

Misunderstood Love

by Jack Hyles

Jack Hyles explores the concept of misunderstood love, emphasizing that God's actions, though sometimes painful, stem from His deep love for us.

Duration: 37:33

Scripture: Psalm 23:2, Matthew 7:21, Matthew 28:19-20, John 1:12, John 14:6, Romans 8:28, Romans 12:2

Topics: "Gods Love", "Divine Discipline"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher uses the analogy of a shepherd and a little lamb to illustrate the concept of God's love and discipline. He describes how a shepherd would break the leg of a little lamb to prevent it from running off and getting into danger. The preacher emphasizes the importance of love in various aspects of life, including the pulpit, the law, and the home. He also addresses the misunderstanding of God's actions, citing examples of people questioning God's love when faced with difficult circumstances. Overall, the sermon highlights the idea that love is often misunderstood but plays a crucial role in guiding and protecting individuals.

Transcript

Did you ever, did you ever think that God had mistreated you? Did you ever look up to God and say, you didn't treat me right? Did you ever look at your own life and know that you're trying to live for God and live decently? And you have a hard time making ends meet. And you drive a, I'll start to say a Model T Ford, they sell for \$7,000 now, in case you wonder, I didn't know that. But a Model T Ford, good Model T Ford, sells for \$7,000.

You say you drive a Model T Ford and another fellow drives a Cadillac, now that you drive an old Cadillac, another fellow drives a Model T Ford. But do you ever wonder why you drive an old car and you live for God, and here's a fellow, he lives like the devil, never goes to church, doesn't even believe in the Bible, everything seems to turn out okay for him. Did you ever wonder about that? Now I have, I have looked up to God at least five times in my life and said, you didn't treat me right.

Anybody else ever do that, raise your hand, be honest, I confess my sin, would you confess yours? All right. I guess we, most all of us have said, Lord, you young folks have said, by the way, you're saying too much right now. But you young folks have said, you girls have said, I like him.

And I'm sure better than she is. I'm prettier than that old mop head. And, and why, why can't I, why couldn't I get married to him? You heard about the fellow, John loved Mary and Bill loved Mary and John married Mary and Bill lived happily ever afterward.

And so maybe, maybe that's it. But you said, you said, how come my husband was taken right in the prime of his life and I've got to live alone now the rest of my life? Or why was my little baby taken? Or why did I lose the job? Why? The Bible says, fret not thyself because of evildoers. But I guess all of us do that.

One day David was looking at people who lived in sin and David lived righteously and people lived in sin. They, we used to say in Texas, they ate high on the hog. I'm not sure what that means, but they ate high on the hog.

I guess that means they ate the chitlins and the, and the cracklins and so forth. But, uh, uh, and, uh, you've, you've wondered why is it that they can live in sin with no thought of God and, and no concern about the will of God and no care about living for God. They live like heathen and like animals.

And yet everything turns out okay for them. No, no, that's not necessarily true. Everything hasn't turned out yet, but so easy it is to say, dear God, you haven't treated me right.

Did you know even our Lord, when he was on the cross, didn't understand? Don't misunderstand me now. Jesus was God, but in the flesh as the Son of man, as man, our Lord didn't understand. Don't you recall a little while ago, Jesus looked up and said, Eli, Eli, Lama Sabatini.

And I'll, I worried about you on that word. And brother John announced the scripture. I said, Lord, help him tell him what, how to pronounce that.

But the Lord said he doesn't know himself and he can't tell him. And so, uh, I worried about you, but the Lord, but Jesus said, Eli, Eli, Lama Sabatini. What does he mean? My God, my God, why has thou forsaken me? That was the flesh of the humanity of Jesus crying out to the deity of God saying, God, why have you turned your back on me? And here I am dying on the cross and, and stripped naked and, and dogs licked my wounds and nailed to the cross and forsaken by those whom I loved and crucified by my own people and hated by my own city.

Now, look at there, you turned your back on me. Why has thou forsaken me? Uh, did you know why God forsook him? Because of the love of God. It didn't look like it.

Sometimes I look to God and say, if you loved me, you wouldn't do that. And God looks back and says, I do it because I love you. That's why I do it.

There are two things this morning that I don't always understand. And I suspect you have the same problem. The first place I don't always understand God's actions.

I'm glad I can't. Um, uh, the day a man came to me and he said, my wife left me. And I said, uh, where are the children? And he said, they're with my wife.

I said, couldn't you get them? He said, yes, I could get them, but it's not best that I get them. I have to work and I have to travel. And, uh, and the wife is home all the time.

It's not best that I get them. How long has it been since you've seen them? He said, I haven't seen them now for a year. I said, could you see them more? Yes.

He said, I could. But every time that I see them, they get all upset. And, and he said, it's best for them.

Now I'm sure those children think that dad doesn't love them. And I'm sure those children think that my father, he's forsaken me. And yet that dad with his heart, absolutely broken, wept on my shoulders and said, I love them.

And I want to see them. But he said, it's not best for them. It's not best for them.

And they misunderstand that kind of love. I stood over here at St. Margaret's hospital. One afternoon, I forget what day of the week, one afternoon.

And I saw a little lady roll down, uh, St. Catherine's hospital. I saw a lady roll out the sidewalk and right at the front of the sidewalk where that little drive goes around there. I saw her take a little baby that she had given birth to just a few days before.

And I saw her place it in the hand of someone she had never seen. And the little baby was taken to a distant state. And that little lady will never see that baby again.

I've seen the baby is now nine, 10 years of age, good looking boy, but the little lady will never see the baby again. And I said, I told her, I said, you ought to, that's what you ought to do. It's best for the baby not to have to grow up without a father.

It's best for the baby to be adopted, be placed in somebody else's home. Um, I know, but I'll miss the baby. I know you will, but it's best this way.

And she looked at me and she said, it's best this way. Now that little baby may live the rest of its life wondering why didn't my mommy love me enough to keep me? The baby won't understand. But the truth is the mommy loved the baby enough to give the baby up.

Misunderstood love. Oftentimes people love someone else and they may seem to treat them harshly and unkindly, but it's because of love. And the person that's loved may not understand it.

I know I've got a preacher boy and I won't tell you his name, won't tell anybody his name, but he was a good guy, talented boy. He could preach a sermon, but as lazy as a, we used to say in Texas, as a hound dog. Now I'm not sure how lazy a hound dog is, probably the laziest young preacher.

But anyway, this young preacher was lazy, but boy he could preach a sermon, but he was lazy. And so one day I talked to him and I said, get with it. He said, well, he said, you can burn yourself out.

I said, you're no danger of that. That's for sure. But he said, well, I want to be a good old preacher too.

I said, what do you mean too? You're not worth a dime as a young preacher. And he said, well, I'll do what I say. And so I said, I love the fellow.

And I said, you're not worth a powder to take to blow you up. I hope you drop dead. He looked at me and he said, I thought you loved me.

I said, the truth is, you're the biggest flop. You'll bring a reproach to my ministry, to our church's ministry, and as far as I'm concerned, never speak to me again until you make something out of yourself. And he said, I thought you loved me.

I didn't tell him I did. But you know what? Somebody came to me and he said, you know, said the fellow that you hate so much, your preacher boy? Truth is, I love the fellow. You know what you hate so much? And I said, who is it? He called his by name.

He said, he walked out and he stomped his foot in and said, I won't show him. And you know what? He set the woods on fire. He's showing me, and I've been crying about it ever since.

Truth is, he won't speak to me to this day. Usher said, we have enough chairs back there. We wouldn't have that problem every Sunday.

I'll tell you, I don't know what in the world I'm going to have to do to get some chairs back there and have enough to take care of the people. Somebody go out and the best of you will keep the folks out. We don't have any chairs for anybody now.

And by the way, somebody says, I wish preacher loved his ushers. I do. It's why I'm trying to make something out of them.

And, but the fellow said, I'll show him! And he showed me. Now he thinks I don't like him. The truth is, I helped make something out of his ministry.

My uncle Harvey, I'm sure a multi-millionaire. He called me one day. He said, Jackie said, I understand you're going to be a preacher.

I said, that's right. He said, I want to help you get a car. So he paid \$300 down.

Gave me that. Paid \$300 down. Got me a 41 Dodge.

It was back in 19. But got me a 41 Dodge. And so he said, now you make the payments.

But he said, what do I do? He said, I'll pay the down payment and you make the payments on the car. Well, the first month passed and I forgot to make the payment. I was three days late.

Three days after the payment was due, I got foreclosure papers on that car. And I thought, what in the world? He's my uncle. He said he loves me.

And so I went to uncle Harvey and I said, Harvey, what are you doing? He said, I'm taking the car back. Well, I said, why? I said, you told me you love me. You're helping me out.

He said, I know it. And he said, I love you so much. I'm going to take the car back.

Well, I said, uncle Harvey, you paid the down payment. Yeah, but he said, you're supposed to make the payments. And he said, the due on the first and this is the third.

And I, he said, now you understand this son. When I give you something, I give it to you. When I loan you something, you pay it.

And I couldn't, I didn't think he loved me. Now I rise up and bless his name for it. He taught me some character.

He taught me to pay my bills on time. And I do it. Oh, at least 50% of the time right now to this day.

And now I didn't know he loved me. You'll see. Peter one time looked up and said, I can't understand Jesus, what you're doing.

And Jesus looked down and said, Peter, you'll understand later. You'll understand later. I don't always understand the actions of God.

And as a Christian now for these many years, 40, 35 years, I've been saved. I haven't always understood God, but I've always known God loves me. Now I do not interpret love as God interprets love.

I interpret love with a smile. Sometimes God manifests his love with a frown. I interpret love with a pat on the back, but God sometimes manifests his love with a kick in the pants.

I interpret love with, give me plenty of all I want. God manifests his love by making me sometimes go without. You see, God knows what's best for me.

I have the strangest mother. I grew up under the strangest mother you ever saw in your life. Let me tell you what my mother would do.

My mother would tell me at that time, she, the girls, every Sunday, you just, the little blonde headed girl with yellow dress on, you've been talking for three weeks. Now I'm going to send you out next time I see you talking. I have the strangest, by the way, that's love too.

These preachers, you say, I went to your church and you treat young folks like you hate them. You don't know the first thing about love. If you don't take a kid, shut up and say, listen to me.

You don't love him. You're making out of him a derelict that's going to riot someday and burn down a building and grow his hair long and be a hippie and, uh, and, uh, and be against establishment and cause revolution. That's one of the things, the hardest thing I face in the ministry is people think that a fellow who loves them, lets them just run around like they want to run around.

My mother would come to me and she'd say to me, son, I love you. Every night she'd say, I love you. And you know, before I got to sleep, she'd come back with a teaspoon, with a teaspoon and a little box of black broth.

Anybody ever seen any black broth? Uh, black broth. Uh, sometimes it's called black draft. I called it a lot of stuff that neither one, I didn't call it either one.

And you wouldn't want to know what I called it. And she'd stick the wrong end of that spoon down and get open your mouth and open mouth. And she'd say, swallow it.

And I'd swallow it. And as mother'd walk away, I can recall time and time again, I can't understand her. She said she loved me.

And then she made me take that stuff. My mother, I had the strangest mother. She'd come to my bedside and say, I love you.

And then you know what she'd do when I get sick? She'd give me some castor oil. Now castor oil to me, there's nothing in the world, nothing in the world worse than castor oil. Orange juice doesn't help it one bit, just makes more of it to take.

That's all it does. Nothing will help. And my mother said, open your mouth.

I'd open mouth and close it and close it and down it'd go. She could get it down, but she couldn't keep it down. And, and I used to wonder, she says she loves me.

My mother'd say, I love you, son. I have hopes for you. But you know how she expressed that love? She'd go out in the backyard.

We had a pizzeria out there. You heard me talk about it many times. Bill Harvey, mother, Bill Harvey, heard me tell about this peach tree.

3936 Denny Drive, we had a peach tree. And he heard me tell about that. He wrote the most beautiful poem, no joke, about that peach tree.

I'm going to get a copy of it and give it to you. A most beautiful poem about the peach tree that bore fruit, never bore peach, but bore fruit in the life of a young boy. And uh, uh, Miss McKinney, write that down.

I want to write Bill Harvey and get a copy of it. I'll give it out on the radio for a dollar or more. But, but, uh, anyway, uh, but she'd say, I love you.

You know what she'd do? She'd go out and, and, and that woman who loved me would put short britches on me. I said before, hot pants aren't new. They're just the boys wore when I was a kid.

I wore them plus 10 years old. And she'd go out and, and she'd take a limb off that tree and take the leaves off that limb and come back in. And she'd say, come here and fire it, get in her eyes.

And she'd whack me across my legs. I still wear long britches now. I don't even go on the beach because my legs have scars all over them.

And she'd whack me across the leg. And I'd say, mama, why, why? And she'd say, I love you, that's why, I love you, that's why. I said, mama, don't love me as much.

I don't deserve this kind of much love. Whack me across the leg and the little bare leg and nothing feels as bad. And I couldn't understand it.

Well, if she loved me, what does she do that for? I understand it now. I understand it. My God, my God, why dost thou forsake on me? Jesus said, Peter, I understand it.

And Peter said, you will understand it. I can recall my mother would say, I love, and what she'd do, she'd get soap in my eyes. I can still recall when she would bathe me and wash my eyes, getting soap in my eyes.

And nothing's worse than soap and especially okay soap. The guy didn't have any wrapping on it. Years ago.

And the soap would get in my eyes and she'd say, hold yourself still. And she'd grab my head and like that and hold still. And then she'd get me and she'd shake me good and hard.

And I'd say, oh, mama, what's wrong? I love you. I love you. Good night.

That's not the way I always thought about making love. I mean, that's just not exactly, but you know why? Because we don't understand love. We say the parent loves the child, doesn't spank him.

God says the parent loves the child, does spank him. We say the parent hates a child that spansks him. God says the parent hates the child that doesn't spank him.

We say that the pastor has love who lets his deacons drink their liquor and live a nightclub life and lets the members live like the devil and yet lets the young folks go into sin and doesn't warn them about sin. We say he's a loving preacher. We'd say some fellow who stands up and prays for the kids to live right and warns them about right and fights the devil and fights wrong.

We say he doesn't, he doesn't love. He's more a hard kind of preacher. No, you got the whole thing all mixed up.

Not true at all. I said the other day, my mother used to go to take me downtown and I'd run off and she'd say, son, stay close to mother. And I'd run off and she'd say, stay close to mother.

And I'd run off again. And so she had to hide behind the counter somewhere. And I can recall as a little five and six year old boy, I'd say, mommy.

And there are a thousand mommies in that store. And everyone I'm answering, mommy. And I'd lose mommy.

And I wonder why she turned her back from me. The same reason God turns his back from you. Over in the 23rd Psalm, there's a precious thought.

It says, he maketh me to lie down in green pastures. Doc, let me show you what that means. Would you mind being a little lamb? This is a terrible, terrible way to illustrate this.

Taking an old goat to illustrate a little lamb. But you be a little lamb here and I'll be the shepherd. And I say, lamb, lie down in green pastures.

And so you lie down just on the chair there. But he gets back up. He lies down, but he gets back up.

And I say, little lamb, now lie down in green pastures. He lies down. But what happens? He gets back up.

And so I come over. And the Lord likens it like this. Little lamb, lie down in green pastures.

I turn my back. And look what happens. He gets back up.

Now, what did the shepherd do? Shepherd, lie down in green pastures. But I turn up my back and look at there. He's back up again.

And so what did the shepherd do? The shepherd would take his front leg. It was very tender. He'd take his front leg and he'd take it like this.

And he'd break the front leg so the little lamb couldn't leave. And the little lamb now has to lie down in green pastures. Why? Because he can't run off.

Now, I'm sure that the little lamb, if little lambs can think. In fact, you watch the lamb right now. He's thinking, he broke my leg.

He broke my leg. I can't understand it. Why'd I break it? The girls, sit still.

These three girls right here, you sit still. Look at me while I'm preaching. Now you, what's laughing? I'll send you out of here.

If you don't think I will, I'll have you thrown out in two or three minutes. Yeah, one looking back too. And I'm saying, that's a sign I love you too.

Somebody ought to take you kids that loves you enough to turn you over their knee and give you a good hard spanking. Somebody ought to love you enough to turn you over the knee and get a whip to you and get a switch to you and a belt to you and make some, put some sense in your head before you end up wrecking your life and wrecking everybody else lives. You say, well, you're pretty mean.

No, you don't know what meanness is. I'm pretty loving. That's what it is.

If you don't believe it, you see what kind of kids I turn out. One lady came to the day, she had two teenagers and she said, well, I wouldn't bring my teenagers back to you. You might embarrass them in church.

I said, yeah, and they'll embarrass you in the government law and the court one of these days too. If we don't get enough love in this nation, if we don't get enough love in the pulpit, enough love in the law, enough love in the home, enough love in the spank a child and make him sit still and make him hush and tell folks what's wrong and break a leg if needs be to keep the lamb in lying down in green pastures. This country's gone.

This country's gone. Um, and so the little lamb would have his leg broken and now the little lamb can't run off. Why? Because the shepherd broke his leg.

But here's another shepherd. He has the lamb. He doesn't make him lie down in green pastures.

What happens to him? Little lamb runs off. What happens? Doesn't come back. What happens? Starves to death.

What happens? The wolf gets him on a distant hill somewhere. Why? Because the shepherd we said have love didn't break his leg, but the shepherd that had enough love to break the leg, he maketh me to lie down in green pastures says the Bible. You know, one of the hardest things God faces is this.

God wants to treat us right. And God wants to give us all that's ours. And God wants to give us all that's good.

And God wants to give us the sunshine more than the clouds and rain, but God knows he can't. And God is misunderstood. A man, a man said it said last week on the nationwide broadcast, God had mistreated him and therefore he was an atheist.

He didn't believe in God for a while. One of the ladies said to me, God took my baby. I'll never trust a God like that.

He took my baby. I know you don't understand it, but I'll tell you what, love oftentimes is misunderstood. I think I understand something about that.

If anybody in the country is called mean, if any preacher in this town is called mean, it's me. I'm a mean dirty old bigot. You know why I am? Because I don't want your daughter to get pregnant before she's married.

You know how I'm a mean old man? Because I don't want your kids running around living like animals. You know how I'm a mean old man? I don't want your child to get on dope and narcotics and get out here and ruin his life and become a rebel against society. You know how I'm a mean old man? I want you young folks to grow up and be decent and honorable and respectful and obedient.

I want to grow up and be something. And by the way, no kid is ever going to grow up to be anything unless he has a mean mom, mean dad, and a mean pastor. Of course, that's not being mean.

That's being loving. I recall one day I saw a big fella down in Texas. I was preaching the other day.

I think I may have mentioned this, but boy, I ate him out one day. I told him he was as mean as the devil. And great big old fella.

He's about the size of, let's see, a great big guy, a husky. Who's about the size he is? I'm trying to think of somebody about his size. We haven't got a muscle in this church.

Did you know that? But a great big old fella. And one day he said, I don't want your religion. I said, you're as mean as the devil.

Go on to hell and I'm glad. And I told a little white prevarication. Prevarication is a Greek word that means big lie.

But I didn't want him to go to hell. And boy, he doubled up his fist and his muscles began to flex. And he looked at me and his face got red.

And I said, just go ahead and hit away. But boy, this is a swinging door and it'll swing right back at you. The only swinging back I've done is I hit him when I bounced up off the ground.

And boy, he said, if you weren't a preacher, I'd hit you. I said, I'll just quit being a preacher for a while. Let's play like I'm not.

And the next Sunday he came to church as mad as he could be, but he got converted and he hugged me the other day and thanked me and said, thank you for loving me enough to tell me all. I was down in a certain city preaching years ago and couldn't have revival or save this, save our life. I mean, couldn't have revival at all.

And I announced, and by the way, bootleggers all over the county. And I announced that I was going to preach the next two nights later with a B and A drunkards in heaven. And drunkards were everywhere.

And that night the place was filled with drunkards. And I preached on with a B and A drunkards in heaven. And boy, I hit those fellows between the eyes.

I said, you drunkards are as mean as the devil. You're going to hell where you ought to go. I hope you don't go to hell.

And I stomped and hollered. Everybody there thought I was the meanest fellow that ever hit that town. Except we had 11 drunkards and 11 bootleggers saved that night in the service.

You know why? I loved them enough to tell it to them like it is. And we had the idea now that just a giveaway. Let's don't have capital punishment.

Let's don't punish crime. Let's take the pistol away from the policeman. Let's take all the authority away from the law.

Let's just take all restraint away. Let everybody do what he wants to do. And the whole world goes to hell.

No, the law is given because of love. And punishment is given because of love. I could be beloved.

The little lady came to my office, college student. She came to my office not long ago. I won't tell you her name, but I could.

And you'd know her. She said, I'm quitting college. Well, you know what? I had sent her money out of my own pocket.

Our own people had sent her money. She was a very poor girl. We'd taken her off the street, taken her out of the poor house almost, and sent her off to college.

And she said, I just want to quit. I'm just tired of college. And I said, get out of my office.

She said, for the hires. I said, you heard me. Get out.

Well, she said, for the hires. Don't you love me? I said, never mind. I don't want to quit her.

I don't want to be around to quit her. Somebody that turns back and quits. That's not my kind of person.

Get out of my office. She said, for the hires. If you want to talk to me like that, I'll go back to school.

And she went back to school. And our people sent her some money. And I raised \$300 to send her myself.

And you know what happened? Word came back to me. She was out of college, down at school. I called her long distance on the telephone.

I said, what's the matter? She said, I dropped out of school. She was going with some kind of long-haired hippie boy. And kind of felt it wasn't the kind she ought to be going with.

And I said, I want the money back. I said, I want the money back. She said, for the hires.

I said, I haven't got it. I said, get it. I said, you get me every penny of the \$300 I raise for you, and you get it back to me, or I'm standing up next Sunday morning in the church service and announcing your name and telling everybody not to ever send you a dime anymore, and you get it back.

Well, I thought you loved me. And I said, that's why I do love you. You're not going to make a joke out of poor people that have worked out those steel mills and worked hard and give you their hard-earned money in the sweat of their brow.

And you go down here and run around with a hippie kind of a gang and quit school and use that money in the world. You're not going to do it. She said, for the hires.

I haven't got it. I said, you get it. And I said, I'll be up Sunday morning in front of all the people and call your name and tell them what you are.

And Saturday at noon, I got a telegram, \$300. She raised it. She raised it.

And the people that she lived with in that town said, that's the meanest fellow I ever heard. And that girl said to me, that's the meanest preacher. She said, I thought he loved me.

That's the meanest preacher I ever had, ever heard of. Except she wrote me a nice letter the other day. She's back up in this area now, and she's serving as a music director in a church in this area, directing a choir, and she's faithful to God.

And she came to see me the other day and said, the best thing that ever happened to me was when you love me enough to make me send that money back. I'm simply saying, I don't always understand the love of God, but I always understand God loves. I don't understand how God chastens me and fights me and makes harm come to me.

I don't understand it, but I know he loves me. I, a certain girl in the church here, I disciplined her out of the college. I mean, I did it good and hard because I loved her.

I wanted to make something out of her. And so there, you know, one thing I think, I think that in heaven, there'll be many surprises, but I think one of the great surprises we'll find in heaven is what we thought was hate was love. And what we thought was love was hate.

I could, I could be with love. Did you know that I've taken a course in psychology one time? And did you know I made a D in it? I'm not so dumb. I mean, I, I know psychology and I could, I could be a beloved preacher.

I don't have to holler against the dirty communist crowd and holler against the dirty narcotics crowd and the dirty liquor traffic. I don't have to stand up here and say, be decent, live for God, walk straight, don't go to hell. God loves you and wants to save you, but God's going to send you to hell if you don't get converted.

I don't, I don't have to preach like that. I, I went to seminary in college. I've got outlines.

I've, I could, uh, I, I could give a touch of Epictetus and, uh, Wanda Ophelia, but it's shorter, Sophie and, and, uh, the draught of March is fair. I could give some Emerson. I could give some Chaucer and I could give some Tennyson.

Uh, I, I know classical music. I know Bach. I love Bach, Bach in the hills where I was born, carry me back to old Virginia.

I, I, I know a lot of that. And I, uh, and, and I could be a beloved preacher. Oh, why, why, why, why is it I'm so hard on our young folks? I love them.

That's why I'm hard on them. Why is it I stand up and say in God's name, trust Jesus, or you're going to go to hell. Why do I do that? Because I love you.

That's why I do it. That's why I'm not a beloved preacher. Did you know the man who's hated the most usually loves the most? Why? It's misunderstood.

I don't always understand the actions of God. And I don't always understand the commands of God. When I'm in a plane, I don't understand what the pilot does.

The other day or the night I was in a plane coming back from Nashville, Tennessee. It was the night, the night after the tornado hit over here at the great lakes naval place. And that weather went on down that direction.

And we came through it and I saw the lightning and I saw the thundering and we were headed right into it. And brother, I mean, we got in the middle of that wind and up and down and we turned sideways. And there's a great big old, he was placed for the Harlem Globetrotters basketball team, six foot, 10 inches tall.

He was sitting right across the aisle from me. His legs are eight feet of that six foot. And so we turned over, his legs came in my face and his toe jabbed my mouth and he flopped like that and I flopped like that.

And I said, man alive, that pilot ought to beat that. I couldn't understand the pilot. I'll tell you what, I trusted the pilot.

It's easy as that to jump out and I felt led to trust him. And I, the pilot knew what's best. And you know why? Because there's someone guiding the pilot and he knows the way through the storm.

He has the radar and I trusted him. I don't always understand the chef, but I trust him as he puts the meal together. I don't always understand the doctor, but I trust the doctor.

I don't always understand the mechanic, but I trust the mechanic. And I don't always understand God, but I trust him. He loves me.

I can't always see that he does. And sometimes I think he treats me so, so poorly and so cruelly, but I have to trust him. My God, why has thou forsaken me? Jesus said, and the father had turned his back on him and the humanity of Christ couldn't understand it.

But the love of God's what made him turn his back on him. And the love of God is what makes God's preachers preach strong and hard. And the love of Christ is what makes the Lord sometimes make you go through it a little rough.

I was talking to a fellow this week in my office. I won't tell you his name. He's going to college.

He goes to work at one o'clock in the afternoon on one job. He works from one o'clock in the afternoon to about seven at night on that job. Then he goes right quickly to another job and he works from seven to midnight on that job.

Then he goes right quickly to another job. He works from midnight to three o'clock in the morning on that job. Then he gets home at three 30 in the morning, goes to bed, our studies and gets his sleep and his study done between that time and seven o'clock the next morning when he gets up and goes to college.

We're going to college, taking a full-time load, working 84 hours on the side. You know what I wanted to do? Huh? I wanted to take my billfold, my money out, what little of God I want to take it out. And I wanted to give him, give it all to him.

You know one reason he's doing it? Pay somebody's tuition, pay his tuition to college and paying somebody else's full time to have him back to his high school. Just one of our boys. I wanted to take all the money and give it to him.

You know why I didn't? I loved him too much. I loved him too much. As he left, I wept, but I said, Dear God, that's making a man out of him.

And he'll be a lot better man than those fellows that get everything from home and a check from home every month. I used to wonder when I was in school, why? We had a guy in my class, his dad sent him \$300 a month. \$300 a month.

And what was I doing? I was pastor of the country church, working 40 hours a week at JCPenney Company, taking a full-time load at college. And I used to wonder why I didn't have a dad like that. I'm glad now I didn't.

I'm glad I didn't. I'm glad that I had a toughie and a heavenly father sometimes. You know, when I get to heaven and I say, Lord, why did you do that? I'll look back over my life and I think I'll thank God more for the dark days than the light days and more for the valleys than the clouds.

Oh, I was thinking last night, I'll never forget. I'll never forget. The morning I looked up and I said, God, you're not treating me right.

You did me wrong. I just got message my drunkard father had dropped dead with a heart attack. And I said, God, you know it's true.

I'm trying to preach and get others saved and I'm trying to serve you and you let my dad die and go to hell. That's not right. And I fussed at God and complained at God.

But anybody that knows my ministry knows that that's the thing that lost it. And God in his mercy said, I want 10,000 dads to go to heaven. And so I'll let that one die, a drunkard's death.

A man walked up to me in Tennessee the other day, near Kentucky, walked up to me. He said, Dr. Howes, your dad died for my dad. I said, what do you mean? He said, your dad.

The story of your dad dying a drunkard's death was the thing that made me go get my dad converted. Your dad died for my dad. I was down in Springfield, Missouri.

A young man walked up to me and said, thank you for telling me about your dad. 10,000s of men have been saved because of my dad's death. Oh, my beloved friend.

I know the heartache. Oh, my heart. Dear Mrs. McKeegan, God bless her.

I prayed for her a thousand times in the last few days. And there's no need to keep it a secret. Steve, her son, 22 year old boy.

Steve's probably here this morning. I imagine he's here. Steve has cancer, 22 years of age.

Bill McKeegan, one of our fine men, dropped dead without one bit of warning a few weeks ago, months ago now. Not a bit of warning, got up out of bed, no pain, no forewarning, slumped over, was gone. Mrs. McKeegan was left without a husband.

And then a few weeks ago, Steve began to hurt in his back. Went to the doctor and they ran some tests and the doctor says he has cancer. And Steve came to my office the other night and his wife beside him and he said, Brother Howells, I'm not afraid to die if I have to die.

Not afraid. But he said, it's my baby. My baby.

I don't understand that. I don't understand that. I look up and I say, God, that's not right.

Oh, but let me tell you, ladies and gentlemen, I've lived long enough to know that he who's above the clouds knows what's right better than he who's below the clouds. Trust him. Trust him.

Trust him. He knows what's best. Oh, so many times.

Five times I've said, God, it's not fair. It's not right. But he knoweth.

He who knoweth every sparrow that flies through the sky. He who feeds the raven, the unclean raven. He who clothes the lily of the field and he who numbers the hairs of our head.

He who's omniscient, omnipresent and omnipotent. He who knows all, is everywhere and has all power. He knows what's best for me.

And so I'll trust him until the day comes when the curtain is pulled back. And those of us that have seen through at last our faith can see face to face. Let us pray.

Our Heavenly Father, we don't understand. But Jesus didn't understand completely when he was on the cross. His humanity asked you, why did you forsake him? Now we know why.

He forsook him so men could have a gospel and hear that gospel and be saved. Dear Lord, help us to trust you this morning. Help us to lean heavily upon you and realize that thou dost know what's best.

Our heads are bowed in prayer. Our eyes are closed. Let me ask you a question, beloved.

Is there a heavy load you carry today? As man looks at goodness, has God been bad to you? As man counts badness, has God refused goodness to you? But you see, we don't understand the love of God. Did you know the valleys are because of God's love and a symbol of God's love as much as the mountains? Did you know that the tears are as much a symbol of the love of God as the smile? Did you know the heartache is as much a symbol of the expression of God's love as the glad day? Did you know the clouds symbolize His love as much as the sunshine? I'm talking to people who live in the clouds today. The load is heavy and the burdens are many.

Oh, blessed be God. All things work together for good to those who love God. And so if He's lashed your back with stripes this morning, it's because He loves you.

If He's taken someone dear away this morning, it's because He loves you. If He gives you an incurable disease, it's because He loves you. But you say, I can't understand that kind of love.

Isn't it wonderful to have a God so great that we can't understand Him? Isn't that wonderful? This morning if you're here and you've never have trusted that God, oh, trust Him this morning. Oh, that kind of God that watches over us and loves us enough to chasten us and spank us and whip us, that kind of God, He knows what's best. Have you failed in your plan of your storm-tossed life? Place your hand in the

nail-scarred hand.

Are you weary and worn of its toil and strife? Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand. Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand. Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.

He will keep to the end! He's your dearest friend. Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand. This morning if you're here, you don't know that you're saved, you don't know that you're God's child.

You can know today. I want you when we stand and sing, if you don't know that you're His child, I want you to come toward the aisle, down the aisle to the front and give me your hand and give Christ your heart this morning. If you're here this morning and you've been saved but have not yet been baptized, I want you to come and be baptized this morning.

If you want to join this church by transfer of membership, I invite you to come and join this church. We won't always do what you think is best, we'll always do what love prompts. We won't always do what you like, we'll always do what love dictates.

And so you come this morning. Father bless the invitation with the unsaved, with those coming for baptism, with those coming for church membership, in Jesus' name, Amen.

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