

Outside the Gates With Jesus

by Jack Hyles

God allows us to experience difficult times for a purpose, and we must trust in His sovereignty and be willing to be different.

Duration: 36:04

Scripture: John 7:53 - 8:1, Revelation 3:20

Topics: "Suffering With Christ"

Description

In this sermon, the speaker reflects on his childhood experiences and the feeling of being left out due to financial constraints. He recalls attending a Christmas party at a church where every child received a present, but he couldn't afford to be a bus kid and had to walk to the church. The speaker also shares a story about wanting to join the YMCA but feeling hesitant to go inside. Eventually, he learns that someone had paid six dollars for him to join, and he realizes that he no longer has to be left outside. The sermon emphasizes the message that through Jesus, we can all have access to God and not be left outside the gate.

Transcript

Our Lord allows the events of life to come our way because of the purpose that He has for our lives. I used to wonder a great deal why I came on this scene in America. For some reason or other, invitations began to come my way from all over the country.

It's unbelievable, all the invitations that come to my desk. I began traveling around the country 15 or 16 years ago, a little more than that now, preaching all across this nation. Fellas, I could use a trifle more volume, please.

All across this nation. And I wondered why I had been called to do that. I never intended to be a big preacher.

I'm still not a big preacher. I never thought of myself as ever pastoring a large church. The truth is, if I'd ever had 300 members in one church, if I had thought I would ever have had that many, I would have been surprised.

It never dawned on me in my fondest imagination that I would ever pastor a church with a thousand members, much less the thousands and thousands who now call this church their church home. And I

wondered why. It was easy for me to understand why God would call Dr. John R. Rice to be a leader of preachers in America.

I think he's the smartest man I know in the whole world. He knows more about more things than any man. You can walk to Dr. Rice and ask him to talk to you about ladies' hats, and he can give you an honest-to-goodness scholarly discussion about ladies' hats, if there is such a thing.

You can talk to Dr. John Rice about flowers, mention flowers or trees or anything. Dr. Rice is a scholar in every sense of the word. I mean that.

He doesn't look like it sometimes, maybe, but he is a scholar. It was easy for me to understand why God would use him traveling around the country. I heard Lee Robertson preach, and I could see greatness in him.

And that was easy for me to understand. And I used to wonder, why did God want to use me to preach across the country? I'll never forget one day, one night, I was in Kansas City, Missouri, preaching. I looked down at the program of preachers, the fellows in the program.

Old Dr. Bob Jones, Sr. was preaching on that program. Dr. Bob Jones, Jr. was preaching. And even Dr. Bob Jones III.

You see, they pray at Bob Jones University in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of Bob III. And so I wondered why it was that I could be on the program with such men as that. On that same program was Dr. John Rice, Dr. Lee Robertson, Dr. Bill Dowell, and others of the great men of God in our day.

I noticed the words that said, closing message, Dr. Jack Hyams. Something sort of went through me. How did I get on this list? Where did I get here? I used to wonder why.

You know, God in His mercy needed to have somebody across America whom the little preacher could emulate, whom the fellow outside the gate could copy. Nobody will ever copy Lee Robertson, there's only one. Nobody will ever copy John Rice, there's only one.

Nobody will ever copy Bob Jones, Jr., there's only one. But God needed to have some little preacher travel across the country who was copyable. And so He, I think, for that reason, put me on the scene.

Now to prepare me to be, shall I say, the little preacher's fellow, the champion of the little fellow, God had to get me ready all through these years. It seems like that, and I do not want any sympathy this morning because I've had a wonderful life, but it seems like that all of my life I've been outside the main group. I can recall as a kid in Texas, I always loved sports.

In fact, the only place I ever really felt at home as a boy was on the athletic field. I was always a runt, but I was always rather agile and had good coordination. I played all kinds of sports.

I played on the ball field from morning till night, unless I had to work. But I was always left out. I recall going down to the YMCA in Oak Cliff, that's out in the western section of Dallas.

I'd go out to the YMCA. It cost six dollars a year to join the YMCA, but I couldn't join. All of my buddies belonged to the YMCA.

And I'd go down to the YMCA, and I'd look through the window, and I'd see them playing ping-pong and billiards. I'd go to the gymnasium and watch them play basketball. I was always on the outside.

And I used to remember, I can recall how I used to wish I could go inside and play ping-pong with all the rest of the guys, and I'd keep in. And so I got to meet the fellows who belonged, and they were allowed to bring one visitor a week. Each member could bring one visitor a week.

And so I'd stand outside the YMCA, hoping I could find somebody that hadn't brought a visitor that week, so they could take me in. And I became a regular visitor every time I could. But I was outside.

I always wondered, why can't I join? We couldn't get six dollars. We just couldn't rake up six dollars. And I wondered why I was outside.

I can recall as a kid, mother took me one day to a Christmas party at the Fernwood Baptist Church. I was a little tight. A Christmas party.

And they had a present for every child. It was for four children. All the four kids could come.

And they had a present there for every four kids. And I got, I looked up at that tree and saw a great big tree over in the right corner of the building. And we all gathered around, all us four kids.

I would have been a bus kid, but we couldn't afford a bus at our church. And so we walked a mile or two. But I can recall going with all the four kids.

And I was barefooted, of course, and had on little trousers. Always clean, but not nice. And usually had patches.

Nowadays they buy things on purpose that have patches. And put on the patches. I'm like the little colored boy down south.

He said, that sure is a funny patch on your breeches. He said, there ain't no patch, that's me. And so that's sort of the way I was.

So I went to this Christmas party. And I looked at all those presents and I wondered which one was for me. Is that big old truck there for me? Or is that kite there for me? Or is that pistol gun there for me? Or is that cowboy hat for me? And so they passed out the presents.

And mine was a little late getting, my late name was a little late getting called. In fact, it hasn't been called yet. And I got out of one present and there were two of us kids sitting beside each other.

And there was only one present left. And he said, I hope it's for me. And I said, I hope it's for me, because one of us ain't going to get nothing.

And it was for him. And I couldn't understand why they left me off the tree. And why it was every kid, every poor kid there got a present but me.

That makes me want to cry. But it made me cry then. And I used to wonder why it was I left out.

I can recall one year at our church, at the Hillcrest Baptist Church in Dallas, when I was a teenage boy, about 13, they had a father-son banquet. My father was a drunkard. He never went to church.

And I can recall going outside the father-son banquet and looking in and watching the banquet and wondering, wishing that my dad would have taken me to that banquet. It seems like I was always left out. When I got in junior high and high school, I didn't dance.

None of the crowd did. And every time they had an event, I was always left out. I went in the Army.

I wasn't in the Navy. I was in the United States Armed Forces. And so I went in the Army, in the paratroopers.

And they'd have a big get-together in the barracks and they'd leave me out. Why? I wouldn't drink. I can recall one day they decided they were going to make me take a drink of liquor.

So they emptied a Coca-Cola bottle. I didn't know this. And they poured a whiskey in the Coca-Cola bottle.

And they said, Hiles, we're having a big get-together. We'd like to include you. I said, well, I'll get included for once.

And so we gathered around and they said, we want to give you a Coke. And I reached up and I smelled it and poured it right down my clothes. And they said, you're going to drink? We'll make you drink.

And so they got me down and tried to force me about a dozen of them. Now, I'm not a very strong fellow, but I'm strong when you try to make me take a drink of liquor. And not a drink of liquor has ever gone through these lips, not one.

But I was left out. Well, God called me to preach. And I thought, now here's a chance.

Everybody loves preachers. But I didn't realize everybody doesn't love this kind of preacher. And maybe you don't know that yet, but there are two folks in Hammond that don't like me.

And that's in every block, two in every block. But anyway, I began preaching. And so one time I decided to have Lee Robertson come to preach at my church in Texas.

And Lester Olaf, sort of an off-brand kind of a preacher down in South Texas in Corpus Christi wrote me and said, I want you to come preach under my big tent. We have a big tent down here. I want you to come preach for the house.

And so I accepted. Well, that year I had been chosen the Outstanding Preacher in my denomination in Texas. My picture had been listed.

I'm sorry, I had never chosen Outstanding Preacher. My church had been chosen as the Church of the Year in Texas. And my picture had been in the denominational papers.

I had preached at the state convention, the state Sunday school convention, the state training union convention, and all the big meetings. And I was at the zenith of a young... I was only 25, 26, 27 years of age. When I got to be 30, I was going to preach for Lester Olaf, and I was going to have Lee Robertson and John Rice preach for me.

One day I was invited to come to a lunch with all the big boys of this state convention, and they were going to have me out to lunch. And so they gathered around the table, a cafeteria in Dallas, Texas, a Gaston cafeteria, right across the street from Baylor Hospital. We gathered around the table and we had our lunch

there.

And they had, oh, they had spaghetti and meatballs and macaroni and cheese, and I had raw carrots. But anyway, we all gathered around there to have our lunch. And so before we ate, the fellows had their coffee and all the drinks and the water and so forth.

And before we ate, one of the denominational leaders said, Jack, we are having this meeting for you. All of us are worried about you. We have noticed that you are running with some suspicious, independent-minded characters.

For example, we understand you are having Lee Robertson. Now, everybody knows that Lee Robertson is not in the mainstream of Baptist life. And everybody knows that John Rice is a questionable character.

I know that, too, now. I didn't know it then. And everybody knows that.

And Lester Olaf, he is the oddest fellow in Texas, and that's true. For that matter, he can include the entire world. But now they said, we are here for your own good.

You have to understand that you are running with a crowd that is questionable in our convention. Now, you have spoken before the state convention and before the state Sunday school convention and the state training union convention, and your church was chosen as the church of the year in the convention. Now, they said, one of the spokesmen said, Brother Hiles, we are saying this.

What we are really saying is, if you continue to associate with these questionable characters, independent-minded men, we'll see to it that you will never speak on another state program again. Well, you know, you don't buy me off real easy. It'd take at least \$400,000 today to buy me off.

Before I knew it, now, I didn't do this because I wanted to. I didn't even know I was doing it. Before I knew it, I jumped up on the table, and it was sort of a flimsy kind of a table.

All the food was still there. Nobody had taken a drink of anything or a bite of anything yet. I took my hand, and I wound up, standing up, I wound up, and I hit the table like that.

When I did, I cried, I'm not for sale! And spaghetti and meatballs flew all over the cafeteria. Coffee went all over these big, big wigs. And water spilled everywhere, and food, the water was in the food, the coffee was in the pie, and orange juice was in the salad, and food was everywhere, and everybody in the cafeteria was looking, and I said, I'm not for sale! And turned around and walked off.

By the way, I've never seen those fellows since. Most of them, as long since, had to quit the ministry because they were pussyfooters. But once again, I found myself outside the camp, outside the gate.

I went home. It wasn't long until they did work on my schedule. They canceled out every meeting that I had.

By the way, from that day till this, I've turned down a thousand invitations a year, thank God. I just changed booking agents. I changed from denominational big wigs to the Holy Spirit.

And he's done a very splendid job of keeping me busy. I guess maybe you've noticed that. But anyway, I went back to my study, and I was alone, and I was discouraged.

Honestly, I was. And I opened my Bible to the 13th of Hebrews. But I looked up, and I felt a hand on my shoulder.

And as I felt the hand, I looked up to see whose hand it was. And it was Jesus' hand. And I said, Jesus, what are you doing here? And he said, I've been here all the time.

I've always been outside the camp. I've always been outside the gate. And I said, do you mean that now that I'm outside the gate, that I'm with you? He said, oh, yes.

Oh, yes. He told me that he was born outside the gate. He told me how that his mother and Joseph had come to Bethlehem, and how that there was a time of registering for the census.

He told me how that they had places for everybody to stay, but there's no place for them. He told me how that this hotel was filled, and this place was filled, and this sleeping house was filled, and this inn was filled. And he told me how that he was born outside the gate.

And then he told me, he said, I also lived outside the gate. He told me that in John chapter 7 and verse 53, he had been to a feast in Jerusalem. And folks had come from all over Palestine for the great time of the feast.

And people had come from Nazareth, and from Bethlehem, and from Jericho, and from Capernaum. And they had all gathered there in Jerusalem. And it came time to go home and go to bed.

It was nighttime. And this family went to their house, and this family went to their house. And the folks that were visiting from all over had a place where they could stay.

But Jesus told me that he had no place to go. Oh, time and time again, I've seen that happen across the country. As people have gone, where I preach from services, where I preach, and they go here, and they go you, they go to their own place, and then all of a sudden the building's empty.

And I go to the motel room, but I think about Jesus. He didn't have any motel room to go to. Everybody went to their own houses.

And the next verse says, in John 7 and 53, it says, everybody went to his own house. And then the next verse says, in John 8, 1, and Jesus went to the Mount of Olives. Can you picture that? Everybody had a house.

Everybody had a bed. Everybody had a place to go. And our Lord went and slept all night in the Mount of Olives.

I looked up and I said, Jesus, what are you doing out here? And he said, I've been outside the camp all the time. And now you've come out here to be with me. He told me how that the foxes had their holes, and the birds had their nests.

But the Son of Man had no place to lay his head. You know what I think happened? I think one day our Lord saw the people go, each man go to his own home, and he said, maybe I wish I had a home to go to. But he had no place to go.

And then he saw the birds flying toward the trees and nestling in the nest. And our Lord said, even the birds have a place to go, but I don't have any place to go. Then he saw the foxes scurrying to their holes,

and he said, even the foxes have a place to go.

But the Son of Man had no place to lay his head. He was born outside the camp, and he lived outside the camp. You recall, don't you, when he went back to his own synagogue, he told me about this that day.

He said, I went back to preaching in my own home synagogue in Nazareth, and I had just been baptized, and just been tempted for forty days and forty nights, and I was preaching my first sermon. Went back to my own synagogue where I grew up as a kid. And he said, when I preached, they kicked me out of the synagogue and my own people where I had grown up.

I'll never forget the day I preached in my own home church. Hillcrest Baptist Church in Dallas, Texas. I was pastoring a little country church in East Texas, and one day the phone rang, and I said, hello.

Didn't have a secretary in those days. And I said, hello, Grange Hall Baptist Church. And the operator said, long distance, from Reverend J.C. Sizemore in Dallas, Texas.

And I said, hello, Brother Sizemore. And he said, hello, Jack. He said, Jack, I'll be on vacation in Colorado two weeks from next Sunday.

He said, would you come and supply my pulpit? And I thought, I'm going to get to preaching in my own home church. And I said, hello, Brother Sizemore. And he said, hello, Jack.

He said, Jack, I'll be on vacation in Colorado two weeks from next Sunday. He said, would you come and supply my pulpit? And I thought, I'm going to get to preaching in my own home church. And he said, hello, Brother Sizemore.

He said, I'll be on vacation in my own church in front of my own home people. And so I went two Sundays later, and they said we're glad to have Jack. Jack's pastoring down East Texas, and he's preaching for us today.

And I stood up. And when I got through preaching, all the old ladies came by and slobbered all over me. I never did see why you had to.

I knew you wouldn't use a little bit of shaver. Good night, wave at me, but don't slobber on me. And oh, I used to teach him when he was a little bit of a shaver.

Yeah, I know you did. You're absent too many times. Sunday's too, you rascal.

But anyhow, I was home. And then everybody was so proud of me and folks that used to say, you'll never mount anything. Said, that's the best young preacher in the whole country.

And I thought as I went back that night, Jesus did that one time. They came, and they, did you know who's preaching Sunday? Jesus. Yeah, the kid that grew up down in the carpenter shop.

He's preaching next Sunday. Remember him? Let's go hear Jesus. He's a preacher now.

He's going to come back home and preach. But he came back and they didn't like what he preached. And they kicked him out of the synagogue.

And kicked him down the hill of precipitation. And he had to leave the city of Nazareth. And I was outside the camp that day.

And I said, Jesus, what are you doing out here? He said, I've been here all the time. I was born out here. I lived out here.

I stepped out here. In my own city, I was out here. And I said, you mean you're outside the gate? He said, yes, I'm outside the gate.

And I said, Jesus, what else? He said, I'm outside the gate. And I was crucified outside the camp. In the Old Testament days, when they made the offering for sin, they killed the lamb, or the bull, and they took his carcass, or part of his remains, and they took it outside the gate, outside the north wall.

And they buried it in a clean place, outside the north, the ashes in a clean place, outside the north wall. And Jesus was crucified outside the gate. He was outside the gate the night he prayed in the Garden of Gethsemane.

He was outside the gate when they, when they nailed him to Calvary. He was outside the gate when he was buried in Joseph's tomb. He was outside the gate when he rose after three days and three nights.

But that isn't all. I said, Jesus, it's not as bad outside the gate as I thought it was, if you're out here. Oh, that's the wonderful thing about it.

Somebody persecutes you, and makes fun of you, and laughs at you, and kicks you out. Don't feel too lonely. That's where you find Jesus.

Where did, where did Stephen find Jesus? While he was inside the gate of the Sanhedrin? No! Stephen saw Jesus when he was outside the gate there. It's called Stephen's Gate to this day. He was stoned to death, and as the stones were hitting him, and as Stephen was dying, he looked up, and he said, I see the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God.

Where did Stephen see Jesus? Outside the gate! That's where he saw Jesus. Where did John the Beloved see Jesus? Outside the gate! When he saw the great truths of Revelation. When God took him and threw back the curtain of prophecy, and said, look in here, John, some golden daybreak.

Jesus is going to come. When he comes, this is what's going to happen. John stood there, and looked up, and he saw the rapture of the church, and the saints of God dressed in white robes.

He saw the crowns laid on our heads because of our service for God. He saw us take those crowns off and throw them at Jesus' feet. And John saw the marriage of the Lamb.

He saw us coming in the clouds of glory, riding on white horses, and all the holy angels with us. He saw us ruling and reigning with Christ for a thousand years of peace on earth. He saw the new Jerusalem, the great city of God, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

He saw the glorious future when we shall be kings and priests of God, and we shall live in a city where we'll never have to stand up and say, Mrs. Alice McCord passed away, and her body will be viewed. Oh, we'll view her body then, a body that'll not creep up and down the aisle, but a body that'll dance and sing the praises of God forever and forever and forever. Look what John saw.

My, John, when did you see Jesus? John didn't see Jesus while he was pastoring the church in Ephesus. John didn't see Jesus while he was on the Mount of Transfiguration alone. John never got the glimpse of Jesus that God had for him.

But John was exiled to a lonely island of Patmos outside the gate. Where did Paul see Jesus when he was called up into the third heaven? Where did he see Jesus? Outside the gate at Lystra when he was stoned and left for dead outside the city. He went to the synagogue, and there he preached, and then rose up and threw him outside the city and kicked up stones and hurled stones at him until Paul gave up the ghost and died temporarily.

He looked up, and he said, I was taken into the third heaven. Where did Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego see Jesus? Outside the gate. Outside the gate.

You recall, they were put in a fiery furnace. You recall, they wouldn't bow down and worship that golden image, or that great image in the valley of plain of Dura. They wouldn't bow down before that image, and all of a sudden they were cast in a fiery furnace, heated seven times as hot as it normally was in the Bible.

The Bible says the hair was not even sensed on their head, and the wicked king came down. You recall, Nebuchadnezzar came down, and he said, I put Shadrach, and I put Meshach, and I put Abednego in the fiery furnace. But he said, wait a minute, oh, somebody put another one in this one too many.

And the Bible says that wasn't another. That was the Son of God in the fiery furnace. Where did Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego see Jesus? Outside the gate.

Oh, listen to me, young people at school, did they make fun of you? Did they make fun of you? Are you left out? Well, then, that's where Jesus is. He's outside the gate. You'll find Him there.

Out on the job, Christmas is coming. They're going to have their drunken parties, and God forbid that any member of this church in St. Paul has to participate in some kind of a drinking party because it's Christmas time. Have more respect for our Lord than to guzzle down dirty liquor during the Christmas season.

For that matter, during groundhog season either. But they leave you out. Yeah, old deacon, yeah, old preacher, ha, ha, ha, yeah, religious fanatic.

You're left out of the parties? Yeah, you're outside the gate, aren't you? But that's where Jesus is. You'll find Him there. Oh, time and time and time again, I know what I'm talking about.

I've gone to my study alone and discouraged and beat, and it looked like that nobody understood and that nobody really figured out the whole thing. And I got on my knees and on my face alone, and I said, Dear God, nobody understands. And I looked up and I felt the hand of Christ on my shoulder.

And Jesus said, This is where you'll find me. Oh, if you want to walk with Jesus, walk outside the gate. If you want to have fellowship with Jesus, have to be outside the gate.

Be willing to be different. I can recall when Becky went to the public school system as a little girl. They called her the Jesus girl.

And she'd come home from school, and she'd say, Daddy, they wouldn't choose me to play today. They wouldn't choose me. They'd choose upsides and wanted to say, I'll choose this one.

And I won't choose Becky. She's the Jesus girl. And they'd choose another one.

Don't choose Becky. She's the Jesus girl. She'd come home and she'd say, Daddy, they didn't choose me today.

They wouldn't let me play. She was outside the gate. That's where Jesus is.

Are you outside the gate in your neighborhood? They have a big party and they don't invite you because they're going to have their drinks and have their big sinful time. And you're outside the gate. The people call you a fanatic.

The people make fun of you. They laugh at you in school. Rejoice about it.

Praise God. That's where Jesus is. He's outside the gate.

He's outside the gate. By the way, here's a sad thing about our Lord. Born outside the gate? Yes.

Lived outside the gate? Yes. Died outside the gate? Yes. Raised outside, buried outside the gate? Yes.

Raised outside the gate? Yes. But wait a minute. Where is He now? Where is He now? Read sometimes Revelation chapter 3 and verse 20.

One of the saddest verses in all the Bible to me. It finishes talking about the seven churches in Asia Minor. And then Jesus said, In closing, behold, I stand at the door and knock.

If any man will hear my voice and open, I'll come in and sup with him and he with me. He's not talking about standing outside the door of your heart. He isn't saying, I'm standing at your heart's door and knocking.

He's saying, I'm outside the church knocking. The church won't even let me in. There are men this morning standing behind pulpits in this city who don't even believe that this Bible is God's Word and Jesus is God's Son.

He's outside the gate still. Tell you what you do. You go to the average church in this town on a Sunday morning and just right in the middle of the sermon say, Praise Jesus.

And you see how popular He is in the average church. You say it here and you'll be right in order. But why? He's outside the gate.

Oh, I thought last night at midnight. He's always been outside the gate. I know something about that.

He's always been outside the gate. He was born outside the gate. His precious body didn't touch the silken comfort or a woolen blanket.

His precious body touched some prickly hay and stubble. His mother didn't wrap Him in a lovely baby blanket. She wrapped Him in burlap bags.

He wasn't in a maternity ward. He was in a stable. It wasn't the cry of nursery, sound of nursery music that fell upon the ears of our Lord that He heard for the first time.

It wasn't the sound. It was the sound of some braying horses and bleating lambs and lowing oxen. Outside.

I thought last night. He was outside as a boy. He was outside the gate in his hometown.

Outside the gate when it came time to go to bed. Outside the gate when He was tried. Outside the gate when He was crucified.

Outside the gate when He was buried. Outside the gate when He rose. Outside the gate of the church.

I got on my knees and I said, Oh God, I'm not going to leave You outside the gate of my heart. I'm going to let You have it. I wonder why it all happened.

Why was He outside the gate? He was outside the gate so none of us would ever have to be outside the gate again. You don't have to be outside the gate this morning. Let me tell you a story.

I was peeping in one afternoon after school about 345. I was at the YMCA on the corner of 10th Street and Beckley in Dallas. Oh, I wanted to join the Y. For years I wanted to join the YMCA.

I was watching them play ping pong. I used to be a pretty good ping pong player. In the Army I won the ping pong championship of the entire division.

You know what the prize was? A case of beer. A case of beer. And so I didn't drink it all.

I shared it with the other fellas. But anyway, I've never drunk beer. But anyway, I watched them play ping pong and I'd watch the game, you know, and I'd say, I wish I could go in there and play ping pong.

I'd only play ping pong on a piece of plywood over a couple of sawhorses. You poor ignorant young folks don't know what sawhorses are. You think it's a horse that can saw.

But plywood over sawhorses. And I was watching one day play ping pong and a fellow walked up and he said, Hi son, won't you go in? And I said, Oh, I just wanted to watch from out here. He said, I've seen you out here quite a bit.

He said, in fact, every afternoon I see you out here. Why don't you go in? And I said, Well, I'd just like to watch them. He walked inside the YMCA.

They had a door. You couldn't go in the door unless they buzzed. Like the apartment houses.

Push a button and it buzzed. You go in the door. And the fellow told them who it was.

They buzzed and let him in. It wasn't long before the people in the YMCA, the manager, walked out and he said, Come in, sonny boy. I said, Why? He said, That fellow just paid six dollars.

You can belong to the YMCA for a year. You think I stood outside and said, I want to think about it first. I'm just not ready.

Don't high pressure me. Huh? Oh, no. They pushed the button for me, too.

And the buzzer went off for me, too. And I was no longer outside the gate. Oh, when that day comes, the choir sing about this morning.

And the day breakup God opens and the Lord Jesus descends the skies and the dead in Christ shall rise. We'll never be outside the gate again. Never.

You know why? Because Jesus paid for our ticket. This morning, if you're outside the gate and not saved, you can come in. Because 2,000 years ago, someone saw you outside the gate and went to the courts of heaven and paid your ticket.

This morning, if you would say, Jesus, I trust you as my Savior, he'll bring you inside the gate and you can be one of his own. Let us pray. Our Heavenly Father, O blessed be God, we're the scum of the earth here, but not thin.

We're hated here, but not thin. We're lied about here, but not thin. We're the off-scouring here, but not thin.

Thank God, though we're outside the gate now, when Jesus comes with trumpet sound and we may in him be found, dressed in his righteousness alone, faultless to stand before the throne, we'll be on the inside forever. But, O God, so many will be on the outside then. May they come to Christ today.

Our heads are bowed and our eyes are closed. May I address myself first to God's people. If this morning you're outside the gate, at work, at home, at school, in your neighborhood, rejoice about him.

That's where Jesus is. Jesus is outside the gate in the schools today. He's outside the gate at work.

He's outside the gate in our nation. Rejoice! That's where he is. Enjoy fellowship with him.

But if you're here this morning and you're outside the gate of salvation, Jesus Christ has paid for you the ticket. And if you this morning would say, Dear Jesus, I trust you, I trust you as my Savior, he'll let you in. How many would say, Brother Hiles, I've never trusted Jesus as my Savior.

I do not know that I'm inside, but I want to know it. And I know that Jesus died for me. Brother Hiles, pray for me that I might be saved and know it.

Lift your hand and I'll pray for you. Where am I? God bless you. God bless you.

Where am I? Who else? God bless you and you. Who else would say pray for me? I want to know that I'm saved, but I don't know it now. Pray for me.

Lift your hand, would you please. God bless you. God bless you.

If you're here this morning and you want to receive Christ, leave your seat in a moment. Come down the aisle and let me know that you're receiving him. If you're here this morning and you want to join this church by transfer of membership, you want to join a church that gladly stays outside the gate for Jesus, then you come.

If you want to come for baptism, you come. Just come to the front and I'll meet you here at the front. Father, bless the invitation.

We're thine. This church is thine. May people come to Christ, who today is outside the gate, but who in a real sense is the gate.

In his name we pray. Amen.

Source: <https://sermonindex.net/speakers/jack-hyles/outside-the-gates-with-jesus/>

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