

The Christians Hate Life

by Jack Hyles

Jack Hyles emphasizes that true Christian love must be accompanied by a hatred for sin and evil to reflect God's values.

Duration: 55:44

Scripture: Psalm 101:3, Proverbs 6:16-19, Amos 5:21-23, Matthew 6:33, Romans 12:9

Topics: "Life"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher emphasizes the importance of teaching children to hate sin. He shares stories of individuals who have been affected by sin and highlights the need for guidance and support from Sunday school teachers, bus captains, and pastors. The preacher also mentions a personal experience of his daughter being accidentally knocked down by a car, using it as an example to illustrate the hatred towards sin. He concludes by referencing a story of a young boy calling out a woman for smoking, emphasizing the need for a strong stance against sin.

Transcript

General Booth, the famous founder of the Salvation Army, said in his lifetime concerning the Salvation Army that he feared the day when the Salvation Army would preach a salvation without regeneration, a faith without repentance, and a heaven without hell. I'm afraid that in many cases his fears were well-founded, for in many cases this is true today. But he could have added one thing when he said he feared that the Salvation Army someday, by the way he could have said the same thing about the Baptist denomination or the Methodists or Presbyterians, he feared that they had preached a salvation without regeneration, a faith without repentance, and a heaven without hell.

He could have said, I fear the day that will come when we will preach a love without hate. A love without hate. There's absolutely no way a person can love unless he hates.

No way. There is no quality without its opposite. There's no high without low.

No hot without cold. No large without small. No in without out.

No tall without short. For example, I went to Japan and the people there are so short, when I walked down the streets of Japan, I thought I was a member of the Harlem Globetrotters. Wrong color, but nevertheless, I was the tallest person on the street.

Dr. Billings would look down on the citizens of Japan. I watched him shred the mission field tonight, but he would. There is no merit, get this, there is no merit in a plus without a potential minus.

Let me say that again. There is no merit in a plus without a potential minus. There is no patience without the presence of the possibility of impatience.

If one does not have the ability to become impatient, there's no merit in patience. There is no good without the potential of bad. What merit is there in being good if a person can't be bad? There's no merit in a blind man not going to the movies or a one-legged man not going to a dance.

Unless you have the potential for bad, there's no merit in the good. For example, there's no merit in courage without the possibility of fear. There's no merit in gentleness without the possibility of strength.

There is no merit in kindness without the possibility of temper. There's no merit in a smile without the possibility of a frown. And there's no merit in love unless you know how to hate.

Patience without potential impatience is laziness. Courage without the potential of fear is recklessness. Gentleness without the potential of strength is pessimism.

Kindness, a pessimism, kindness without the potential of temper is weakness. A smile without the potential of a frown is unawareness. Love without the potential of hate is hypocrisy.

This modern kind of synthetic love that wears a smile button never frowns because of sin, never weeps because of sinners, never gets a frown, never gets compassion, never has a disfigured face because of the condition of this hell-bound nation of ours and this hell-deserving world in which we live, that kind of love is not love at all. This kind of love you have to advertise on television to promote is not Bible love. This kind of love you've got to persuade people to have is not Bible love.

Until a person comes to a place to where he hates the devil, he can't love God at all. A person comes to a place to where he hates sin with a holy hatred, he has not Bible love at all. This kind of love that says love everybody, including the devil, is not Bible love.

It's synthetic, it's hypocritical, it's unscriptural, it's satanic, it's not from God, it's of the devil, it is not real Bible love. Love that says let the world go to hell, let communism take over, let the young people go to the devil, let the hippies run wild, let the revolutionaries have their say, let the communists speak on our college campuses, that isn't love at all. It isn't Bible love at all.

The simple truth is you cannot have Bible love until you have Bible hate. One, by the way, one's proportion of love for good is the exact proportion to his hatred for evil. One's amount of love he has for God is in the exact proportion to how much he hates the devil.

You cannot love God a whole lot and hate the devil just a little bit. You can't love righteousness and goodness a lot and hate unrighteousness just a little bit. You can't hate unrighteousness a lot without loving and love God just a little bit.

I'm saying that love, and turn me down just a trifle, fellas, just a trifle. Love and hatred is a part of a pendulum. As the pendulum swings toward love, then it swings back toward hate.

It is the exact distance from center. The mother who loves the child hates the cancer that eats in her breast. The gardener who loves the flowers hates the weeds that chokes the flower.

The mechanic who loves cars hates the rust that ruins performance. The judge who loves justice hates the crime that infringes on justice. The doctor who loves the patients hates the germs that destroy the patient.

There's absolutely no way a doctor can love his patient without hating the germ. A mechanic can love the car without hating the rust. Or a farmer can love the crop without hating the insect that destroys the crop.

It's just as ridiculous to talk about a preacher. People, for example, they come to our church and they say, well, I go to a certain, certain church. Our pastor has more love than you do.

Not if he doesn't preach against liquor, he doesn't. Not if he doesn't warn the young people about dope, he doesn't. Not unless he fights communism, he doesn't.

Not unless he takes a stand against the dirty, filthy, rotten, satanic hellhole down here, the sensitivity parlor, he doesn't. The preacher who loves thunders out against evil and against sin and warns his people against the sin that lurks in the shadows and the Satan behind the sin. A Christian who loves God hates the devil.

I said this morning, I've never, in all of my life, I've never hated the devil quite like I hate him today. Never have. I want the First Baptist Church in Hammond to have a large Sunday school.

God, I want us to build on a shallow, superficial, calcifying, compromising, irritating, back-scratching, nickel-lipping, penny-pinching, soft-soaping, peak-to-eliminate sermon and preaching that never thunders against wrong. I want us, while we get a lot of people, I want us to build the right kind of Christians with depth and devotion to God and faith in this book and a hatred for sin and a belief in separation who walk clean and are peculiar people in this godless generation. I want us to build solid while we build big.

Let the heathen rage about our quest for numbers, but let it not be true. Let the heathen rage about the fact we're only interested in getting a big number on the board, but let it not be true. Let the heathen rage about us wanting a big crowd and not developing the strong Christians, but let it not be true.

Let them call us what they will. I'm not concerned about that. I'm just concerned about it being a lie when they call us something like that.

I want us to build strong Christians, and I want the members of First Baptist Church in Hammond to be the best folks in town and the cleanest folks in town, the most honorable folks in town, the most honest folks in town, and the most courteous folks in town. But I want our folks, when they go out to the steel mills tomorrow and they pass around the liquor bottle, I want you to say, No, I'm a Christian. Jesus would not have me to drink.

I want our young folks to go to public schools when the time comes to have their school dance. I want you to resist and withstand the temptation to participate in such false folly. I want everybody in town, everybody in town to know our stand.

We believe the Bible is the Word of God. We hate sin and hate evil and hate the liquor traffic and hate the narcotics traffic and hate communism and love America and love the flag and love decency and love honor. I want the whole town to know the stand First Baptist Church of Hammond takes.

You cannot love God without hating the devil. That's one reason I don't wear a smile button, and if I ever do wear a smile button on one side, I'll wear a frown button on the other side. And I pass by the dirty

sensitivity parlor down here, I don't smile.

I want to see blood. I'm like that preacher you folks have heard me tell about. I want the young preachers here to hear this story.

And I want to hear it myself. Again, I love to hear me tell it. I have such a way of telling them.

And, but the young preacher when I went to college back in 1832, Abraham Lincoln was a young man. But I, back when I was in college, East Texas Baptist College in Marshall, Texas. Fellow came to our town, had six kids.

Enrolled in college. You folks, the only thing that irritates me is for some, I got a young man came to my office last week. He's heard of me.

I'm not mad at him, but I was the other day. Came to my office and said, I just don't think I can stay in school. I mean, well why? I don't have the money.

Oh brother, if all you got your mouth to feed, no excuse for you to quit. None at all. Well when I went out of school, a fellow came with six kids and no job.

And fed all six of them. Starved his wife to death, but the kids ate good. And, and this fellow was called a pastor of church up in Red River County in Northeast Texas.

Little country church. It's called, I think the Redwater Baptist Church. And, and he, before he got saved, he was a cussing fellow.

He, he, he just, his entire vocabulary was transformed when he got converted. And one morning in this morning service in this country church, this, this wicked old man had been converted just a little while, shouldn't have been a pastor yet, wasn't ready. But he was preaching to his people and all of a sudden he's preaching on the cross.

And he said, you know what happened on the cross? The devil put Jesus on the cross. And the devil got him up there. And the devil drove the nails in his hands and feet.

And he loved God so much. And he got so mad at the devil. He said the devil put the nails in his feet.

And the devil got a crown of thorns and, and, and made, made a crown out of thorns and pulled the thorns down on the brow of Jesus. And the devil stripped him of his, of his garment. And the devil caused the dog to lick his wounds.

And the devil had a man soldier get a spirit thrust in his side. And the devil, he said, you know what I think of the devil, folks? I think he's a son of a blankety-blank, a blank, and cursed a blue streak. I mean, boy, he used, he used everything you can imagine that a fellow would use in a tavern or a bar, in a barroom brawl.

And he cursed and cursed him for about five minutes. I think he's a blankety-blank, and a son of a blankety-blank, and a blankety-blank. And, uh, suddenly he realized what he was doing.

Completely carried away back to the old life and hatred for the devil. He folded his Bible, tucked his Bible under his arm and stooped his shoulders and closed his eyes just enough to where, oh, kept them open

enough to see his pathway. Walked out to the center aisle and got out, went outside and got in his car and drove off.

The crowd sat stunned. Can you imagine what you'd do tonight if I started cussing right here? Huh? And the crowd sat stunned and disbelieved. The deacon chairman was sitting right over here on the front row.

After about five minutes of acapella silence, the deacon chairman stood up and said, folks, I heard what you heard. He said, I've been sitting here thinking. Our pastor used some awful language about the devil.

But he said, you know, the more I think about it, the more I think that's exactly the way I feel about the old boy myself. He said, he expressed my sentiments exactly. Now he said, oh, you know, our pastor was a wicked man before he got saved.

He used to curse a lot. I think we ought to thank God for a preacher who hates the devil. He said, I suggest that we call him back and raise his salary.

Maybe I'll make this announcement to all the preacher boys in this room. That is not the best way to get a raise when you go out on the field. But I'll be honest with you.

I've got more respect for a preacher that get in the pulpit and curse the devil than I have these lazy preachers laying at home tonight and the doors closed in their churches. I have more respect for a preacher that get in the pulpit and say, dirty, blankety-blank, son of a blankety-blank blank. And I have this preacher out here in Munster, Indiana, that publicly put in the paper that he preached from Playboy magazine.

Well, don't blame the poor fellow. He knows it better than he does the Bible. I have more respect for a preacher who accosts the devil than I do one who will have him leading prayer on the platform.

And I'm simply saying that we, anybody that's been here to this church a month knows I love God, and they know I love people, and they know I preach against gossip and criticism and unkindness, and I think no one should ever have hatred in his heart for any living person. We ought to love everybody. But I think there ought to rise up in our generation a group of large churches and well-known preachers who thunder out against wrong and evil and stand against sin and hate the devil and take a stand against what's wrong and what's ruining our nation.

And I'll tell you what, if you young preachers aren't going to go out and get to be that kind of preacher, don't you expect to get your diploma from this school. I mean, there are a lot of schools around here I can recommend you to go to, but I want you to cover this country and blanket this country with preaching against sin and preaching for righteousness and against wickedness across this land. Now what should I hate? You say, Brother Hiles, okay, it's established.

I was forced to hate. Now what should I hate? Well, you ought to hate what God hates. I started preaching tonight and I thought it would be a little sacrilegious.

I almost entitled this message, God is Hate. But I think that would not be true. But there is no if.

God is love which possesses hate. And the very fact that God loves good means He hates wrong. The very fact that He loves righteousness means He hates unrighteousness.

What does God hate? All right, I'll give you a few things. I'll ask you not to use your Bibles because I think I'll just use mine and ask you not to use yours. What does God hate in the first place? Listen to this.

Psalm 101, verse 3, I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes. I hate the work of them that turn aside. Did you hear that? I hate the work of them that turn aside.

I preached this morning on turning back, quitting. God said, I hate the work of them that turn aside. What's God saying? He hates quitting.

God hates quitting. God hates starting and going home. But you say to the house, I'm homesick.

I'm homesick for mama. Okay, stay homesick for mama, but don't quit. Anybody can quit.

I said this morning, I want all you young people to hear this. I said this morning and I'll say it again and again and again while you are here at this school, and this is not a baccalaureate sermon tonight, but I'll say this. I got my dictionary down years ago.

I got a pair of scissors. I opened it to Q. I cut out the word quit from my dictionary. I don't want to see it when I open my dictionary.

I cut out the word compromise. And may I say this, there's nothing quite as detestable in the sight of God Almighty as one who puts his shoulder to the wheel and turns back. Don't quit.

Don't quit. Don't quit. Stay in the battle.

Don't quit. I said this morning and I'll say it again. If you decide to quit college, don't you come and tell me goodbye.

I don't want to smell you as you leave town. If you're one of these persons, well, I just can't make it. I just got to go home.

I'm homesick. Well, sneak out of town at midnight through the sewer. Oh, a bunch of quitters hanging around here.

I want people, listen, if you can't take it in college away from home for a few days, you dead sure won't take it when the deacon board looks down their nostrils at you and says, you better watch what you preach here. You say, well, I've done it to you here. When I first came to this church, the deacons had a meeting.

One of them came to me and said, now, these men here this morning, tonight didn't do it, God bless them. If they did, there'd be deacons hanging on the clothesline tomorrow morning. Nobody ought to tell a man of God what he preaches.

Nobody. When I first came here, a deacon came to me and said, we'd like to have a meeting Monday night and discuss your preaching. Is that okay? I said, sure.

Fine. Tuesday he called me and said, where were you last night? I said, out sawing. Well, he said, wait a minute.

He said, you said it'd be okay if we had a meeting to discuss your preaching. I said, it's okay. But I didn't say I'd be there.

Now I'm saying, what does God hate? God hates quitting. God hates this thing of taking a Sunday school class and quitting! God hates this thing of taking a bus route and quitting! God hates this thing of going away to school and quitting! God hates this thing of going to high school and quitting! God hates this thing of saying I'll promise to tithe and quitting! God hates this thing of falling on your face at the altar and making holy vows to God and quitting. God hates! The turning aside, He hates it.

Number two, what does God hate? I'll read for you Psalm 119, and verse 104. Through thy precepts I get understanding, therefore I hate every false way. Every false way.

God hates the every false way. A man stands in the pulpit and says, You come and confess your sins to the Pope or the priest on a Saturday, and the priest will forgive your sins, God hates that. A man stands in the pulpit and says you get saved because you get baptized or that helps you get saved, God hates that.

A man who preaches modernism and says you live as best you can and Jesus did not come to die for us but to show us how to die. He did not come to live the perfect life but to show us how we ought to live. If we follow his example we'll make it okay.

God hates that kind of preaching. He hates every false way. He loves the grace road, he loves the plan of salvation when it's preached in its purity.

Man is a sinner by nature and on his way to hell without God and without hope. God incarnate came to Bethlehem's manger and lived a perfect life and fulfilled and fulfilled the law and went to the Calvary's cross and took upon himself the sins of all mankind, those who have ever lived and ever will live. And God looked down and saw Jesus bearing the sins of all the world and he turned his back on Jesus and Jesus cried, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? And all of a sudden your sins and mine were paid for, it is done, the great transaction is done.

I am my Lord's and he is mine. God loves that. Anything other than that is a false way and God hates every false way.

People often say you criticize other denominations. No I don't, I criticize the Baptist too. But I'm not criticizing anybody's denomination.

I'm criticizing every false way because God hates it. God hates the doctrine that says take the sacraments and you can go to heaven, go to confession or go to communion and you can go to heaven or do good works and you can go to heaven. God hates that kind of thing.

And I hate it and you're supposed to hate it. A Christian's hate life is to include hatred for quitting and hatred for every false way. But there's something else.

A Christian's hate life is to include hating empty ritual. May I read for you please the book of Amos chapter 5 and verse 21. Listen to this.

I hate, I despise your feast days. And now this is God speaking. I will not smell in your solemn assemblies.

He said your church services stink. That's what he said. He says, though ye offer me burnt offerings and your meat offerings, I will not accept them.

Neither will I regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts. That's not talking about the girls at Hiles Anderson College there. He is talking about the fat boys, but not the girl.

Take thou away from me the noise of thy song. Listen, God hates. Somebody's singing a song at church that doesn't mean it.

God hates the chants and the ritual of people who live like the devil for six days a week and come and hear an anthem on Sunday morning. God hates the yodeling of that soloist and who stands behind the pulpit who goes out and sips her cocktail and plays her cards and all week long and comes and sings the solo. I will forget I was in a church one time preaching and a lady stood up to sing.

I don't like anthems in church. I like gospel music. But this lady stood up to sing and she sang an anthem about Peter walking on the water.

And I never felt so sorry for Peter in my life. You never heard such a walk in your life. I mean, Peter went way up high on the water for a while and just stayed up there.

And after a while he went down low, and I thought Peter's going to drown. I wish you'd gone under with him. But now God hates that kind of thing.

God loves when sincere people like Ray Broadway stand up and sing and say, Oh God, help me while I sing tonight. God loves that kind of thing. But he hates this formal, ritualistic, put-on formalism that does not have a sincere ring and a love for God.

By the way, did you know you don't have to go to a big, a formal church, and a ritualistic church to have the kind of worship that God hates? God hates it when you sing in church, Years I spent in vanity and pride caring not my Lord was crucified. And all of a sudden you stop and say, Blessed be God. Why do you sing, Blessed be God, for Calvary? Thank God.

God hates it if you don't mean it. And God hates it if you don't, if you don't think what you're saying. God hates insincere worship.

He said, He, I hate your smelly feast. I despise your insincere songs. That's one reason why I don't like formalism.

That's one reason why I don't wear a kimono to preach in. That's one reason why, can you feature Jim Vineyard in a bathrobe up here on the platform? Dr. Billings wore a robe up here, he looked like a gopher going under the yard. I'm sure you heard about that preacher that came up north from Texas.

He was a country preacher like I, and he came up north from Texas and he was going to preach and he, he didn't, he visited and he saw the formality. He saw the ritual. He noticed that the preacher came in wearing a bathrobe and the men on the platform and the choir.

And then they chanted everything just right. And nobody ever did anything out of place and everything was, and this Texas preacher had never seen anything so pretty in his life. He went back to Texas and he said to his, to his deacons, we were going to have the same thing, but they couldn't afford gowns.

And so they got, they got bathrobes, the deacons got bathrobes and they couldn't afford the incense pots. So he got some buckets and put candles on the inside of the bucket. They carried the incense pots.

And he said to the deacons, now when I stand up like this, my, a cross will form under each arm and you'll see that cross forming and you come down in your bathrobes with the buckets with the candles in the buckets. And so the fellows came down and the pastor was going to say, he was going to pray the

morning prayer. And he, he looked out and saw the deacons didn't have the buckets with them.

What he did, he couldn't just stop and say, hey fellas, what'd you do with the buckets? And so he decided to chant it like they did up north. And so he said, and brethren, what did you do with the incense pots? And the deacons chanted back together. We throw them out the window when the bottoms got hot.

Now God hates that kind of stuff. God hates it. You know, I wish every church that had incense pots would throw them out the window.

I wish every church where the choir sang a sevenfold amen after the, I wish every preacher preached in a bathrobe would throw it out the window. I wish every church that doesn't have an invitation on Sunday. I'm simply saying the time has come when across this nation, we need to realize God hates this kind of insincere hypocrisy that doesn't have a heart of love for Christ and a hatred for sin.

God hates it. And I hate it too. Christians hate life includes hatred for quitting and a hatred for every false way and a hatred for empty ritual.

But it includes other things. It includes an evil heart against the neighbor. I'll not turn to it, but Zechariah 8, 17 says we're supposed to hate an evil heart against the neighbor.

Oh, that thing that comes in your heart against a brother or sister, that thing that makes you feel ill toward a neighbor, that thing that makes you have bitterness and unkind feelings in your heart towards somebody else. God hates that thing. Now I say, I hate this ritual.

Amen. You say, let me say this. God hates that, that bitterness you have against a neighbor as much as he hates that incense pot.

It doesn't quite get the amen, doesn't quite get the spectacular, doesn't quite get the laughter, but the same God who hates insincere religious profession and hates us for every false way and hates quitting. He hates people that criticize each other. I don't mean he hates them.

He hates a critical nature and he hates gossip and he hates bitterness and he hates malice. He hates the thing in our heart that causes people to be separated. In Psalm 119, 163, God hates lying.

In Jeremiah 44, 4, God hates idolatry. In Psalm 119, verse 113, God hates vain thoughts. And in our text tonight, we read something that, several things that God hates.

These six things that the Lord hates. Yea, seven are abomination unto him. Now listen, God hates a proud look.

He hates a proud look. God hates pride. Now may I say this.

I do not think that being bold is being proud. I do not think that fighting sin is being proud. The person that's afraid to fight sin, because you're going to make somebody mad, he's not humble, he's scared.

And this kind of false humility that doesn't hate sin or take a stand or stomp and beat the pulpit when the devil's mentioned, that's not humility. But God does hate pride. I was thinking a while ago as these men were standing, these folks were standing, you know these bus workers that get up in the morning, early in the morning and go out and drive these buses.

You know many of these folks that were standing a while ago are successful businessmen. Did you know one man that stood a while ago is a doctor? Been driving, having had a bus route here for many, many years now. Worked his way through medical school and yet at the same time he had a bus route.

And now he's a doctor. And he's up every morning early. Did you know one of the men who stood a while ago is one of the vice presidents of Conrad Hilton Hotel chain? And yet he gets up and for years has been a faithful bus captain here in this church.

I'm not trying to magnify them, I'm just saying the thing that normally makes people have proud looks we don't have around here. Could I say this? Dr. Goodings, PhD, president of our college. Most excited I've seen him in a long time.

What when? When a bunch of bus kids got saved this afternoon. That's what I'm talking about. Dr. Evans, a boy preaching today, preached on chapel Thursday and spoke to the student body Thursday night and came to me with an humble look on his face and said, Dr. Hiles, have you heard any comments about my sermon? He said, I want to please God and I want to give the students what they need.

And with a humble kind of a spirit he said, if you hear any comments, how I could improve, let me know. We don't have any big shots around here. Any of you teachers here for the school year, you think you're a big shot, come by and get your check tonight, would you please? Any of you professors of the college, if you think you're a big shot, come by.

Let me have about 15 minutes with you. I think I can change your mind. Anybody here because you've got a doctor's degree, you think you're somebody? No, you're not somebody because you've got a doctor's degree, you just had some privileges other folks maybe didn't have.

Anybody think you're somebody because you got more money than somebody else has? Listen, there are men in this room tonight that could write big checks. I mean \$25, some of them. When it gets over \$100, it's just an awful lot to me.

But there are fellows in this room, we have fellows tonight that could write checks for \$100,000 and still make it okay. Fellows for Pete's sakes do it. But they're here tonight.

But they know this is true. They know they're as welcome in this church as anybody, but though they know that the fellow who couldn't even write a check or couldn't sign his own name is just as welcome as they are. God hates a proud look.

God hates that thing that says I'm better than somebody else. God hates that thing that rises his own estimation. God hates a proud look.

What else says that? What else does God hate? A lying tongue and hands that shed innocent blood and heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift to running the mischief, get this, a false witness that speaketh lies and he that soweth discord among the brethren. He that soweth discord among the brethren. God hates someone who says, God hates that thing of saying, did you know? I like him, but God hates that thing of sowing discord.

That's one reason why at our college, we never allow anybody to criticize a man of God or a school that believes the Bible or a church that believes the Bible. It may be that they don't believe all we believe and their hair may be a little bit long and we'll fight the long hair and we'll fight the short skirts. But if they

believe the Bible, we're not going to sit in judgment against them in our college.

Not going to do it. You know why? We're not going to sow discord among the brethren. In these days, when the devil is trying to ruin every one of our kids and he's lost the arsenal, every arsenal he has in hell against our young people.

In these days, when the devil is trying to steal America and ruin our country and make the land of the free and the home of the brave or the home of the slaves instead, we need God's people need to join together and love each other and pray for each other and stand for each other. My heart is grieved when I hear of a big man of God can't get along with each other. It's just time God's people loved each other and prayed for each other and stood with each other.

That lady stood over here one night about the fourth or fifth row from the front. One of our ladies brought a dear lady. She's a Catholic.

I'm not saying anything about that little lady. She was a Catholic and that's descriptive. Sat over here one night and I preached and I healed the dead, cast out the sick and raised the devils, you know.

And I was thundering and this little Catholic lady looked over to our member and she asked the question, who's he mad at? Who's he mad at? And our member looked over to her and said, he's not mad. Really, he's a nice fellow. Amen, amen, amen.

If you won't help me out, I will. But said, that's just the way he preaches. He's not really mad.

And I heard about it. Somebody overheard it and I heard about it and I put a big ad in the paper next Friday afternoon. I announced that I was preaching Sunday night on a subject I am mad to.

And I am. I'm mad because in less than five blocks from where I stand tonight, people can come and dare flaunt the decency of this nation and try to put up what they call an adult bookstore. It's hell's bookstore is what it is.

I'm mad about it and I intend to stay mad about it. If I won't come back here anymore, well, I couldn't care less. If you don't like the truth and if you want some little irritating preacher, maybe you ought not to come here.

But let me tell you something. You better find you a man of God. Young folks, you listen back there in the back.

Listen to me. Sit up straight, little lady, the brunette next to the cave in. You better get your children under a man of God who thunders out against the dirty Playboy magazine philosophy.

I'm mad tonight because of this sensitivity parlor and the lustful, wicked. Back here next to the cave in, there's a little girl with has a ribbon in her hair. She's short behind the girl.

The girl has glasses. Raise your hand right in front of the cave in. You're looking around.

That's right. The girl right behind you. Would you move over to your right, please? That's right.

And you set up, you, you arrange where you can see me. That's right. I hate it.

I hate it when the courts of our, I'm mad when the courts of our nation say that, that, that it's legal to put naked women on the front of magazines and put them in Zayer's apartment store and Barton's drug store and other places. And you think I'm not going to launch a campaign against that. I am not going to let the dirty Playboy magazine and naked women sit right on the counter where you check out, where our boys and girls can see that kind of filth without, without taking a stand and crying aloud against that kind of wickedness that's ruining our, our, our area.

I'm mad about that. And you say, I'm going to go home. I'm going to leave college and go home.

That's why I'm preaching this sermon tonight. I'm trying to prune the tree. Get all the weeds out of the garden.

Well, you say, I'm on the deacon board. Well, if you're on the deacon board and don't hate Playboy magazine, you're on the wrong board and in the wrong church. I'm mad.

I'm mad because they take, because I sit down every, every year and, and get, get all of my records and take them over to an attorney. He fills out my income tax and I pay income tax, state and local, state and federal. I drive down to buy a gallon of gasoline and pay a dime or so tax.

Go down to the store and pay sales tax. Get a licensed plate for a car and pay excise tax. I'm mad because they take that money and build buildings down at the University of Indiana and then invite dirty communists to come and speak.

I'm mad about it. I'm mad because right over here at Morton High School, Dr. Ellis of the Seekers Hell Hole crowd, the sex education crowd, spoke at Morton High School, right here in our city. Dr. Ellis has in print that if he were marooned on a desert island with his sister, he'd have sex with her.

And he was invited as a guest lecturer. I'm mad because in some of our high schools, and I have this on authority, some of our high schools, I'm mad because they're teaching young men how to use prophylactics. I'm mad.

I'm mad because the dirty topless society. I'm mad because of the topless waitresses and the topless bathing suits. I'm mad because of the dirty liquor traffic that's ruining this country and sending it to hell.

I'm mad because of the narcotics crowd. I'm mad because we don't have enough preachers to stand up and crowd out against this filth. I'm mad.

A Christian ought to have the right kind of a hate life. By the way, did you know that you're not going to raise the right kind of children unless you teach them to hate wrong and hate sin, hate evil? There are folks in this room tonight, you're good people and you're nice and fine and courteous and you're Christians and you read your Bible and you pray, but you've not taught your kids to hate sin. Dr. John Rice said one time about a certain preacher in America.

He said he's a good preacher, but he doesn't stomp enough and beat the pulpit enough and come close enough to cussing while he preaches against sin. I don't think you ought to cuss, but there ought to be a holy horror like that little boy in our church went to see his grandmother. She was smoking a cigarette.

The little kid's about four. He looked at her and said, you're a devil woman. She said, who said I'm a devil woman? He said, Brother Hyle, now look kids, don't get me in trouble.

No, I'm sorry she said that. He said that. And I don't think she's a devil woman, but I'm glad the little kid got the idea that smoking is bad.

I love to tell this. I was driving down Sibley Street, drove down about the 1100 block. You know where Lafayette School is down here? Across from the new Lafayette School.

Saw a bunch of kids, the oldest one wasn't over six, and a little girl standing up on a box and she had a crowd, about a dozen kids around her, and she was preaching up a storm. She had her Bible in her left hand. She had a little pulpit and she was beating it like that.

I wonder where she got the idea. And she was hollering. She'd say, the Bible's sold! All the kids said, amen, amen.

One little black boy said, amen, that's right, amen. I pulled over aside and listened to that girl preach. She was preaching on my sermon.

She did it better than I did it too, by the way. She was having an invitation. I laughed and laughed and laughed.

They had dug, they had digged a hole behind the box where she was preaching and filled it with water. Baptistry. Mud hole.

Now, only God could do this. But no, she gave the invitation and would you guess what happened? No joke. Honest to feet.

Scouts on her, it happened. A hound dog came up in the yard and walked down between, down the center aisle, down the center aisle, and looked up at that girl. And she looked down and she said, do you know that you're a sinner? And the dog said, yes.

She said, do you know that if you died, you'd go to hell? And the dog looked up at her, sort of dumbfounded, you know. And she said, if you'll trust Jesus, would you take my hand? And she reached down and grabbed the dog's paw, right paw, and knelt beside the box with the dog. And then after the dog got saved, she stood up and she said, folks, we're glad that, I don't know what she called his name, we're glad he's come to Christ.

And then she took that dog and put him in that mud puddle behind the box. Held him up where he's standing on his two back feet and said, in obedience to the command of our Lord and Master, and upon a public profession of your faith in him, I baptize you. I don't know whether she said brother or sister, and I'm not sure which it was, in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit.

Amen. And she put that dog in that muddy water and he came up a born again Christian dog. But you know what? You never heard such sins that girl preached against.

Honestly. Oh, she preached against sin. And you know what? She had an idea that sin is black and hell is hot.

And that's what I want us to have at First Baptist Church. I want us to reach out and love the sinner and love him with all of our hearts. And I want us to hate the dirty sin.

These mission men up here, we forget sometimes our rescue mission. These mission men up here, many of them, if they'd, I mean this, if they'd had preaching like this, they wouldn't be in a rescue mission tonight. These fellows up here, mission men, were one day little boys and girls, weren't boys, all the men were boys.

And mothers had hopes and dreams and fathers had hopes and dreams for them. If they'd had some Sunday school teachers to stand up and hold little posters up and say, boys and girls live for God, your teacher loves you. If they'd had some bus captains to go walk the streets of the town, these men had some bus captains to care for them.

If they'd had a pastor to stand up and beat the pulpit and say, don't you go into sin, a lot of these fellows would never have known the taste of the last drop of the dregs of the cup of sin if they'd just known. And God knows we have a helping hand at anybody. I was over here, little Cindy, our baby girl, across the, she's not a baby anymore, she's 13, but across the other night, she was standing beside a car and the door was open and the car backed up and didn't realize she was there.

It knocked her to the pavement and it put a gash under her chin right here. And they brought her home and her chin was open like this. And I said, you better, Dad, take you to the hospital and get some stitches.

And we went to St. Margaret's Hospital. It must have been one o'clock in the morning with the emergency ward. And they put us back in the corner and they came and lifted her chin and said, you have to have stitches.

And while she was having stitches, the head nurse down there, she said, you're Reverend Hiles, aren't you? I said, I'm Brother Hiles. She said, Reverend Hiles, I don't go to your church. But she said, you do some mighty wonderful things.

I said, what do you mean? She said, your church cares for people that nobody else in this town really cares for. And I said, at one o'clock in the morning, I said, blessed be God, we ought to love down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter, feelings library that grace can restore, touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness, cords that were broken can vibrate once more. Never a sinner comes to this church who's unwelcome.

Never a sinner comes wanting to help that we don't help him. The other day, remember the boy, Al Rogers? Where are you, Al? Raise your hand. You here? Where's Al? In the center balcony.

Al Rogers. I made a mistake not long ago. He spanked a bus kid out in the street.

He should have spanked him somewhere else, privately, and maybe spanked him a little too hard. But some policemen saw him, and they came, and they indicted him for assault and battery. Is that right? Assault and battery.

And he had to go to court the other day for assault and battery. And he shouldn't have done what he did. He beat the kid a little bit hard.

No, not nearly as hard as some of these kids beat us. But anyway, and he shouldn't have done it in the street and so forth. But anyway, he had to go to the city court.

And I had the secretary call him before he went, and I said, tell him I'll go. I'll be his attorney. I never had pleaded a case before in the courts.

I'd been to courts, but never had acted as an attorney before. And of course, I wasn't even then. But I went to the court, and I sat beside Al while they had several other cases, and then his case was brought up.

And the judge looked at him and said, young man, you're a mighty small little fellow to be beating folks up. And he said, what would Reverend Hiles think about that? And I said, Reverend Hiles is here. I was back in the courtroom.

I said, Reverend Hiles is here. And he said, Reverend Hiles, you want to come up here? I said, I sure would. I walked up and stood right where the attorney always stands and stood beside Al.

And I said, Judge, he's a good boy. He spends all day Saturday out trying to help poor little people, poor little kids, bus kids in the ghettos, and gets up on Sunday and drives over to Chicago and spends his Sunday trying to help people. And I said, some little kid just got out of hand, and he did wrong.

I'm not defending him, but he did wrong. And the judge looked at him and he said, you shouldn't have done it. But he said, I appreciate what you do for others.

He said, I'll give you, I forget what it was, a fine and suspend the fine. It didn't cost a thing. And he walked out a free man.

And Al walked out jumping and shouting and said, praise the Lord. I thought he was going to write some prison epistles there for a while. But, but he said, praise the Lord.

But Al, I remember as we walked out the courtroom, and I was happy and he was pleased and he was grateful. And I'll be honest with you, the courtroom was run in the best American tradition. The judge did it exactly as it ought to be done in every case.

I was, my faith was restored somewhat in our system. But we walked out and Al and I were rejoicing, and a policeman came and said, hey, Reverend Hiles, hey, wait a minute, I want to talk to you. I said, stay outside a minute.

It was the policeman in charge of the courtroom. He came outside and he said, don't you folks quit helping people. And he said, don't do it quite as hard as you did.

But he said, keep on spanking those kids. And he said, I thank God for you folks at First Baptist Church. And he went on to say that he thanked God for the rescue mission.

I want us to have a helping hand always for everybody in trouble. And while we reach out and take the hand of a rescue mission man, who's vomiting in the, in the mission, I want us to hate the dirty liquor and the dirty devil that put him in that shape. I want us to reach out and take, oh my, a little lady came to the office of the day.

She has six, she said, Brother Hiles, I have six children. Now she said, I've, she said, I've been married, and I get this, I've been married whenever one of the children was born, the same man, but not a one of my six children are his. And then she said, I have three, these children have three different fathers, and I've never been married to one of them.

And every time I got pregnant, I was married to the man. That's my husband. He hasn't fathered a one.

And then she began to cry. And she said, I want my children to go to Hammond Baptist schools. She said, is there a way? I don't want them to live like I live.

I grew up in a neighborhood like animals. And she said, nobody ever taught us right. And nobody ever tried to teach us decency.

But she said, I've been saved at First Baptist Church. And I want my kids to go to Hammond Baptist schools. I said to her, they can go.

If I have to dig ditches, they'll go. If I've got to pay it myself, every dime of it, they'll go. And those little illegitimate children are in the classes beside our kids.

And they're as welcome as they can be. We love the sinner. We love the sinner.

We hate the sin. When I walked away from here, Friday night, I never wanted the devil to get embodied so bad. I wasted the tribulation period and I'd been left.

I'd almost be willing to knock the devil, hit the Antichrist right in the puss during the tribulation period. The Lord just let me have one little leave of absence from the marriage of the Lamb. I'm going to come back and spit on the Antichrist.

I never wanted to hit the devil so bad in my life. I won't tell the stories of that day. But I leaned my head against the wall and I said, dear God, what can I do to make sin blacker to our kids? What can I do? Oh, tonight I want to tell you I'm launching a new attack on the devil.

I'm going to, I'm going to try to think of, I'm not going to cuss, but I'm going to say, is there a rick-a-rack-a-pack-a-longer? Dirty blotchy-blotchy-slattery. And I'm launching a new attack on sin. God help us to hate it.

Oh, the writer said, I hate the thing that drove me from the Savior's breast. I hate the pride that swells up in my own heart. God knows I have no reason to be proud.

I hate the bitterness that sometimes comes. I hate the envy that sometimes comes. I hate, oh, sometimes the stubbornness.

I hate it. I hate the sin in my life. I hate the sin in your life.

I hate the sin that robs our young people of decency, and righteousness, and purity, and chastity, and honor, and ruins the future of these precious kids. I hate it. I hate it.

I'm going to say this, and I don't want your sympathy. God knows I don't. Because I, I don't need sympathy.

Anybody ever had a right to praise God and shout, it's this preacher. If God's ever been good to anybody, he's been good to me. But we had to kick 13 kids out of our high school.

And some of those kids, I pastored when they were two, two years old. And some of the parents were here when I came, and stood for me, and fought for me, and left, turned their back on friends for me. And I prayed for their kids when they were in the first grade.

The little girls used to jump up in my arms, and kiss me on the cheek, and say I love you brother Hiles. But they did some things wrong. They're not mean.

They just broke the rules. And I had to, I had to look in the faces of the parents, and say I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

I'm a well man. You know I take care of my money. For two weeks.

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