

Jesus Wept

by Jack Hyles

The sermon emphasizes the importance of weeping over sin and the need for preachers to have a broken heart and tears in order to effectively convey the message of God's love and compassion.

Duration: 52:11

Scripture: Matthew 11:28, Luke 19:10, John 3:16, John 11:35, Romans 3:10, Romans 5:12, Romans 6:23

Topics: "Mortality Awareness", "Evangelism Urgency"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher shares a story about a father and his son driving and witnessing a tragic accident. The father rushes to help the victims, but eventually realizes that there is nothing more he can do. This experience leads the preacher to reflect on the reality of death and the urgency of sharing the message of Christ with others. He emphasizes the importance of being like Jesus and encourages young preachers to be passionate about saving the nation. The sermon concludes with a personal anecdote about a conversation the preacher had with another pastor.

Transcript

I say to young men entering the ministry, that I believe the most important literature they can read, apart from the Word of God, is biography. I never got to know, personally, any of the great preachers of the previous generation, apart from maybe Dr. Bob Jones, Sr. For example, I was preaching when Dr. Ironsides was still living, but I never got to see or hear Dr. Ironsides. I grew up just a few miles from the church pastored for years by Dr. Frank Norris, but I never got to hear or see Frank Norris.

I, many, many of the famous preachers, I never got to hear or to see. I grew up in a little poor place in Texas, went to a college in a little corner of Texas, the northeast corner of Texas. You need somebody, brother? All right, I'd like for everybody to be seated if you can.

And young folks, I want all of you to listen now, everybody back with a K-beam and everybody listening now. I went to a little college nestled in the sand hills of East Texas. Never dawned on me that I'd ever have a church with over 300 or 400 members.

Never dawned on me. I mean, the fondest imagination would be 500 people to pastor. But there's one thing that I did decide to do.

I decided to be, wherever I was, God's man or one of God's men. I wanted to be real. I wanted to be genuine.

So I set out to find everything I could about real, genuine preachers. I joined, in those days, the Sword of the Lord book club. Back in those days, Dr. John Rice had a book club, sort of like the Book of the Month club that sends you a book every month, and you could send your notice, you could reject it or accept the book, and you got a bonus occasion and so forth.

And I began to read the lives of great men to try to find out what made them tick. I'll never forget the night that I started reading the life of Charles G. Finney. I know of no man in religious history who stirs me as much as that great man of power and faith, Charles G. Finney.

I'll never forget when I became acquainted with Jonathan Edwards and the life of Savonarola had such an impression upon me. I'll never forget how I felt when I walked with Billy Sunday in his great campaigns and sat beside Dwight Moody on platforms across America as I read the story of the life of Dwight Moody. And R. A. Torrey, by the way, I think R. A. Torrey had more influence on Dr. John Rice than any other man.

I've often wondered, where's John Rice? Who influenced him? You know, he's influenced so many. And the more I read of Torrey, the more I see the influence that he had on great men of our generation. R. A. Torrey, what a man.

I think the man in the history of America that more combined all the qualities a Christian ought to have perhaps than any other was R. A. Torrey. I recommend every preacher, every young man to read his books especially on prayer and on the doctrine of the Holy Spirit. I read the lives of other great men.

Sam Jones, what a man. Peter Cartwright. Benny Bray.

George Whitfield. John and Charles Wesley. Charles Haddon Spurgeon and others.

And I found a strange variation in these men. For example, Moody was a big man. And Jonathan Edwards was a little fellow.

I found that Benny suddenly broke chairs while he preached. And Jonathan Edwards read his entire sermon word for word. Like one fellow said, the preacher read the sermon and asked his wife how she liked it.

And she said three things wrong, said you read it. And second, you didn't read it well. And third, it wasn't worth reading.

But Jonathan Edwards read all of his sermons. And yet, I sought for some common denominator. I sought to find something that they all had.

Some were tall and some were short. Some were fat and some were lean. Some were loud and some were soft.

Some were long-winded and some were brief in their preaching. And I sought to find some common denominator that seemed to characterize the ministry of all of these great men. Now, I found several.

But the one that struck me first was this. In every case, Finney, Whitfield, Spurgeon, Mooney, Jones, Sunday, Savonarola. In every case, these men were men of brokenness.

Men of tears, compassion. Men who wept unashamedly, openly. Men who cried into the night.

Men who laid awake at night and couldn't sleep because of their people and their nations. And I set out to pray for God to give me tears while I preached. I began to weep when I preached.

In 1957, in Garland, Texas, I began to have a little sinus problem. It seemed like there was always something in my throat. A drainage.

And I was always trying to clear it. And my members got concerned about me. And they came and said, Pastor, we have a cure.

Everybody's got a cure for everything, you know. Everything. But, Pastor, what's the trouble? And I got to where I, something would stick.

And especially when I would eat, something would seem to stick in the throat here. And I went to a doctor after years. I didn't do a thing before.

But I went to a doctor after years. And I said, Doc, I've got something that's embarrassing to me. I have to clear my throat a lot.

And I have a drainage constantly. And, of course, coming to this area is a wonderful boon for that kind of a thing. I mean, Jim Vineyard carries a bucket under his nose everywhere he goes.

Huh? I said, let me walk in the fields. He said, no, walk in the town. He wants that poem recorded again.

But the doctor said to me, he said, I've heard you preach a lot. Now, he said, your trouble is you cry too much. Now, he said there are other problems.

But he said your big problem is you cry too much. Now, he said, Reverend, you're going to have to realize if you keep crying like this, you're going to have a hard time keeping your throat cleared. You're going to have a constant drainage.

And so I tried to quit crying. And then one day I said, Lord, I'd rather snort than not cry. Jesus wept.

The Bible's full of men who wept. Esau wept when his blessing was stolen in Genesis 27, 38, stolen by Jacob, his brother. Jacob and Esau both wept as they were reunited after 20 years of being apart.

Joseph wept when he saw his brethren for the first time in years as they had come to see him for help during the famine. Hannah wept when she prayed for a son and promised that she would give him to God. David and Jonathan wept as these two great friends parted, perhaps for the last time.

Saul wept when David spared his life when he was outside the cave asleep. David wept at the grave of Agner. Peter wept after he had sinned and had denied the Lord thrice and heard the crowing of the cock.

Psalms 66, David said, I water my couch with my tears every night. Psalm 42 and verse 3, David said, my tears have been my meat day and night. Jeremiah 9-1, Jeremiah said, my eyes were a fountain of tears.

Lamentations 2-18, he said again, my tears run down like a river. And in Acts 20-19, the Apostle Paul said, serving the Lord with many tears and temptations. He said in that same chapter, publicly, from house to house, with tears and tribulation and temptation, he had ceased not to warn them day and night.

I have a conviction as deep as my soul that the pulpit needs a broken heart. There seems to be in America no happy medium. On one side there's the liberal, compromising, pussyfooting, back scratching, ear tickling, mollycoddling, penny pinching, nickel lipping, soft soaping, pink tea and lemonade preacher, afraid to stand.

Lets the world go to hell, never waves the warning flag. Lets the young people go ahead and live in sin, like animals, and never warns them. Never thunders out about hell.

Never does warn the people about the judgment of God to come. On the other side, there's the fellow who preaches judgment and sneers while he does. Preaches hell with dry eyes.

Now I hardly can preach on it. The last time I preached on hell in this pulpit, I mean a sermon on hell. I got so burdened I couldn't find my way back to the office.

I'll never forget it. I'll never forget it. I couldn't tie my tie up in the dressing room.

I thought I'd die. Oh, God give us some preachers who when they preach on hell, cry and weep and die in their soul. Preachers who have the, who turn their head on judgment and warn people about the judgment of God, but who weep because people are plunging without Christ.

I preached on hell last Monday night on Is There a Hell? up in Minnesota. I tried to prepare for it for two or three hours. And I got alone and walked in darkness for a while.

And got on my knees in a dark room and pictured the fires of hell. And after the service, I had to go alone. And I couldn't be with anybody.

I wanted to be alone. Oh, listen, hell is a reality. But it's not funny.

God doesn't want anybody to go to hell. He's not willing that any should perish. Though if there could be somehow the tenderness and the love and compassion of a shepherd's heart behind the pulpit, and yet a warning about hell, and a warning about the judgment of God, and a warning about sin and preaching against sin with a broken heart and a tear in the eye.

Jesus wept. Jesus wept. Volumes have been written about it, and yet its depth has never been completely explored.

Volumes have been written about it, and yet the height of the truth has never completely been understood. Jesus wept. Jesus wept.

Politicians weep. Adlai Stevenson wept openly and unashamedly when he lost the election in 1952. Senator Muskie, during the primary campaign in an eastern state, when his wife was attacked and slandered, he came to her defense, and all of us remember seeing his picture as Senator Muskie wept.

Richard Nixon wept when he was kept on the ticket in 1952. When you recall the scandal about Mr. Nixon in 1952. General Eisenhower was running for president, and Mr. Nixon was his running mate.

General Eisenhower came on television and made an open speech that he was keeping Nixon on the ticket as his running mate. And Richard Nixon, before the entire nation, wept. Herbert Humphrey wept when he cut the ribbon in Cocoa, Florida, on a bridge named in his honor.

He broke down and wept. It is said that Alexander the Great, the man who had conquered the known world at the age of 29, and nothing could destroy him but his own weakness of character and soul, what nations could not do, what the Medes and Persians could not do, what the empire of Rome could not do, his own dissipation and sin did. Alexander the Great, it is said, time and time again, in battle, his soldiers would turn and see the great leader of the entire world on his face with tears dropping from his cheeks to the ground.

Abraham Lincoln, during the Civil War days, when our country was divided by so many things, it is said that Abraham Lincoln, again and again and again, was found with tears streaming from his eyes to the floor. Lyndon Johnson went to the grave of Gandhi, Mahatma Gandhi, and as he stood there at the grave of that leader of many, millions of people, perhaps the man who influenced more people in his lifetime than any other living man, Mahatma Gandhi one time said, I would have been a Christian were it not for Christians. Mahatma Gandhi at his grave, Lyndon Johnson bowed his head and unashamedly wept.

Richard Kleindienst, recently in our own nation, the former Attorney General, wept all night when he found out that many of his best friends were a part of the Watergate scandal. It is said that he went to his room and couldn't sleep and wept all night long because of his friends' involvement in Watergate. Politicians weep.

Athletes weep. Y.A. Tittle wept when he played in the 1960s, the championship football game against the Chicago Bears and lost, if I recall, 14 to 10. Y.A. Tittle, by the way, was from the town where I attended college, Marshall, Texas.

Quarterback of the New York Giants at that time. Y.A. Tittle wept before the entire nation, and his picture was across the paper, headlining the papers all across the nation, weeping. Why? Because he lost the championship football game.

Mickey Mantle wept when he was injured during a World Series in one of the most crucial series of his life. Mickey Mantle could not play because of an injury and sat on the bench during the World Series, and the camera was focused on Mickey Mantle, tears streaming down his cheeks because he couldn't play in the World Series. All of us who know anything about baseball recall Babe Ruth Day at Yankee Stadium when 60,000 people came, and Babe Ruth, eaten up with cancer, stood before the people, just a shadow of his former self, and stood before the people and waved at them and spoke in that raspy voice.

I can hear it even now. And the 60,000 people stood, not a dry eye in the house, as Babe Ruth came to Babe Ruth Day. And that Sultan of Swat stood there, a giant among giants, and a great man among great men, and a power among the powerful, stood there and wept unashamedly before 60,000 people, the entire nation, as he relived the great days of playing in Yankee Stadium.

Lou Gehrig wept. Lou Gehrig, the great first baseman of the New York Yankees, called Iron Man Lou, had a disease that was fatal. He had to retire from baseball prematurely and could have been perhaps a greater player than Babe Ruth, but realizing he had a fatal disease, walked out on Yankee Stadium, made his famous speech, retirement speech.

As the people stood and gave him a standing ovation, tears rolled down the cheeks of all the people there who said that no one was there whose eyes were dry. And Lou Gehrig, the Iron Man of baseball, unashamedly wept before the great crowd of people. Politicians weep.

Bible characters weep. Performers weep. Jerry Lewis raised \$9.2 million for the muscular dystrophy.

And on nationwide television, when it was all over, he broke down in tears. Arthur Godfrey, after he had fired on television, his soloist, his singer, Julius La Rosa, later said goodbye to him on the same television program and broke down before America and wept as he said goodbye to Julius La Rosa. Marian Anderson wept when she told her mother she wouldn't have to work again because Marian Anderson would care for her needs.

Marian Anderson wept as she told her mother the good news. Flip Wilson, God pity him, wept as he was chosen Broadcaster of the Year for 1972. Leonard Bernstein wept at the opening performance of Mass at the opening of the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C. Performers weep.

Athletes weep. Politicians weep. Bible characters weep.

Even soldiers weep. General Patton in 1948 was honored. Old pardon expression, blood and guts himself, was honored in Boston at a dinner.

General Patton stood to receive the honor and he appalled the people. This man who had led us in war and who had won battle after battle and who had the admiration of all Americans who believe in standing for our nation and fighting for our nation. General Patton bowed his head and trembled as he tried to acknowledge the greeting of the crowd.

Tears streamed down the cheeks of old blood and guts himself. But the thought that Jesus wept. Jesus wept.

Three times our Lord wept. I won't go into the stories of all these three times, but three times our Lord wept. There are three things that cause tears to roll down the cheeks of our Savior.

Now, maybe he wept more than this. It may be that time and time again he wept when it was not recorded in the Scriptures. But there are three things that caused our Lord to come to tears.

And I was thinking tonight, if Richard Bernstein could weep because of the... By the way, I wept too when his mass was given. But if he can weep because of that, if Mickey Mantle can weep because he can't play in the World Series, if Wyatt Kendall can weep because Chicago Bears won something, and by the way, it's been a long, long time since any Chicago team won anything, but if Kendall can weep over a football game, and Lou Gehrig can weep because of his career being ended, and if Nixon can weep because he was kept on the ticket, I wonder why folks look at fundamental preachers and criticize us because we weep a bit. Jesus wept! Jesus wept! Is He not the pattern for all of us? If Jesus wept, I am to weep.

And I am to weep over what caused Him to weep. In the first place, our Lord wept over sin. He wept over sin.

You recall the story how He was on that hill outside the city of Jerusalem, looking upon that city, His turn just like it was tilted that way to show the city's beauty from the Mount of Olives. And our Lord went to His favorite spot on the Mount of Olives, and the Bible says that His perspiration became as drops of blood. As our Lord looked over the city again and again, He would say something on this order, O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I gather thee as a mother hen would gather her chicks, and thou wouldst not, or as a mother eagle would gather her little eaglets to herself, and you would not.

Our Lord wept over sin. Somebody left this article under my door today. One of the most pitiful things I have ever seen.

Here is a picture of naked people right over here in Chicago at 615 West Wellington Avenue performing in a play. I mean, this is in our own area. Here are three people in the nude, men and women, performing in the nude in plays right over here in our city, near our city in this area.

But here is the thing that makes you weep. Listen to this. The article says, I am puzzled, concerned, and strangely affected by the Magic Circle Theatre Company and its, quote, worms, end quote.

It's a good title for the play, by the way. They could change it to snakes, I think. It would be a little more descriptive.

Playing at 830 Wednesdays, get that now, 830 Wednesdays through Saturdays at the tavern? No. No. Theatre? No.

At the Wellington Avenue Church. Church. And there they are.

They did not show the entire body, but they showed enough to show that these people are in the nude. Somebody ought to weep about that. Somebody ought to cry about that.

Somebody ought to say, Oh, Chicago! Oh, Chicago! And by the way, Brother Benjamin and I were talking the other day, and he said, I can't go to Chicago without crying. He told me, and I've done it again and again and again. He told me how that he'd go to a certain part.

We were talking recently. Go to a certain part of Chicago, and he said, Preacher, I stand there and look at the people and tears just stream down my cheeks. I'll never forget the first time I came to this city.

I'll never forget the first time as pastor of this church I came to Chicago. And I walked down the streets, and my heart broke for that city. And I went out on the corner of, I forget the name of the street, but in front of the Conrad Hilton Hotel.

And I knelt on the street, on the corner, on the sidewalk, and I prayed and I cried for 15 minutes. And I said, Oh my God, this heathen city, this city, city of Moody and Torrey and Billy Sunday and Paul Wehner and the great men of history. Somebody ought to weep over Chicago.

You know what I wish would happen? I wish the Moody Institute and Hiles Anderson College and all of the Christian schools around here would get burdened for this old sin-cursed area where we couldn't sleep at night and we'd weep and cry and beg God to do something. Our Lord wept over sin. There's no way in the world, no way in the world that you can be like Jesus until you weep when you look at sin.

I was thinking today, I wonder how many tears I've cried from this pulpit. I wonder how many lakes could be formed from the tears I've cried in these 14 years. I've cried at funerals when I buried your dead.

I've sat right here time and time again and wondered if I could preach a sermon when people whom I love like I love my own life have been taken from us and their loved ones over here in the little group. And I've said, Oh God, it won't be right if I break down. I can't.

And Mrs. Colston has seen me time and time again. After it was all over, I'd just hold it and hold it and the family would go. And I'd turn and look at the body and nobody could see me.

And the tears would stream down the face. I've cried when I buried your dead. And I've cried these 14 years for my country.

I've cried in every major city in this nation. The other night I was in Minneapolis preaching. And I got in a car, borrowed a car, and drove downtown Minneapolis.

And I drove by the church where W.B. Riley used to pastor. Oh, that great statesman of the gospel of Christ who started the Northwestern schools back in the days when Northwestern was fundamental and true to the core. And W.B. Riley stood as a great senator of the faith and as a great spire pointing this nation to God, defending the faith and defending God's word.

And I stopped to realize how little is going on there now. And I drove up and down the streets of Minneapolis and got out of the car and parked the car for a while and just walked up and down the streets. And I began to weep.

And I said, Oh, God. Oh, my God. Send somebody to this city.

Send somebody to set this place on fire. And don't know me, Richard Anglin's up there in St. Paul right across the river from Minneapolis. And he's doing a good job.

And that night after I prayed that day, a pulpit committee came to me and said, We're trying to find a preacher. Could you help us find a preacher? And I'm sending one of our young men up there. In fact, today I think, Mr. Kennedy, you go today or next Sunday? Next Sunday he's going to preach up there, one of our men.

And I've cried because of our country. I've cried because I've buried your dead. I've cried because of your suffering.

I've cried, however, more than all the other things. More tears have dropped from these eyes because of sin. Of sin.

Than all the other things put together in these 14 years. When I first became pastor of this church, one Sunday morning after I preached, a couple of kids walked in the office. He was 15 and she was 14.

And I'll never forget it. I can see him now twisting his cap. And I can see her holding her hands like this.

And he looked at me and he said, Pastor, we've got something to tell you. And I said, What is it? And he said to her, You tell him. And she said, I can't tell him.

You tell him. He said, I can't face him. You tell him.

She said, I can't. I can't. He said, Pastor, we're expecting a baby and we're not married.

He was 15 and she was 14. And I recall how after they walked out, I turned my face to the wall. And I cried and I cried.

And from that day until today, about 115, I turned my face against the wall again and cried because of sin in the lives of some of our people. And cried because I had to punish some and scold some. Oh, let me tell you what's wrong with this old world.

It's sin. That's what's wrong with the world. It's sin that nailed the Savior to Calvary.

It's sin that put the nails in His hands and feet. It's sin that caused the crown of thorns to pierce His brow. It's sin that caused Him to cry, My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me? It's sin that's causing our country to go to the devil.

It's sin that's ruining our high schools. It's sin that's robbing our young people of their decency. It's sin that's stealing our honor from our young men.

It's sin that's robbing the purity from our young ladies. It's sin that's wrecking our nation. It's sin that's ruining our high schools.

It's sin that's ruining our colleges. It's sin that's drying up our churches. It's sin that's ruining our preachers.

It's sin that's ruining our churches. It's sin that's causing our nation to plunge mad long like a bus with its brakes on. God and Christians who hate it and hate it and weep over it, hate the sin and love the sinner whose heart is broken and whose mind is angered and whose spirit is stirred because of what sin is doing to our people.

Jesus wept because of sin. He wept because of sin. Jesus wept.

But there's something else that caused Him to weep. He wept because of His people. He wept because of His people.

Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often but out gathered thee. I don't know what He saw that night or that day or day and night on that mountain. Maybe the mind of God gave Him x-ray vision and maybe He saw things in the nighttime that we could only see in the daytime.

I think He did. I think He's in Melt and looked at that city and I can see it now. There's the temple site right across the valley of Kidron from the place where He's praying.

And there's that little cluster of trees there in one of the most sweet, precious spots on the face of this earth, the Garden of Gethsemane. Neath the stars of the night walked the Savior of light. Neath the old olive trees, neath the old olive trees went the Savior alone on His knees.

Not my will but thine be done, cried the Father's own Son as He knelt neath the old olive trees. Our Lord looked out over the city knowing that in just a few short years Titus would come and destroy the city, knowing that it would not belong in 70 A.D. when not one stone would be left on another on that temple. He looked out and saw little boys and girls that would never grow up to have a happy life.

He looked out and saw aged people that would never have another happy day in their lives. He looked out and saw homes broken by the ravages of war and by the judgment judging hand of God. Jesus knowing He had to turn His back on wickedness.

Jesus knowing He had to punish sin. And by the way, there's nothing quite as painful as punishing wrong. Nothing.

A ten thousand times rather get punished than punished. A ten thousand times rather feel the pain. No wonder Jesus died for our sins.

It's much, much, much harder to have to punish somebody else than to take the suffering yourself. Jesus saw the city He loved and He said, Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem. I heard a story one time that gripped me to

my soul.

Andrew Jackson was president of this nation. There was a man that committed murder and had been sentenced to die for his crime. Andrew Jackson, however, interceded for him and had a pardon taken to the man's prison cell.

Here was the pardon. Andrew Jackson had it taken. Someone came and told the man through bars, You're free.

Here's a pardon for the president of the United States. You can go free. The man said, I don't want to go free.

I don't want to go free. I don't want a pardon. Take it back.

I don't want it. And the person said, But it's a pardon. It has your name on it.

You can go free. You don't have to die. If you don't take it, you'll die.

You'll be executed. You'll die. The man said, I don't want the pardon.

And then a legal battle started. Does a man have to take the pardon or not? Does he have to take it or not? And it is said that the attorney general of our nation went to the cell of that man and begged him to take that pardon. He wouldn't do it.

It went all the way to the Supreme Court of our country. And there in the Supreme Court, it was ruled by the highest court of the land that a pardon was only a piece of paper until accepted by the guilty. And here's the thing that impressed me.

As I read this story, and I gather it's true, it is said that the president of our nation bowed and wept because here was the pardon and the man wouldn't take it. The attorney general of our nation wept unashamedly as he saw a man who could go free but would not go free because he refused by stubbornness to take the pardon from the president. It is said that people came at his cell and knelt and pleaded with him and begged from their knees, please, it's yours, you can go free, you can go free.

And that man stood brazenly without a bit of emotion whatsoever, had no emotion to show, as the people wept and said, please. That's what this country needs, somebody to stop and realize there's a pardon from the King of kings and Lord of lords to guilty sinners such as you and me. It's our blessed privilege to, you know.

I went to an operator one time when I was a kid. I sort of like music like that now. It's not my favorite music, but I like it.

Young people, and I like it. But I recall we went one time, Bob Keys and I went, and we were filming Bob Lovell just to, you know, to see it. And I'll never forget it.

It was, I forget what the operator was, it was out of the stars. All I remember is this guy in knickers. I did like knickers.

It looked sort of sissy to me. And I was a kid. We had to wear them, those corduroy knickers we used to wear.

And this guy who came out in knickers, and he said, a pardon from the King, a pardon from the King, a pardon from the King. And we all got up. We shouldn't have done this.

It was terrible. But we didn't have any preacher to warn us like you do. And old Bob Keys and I got up out in the middle of the operator and said, a pardon from the King, a pardon from the King, a pardon from the King.

When they had an intermission, he and I went down. We went down in front and marched up and said, a pardon from the King, a pardon from the King. Well, that's exactly what I've got, brother, a pardon from the King.

And when I get up and, tell me something, tell me, could you see a condemned man with a pardon in your hand to give him? Could you see him turn away to go to die in an electric chair without weeping? And how in the world can I preach on Sunday morning and Sunday night and see people turn to walk away without God, without weeping? Jesus wept. He wept over sin. He wept over his people.

There's something else over which Jesus wept. He wept over death, over death. He knelt at the grave of Lazarus.

And the Bible says simply, Jesus wept. Oh, he knew in just a moment Lazarus would come forth. He knew in just a moment he would speak the word, Lazarus, come forth.

Now, as somebody has said, the reason he said, Lazarus, come forth, is because if he hadn't have put Lazarus' name in front of the come forth, every person in the graves would have come forth that day. But Lazarus, Lazarus come forth, and Lazarus did come. Our Lord knew he was about to say that.

He knew Lazarus was just about to come forth. He knew even then Lazarus was in paradise. But Jesus, hating death, looked on the body of his friend and smelled the odor of his body stinking after four days in the grave.

And the Bible said Jesus wept. I'm glad he wept. That means he cares about us.

That means he loves us. Jesus tonight loves you enough to where he weeps over your sin. He weeps because you don't come to him.

He weeps because many of you are dying in your sin without God. Somewhere, I forget where it was, I heard a little story. A preacher, I'm sorry, a father was driving down the street with his little boy, and they came suddenly to a tragic accident.

They saw bodies on the highway. The father and the boy jumped out of the car quickly and ran over, and several folks were killed. They administered first aid to those that were still living and tried to help.

And finally, after long minutes and perhaps hours of trying to help, the father said, Son, we've done all we can now, and the ambulances are here, and the doctors and nurses are taking over. Let's go on our journey. They got back in the car, began to drive.

The little boy was sniffing some, and tears were moistening his eyes and rolling down his cheeks. And the father, worried about his son, said, Son, why don't you go to sleep now? And the boy closed his eyes, but sleep didn't come. And he looked up and opened his eyes, and the father said, Son, go to sleep now and get you a nap.

And the boy tried, but sleep wouldn't come. And finally the father looked and said, Son, go to sleep. You ought to take a nap.

He was worried about his boy. And the little boy looked at his dad and said, Daddy, when men die, can we sleep? When men die, can we sleep? People often ask me, Why do you work so hard? Men are dying. Why don't you play more? Men are dying.

People often say, When are you going to start playing golf once a week? Shoot, if you played golf like I played golf, you would have delirious tremors from playing. When are you going to take some time off? During the millennium, I tried playing golf, but they wouldn't mow the yard where I played, and I quit. I tried playing tennis and couldn't stand the racket, so I decided to quit.

That's terrible, isn't it? I try to get the jokes down with the choir and understand them, too, sometimes, you know. When are you going to take it easy? When men die, can we sleep? When men die, can we play? When men die, can we rest? When men die, can we let up? When men die, can we take time off? When men die, when men die, when men die! Our country is dying. Crusaders are going to hell without God.

Death is claiming our folks. Hell has enlarged herself. America is about to perish.

Sin runs wild. That's why we have the Hiles-Anderson College. We have the college.

We're trying to get some of you young men and young ladies here, and especially you young preachers, to set you on fire for God, to go out and spend yourself to save this nation. Shock troops, Green Berets, paratroopers, if you please, to cover this nation for God and help save this nation. Jesus wept because of death.

I had a very strange thing happen to me a few months ago. I was preaching down south. After the service one night, a preacher came to me and said, Dr. Hiles, could I talk to you, please, for a few minutes? I noticed a certain urgency in his eye and a certain sincerity in his countenance, and I said, yes, you may.

He said, I think you want to hear this. We went to a restaurant. I don't do this often.

We sat across the table. I had a bowl of soup. He had a bit of refreshment.

We sat across the table, and this preacher said, Dr. Hiles, I think you'd like to hear this story. Recently, a local hospital called me to come to visit a man who was dying. He said, I went to the hospital, and there was one of the most miserable wretches I've ever seen in my life, just about dead.

His clothes were filthy, literally, literally, had dropped over with, I guess, a heart attack or some kind of a stroke or something, and he was dying, dirty. Sitting beside the bed, there was a little bundle of filthy belongings of his. He was under an oxygen tent, and the preacher said, Dr. Hiles, I lifted up, opened the oxygen tent and stuck my head through.

I said, sir, I've come to ask you a question. Are you saved? And the fellow looked up and said, I went to hear Hiles last summer, and the preacher said, I said, are you saved? And the man looked up and said, I went to hear Hiles last summer, and the preacher said, but sir, I must be honest with you. You don't have long to live.

They say that you're a dying man. I want to talk to you about Christ. Jesus died to save you.

Do you know if you die, when you die, you're going to heaven? And the fellow said, I went to hear Hiles last summer, and he said, sir, listen carefully. Listen carefully. The Bible says all of us are sinners.

Romans 3.10, 3.23, There's none righteous, no, not one, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. He said, the second thing you have to know is that sinners are lost. And sir, if you've never been saved, you're lost without God.

Romans 6.23 and 5.12. Oh, but sir, listen to me. Jesus died on the cross to save sinners, and as many as receive him by faith, they can go to heaven when they die. Sir, would you bow your head, please, and pray? The preacher said, Dr. Hiles, I prayed.

And I said to him, now would you pray? And he bowed his head and said, dear Lord, I went to hear Hiles last summer. And the preacher said, sir, please, listen to me now. Would you take Jesus as your Savior? And he said to the man's head, the last words I heard him say, I went to hear Hiles last summer.

I wonder what he heard. I wonder if I wept as I preached. I wonder if I pleaded with him to come to Christ.

I wonder if I did my best. I went to hear Hiles last summer. I went to hear Hiles last summer.

Jesus wept. He wept because of sin and its ravages. He wept because of his people and their sins.

He wept because of death and its effect. The other day, a fellow said to me, he said, a fellow asked me, I heard two fellows talking about you. He said, one of them said, what kind of preacher is Hiles? He said, one fellow said, he's one of those crying kind.

And I said, thanks. Because Jesus wept. I went to hear Hiles last summer.

I went to hear Hiles last summer. Let us pray. Our heads are bowed in prayer.

Our eyes are closed. I'll ask that no one be moving now. Everyone is still.

Do you care? Do you care? How long has it been since you wept over anybody? How long has it been? How long has it been since you saw somebody in sin? It broke your heart and you wept. How long has it been since you wept over your nation? How long has it been since you went to bed at night and tossed and tumbled? The other night I was in a motel, had to change pillowcases during the middle of the night. How long has it been since you wept over dying souls without God? How long has it been? Wives, when did you shed a tear last for that unsaved husband? Huh? Mothers, when did you weep all night over that wayward son? Huh? When's the last time you cried and your heart broke because of your unsaved dad? Or your mother? Or your brother or sister? How long has it been since you cried? Jesus wept.

Jesus wept. Jesus wept. Do you care? Do you care? I wonder how many would say, Brother Hiles, somewhere along the way I lost my burden.

Somewhere along the trail I got to where I didn't care. You know, teenagers, a bunch of you kids weeping over these that have drifted away, I'd bring a lot of them back. Some of you kids, instead of looking down your pharisaical noses at those who have drifted away, if you'd weep over them, a lot of them would come back.

How long has it been since you wept? I wonder who would say, Brother Hiles, somewhere along the trail, I lost my burden. I lost my heartbreak. I lost my tears.

I lost my brokenness. Pray for me that God will help me to weep like Jesus over sin, my people, and the ravages of death. Pray for me, Brother Hiles.

I need a broken heart. Would you lift your hand, please, all over the building? All over the building. God bless you.

You can lower your hands. Young preachers, don't go out to preach without a broken heart. Don't go out to preach without a broken heart.

The other day a fellow said to me, he said, I heard your son preach recently. I said, How did he do? He said, He's like his dad. Loud and long and cries.

Loud and long and cries. Don't go out, young men, without a broken heart. Moms and dads, ask God to break your heart for your kids.

You don't know how many of your wayward kids come to me and say, I thought my mom and dad really cared enough to cry over me and love me. I think I could do better. Ask God to break your heart, our Heavenly Father.

I pray tonight that you'd come through this building. I pray the heart shall break and melt the ice that'll run from our eyes in tears. Tears of brokenness for sin.

Tears of brokenness for our people. Tears of brokenness because of death, men dying in sin without God. Oh God, may people who come to hear us one time on a summer day, may they hear the message of Christ.

May they feel the presence of God. May they leave this place knowing that God was here. God bless us and break us.

Our heads are bowed, our eyes are closed. Little boys and girls, put it this way, to be like Jesus. To be like Jesus.

All I ask, to be like Him. All through life's journey, through hill and valley, all I ask, to be like Him. The songwriter for the adults put it this way, Oh, to be like Thee, precious Redeemer.

Oh, to be like Thee, purest art. John put it, or David put it, I shall be satisfied when I awaken Thy likeness. To be like Jesus means we have to weep.

If you need to come to the altar tonight and ask God to give your tears back and give your broken heart back, you can do it when we sing. But wait a minute. Don't know how many of you are here and you tip over the hills.

I don't even know that I'm saved. This time I got concerned about it. This time I wept about it.

I don't know that I'm saved, but I wish I did. Pray for me. Would you lift your hand, please, all over the building? You don't know that God blessed you.

Is there another? You don't know that you're saved, but you wish you did. Anywhere in the house, upstairs or down, pray for me. I want to know that I'm saved.

Father, bless these. I pray they will receive the Savior. Now tonight when we stand and sing, I want you to come to the front.

Let me know that you're receiving Jesus. If you're here and have been saved, but have not been baptized, then you come and be baptized tonight. If you want to join the church by transfer membership, we invite you to come.

Or if you just want to come and say, Dear God, I've had such a cold heart. I've had a lack of concern. How much care? It doesn't seem that I can get my burden.

Audio: <https://sermonindex1.b-cdn.net/18/SID18901.mp3>
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