

My Happy Plenty

by Jack Hyles

Make God your portion and focus on His presence, not your surroundings, to find happiness in any circumstance.

Duration: 31:01

Scripture: Psalm 16:11, Matthew 6:19

Topics: "Happiness"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher emphasizes the importance of making Jesus one's portion and following His will. He shares a personal experience of being in a motel in Denver and realizing that he had not even noticed the beautiful Rocky Mountains outside his window because he was so focused on his own agenda. The preacher encourages the audience to make Jesus their portion, to walk with Him, love Him, and serve Him. He also emphasizes the need to make God's will our portion, surrendering our own desires and seeking to align ourselves with His plans.

Transcript

a lesson that I have learned since I have become your pastor. It is akin to the lessons that I've been trying to teach you on Sunday mornings recently. I think a lesson that, if you learn, can completely transform your life.

I was in a motel in Denver, Colorado, a week ago Friday night. I preached on Friday night to the State Nazarene Convention, young people in the front, State Nazarene Convention in Denver and then spoke several times on Saturday. And here's the strange thing that happened that I, I mean it's not revolutionary nor earth-shaking, but it blessed my own heart.

I was in a motel, Friday night, got there Friday afternoon. Was there a Friday after evening? Friday night. Woke up Saturday morning, was in the room at noon, and then a little while after the afternoon service.

And just before I left, I was packing my bags, looked out the window and I said, Jack, you know what those are over there? And Jack said what? And I said those are the Rocky Mountains. And I hadn't even noticed. Hadn't even noticed.

Now I began to think, now what in the world is wrong with the fella who could live within a few miles, or for a couple days, within a few miles of the Rocky Mountains, and there were the snow-capped Rockies right

outside my window. And I didn't even notice it until I was leaving. And suddenly it dawned on me.

Recently I was in Cape May, New Jersey. I stayed in a room right across, right across the street from the Atlantic Ocean, right across the street, and didn't even look at the ocean. Then I kept on thinking.

I have stayed thirteen nights in a motel in Anaheim, California, right across the street from Knott's Berry Farm. And I have never even seen Knott's Berry Farm yet. I have eaten about six times, right across the street from Disneyland.

I have stayed within two minutes of Disneyland four or five times. And I have never yet seen Disneyland. You say, you're a fool.

I know, but that's not the reason. I was a fool a long time before I did things like that. And I got thinking in Denver of the 121st Psalm.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. Now the average interpretation of that Psalm is this.

I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help. But that's not what it says. Here's what it says.

I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, who made those hills. Now that's what the verse, the 121st Psalm teaches.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. From those hills? Not on your life. The Jews trusted those hills for their safety.

And they put their refuge in those hills for the safety from attacking armies. But the psalmist said, I'll lift up mine eyes unto those hills. But my help doesn't come from those hills.

My help cometh from the one who made those hills. Now here's what I thought. I thank God for simple appetites, for simple appetites.

That there was something with me in that room that was more attractive and more interesting to me than the Rocky Mountains. And it was something which I was so occupied in Cape May, New Jersey, right across the street from the ocean, that to me captured my attention from the Atlantic Ocean. And there was something that I had rather do in a motel room in Anaheim, California, than tour the Knott's Berry Farm, or tour Disneyland.

And I was thanking God for a simple test, the taste, simple taste. And I opened the Bible to the 121st Psalm, and here's what I began to read. I'll lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from which cometh my help.

And I checked the word help. And I find it comes from two words, one which means plenty, and the other which means shout. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from which cometh my shouting plenty, or happy plenty.

My happy plenty cometh from the Lord. Now what the psalmist is saying here is the Lord is all that is needed to make him happy. Mountains, the beauty of the mountains is not necessary.

The beauty and excitement of the ocean is not necessary. The thrill and fun and pleasure of Disneyland is not necessary. The excitement of Knott's Berry Farm is not necessary.

The psalmist said, I will lift up mine eyes, and I'll look at those hills. But I want you to know that when I look at those hills, the thing that captures my attention is not the hill, but the God who made the hill, and not the ocean, but the God who made the ocean. He said, God is my happy plenty.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from which cometh my happy plenty. For my happy plenty cometh from the Lord, which made the heavens and the earth. Now I didn't know that 13 years ago.

I want you to know I could drive down the streets in Chicago 13 years ago and think about Texas and get so homesick. My happy plenty came from Garland, Texas. My happy plenty came from San Antonio.

My happy plenty came from the plains of Texas. And I drive down the streets of Chicago, down these expressways, and see these buildings. And yesterday, Jim Reiner met me at the airport.

We came back, and you could hardly see in front of you. The truth is, I couldn't see Jim. And I thank God for the soot in this area.

But it was one of those oppressive days in Chicago, where all the soot in the whole world had been collected by Mayor Daley and spread out over the expressways in Chicago. And I got thinking from whence I had just come. From Texas, the plains of Texas, where you can see the sunshine, and where you can see for miles and miles away.

And I got thinking about 13 years ago. Brother, I had not learned the lesson yet. My happy plenty was not wrapped up just in the Lord.

But it was wrapped up in a location. But yesterday, I was driving down the expressways, and Jim Reiner said to me, he said, Preacher, this kind of day makes me sort of melancholy and sad. And I said, You need my sermons.

I've been preaching. And he said, Well, I've been getting them, and I'm working on it. But you see, his happiness comes from the soot.

His happy plenty comes. But that's not what God wants. God says, I want to be your happy plenty.

Not circumstances, not an area, not a snow-capped mountain, not an ocean, not a place of amusement, a music park. But he said, My, I will be your happy plenty. As the little boy said, The Lord is my shepherd, and that's all I want.

And that's what God is saying here. I want to be your happy plenty. But I came down the expressway, and I was looking at the soot, and trying to, you could, from the, from I guess 400 yards, from the skyway bridge, you couldn't even see, you could hardly see the bridge, barely could see the bridge.

And I thought, Boy, this is really a sight to behold. Isn't this about the ugliest part of the world? Not, not, no, not here. This is beautiful here.

I mean, beautiful. But over there in Chicago, and I got thinking, Wouldn't Mr. Foreman like to see this sight today? And I heard the clanging of trains. Of course, we don't have any trains out here.

But over in Chicago, they have trains. And I got in the clanging of trains, and the noise, and so forth. And I thought, Boy, what an awful thing to have to, have to put in your ears.

And then I thought, Wouldn't John Clark love to hear that today? Let me give you something. If all you get from this sermon is this, it'll help you. Don't be happy.

Don't let your happy plenty depend on what you see. Let it depend on the fact that you can see. Don't let your happy plenty depend on what you hear, but depend on the fact that you can hear.

Don't let your happy plenty, driving down that expressway, just the Cadillac Expressway up past the dump, where they make Chanel No. 5. And I thought, Don't let your happiness depend on what you smell, but let your happiness depend on the fact that you can smell. Don't let your happiness depend on where you have to walk, but let your happy plenty depend on the fact that you can walk.

There are thousands of people in this area who are cooped up in one little room this morning, in shut-ins, whose world is one room, whose entire area is one bed, who would give anything in the world to go where you had to go yesterday, and see what you had to see yesterday, and hear what you had to hear yesterday. If you could ever get to the place where you find that the happiness is your happiness, make your appetites simple ones. Don't want a lot of things.

The more you want, the more that you don't get, the less happy you are. So make your appetites the simple ones. Thank God I can see today.

It isn't what I see, it's the fact that I can see. Now how can a person, under any circumstance, in any condition, how can a person be happy? In the first place, make him your portion. Make him your portion.

Don't you recall when the Israelites came to the Promised Land, God gave each tribe its own portion? The tribe of Naphtali settled here, and the tribe of Dan settled here, and the tribe of Asher settled here, and the tribe of Reuben settled over here, and the tribe of Gad settled over here, but there was one tribe that did not get any land at all. What tribe was that? The Levites. Now why didn't the Levites get any land? Because they served the Lord.

And the Lord said, I'll give land to Asher, to Gad, to Naphtali, and all the rest, but not to the tribe of Levi. Why? The Lord said to Levi, I am your portion. I am your portion.

I am your rocky mountains. I am your beautiful plains. I am your painted desert.

I am your Disneyland. I am your Knott's Berry Farm. I am your Atlantic Ocean.

I am your flowers. Make your happiness dependent on not a place, but a person. I've said this so often, did you know a couple that needs a honeymoon shouldn't marry? A couple that needs a honeymoon shouldn't marry.

I mean, if she wouldn't be happy and thrilled beyond measure to share a pup tent in the desert with you, you've got the wrong gal. If he wouldn't be happy to live in a rescue mission with you, then you've got the wrong guy. Why? People who love each other are content with the presence of the one they love.

And when you get to the place where you say, dear God, you're my portion, then you'll be just as happy in one place as you will in another, because he is your happy portion. I'm glad I've learned that. I wish I'd learned it years ago.

You see, I was in Garland, Texas, Friday night. And though I didn't speak at the church I pastored, I spoke to the people I pastored. The Middle Road Baptist Church people at a banquet in a, what's left of them, there's not, a lot of them are gone now to other churches and so forth.

But I left Texas Saturday morning, again. And I, it's amazing, it's amazing, I've learned something. I've learned that happiness is not wrapped up in a few flowers.

I've learned that happiness is not wrapped up in a few shiny buildings. I've learned that happiness is not eliminated, nor thwarted, nor defeated, nor stopped, nor killed, because you've got to smell a little soot along the way. Happiness is a person.

And if you'll learn to make the Lord Jesus, you know, for example, "'Tis heaven to me,' said the writer, where I may be, if he is there, whether in the mountains of Colorado." But you know what? You can get so wrapped up with somebody, you won't even know the mountains are out there. I prayed in Colorado. I read my Bible in Colorado.

I worked in Colorado and didn't even notice the mountains. Why? Because I had something more exciting than the mountains. There was a football game out there in Denver.

And I went to the football game. But there was a football game. And the University of Wyoming team stayed in the hotel where I stayed.

And I talked to the fellas. And by the way, they got beat 41 to 13 or something. I tried to go in as a sub, but they wouldn't let me.

But they stayed there. Now, I suspect that afternoon when the Air Force played the University of Wyoming, I suspect that 50,000 people got in their stands and looked at the Rocky Mountains. Don't you think when that fellow was running for a touchdown, that the Air Force and all those Colorado people were there, don't you think they cheered and hurraed, hurraed, whooped, or whatever you do in a ballgame now, ha ha, hot dogs, hey, we won.

But who cares about the mountains? Something more exciting. I had something more exciting in my motel room too. I'm in love with somebody.

He was in my room. I love him. I read his book.

I talk to him. I serve him. He is my happy buddy.

That'll take care of all your complaining and all your griping right there. All of it. That'll take care of every foul.

I'll tell you what, nothing's gone wrong today. Well, nothing went right for me today. I got up this morning, put on a clean shirt, and the cleaners had taken the collar stays out of it, and the collars went like that.

So I put on a suit. It's cold. I put on a winter suit that I hadn't worn for a while, and the thing was wrinkled.

So I decided to press the crazy suit and didn't have a place where I could find a wall plug that wasn't already used up except the bathroom and dropped the suit in the commode. It's not been my day. Now I've got to call the city sanitation department to get my suit back.

Now what do I say? I say, listen, oh, why complain? Good night. My happy, funniest nut, what kind of suit I wear. I know I have heard ladies by the dozens get miserable.

Well, my hair just fell this morning. Well, my hair has been falling for years. Oh, I wish you could learn to make your happy, funny the Lord.

It's just this, I just don't like this weather. Everybody's been nice to me. Everything's just going bad.

I'm just tired. I can hardly walk. I know your happy, funny is whether you're weak or tired or not.

Your happy, funny is whether you have some new dress or a new suit or not. Your happy, funny is whether you have some friends or not. Your happy, funny is what kind of food you eat.

Your happy, funny is where you live. But the psalmist said, I'll lift up my eyes to the hills, okay, but my happy, funny cometh from the Lord. He made the heavens and the earth.

He's my happy, funny. Ladies and gentlemen, make Jesus your portion. Walk with Him.

Talk with Him. Love Him. Know Him.

Worship Him. Serve Him. And you will find regardless of where you are or where you live or what you breathe or what you see or what you have to hear, He will be your portion.

There's a second reason why, as I continued thinking, as I was looking out the Rocky Mountains and wondering why hadn't I looked at you before? That is this, not only make Him your portion, make His will your portion. Make His will your portion. You know what I've done since I've been to heaven? I don't think you can quite understand.

When you live in a city like Garland, Texas that had 3,000 people in it, now it has 110,000 people. Had 3,000 people in it about 20 years ago. Everything is new and shiny and of course the steel mills here and the oil refineries and so forth and the dark buildings, not many white buildings and so forth, not many bright colored buildings.

It's a little hard to understand exactly how these apartment houses on Sibley Street and these houses affected me. Jim, you know it right now. I'm preaching all these sermons to you by the way.

I just had to think about that. He came from the beautiful hills of Virginia. How's that? Jim comes in and says quote that poem.

I said what poem? He said that one about, I said let me see the flowers and let me walk in the field. He said let me walk in the town but I said there are no flowers there. He said no flowers but a crown.

I took, I've forgotten the poem now, I can't quote it. But Jim walks in the office and says quote that quick. I need it.

I said the air is thick and there's nothing but noise and din. But I said the sky is black and the fog is vetting the sun. But he said souls are black and they walk in darkness undone.

But I said I'll miss the flowers and my friends will miss me they say. He said my child choose tonight if I am to miss you are they. I beg for more time to be given.

He said my child is it hard to decide. It will not seem hard in heaven to follow the steps of thy guide. So I took one look at the fields and cast my eye toward the town.

He said my child won't you yield and exchange your flowers for a crown. So into his hand went mine and into my heart came he. And now I walk in a light divine and the path I dreaded to see.

You want to stay another week? Alright. But you know what I do? Time and time again in these years I've driven down these streets and I've looked at the buildings, the dark buildings and I've said this is the will of God for me and those are the buildings. God wants me to see.

And I've taken a good old breath of steel mill air and I've said that is the air God wants me to breathe. And I took one look at the scenery and I said that is the scenery God wants me to see. You know if you are in the will of God and if you love God there are no accidents.

None. All things work together for good to those who love God and those who are called according to His purpose. So I love Him.

I'm in His will. Then because He is my portion I want to see what He wants me to see. I want to wear what He wants me to wear.

I want to go where He wants me to go. I want to smell what He wants me to smell. I want to hear what He wants me to hear.

His will is my portion. Now ten thousand times rather see an ugly building than the Rocky Mountains if He would rather my eyes see that building than the Rocky Mountains. Make His will your portion.

What He wants me to do. A lady sat in my office this week and she's one of our ladies and she loves me as her pastor. And I was advising her and she asked me this question.

She said Pastor is this what you want me to do? And I said why do you ask? She said because if you want it that's what I want to do. If you want it. So I look up to God and I say dear God if you want me to see it that's what I want to see.

If you want me to say it that's what I want to say. If you want me to have to hear it that's what I want to hear. Why? Because the happiest place in the world is the will of God.

Doesn't matter where the will of God is the happiest place is in the will of God. So how can you make Christ your happy plenty? By making Him your portion and making His will your portion. There's a third thing and that is make others your portion.

Make others your portion. Needy people are everywhere. Listen if you live to help people all you got to do to be happy is find some folks that need help isn't it? If you live for others all you have to do is find some others that need help.

That's all you have to do. Make others your portion. Look Paul said in writing one of his letters he said I could wish that you were like I am except in these bonds.

I wish you weren't in prison but he said I wish you were like I am. And I wish that I could say something to make every person in our church never complain again as long as he lives. If I could I'd take that from you because that's the thing that'll make you more miserable young girls over here it'll make you less happy it'll

make you more wretched it'll make your life emptier complaining.

Listen did you know that the Israelites were punished by God for complaining more than any other dozen sins they ever committed? You know why the fiery serpents came on Israel? Because they complained. You know why God sent death to the Israelites in a plague? Because they complained. You know why God sent an earthquake and swallowed up 144,000 was it? Because they complained.

A Christian need never complain. Because complaining always comes from circumstances. Why do you complain? Well it's hot today I can hardly stand it.

Well if he's your happy plenty and if his will is your happy plenty and if serving others is your happy plenty then you don't have to worry whether it's hot or not do you? I'll tell you what we've had so much snow and we will say this in just a very few days. We've had so much snow. I heard Dr. Tom Malone say he said when I left Pontiac this morning there's 22 feet of snow on the ground.

You think I'm exaggerating don't you? He said I'm not I'm lying. But he said it seems like 22 feet of snow. I said I'm just sick and tired of this snow.

Just going to move to Florida. You'd gripe about the humidity. Well I'd like to move out to Colorado.

You'd gripe about the altitude. Well I'd like to move to the ocean. You'd fuss about your hair falling.

That's what I fussed about when I was out there. Don't you see what I'm saying? I'm simply saying if you'll ever fall in love with Jesus you'll have your happy plenty. If you'll ever fall in love with the will of God you'll have your happy plenty.

If you'll ever fall in love with service for other people you'll have your happy plenty. I looked out Friday night at the banquet and the faces of people whom I had loved like I had never loved people in my life before. And people whom I had to leave and I thought I would die.

And they came by Friday night and a few of them threw their arms around me and began to cry like little babies. And I couldn't cry. I couldn't cry.

And when I got on the airplane to leave Dallas, Texas, the city of my rearing moved there when I was a year old. Brought my parents with me. I was a year old.

And I grew up there. All I knew was Dallas County. And the man at the desk said, you want an aisle or a window seat? And I said an aisle seat.

I always prefer an aisle seat. And I had a window seat open beside me. And there I was having a Bible out, reading it.

And it dawned on me that I was flying over Dallas, Texas. And wasn't even sitting in a window seat. You know why? Because he who makes me happy was waiting at the airport in O'Hare Field.

Jim Reiner. Don't you see what I'm saying? Oh, pity this generation of complainers. I want more money.

We won't teach till we get more money and bigger classrooms and fewer young'uns. Pity that kind of selfishness. We are policemen, but we are not police till we get more money.

See, your plenty happy isn't how much money you get. So when prices go up, you lose your plenty happy. But my happy plenty and yours can be in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Who says, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. And your happy plenty can be in just doing the will of God. And your happy plenty can be in serving others.

Last night I had an appointment. One of the young men was at my office. Someone knocked on my door.

I went to the door. The fellow handed me a card to read or an envelope, something to read, just a little note on it. I looked up and it was John Vargo, one of our deaf young men.

And on the note were a few words of love. I love you. And I appreciate all you've done for me.

I wanted you to know that I love you. And suddenly, I looked at him and tried to speak, but he couldn't understand me, of course. He's deaf.

And suddenly John jumped to me and threw his arms around me and hugged me and patted me on the back. That's all I need. I don't have to have the Rocky Mountains.

I got something better. And if I had the Rocky Mountains, I'd be so busy I wouldn't have time to look at them. You know why? Because I lift up mine eyes to the hills.

But from which cometh my happy plenty? My happy plenty cometh from the Lord. He made the hills. That's what you need this morning.

That's what you Christian people are looking for and you don't know it. You wouldn't have to complain or gripe if He was your happy plenty. You wouldn't have to complain or gripe if His will were your happy plenty.

You wouldn't have to complain if serving others were your happy plenty. You'd say to the little boy, the Lord is my shepherd and that's all I want. Hey, you unsaved people this morning, He's what you need this morning.

He's what you need. He's what you're looking for. He's what the folks at this tavern down here were looking for last night as I drove by.

They were looking for Jesus, but they didn't know what they were looking for. He's what you folks are on LSD and marijuana. He's what you're looking for.

You don't know it. You're looking for something. You won't find it.

Could you say, I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from which cometh my happy plenty? It cometh from the God who made those hills. That's where I find my happiness. And as long as He lives, I'll be happy.

I need not complain, for my happy plenty is in Him, in His will, and in His service for others. Let us bow our heads for prayer, please.

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