen a muzzle on a horse. I've tied them to the muzzle, and I've taken the same whip that I used to lash you with a while ago, and I've tied that to the muzzle. I'm going to pull you.

I'm going to jerk you. I'm going to try to get you to get right with God. I couldn't hook you back to God.

I'm going to jerk you back to God. I couldn't chasten you back to God. I'm going to pull you back to God.

I'm using the same whip. That's what the writer is saying here. I took the whip and I lashed you with it.

The cords and I lashed you with it. And that wouldn't do. So I took the same cords and tied it to the muzzle.

I tried to jerk you to God. I said to the kids this morning, there are a dozen kids, and there are two or three or four out here in this room this morning. I'm worried sick about it.

I'm worried sick about you. Some of you boys around twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, you think it's smart to drink now. You think it's smart to smoke.

You think it's manly to go to the taverns while you're the biggest sissy in this building. You coward you. You traitor you.

You saved with the blood of Jesus Christ. God made you his child. Jesus died for you.

And you frequent the low base places of hell. What kind of gratitude is that? So I'll continue. One lady said, she called me this last week.

No joke. Week before last. No joke.

She said, Reverend Hiles, she said, I left your church years ago and went to another church. But she said, our child, teenage child, is in serious trouble now. Could you help me? I won't say it, but maybe the child wouldn't have been in serious trouble if she had stayed where somebody had lashed the child every once in a while and pulled the child and preached to the child and scolded the child.

And I asked her, I said, why did you leave? She said, well, I don't take this personally. Well, she said, I like you. All right.

I don't agree with you on everything. But she said, I can't stand that hollering. And I said, me? Holler? When? I said to her very kindly.

And I said it kind enough to where I don't think she was offended. I said, dear lady, it's not my hollering that bothers you. It's what I hollered that really bothered you the most.

If I had hollered, we're going to have a dance in your basement tonight after service, you'd like that. It's what I hollered. My conviction and my stand and only God knows in heaven how we need some preachers today who love their people enough to take the cords of love and lash their backs when they're in sin.

When the deacons go astray, lash their backs. When the sinners go astray, lash their backs. And then if that won't work, get the cord and tie it onto the muzzle and pull and say, come on, do God's will.

Come on and get out of sin. Come on and live for God. But then there's a beautiful part here this morning that I want to chat with you about in a minute.

It says, I took the cords and I whipped you with them. And then after I did that, I took the cords and tied them to the muzzle and I pulled you with them. But it said after I did that, I took the cords, tied them to the muzzle and lifted the muzzle and took your burden off of you and let you lay down and put some meat in front of you and I fed you.

You've seen a horse. Back in the days when I was a kid, the Metzger's dairy and the Tennessee dairy down in Texas used to deliver milk and they had horses to pull the milk in those days. You remember the old horses? And my dad used to work for the Tennessee dairy years ago.

And time and time again I've seen in the heat of a Texas afternoon, 105 degrees in the shade, and I've seen those horses after a hard day of pulling the truck and pulling the milk all over town. I've seen some kindly milkman stop his horses out the edge of town and lift off the muzzle and let the horse just relax a while without the burden, without the load and place something for the horse to eat beneath his mouth. And the weary horse, after pulling the load all day long in the Texas heat, found some respite and some rest and some relaxation and soon he took his load up again.

And this morning I'd like to say to you, I whipped you, I pulled you. This morning I'd like to lift the muzzle a little bit and I'd like to make love to you every once in a while. By the way, don't enjoy it too much.

I'll be mean again tonight. I'm going to be sweet this morning. So enjoy.

Get your tape recorders, buy the tape this morning. You may never hear this again. Yes, you will, and you have.

I said to the teenagers this morning, there are three words that we don't use enough. Oh, we carve them on trees between a heart or inside a heart. Or write them on our notebooks.

But we don't use them enough to those that mean the most to us. And I'd like to leave these three words with you this morning. I'd like to lift your muzzle.

You've got burdens and heartaches and problems and sorrows. I'd like to lift your muzzle this morning and just say, I love you. Why? I love you because you're my people.

I've buried your dead. I've married your young. I've counseled with you in my study.

God knows this is true. I've tried to work day and night for you to have what you ought to have. I know there are disadvantages of belonging to a big church.

I know that. There are advantages, too, by the way. And boys on the front, sit still while I'm preaching.

I'll get the whip out. Son, look at me when I'm talking. You sit still while I'm preaching.

I had to get the whip out for a minute, and I'll get it out again, too. I have to. I know there are disadvantages of belonging to a big church.

I thought last night, late at night, I can't visit all of you folks. I can recall, Brother Ray, when I pastored a church, had 19 members. I could visit everybody in the church every weekend, try to get them to come to church.

Every Saturday, I'd visit everybody in the church, get them all to come to church. Good night. I couldn't visit all of you every millennium.

I know that many of you, a little later today, about 80 years of age, she happened to bump into me in the hall, and she said, Oh, Brother Hiles, let me shake your hand. And I shook her hand, and great big old tears rolled down her cheeks. And she said, I never thought I'd get to shake your hand.

Isn't that something? But that's, I know the church is big. I know I can't visit all of your homes. I know I can't, uh, I can't even bury all your dead.

I can't even marry all your young folks. I marry all I can, bury all I can. I said last night, I said, I said, My people can't have the pastor in their home like some people can.

And my people can't have a pastor to shake their hand as often as some people can. But I mean this when I say it. And God knows I do.

I know you have disadvantages. I know there are things that you'd have if you had a smaller church. By the way, there are 10,000 good things you have because you have a church like this.

But there's one thing, nobody, I don't care who he is. He may be pastoring a little church on the deserts of Arizona. Or a little valley around at the bottom of some mountain in Colorado.

He may be pastoring a little church on the plains of Kansas. Or down in the, in the, uh, the swamps of Florida. I don't care who he is.

He may have a small church or a handful. But nobody, nobody could love you any more than I do. I mean that.

I was thinking this week. Bible school. Well, I, I, Tuesday morning.

Silly Billy. Fuadini. Old timer.

What a time we had. I put a pie right in the puss of Fuadini on Friday. I've been wanting to do it for years.

Whether he's Fuadini or Clark Kent, I've been wanting to do it all those years. And, uh, put a pie right in his face. And what a time we had.

And we're singing. And I said, I said to the, uh, boys and girls. I said, go home and ask your mom if you can come to Bible school Sunday.

And I said the first thing. I said, Mama, you sure look pretty today. Can I come to Sunday school Sunday? If that doesn't work, I said, say, Mom, can I help anywhere around the house? After you pick her up, after she's painted.

Uh, say, can I go to Sunday school Sunday? I said, then if that doesn't work, Parker, go. And I said, hold your breath till you turn purple. That'll always work.

I said, if that don't work, get on your back and kick your leg. I want to go, I want to go, I want to go. And, oh my.

We have in Bible school. At 1145, we said goodbye to the boys and girls. And at 1 o'clock, I walked up to the pulpit here.

Same pulpit, same platform. There was a casket here. And one of our fine men had gone to heaven.

One of our finest family sat over here. And Brother Ray, I thought as I sat over here ready to speak, how much we go through together as a pastor and people. How much we share.

This week, for example, vacation Bible school, funeral, counseling. Yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock, we had a wedding here. Beautiful wedding.

Rick Sullivan and Debbie Burbridge. And Rick was a little dumb. I said, I Rick Sullivan.

He said, I Rick Sullivan. Take the Debbie Burbridge. Take the Debbie Burbridge to my wedded wife.

And he said, my wedded wife. I said, to have and to hold. And he forgot those words.

Couldn't think of them. To have and to hold. To have and to hold.

He said, I said, now would you place, Debbie, place the ring on the finger of his left hand. She put the ring on his right hand. And so forth.

But she was a lovely bride. And I remembered as we stood here together on the platform. And she gave herself away to Rick Sullivan.

I remember just a few weeks ago, we stood in the chapel at the head of a casket. And Debbie's father was there. And she cried and Mrs. Burbridge was heartbroken.

And we tried to say a few words of comfort. I love you because of all we've shared through these years. I love you because of all you've done for me.

I thought this week. Somebody said an unkind thing about somebody in this room. And I got mad.

I hardly ever get really mad. I mean, I hardly ever get personally mad. And I got mad.

And I had to, for a few minutes, order somebody out of my office unless they hushed. I said, you're not going to talk about him like that. No, you're not.

No, you're not. You're not! Now, shut up or get out! You know why I said it? Because it so happens that fellow has stood for me when few folks that stand for me. And it so happens he's my brother in Christ and one of my family members of our church family here.

I love you because of what you've done for me. Twelve years ago this month, twelve years ago this month, many of you said goodbye to family members. Families are broken because you had confidence in Brother Hiles and what we're trying to do here.

Many of you saw part of your families leave and leave the church. And you stayed. Why? Because you wanted to stand by your preacher.

This morning I'd like to just lift the load for a while and pull the muzzle up and put some meat before you and say I love you. You're my people. I love you because of what you've done for me.

I love you because of all we've shared together. To me there's nothing like being a pastor. I wouldn't, people often times say to me, I'll bet you're going to be an evangelist someday.

I'll say I hope not. I don't want to be. I want to be a pastor.

Yesterday morning I got here and I can't tell you everything, but I got to the office yesterday morning and the first appointment came. And it was a young fellow needing some help and I tried to help him. And the next appointment, door opened, in came a little girl, 17 years of age.

One of our Sunday school girls. Seventeen. Went to Bill Weiss Ranch last year.

She can't go this year. She would be a senior in high school, but she can't go to high school this year. She's three and a half months pregnant.

One of our kids. One of our own. Good kid.

Sweet girl. Not a mean girl. Not a bad girl.

Got the wrong crowd. I didn't kick her out. I told her I loved her.

I told her I wanted to be her dad for the next six and a half months. Five and a half months. I told her I wanted to see her every week in my study.

I wanted her to know that I loved her and that I was far and I was going to help her. That young girl who ought to be on her way to the Bill Weiss Ranch this morning. That young girl who has a perfect right to be in school because of the wicked hands of some vile, licentious creature who tried to seduce her, a little naive, young 17-year-old girl.

She's got five and a half months to spend somewhere. Away from her mother. Away from her dad.

She's got five and a half months to suffer with nobody. To suffer with her. To be sick at her stomach.

Nobody wants to care. And then she's got to go to the hospital and she's got to bear a baby she'll never see. Then she's got to take that baby in her own arms and hand it to somebody else's arms that she's never seen before.

And then she's got a lifetime to wonder where he is. What does he look like? And who has him? And is he well? That's why I preach to you kids. That's why I get the whip out.

And that's why I lay the whip on. And that's why I get the same cords and pull up and say, Come away with a sin. Live for God.

Be decent. That's why I stop occasionally, like I do this morning, to say I love you. I want the best for you.

Oh, we found a home for the baby. And we laughed a bit. But our kids, one of our girls in the church here, and they came and they keep coming.

And last night they came again. I went to bed last night. Oh, I said, Dear God, bless this one and this one and this one.

They're my people. Look, Chuck, people often say, I'm in trouble. The preacher's going to kill me.

No, I'm not. I'm going to kill you before you go in trouble. But once you get in trouble, I'm not going to kill you.

Not at all. Somebody says, I hate to face the preacher. I've done something wrong, bad, wrong.

I hate to face the preacher. No, don't hate to face the preacher. Hate to face him before you do it.

I'm going to stand and I'm going to say, Don't, don't. I'm going to paint sin black and dirty and rotten as the devil who made it. And I'm going to try to warn you and say, Kids, don't do it.

Or adults, don't do it. Hey, flee the wicked one. Don't go into sin.

Don't tamper with sin. Then when you've tampered with it, Satan has caused you to stumble and you come and you need help. The same lips that scolded you and tried to warn you are going to love you and try to help you.

I'm going to pick up the muzzle. I'm going to put some meat in front of you and I'm going to say, God bless you. You're my people.

This morning in this room, there's a young lady, 28. Nobody knows this but me. She had a baby.

Nobody knows it but me and this young lady. She's here this morning. She's one of the finest girls we have in our church, young ladies.

Fine young lady. I never think about it. She's to me just as spotless as anybody in this room.

But there was a day when I helped replace a little baby. She's here this morning. The other day I was down in Texas preaching about two weeks ago.

Up walked a little boy, nine years old, cutest kid you ever saw. And a blond-headed kid, nice-looking guy. He said, Do you know who I am? I said, I think I do.

I said, Did I help you find a mommy and a daddy? He said, Yes, sir. His mommy and daddy came up over to St. Catherine's Hospital. I saw a little lady come out of the hospital and place her baby in the hands of that lady from Texas.

I'm simply saying we've been through a lot together. You're my people. You're my people.

And after these 13 years, God knows I've taken the same cords and I've whacked your back! And I've taken the same cords and I've pulled you from the front! I've taken the same cords and I've lifted the muzzle and tried to put meat in front of you. I want the best for you. God knows I do.

I want the best for every one of you. You boys on the front, you wonder why I point at you and say, Sit still. Because somebody loves you enough to make you want to listen to him.

Make you want to turn out right for good and for God. This morning I drove down the highway. I thought the kids were going to travel.

I said, Lord, I can't drive all the way to Murfreesboro and pray protection for the kids all the way. But I'm going to drive a ways. I drove a ways down the highway and I said, Lord, all the way down now, all the way down, take care of our kids.

All the way! Take care of them! Why? I love them! Little snotty-nosed rats, I still love them. They're mine! They're my people! And so I come this morning and say, Serve God. Why? And if I can't get you to serve God one way, I'll lash you back and say, Serve God.

And if that won't work, I'll use the same cords and pull you and say, Serve God. And if that won't work, I'll use the same cords and pull up your muzzle and stroke you and feed you and say, I love you. Serve the Lord.

I turn just for a moment to you unsaved folks this morning. If I could paint hell as awful as it is, I would. If I could remind you of the awfulness of hell, the torments of the unredeemed, I believe in hell.

I believe that folks who die without God burn forever and ever. And if I could this morning go to hell and come back and tell you the awful torments of the unredeemed were ever and ever and ever and ever. Screaming and crying and begging for mercy and begging for water.

Burning in the fires of torments without good or without God forever, I would. I'll take those same cords though and try to pull you. As I would tell you about a city which hath foundations whose builder and ruler is God.

Where the streets are paved with gold and the gates are made of pure pearl. Where nobody shall ever enter who has cancer and no one shall ever have tuberculosis. And no one shall ever die.

Where no cemetery shall ever spot the horizon. Where no tears are ever dropped on stained handkerchiefs. Where no shoulders ever bend and no backs ever stoop.

And no arthritis is ever felt and no wrinkles ever furrow the brow. And where nobody shall ever say I don't feel good. And where no doctors can make a living and where nobody shall need an undertaker.

And where nobody will ever see sin. Where no hippies will run down the street defaming the flag of the gospel of the Bible. A place where there'll be no cancer.

A place where no little boys and girls shall say mommy I don't feel good. And the doctor will come out and say your child has leukemia. A place where nobody will ever suffer again.

A place where no sin shall enter. A place where no liquor shall be found. A place where no dope shall be found.

A place where Jesus is forever and ever. If I could pull you to Christ by telling you how wonderful heaven is I'd do it. If I could scare you to go to heaven.

If I could scare you into being saved by reminding you of the wrath of God I'd do that. If I could get you to be saved because of the city that he's building for us today I'd do that. But sometimes I have to come to you and I have to love you to Christ.

I was driving on Willacourt two blocks over here one Friday afternoon. Out soul winning. Suddenly I got burdened for a man that lived out on the south side about the 7500 block south.

And I just got overwhelmed for him. I had to see him saved. I turned around off Willacourt went down to Calumet Street.

Drove down to 173rd turn right. I forget exactly where the house was. The man worked.

That day he was home sick. I didn't know he'd be there but I was so burdened for him. Crying all the way.

I knocked on his door. Man nobody could reach. I tried to win him.

Every pastor I've ever been to tried to win him. Soul winners had tried to win him. His wife had tried to win him.

Nobody could win him. I knocked on his door. He said come in.

I told him how to be saved. He said no. I begged him.

He said no. I didn't know what to do. I cried.

He said no. I said please. God burdened my heart for you to see you saved.

Please I beg you to receive Christ. He said no. I turned.

Said goodbye kindly. Walked out to the car. Got almost to the car.

I couldn't leave. I turned and walked back. He opened the door and said did you forget something.

I said yes I did. I forgot to weep enough. And I fell at his feet.

In his front door. I put my arms around his ankles and kissed his feet. And I said you've got to get saved before I go.

He said you love me don't you. I said yes I do. We bowed and he received Christ before I left.

I tried the whip. It works on some. I tried the lashing.

It works on some. I tried the pulling. It works on some.

But for him nothing would do but pulling up the muzzle. Taking off the load. Relaxing the tension.

Putting meat at his face. This morning if you're not saved. If the fires of hell won't bring you to Christ.

Maybe the glories of heaven will. If the glories of heaven won't bring you to Christ. Couldn't you say with the apostle.

The love of Christ constraineth us. Come to Christ. You'll never be sorry.

That you did. May I leave you with these words. To my people.

I love you. Let us pray. Our heavenly father in a sweet way this morning.

May the muzzle be lifted. May the muzzle be lifted. Help the people to eat the meat.

As the burden is relaxed for a moment. I pray that our people. Because of the love of Christ.

Shall serve thee. Yes thou dost spank us. And that makes us want to serve thee.

Thou dost pull us with the same cords. And that makes us want to serve thee. But ah when you use the bands of love.

The bands of love. And lift the muzzle. And place the meat before us.

And say I love you. Oh we want to serve you more. Our heads are bowed in prayer.

Our eyes are closed. This morning. Are you serving him? If I could take the whip this morning.

And slash it across your back. And make you serve him. I would.

If I could take the same cords. And hook it up to your muzzle. And pull you.

Even if it hurt some. I would. But if nothing else.

Doesn't the love of Christ. Make you want to serve him. Oh I've been singing that song lately.
I will serve thee. More and more. I will love thee.
More and more. My my my. The love of Christ.
Constraineth me. The love of Christ. Constraineth me.
This morning. Why don't you dedicate yourself to serve him better. But wait a minute.
If you're not saved this morning. If you want me to. I'll put my arms around your ankles.
If you want me to. I'll kiss your feet. If you want me to.
I'll look up in your eyes. And say please. Please.
I beg you. I'll do whatever is necessary. I want you to become a Christian.
I want you to be saved. With every head bowed. And every eye closed now.
Every eye closed. I wonder how many would say. Brother Hiles.
I do not know that I'm saved. But I wish I did. I do not know that if I died today.
I'd go to heaven. But I want to know. Would you pray for me.
On the lower floor. Would you raise your hand. Let me pray for you.
You don't know that you're saved. But you wish you did. You don't know that if you died today.
You'd go to heaven. But you wish you did. God bless you.
I see your hand. God bless you. I see your hand.
God bless you. I see you. And God bless you fellow.
I see your hand. Who else on the lower floor. You'd say pray for me.
Yes. God bless you. I see those two hands.
God bless you. And I see you. God love you.
I see you son. Who else on the lower floor. You'd say pray for me.
I'd like to be saved. And know it. Pray for me.
God bless you. On my right. I see that hand.
Who else on the lower floor. God bless you. Down here on the front.
God love you. Who else on the lower floor. Would you lift your hand please.
The balcony on my left. The east balcony. You'd say include me in the prayer.

Would you lift your hand please. You want to be saved and know it. The center balcony.

May I see your hand. God bless you sir. God love you.

The center balcony. The balcony on my right. The south balcony.

Would you raise your hand and say pray for me. I'd like to be saved and know it. May I see your hand.

Our heavenly father. These I guess a dozen or two on the lower floor. And three or four in the balcony.

I pray for every one of them. Oh God today. May the bands of love lift up the muzzle.

And may the tender compassion of provisions of Christ. Help them realize they need a savior. May they come to thee this morning in faith.

Make it so. Make it so. Our heads are bowed.

In a few moments we're going to sing that song. The choir is going to sing all to Jesus I surrender. Leave your seat and come down the aisle and say yes to God.

God loves you this morning. God loves you. Think about that.

God loves you. My my my. Leave your seat and come to Christ.

Wait a minute. How many of you have been saved but you've not been baptized since you got saved. Would you raise your hand all over the house please.

Way up high. All over the building. You know you're saved.

But you've not yet been baptized. All over the building. God bless you.

Yes thank you. You can lower your hands. Now this morning you come.

We have the water. We baptize you before you go home. We have the robes and towels.

All we need is a willing heart. Come this morning and lead the way. And obey Christ in baptism.

And there are many who ought to join the church by transfer of membership. I invite you to come. I'll meet you at the front.

If you want to join the church by transfer. If you want to be baptized. If you want to receive Christ and leave the building knowing you're saved.

You come on the first stanza. Heavenly Father. We've tried to whip.

We've tried to pull. We've tried to love. May one of these reach everyone in this house who needs to come to thee.

In Jesus name. Amen.

Source: <https://sermonindex.net/speakers/jack-hyles/i-love-you/>

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