

Keep It Fresh

by Jack Hyles

The importance of keeping it fresh in our relationship with God, and seeking a fresh anointing of the Holy Spirit in our lives.

Duration: 32:11

Scripture: Psalm 1:1-2, Psalm 8:1, Psalm 19:1, Psalm 23:1, Psalm 91:1-2, John 14:2

Topics: "Biblical Renewal", "Spiritual Growth"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher shares a story about a woman who initially disliked a book but changed her mind after meeting a man who sold the same book. The preacher emphasizes the importance of keeping the word of God fresh in people's lives. He mentions that his church has focused solely on preaching for the past 14 years, without incorporating movies or cantatas. The preacher also mentions that he has preached over 7,000 sermons in his 15 years as pastor, using only 20 truths from the Bible. He encourages the congregation to appreciate the miracle of the Bible and its impact on their lives.

Transcript

I was feeling a bit sorry for you folks who just stood a while ago. As I thought of you, I'm now beginning my 15th year as pastor of this church. I did a little figuring last night.

If you have heard me every time I've preached, you have heard 7,280 sermons from these lips. You'll never forget, many of you, the first time I told my funny stories. You laughed and laughed and now you go, ha ha ha ha ha.

But you've been gracious to put on. And the same truths have been repeated for these 14 years. I've told you time and time again, I only have 20 truths that I preach from this pulpit.

Only 20. I try to cloak them with different scriptures and maybe a few different illustrations. But the same message goes forth.

Think of the miracle of this book. No other book in the world could attract people Sunday after Sunday just to study its pages other than this book. I thought this morning, as I was reading Philemon before I came to the Sunday school class, how fresh the Bible always is.

And what a miraculous inexhaustible supply it offers to us. I recall that first year that I was a pastor, kneeling under a pine thicket in East Texas, and hugging this book close to my breast and saying, blessed

book, you will have to be my pastor. I don't have a pastor and will never again.

And oh, the blessedness of this book through these years. And so it's a wonderful thing to preach the same book to the same people for 14 years. There's one thing that I've prayed for these 14 years.

I guess there's only one prayer I've prayed 52 weeks a year for 14 years. And I've prayed it every week. And I pray it every day before I preach.

Lord, keep it fresh to my people. Keep it fresh. I mean, children in the front, be quiet.

No talking. Keep it fresh to my people. I mean, I'm the same preacher.

And I'm a common poor Texas kid. And this is just one book. We don't have any other book reviews.

We've been reviewing this book now 14 years and not near through yet. And so we don't have any book reviews. And to be quite frank with you, though we have movies sometimes for our youth activities and special occasions, we've not had one movie on a Sunday morning or a Sunday night or a Wednesday night in these 14 years.

We've not had one time we've ever had a cantata in the place of preaching. It's always been, we've had cantatas, but always Sunday morning, Sunday night, Wednesday night, the preaching. And so I pray regularly.

Lord, I'm busy. And I travel 150,000 miles a year on airplanes. And I've preached over three and a half sermons a day.

I said a day since I've been your pastor somewhere across this nation. Dr. Reisman, I say that, says, yes, I've heard some of those half sermons. But I have.

Three and a half sermons a day. And I'm busy. But God knows this is true.

I've tried not to give you leftovers. I've given leftovers to people around the country. I've preached sermons other places I've not, that I've already preached here.

But I've tried to keep the food warm for you. Come on Wednesday night and we try to study something different and fresh. Keep it fresh.

The word fresh in the Bible is a very interesting word. Did you know, I was telling the brethren this morning, the word fresh in the Bible, in the Greek, we spell it G-L-U-K-U-S or G-L-U-C-U-S, glucose. It's the word from which we get our word glucose, or sweet.

Keep it sweet. When the Bible admonishes us to be fresh, it admonishes us to be sweet. And then it also, the word for fresh in the Bible is the word neo, neos.

The word we get neo-orthodox is the word new in the Greek. That means new. So when the Bible says, keep it fresh, when Job said, in our text a while ago, when Job said these words, if I can find these words, Job said, my glory was fresh in me.

He's saying my glory was sweet in me. And my glory was new in me. And I want to speak this morning on three things that God says we're to keep fresh.

Only three times in all the Bible are we admonished to keep anything fresh, or are we told that something is fresh. The word fresh is only used four times in the Bible, and one of those has to do with a by-product, a meaning, sort of a by-product. It is not a definite description of something that is fresh.

But there are three things that are fresh in the Bible. That means sweet. That means new.

Sweet and new. Job said in the first place, my glory is fresh. The word glory means rejoicing.

Job said my rejoicing is fresh. Now if anybody could say, if Job can say that, I bet you can say that. Here's Job.

Richest man in all the East. Had lost his camels. Had lost his oxen.

Had lost his donkeys. Had lost his sheep. Had lost his health.

Ten children, all of them, had been killed in one great tragedy. His wife had forsaken him and said, why don't you curse God and die? Job, out in the ash heap, the city down, in the ash heap of the city. And Job, the disease of elephantias, gripped his body, boils and sores all over his body, and filth and corruption, not a place on his body that you could touch without filth and running corruption.

And the awful disease of elephantias and his best friends, he thought, came and tried to comfort him, but they didn't comfort, they turned on him. And there was Job alone and forsaken. But Job could say, my glory is fresh.

My rejoicing is fresh. You know, I'm 47 years of age, nearly. Did you know I praise the Lord more now than I used to? Dr. Billings, it seems like the older I get, the more I praise the Lord.

I used to be a little critical of folks that shouted and blessed the Lord. But you know, I almost have spells every week now. I can recall when I went down the first time to Percy Ray's camp, I've only been there once, Myrtle, Mississippi.

And when I got there, Percy was up on top of the piano preaching. He weighs about 260 pounds, great big fat fellow, built sort of like some of our folks here in the church. But Percy was up on the piano and he was preaching on the return of our Lord.

And he said, the Lord is going to come with a trumpet and a shout and the voice of the archangel. He's going to come from heaven. He jumped down off that piano and shook the building.

And I said to myself, he ought not to do that. And he began to shout and folks started shouting and clapping hands. Now, we don't do that here at First Baptist Church, and I don't want you to while I'm preaching.

But you know, after all these years, I was in my room the other night and I was thanking God for His goodness. And I was in a motel room in a distant state. And all of a sudden, I took off my shoes and I began to clap my hands and say, Blessed be God.

Oh, let me tell you what I want this church to have. I want us to say, Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen. But I want more than that.

I want enthusiasm. But I want more than that. I want 10,000 people here or more who have a new rejoicing every day.

I mean to get up in the morning and say, Blessed be God. God's good. Look at the sunshine this morning.

I can walk out of this building a free man today. I was able to walk out of my home this morning and come to church and we were able to sing. My hope is built on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness.

I dare not trust the sweet refrain but wholly lean on Jesus' name. I want us to keep up. Listen, we're 86, 1887.

Mother, how old are you? How old? 86. Church, same age you are. Both are antiques.

But 86. This church will be 86 years old in two months. And yet I want us to praise the Lord like a young whippersnapper, like a new church that's still meeting under a tent or still meeting on a storefront.

Somebody used to say, folks used to say, Well, when old Hiles gets older, it'll rub off and he'll calm down a little bit. I hope I never do. I find myself getting more excited all the time.

You know, this matter of the glory of God and rejoicing and praise and I don't mean a put on kind of a hallelujah. I don't mean a put on kind of an amen. I mean a heart that when you're alone even says, Blessed be God.

God is so good to me. Thank God for His goodness. Thank God for health.

Thank God for food. Thank God for church. Thank God for loved ones.

Thank God for friends. Thank God for heaven. Thank God for Jesus.

Thank God for the Bible. Fresh every morning, all the time. And the Bible says sweet and new ought to be that rejoicing.

Do you know this kind of rejoicing increases with age? David said in the 74th Psalm, verse 14, I will praise Him more and more. Fresh and new rejoicing and sweetness. And I can say this.

Honestly, I can. I don't like hypocrisy. I don't like anything that's synthetic.

I don't like... The only thing I like that's synthetic and not really real is hair pieces. I'm beginning to like those more and more with the passing of every combing. But I... No, I don't like anything that's synthetic or real.

I don't like fake bananas or fake oranges or fake apples or fake grapes. I want the real McCoy or none at all. I like things that are real and honest to goodness.

Real! And I want us to have it at First Baptist Church. Sunday by Sunday. A freshness.

I want people to come to visit us. They may say they don't agree with us on everything. They may say they don't even like us.

But I want them to say, those people mean it. I mean, they're something. They've got something.

Maybe we don't agree with them, but they're sincere. Even if we're ignorant and stupid, I want you to think we're happy. I used to know a fellow down in Texas.

He was in the N. St. Asylum. And we used to go have services there in the N. St. Asylum. That's where I first met Dr. Billy.

And we used to have services there in the N. St. Asylum. And he thought he was George W. Truitt. You've heard of George W. Truitt, the famous old pastor of First Baptist Church in Dallas.

And this fellow thought he was George W. Truitt. And he'd stand up every Sunday afternoon and preach to a crowd of those folks at the N. St. Asylum. He'd say, I'm George W. Truitt.

And folks used to make fun of him. I said, don't make fun of him. He's happier than we are.

He's happier than Truitt is. He hasn't got to raise the budget, worry about the deacons, try to pay all the bills. He's happy.

And folks think we're nuts. I want to think we're happy nuts. I want them to come to First Baptist and say they like it there.

And there's a delight and a joy every morning, every Sunday, every day. A new and fresh, sweet kind of rejoicing. You know, that's what this old world needs.

I was thinking this morning as I walked out and looked over the crowd. Oh my, the burdens in this room this morning. It seems like, and I'm going to preach about it tonight.

It seems like the burdens are more as the church gets bigger. Brother Hilton, when the church only had a thousand people, we had a few people that had burdens and heartaches. But in this room this morning, there are people who are eaten up with cancer.

And there are mothers and fathers that don't know where their daughters are. And there are mothers and fathers whose sons have left home and they don't know where they are. And there are ladies in this room this morning who have been forsaken by their husbands.

Oh, the burdens and the heartaches of a church like this. And I said, dear God, may this always be a place where they can come and laugh a bit. And feel the joy of the Lord.

And something that's real and genuine and of God. A real joy in their life. A freshness and a newness and a sweetness always.

Oh, I believe in hell. You know that. I've implied that through the years.

I'm against most everything. A lady came to me when I first came to this church and said, Brother Hiles, are you against? I said, yes, ma'am. Yes, ma'am.

She said, I haven't finished yet. I said, I'm against most everything. But I want us to stand.

And I want us to hate sin. And I want us to hate the devil. And I want us to preach hellfire and damnation.

But I want there to be a lilt and a joy and a freshness about the glory of God in this place. There's a second time the word fresh is mentioned in the Bible. And that's found in Numbers chapter 11 and verse 8.

You need not turn to it.

Let me just read it to you. And the people went about and gathered the manna and ground it in mills and beat it in mortar and baked it in pans and made cakes of it. And the taste of it was as the taste of fresh oil.

The taste of fresh oil. Not only was there, does God exhort us to keep the glory, rejoicing fresh. But the manna is fresh.

The word of God, fresh. I was thinking, ah, what a book. Every day, every day, I read the Bible until the Bible speaks to me.

How long should you read the Bible? Maybe a half a day. How long? Maybe two hours. How long? Maybe an hour.

But every day, Brother Sully, I get this book. In motel rooms, the first thing I pick up in the morning when the alarm goes off, I reach for this book. And oh, so many times I hug it to my breast.

And then I read it. It's pages. And the last thing I do before I turn the light out at night in motel rooms across this country is look at the blessed books.

Sing them over again to me. Wonderful words of life. Let me more of their beauty see.

Wonderful words of life. Words of life and beauty. Teach me faith and duty.

Wonderful words. Beautiful words. Wonderful words of life.

I want this church to have a fresh manner all the time. Freshness about the Bible. You know, this is the only book in all the world where you can read it every time you read it, you get something new.

I take it back. Blue denim and laces like that. But, humbly say that.

But think of it. Every day. Read John 3.16. Read it tomorrow.

And the next day. And the next day. It's just as fresh every day as it was the day before.

The freshness of the Word of God. I recall one day. I had read Isaiah 9, 6, and 7 time and time again.

And his name should be called Wonderful. Counselor. Mighty God.

Everlasting Father. Prince of Peace. And I was over in the old auditorium one morning reading the Bible.

And I was asking God to speak to me. And I found out that the word says Prince of Peace. It means the Tranquilizer.

The Tranquilizer. And I jumped up and said, Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! And the secretary of the church at the time came running over and said, Brother House, what's wrong with you? What's wrong with you? Whenever I praise the Lord, something's wrong. And she thought I was having trouble or something.

I was hollering and screaming. But how fresh it is. I was sitting in a motel room one day reading Hebrews 13, 14, I think it is.

Where it says, Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come. And suddenly it dawned on me. That's not talking just about heaven.

We seek one to come. Not one to which we can go. One to come.

It dawned on me the Lord is telling us that we can have heaven on earth. We ought to seek every day to make it so everywhere we are, heaven is there. I count it a privilege here is cross to bear.

If Jesus goes with me everywhere, and the honest truth is, heaven ought to come down everywhere we go and fill our souls. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine. Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine.

And I rejoiced and thanked God again and again and again. I've opened the pages of this book, and it speaks to me. It's always fresh.

Let me tell you something, folks. You read my books, and the second time, it won't be too interesting. But you read this book, it will be sweeter and sweeter and sweeter.

One day I heard a story that has impressed me, and I'm sure I've told it to you. A little lady read a book. We won't use the Bible for that.

And she read a book one day, and she said, That's the worst book I ever read. She closed it and put it down. Fellas, have a seat, if you would, please.

No, don't stand back there, please. Have a seat. And she put it down.

I hate that book! I hate that book! And one day a fellow knocked on her door like that. She went to the door, and it was a fellow selling books. He was selling the same book that she had read and didn't like.

She sort of liked the fellow. So after he left, she read it again, and she said, That's a pretty good book. The fellow came back one day, and he asked her for a date.

And after the first date, she read the book again. She said, That's a marvelous book. And one day, he asked her to marry him, and she did.

And on the honeymoon, she read the book the fourth time, and she said, That's the best book I ever read in my life. And that's the way the Bible is. The more you know its author, and the more you love him, and the more you spend with him, the more you enjoy the book, and the fresher the book is.

I can say this. After 14 years, this book is more precious to me, newer and fresher, than it was the day I walked in this book. And I hope you love it more.

I love Brother Colston. I wish the people in this church could say, these folks that stood a while ago, I wish they could say, We love the Bible so much more than we did when Brother Isles came. I wish you could say, I love the Lord so much more than I did 14 years ago.

People say, That's Isles' church. I don't mind them saying it, as long as it isn't true. It's not Isles' church.

It's Jesus' church. And you know that's true. We've tried to magnify Him, and preach Him, and love Him, and exalt this book for these 14 years, and blessed be God, may it always be true.

When folks walk through those doors back there, these doors back here, may they feel a freshness, and a sweetness, and a warmth, and a oneness, and a love, and a compassion, of fresh food from the Word of God. And I just quickly say, because of the lateness of the hour, I quickly say, the third time you find the word fresh, is in Psalm 92.10, where David says, I shall be anointed with fresh oil. Fresh rejoicing.

Fresh manner. And fresh oil. Oil in the Bible is a symbol of the Holy Spirit, and I must have that.

I must have it. I must have every day a new anointing. Let me say something to you folks who have been through these years.

It's not Brother Isles' personality that's built this church. It's not Brother Isles' preaching that's built this church. It's not Brother Isles' humor that's built this church.

It's the dear, blessed Spirit of God who's met with us week after week after week. Oh, I recall the building next door. When I came, I used to come every Saturday night.

I still do it in here, but I used to. Oh, I can recall those days. I'd come every Saturday night, and I'd walk every pew.

I'd come down here to the first pew over there, and I'd put my hand on it, and I'd sing, Lord, send the old-time power, the Pentecostal power, the floodgates of blessing on us rope and wire. Lord, send the old-time power, the Pentecostal power. Let sinners be converted, and thy name glorified.

I've cried over every pew in this building fifty, a thousand times at least. I've cried over every pew in this building. I've prayed for God to anoint the people that sit on these pews.

And fresh oil! I mean, fresh conviction! And fresh power! And fresh blessing! Something new all the time. We can't get by. I'm sorry.

You can't get by on last year's Bible study. And you can't get by on last year's rejoicing. And you can't get by on last year's power.

I'll tell you a sweet little story in closing. One of my heroes in history, and in my lifetime, has been Dr. Bob Jones, Sr. I loved him dearly. And he loved me when he was nearing death.

He was senile. I went to speak at the Bob Jones University. When I finished speaking, I said, Where's Dr. Bob, Sr.? And they said, He's in the hospital, has a private room in the hospital, never leaves the room now.

And I said, I want to go see him. Becky was with me. And Becky and I went to see him.

I walked in the room. He was senile and nearing death. He said, Hello, Dr. Hiles.

And I said, Hello, Dr. Bob. And we talked a while. And then Dr. Bob said, Could I pray for you? And I knelt beside his chair.

And the dear old servant of God, it seemed as if I could hear an army marching. The army of students that had passed through the campus of that university and walked through those halls and those doors, marching around the world. The Dr. Billingses and the Wendell Evanses and others who've marched through those halls.

And I knelt before his chair. And old Dr. Bob put his hand on my head. And he prayed for God to bless me.

And then he looked at me, and the last words he ever said in this world to me, he said, Dr. Hiles, Go home today. Get along somewhere. Think how good God's been to you.

Jump up and down. Clap your hands and say, Hallelujah! God's been good to me. Go home this afternoon.

Open this blessed book. And read, Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly. Or read, The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

Or read, He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. Or read, In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you.

Or read, The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Or read, O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth. And then take the Bible, hug it to your breast, and say, Hallelujah! Thousands and billions of people would love to own one of these books today.

And I have it more than in my hands. I have it in my heart. Keep it fresh.

Keep it fresh. And then go alone sometime soon. Get on your knees and say, Spirit of the living God, Fall fresh on me.

Keep it sweet. Glucose. Keep it new.

Neos! Fresh, sweet, and new. All the time. And say with the young people who sing, Every day with Jesus is sweeter than the day before.

Every day with Jesus, I love Him more and more. Jesus saves and keeps me, and He's the one I'm living and looking for. Every day with Jesus is sweeter than the day before.

Hey, do you know Him this morning? Huh? Do you know Him? Do you know Him? What you're looking for, you'll find in this book, and in the Savior, about whom it's written. Let us pray. Our heads are bowed.

May I say first to my people, ask God to give you fresh rejoicing, fresh glory. But you say, Brother Howells, I'm having a tough time. So was Job, but he said he had fresh glory every day.

But you say, Brother Howells, my heart's about to break. I know. But Job's heart was about to break.

He said, I've lost my husband. I've lost my wife. So had Job.

You say, Brother Howells, I've lost a child. Job lost ten. Brother Howells, I don't have enough money to get by on.

Job lost everything he had. Brother Howells, my body's wracked with pain. Job's lost two.

Brother Howells, you don't understand. My best friends have turned on me. So had Job's.

But Job said, the glory was always fresh. Then ask God to give you a freshness about His Word, and then ask God to breathe fresh on you the power of the Spirit of God. Now with heads bowed and eyes closed, I wonder how many would say this morning, Brother Howells, I know what you're talking about.

You see, I've been saved. I'm His child. If I died this morning, I'd go to heaven.

I may not be all I ought to be, but I'm His, and He's mine. I know I'm saved. Lift your hand, would you please, all over the building.

All over the building. You can put your hands down. Now with every head bowed, wouldn't you like to be able to have this joy? Huh? Wouldn't you love to have it? You have longed for sweet peace and for faith to increase, and have earnestly, fervently prayed, but you cannot be blessed and find peace and sweet rest till all on the altar is laid.

I wonder how many would say, Brother Howells, I couldn't raise my hand, for I do not know that I'm saved. I do not know that if I died today, I would go to heaven, but I want to know. God knows I have to die, and I want to go to heaven when I die, but I don't know that I'm ready to die.

I don't know that I'm saved. I don't know that if I died today, I'd go to heaven, but I wish I did know it. First on the main floor, how many would lift your hand and say, Pray for me.

I'd like to know that I'm saved. Lift your hand way up high, would you please, and I'll pray for you. Lift it way up high.

God bless you. God bless you, dear lady. Who else on the main floor? Pray for me.

I want to know that I'm going to heaven. I do not know it now. God bless you.

Way back in the back. The farthest person in the back. God bless you.

Who else on the main floor? Lift your hand and say, Include me in the prayer. I want to know that I'm going to heaven. I don't know it now, but I want to know.

Lift your hand way up high. On the main floor. God bless you.

Is there another? Who quickly would raise your hand, say, Include me in the prayer. I want to know that I'm saved. Yes, God bless you.

Back in the back. The balcony on my left. Would you lift your hand? That's the east balcony.

You'd say, Include me in this prayer that I may know that I'm going to heaven. Raise your hand, would you please? The east balcony. Lift it way up high.

In the center balcony, you'd say, Include me. God bless you, fellow. God loves you, neighbor.

He loves you, and I do too. I think I recall, nobody knows this but you and me, because their heads are bowed, but something you said this morning, you're facing something that makes you need Christ. Who else in the center balcony? Pray for me.

I want to be saved. And know it. The balcony on my right.

Would you raise your hand and say, Include me in the prayer. I don't know that I'm going to heaven, but I wish I did. Raise your hand way up high.

The balcony on my right. Would you lift your hand, please? God bless you, pal. I see you.

God love you. Who else? Who else? Now back to the lower floor, just before I pray. Who else would want to say, Include me in the prayer? Lift your hand, and I'll include you as I pray.

On the main floor. Who else? Quickly. Our Heavenly Father, I do pray for these.

I pray for everyone whose hand was lifted, and those who should have but did not. Dear Spirit of God, be fresh this morning. May the Word of God be fresh this morning, so we can have fresh rejoicing before we leave.

Speak to these hearts. Now heads are bowed, as our heads are bowed in prayer, and our eyes are closed. Right where you are, you that raised your hand, would you say this to God? Oh God, forgive my sins, and I do now receive the Savior.

I do now receive Jesus as my Savior and Lord. Would you? Would you make today, the day? Would you make September 23rd, 1906-73, the day of days for you? Huh? In a moment, we're going to stand and sing. I'm going to ask you to leave your seat and come toward the aisle, and down the aisle to the front, and settle it for God this morning.

In the balcony, I want you to come on the first stanza. When we sing, Sir, just leave your seat and come to the aisle, and down the steps, and down to the front. I'll meet you here, and you can receive the Savior.

Way back on the back row on the main floor, and back here on my left, and up here on my right, and back in the corner on my right, and over here on my right on the lower floor, and others, I want you to come and let me know that you're receiving Jesus. Wait a minute. How many have been saved but have not yet been baptized since you got saved? Would you lift your hand, please? Way up high.

You're saved but have not yet been baptized. Would you raise your hand? All over the building. All right, then you come this morning.

We'll baptize you before you go home, and you can be obedient to Christ's command. Then if you want to join this church by transfer of membership, we invite you to come. If you feel the Spirit of God is leading you to join with us here, we invite you to come.

There'll be no high pressure, just a loving, beseeching invitation. Father, we're yours. This church is yours.

The message has been yours. The truth is yours. May these come and respond to the truth this morning.

In Jesus' name, Amen.

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