

Bloody Hands

by Rolfe Barnard

The sermon emphasizes the urgency of warning others of judgment to come and the importance of being a watchman for God.

Duration: 36:41

Scripture: Acts 20:26

Topics: "Guilt"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher emphasizes the urgency of warning people about the consequences of their actions and the need for repentance. He describes a generation that lacks fear of God and disregards His word. The preacher shares a personal experience of witnessing a man sobbing in a church office, highlighting the deep conviction and brokenness needed to truly warn others. He criticizes the lukewarm attitude of many churchgoers and calls for true believers, who have been transformed by the power of God, to boldly and passionately warn others about the impending judgment.

Transcript

Long, long ago there was a man lived by the name of Noah, and the recorded word of God had this to say about him by faith. In other words, just God told him something, didn't give him any evidence to back it up. He had to take it or leave it.

There was nothing on earth except God said it so. It wasn't a sign that what God was saying would come to pass by faith, Noah being warned of God of things not seen as yet. It's scary, it's scary.

How much longer is the mercy of God going to withhold its judgment? People like you and me, who dare to handle things of time and eternity, let a generation of men close eyes with no fear of God, no belief that what God says is so. You and I run around here giving half-hearted lackadaisical on-again, off-again, flanagan lip service to things that are as deep as the heart of God. And the call pours the agony of blood-stained cracks on dog-off-the-hill.

Oh, God, in this sense, Sunday morning disgrace, I wonder why God don't kill three-fourths of the Sunday morning congregations of infer-hell America that dare to make out like they believe a few of the things of the world, and then by their actions are devout enemies of the cross of Christ and the souls of men. God do something with us this morning. This man was warned of God of things not yet seen.

Judgment, judgment, judgment. I tell you, a tremendous responsibility to dare to claim to be a representative of the Lord Jesus Christ, who took this thing pretty seriously, he of whom he could say of himself, no man taketh my life from me, I lay down, must have been something urgent in his heart, God help us, who claims to have been mastered and conquered by him. And all that urgency is about gone.

Nor of being warned of God of things not yet seen. Moved with fear. And prepared in art, and by it he condemned the world.

He drew a straight line. On this side is safety! On this side is death! Nobody believes! But he moved with fear. I read in the scriptures of another man, who must have soaked his soul somewhat, in this passage I've just read you.

The man was able after three years of ministering, getting everybody he can going from house to house, teaching the things of Jesus Christ in the city of Ephesus, until the gospel was preached and made known in all the regions thereabout. And when he called the elders of that congregation in Ephesus to come to my leadership, he's going to say, I'm not going to ever see you again in the flesh. He says, leave my face no more.

I won't tell you goodbye. And he could say, I take you to record this day that I'm pure from the blood of all. He said, I want you to remember this other face of three years.

I cease not to warn everyone. Night and day, with fear. This fellow must have been excited.

There must have been a tremendous urgency about what he's done, but warning people. Not fatiguing people. Not giving people a shot in the arm.

But warning men, and doing it with a broken heart. Oh, they must have soaked, he must have soaked his soul. In this classic passage, Son of Man, I have made thee.

You didn't run for the office. I have made thee a watchman under the house of Israel. Years since I went to a little town in Alabama for meetings and recited on Sunday morning.

It was the typical First Baptist church. Every side, one church town, 5,000, 6,000 people. Everything in town that wasn't anybody was a member, but it didn't affect the way they lived.

And after we'd had the service, I went back looking for my hat. I thought I'd left it in the office. And I started to open the pastor's office, and I heard a man in there sobbing his heart out.

And the dear pastor had not shaken hands with the people. He'd run back to his study after the service, and I could hear him say, Oh, God, I'm so tired. I don't believe I understand it any longer.

Oh, God, I'm so tired. I'm so tired of all of this pain, that feeling with eternal pain. God, he said, break my old heart and do something with it.

Oh, this preacher who speaks to you this morning, the one thing that's above everything must be a heart-breaking thing even to Almighty God, because he's not a monster, is the Sunday morning worship, the hill that's got for the rest of the week no testimony, no witness, no tears. Call it salvation which was purchased at the agonizing cost of the life laid down of the eternal Son of God. Oh, my soul, if I had the power, I would scream against anybody running around, myself included, daring to claim to be a trophy of God's grace and denying that he's been made a watchman on the wall, living in a generation where

nobody believes in things to come, trying to warn me.

The things not yet seen, but they're coming because there's in Christ's place an image of a given generation. Believe! And on the cross we are asked to be hypocrites. If we don't believe it, we ought to be honest enough to say so, and go to hell and not try to take the Church of Jesus Christ to hell with us.

It's a tremendous thing to be made a watchman. He said, Son of man, I've made you a watchman. I'm not appealing in the first part of my message this morning to church people.

I'm appealing to people whom God has gripped and made you something. Even my Lord, where the pastor didn't run for office, he was appointed. I'm not talking to you folks who said to Jesus, your personal Savior's been going on to hell.

I'm not talking to you people that had a little feeling. I'm talking to you people, not respectable, nice little people. I'm talking to people who've been laid hold of, arrested by, and under God's conquering, by the God of all grace, until when you stand up, there's some reality in the throb of your voice, when you say, I don't belong to myself.

I've been bought with a price. I want to challenge you afresh, in this day of christianity that's damning this generation, in this day of nobody warning anybody of nothing, as the Lord says, Oh my God, I challenge you with the fact that if you're a Christian, there's a part of that blanket in warning this generation, that if you don't toast, it won't be toast. I'm so sick and tired of saying nice things about us preachers and church members who are so willing to let this generation go to hell, absolutely unwarranted.

The flesh of yours and mine, until it's finished, if it turns into a giant mourner's bench of confession, that we'd rather have our luxuries and necessities of life, if this world went to hell, than to pay the price that gives us some reason to believe we're children of God, of kneeling ourselves to the altar of utter commitment, and staying there until Christ blows the five o'clock whistle. A woman came to me since I've been here and said, I want you to pray for me. I said, somehow or another, I'm getting colder and different.

Seems like I need just to go back to the altar. And I said, how'd you ever get off of it? My God, these little old tires, ain't the hill church members all the time, saying they need to get back. Hurry! The Old Testament knows nothing about this order.

Except taking those steel hooks, and quenching yourself to the altar of sacrifice, and staying there until God calls you home. Hurry on, you little old tires. Hurry on.

Listen to me. If you've been made a watchman, I'm at you this morning. Therefore, hear the word of mine now.

Don't think it up. Pass it on for me. And you'll be saved.

But what do you want me to tell them? Well, tell them this. That when I say, when God says, nobody believe this. Church members don't believe this.

The preachers don't believe in it. On the top, God says, unto the wicked thou... That's God's pronouncement. You do not give him warning.

You do not... You warn him. You don't give him warning. You can't build up a big church, or have 1,700 sons or two, or give big budget, or be known for your missionary's deal, or your doctrinal position, or

anything of the shining sun, except being nailed to the altar of sacrifice, which is Christianity, and just being my... It's God's warning.

And just say God says, when God's with you, you're going to die. And if you don't warn him, you'll die anyhow. But yes, I can't explain that I'll require his blood at thy hand.

Now, if you didn't warn him, whoo! We went out for a little ride yesterday. We all rode on a big wedding. We went down to this something, this Pasadena something, and I sat out there in that air-conditioned, and Brother Bubba said, I'll do a persecution a little bit.

My wife went in, fingered all the dresses and pieces. She wasn't going to buy nothing, but she likes to look at them. Just a little relaxation.

You won't get a burden for sin. Just go stand on the street corner. Let's go church on Sunday morning.

Or just go and sit in a public place and watch the lawless, the hell-with-God attitude. You can see the smoke caught the hell-with-God blowing from the nostrils of this generation of people. God or no God, Bible or no Bible, holy on God! Holy on God! That'll just give you a burden, Brother.

To warn them, and the cry of the heart of every child of God. Oh God, in this day when the door is being closed of what I'm talking about, ask with a God's help to get the world of men and women off our hands. We ought to warn them.

Stay with them, but don't tip a sword. Old Noah, as far as I can see, he never had a convert. Family got to him.

Faced 120 years. But he warned them. He warned them.

Oh! What kind of people to warn, people? Only people who actually can join Noah in believing the truth of God about things that yet not sink. If that doesn't rip your soul, you should try to warn anybody. You don't know, you don't think you're in any danger.

To every church member, I would not sin against God. The principle of giving not holy things to dogs and casting pearls before swine. I wouldn't waste my time trying to get to every church member to serve God.

He don't know anything. He's never been gripped by the power of God. He don't believe the Bible.

Why, my soul, this world's in bad enough shape without getting you out to butcher. But I would encourage, and I would skin, and I would cut, and I would challenge, and I would castigate your opinion to encourage men and women in this awful day who so hard have been gripped by the power and grace of God and who do believe by God's grace that it's before it hit unto men once that there are an afterlife for judgment. And believe that in spite of you can't see any signs of it, believe.

And go out with a red flag and hang it. Oh, I can't win them, but I must warn them of the judgment to come. Amen.

The same place here for me. I never shall forget. I hear these nice little so-called Oh, did I want Jesus to come for that? Oh, I'm looking for Jesus to come.

Oh, I just want him to come. Honey, if you thought he's thinking to come, he'd have to get on that pony to catch you. You'd run for that.

Because when he comes, he's coming as a refiner's fire. Amen. And I ain't so anxious to meet him, because I'm telling you that God's truth.

I got a lot of blood on my... I ain't preaching now, honey. I'm telling the truth. My God that the people... I had an opportunity to warn, and they didn't take it.

Huh? I remember in the tail end of the Depression in a little town of Electra, Texas. It's out west Texas somewhere. A little town about 7,000, 8,000 people in the tail end of the Depression.

Everybody's broke. They set up 2,600 seats in the schoolhouse yard, put up some lights, no tent, no nothing. All the churches asked me, and I came and went to preach.

And I did preach in those days. I was in controversy about things weren't worth fighting over. I decided, if I was such a big preacher, I'd get me one real crowd.

Folks didn't have enough to go to picture shows, and they'd have to go to the day of television when everybody had a boat and lived like kings and everything else. We were poor back those days. You know, don't you? Very few young folks used to come by, but it was always hard to come by.

And that was a good time to have a meeting. Folks didn't have nowhere else to go, you know. Didn't have any air conditioning in the house, nowhere else.

More comfortable out there. Man, they just come from everywhere. But I decided I'd have me a real crowd, brother, so I could report it.

And so I announced that on such-and-such a night I was going to preach on such-and-such a subject. And it was H-10-1! And they said I had over 7,000 people there, 18. And of course, the folks I was preaching about weren't there, and I had a lot of livid.

And if I didn't get them, I really went to town. I straightened out Southern Baptist Convention and everything else. Didn't stay straightened out very long.

And several poor billy barnders, I just did, sincere and ignorant and dumb as I can be, a little woman walked three miles, carried a child in her arms and two little toddlers along with her, walked three miles with the little toddlers to hear me preach that night. Of course, being such a big preacher and having a big subject, you know, why, I was there chanting the Holy Spirit. And I preached my big sermon to a hawk.

Sometime during the night, she covered up the little baby and went in the bathroom and got a razor that her husband had abandoned and left when he'd abandoned her and her three children. That day, she'd come to the end of a resource. Didn't have a dime, a piece of bread, nothing.

She didn't come up to the meeting to ask for a handout. She came and went and said nothing. But I wondered a million times what was in her breast as she'd walked that three miles with those three children to hear that big preaching voice.

I didn't have anything to say. I'd quit my job and she went into that bathroom, took a razor. They found her the next morning, heard the little children crying in hunger.

So they had their necks completely cut. And I've got to meet her as the judge. She'll be there.

She'll be there. She was a few foot and a half higher. I ain't so anxious to face her.

And before she's cast into hell, how'd I know? She's pointing her finger at me. Said I went and asked for bread. I got a stove.

I said, Jack, I'm going to let you straighten out the convention and everything else from now on. I tell you the God truth, I walked the floor for three days and nights and I ain't never got over it. I had a chance to warn that woman of the only thing I know that really counts.

That's what I've done to her. And I didn't do it. And I didn't point her with any power.

We assume that people think they need you. I'm going to have to give them a count. God's going to require that the bell of that little woman is mine.

Now, Brother Jack, why don't you come up here. Come on, come on. I'll tell you, stick your fist and double it up.

Oh, look at those hands. That's all right, they're good ones. That's right.

Now, you dragged yourself west to seminary. Didn't learn nothing about the gospel. He taught me.

He takes his Bible too, pushes through. Whew! Now, I repeat, I've got you in an office. That's right.

And I got it all. But he said, I require... Their blood! Isn't that all? That's right. I'll tell you what, that's all you know.

That's right. That's right. It's family time.

I can't undo that task, but I got all the blood on my hands, don't I? This blood, but I don't understand it. You put a nice, sort of a fat, well-fed, so-called Christian. Don't you look so handsome.

Your son's still cooking down there. God kept you. I see blood on your hands.

Mr. Terry, I'm going to kick you out just as representative of the Board of Counselors. Stand up, son. Where are you? Where are you? Mr. Terry? Stand up there.

I want you to look at your hands. You're representative. What is it? You got 10, 12 men here? Ask them a question.

I want you to look at your hands until you're done. Oh, Jeremiah, sitting on that stump. We... God bless you.

That son's going to teach you? Whew! How much blood we've got on us. Members of any local congregation that need and dare to claim to be one representative of him who says of his people that we are to be ambassadors standing in Christ's stead pleading with men and women to be reconciled with God. Oh! I wish I had the power to cut my heart and call it Jackson's heart and go to London's heart and all you counselors and all you sons who teach and all you delightful choir singers but the old Jackson's union and the old shooting and I call it heaven on windows! What kind of folks are we to warn? Not nice people, but wicked people.

When I say unto the wicked thou shalt surely die. The wicked! Not the unfortunate. Hell is not going to be made up of folks.

Who are unfortunate. Hell is made up of folks who are wicked. Hell is not going to be full of folks who are not to blame.

Men are blind but to put their own eyes down. Men's will is to understand but to did it with their eyes wide open. Men are in the state of corruption but to walk in it with their own will.

Men are up, men below, they're wicked folks are. We are to warn people like that. What are you going to tell them? Tell them what God says.

When I say thou shalt surely die. Thou shalt surely die. Thou shalt surely die.

What are we to warn people? Well, get your sharp hook brother. Just one thing. Just one thing.

Every person and you are the only people I can warn right now. Best I know how. Every person hearing my voice now.

There's one thing dead certain. It's going to take place. There's one thing dead certain.

You've got to meet God Almighty at the judgment. I know that's so. I know it brother.

Well, maybe I've got to say I hope it's so. But as far as I'm concerned it's settled with me. You tell me about a little man that turned to God that wouldn't finally deal with the awful retaliation against his son.

I couldn't believe him, that kind of God. I'm telling you gets appointed and the man wants to die. That's the judgment.

I'm almost beside myself sometimes because I can't. I've got sense enough, a heart enough to say what I'm going to try to say now. I think they've got to use an illustration.

Some years ago, not long ago, Adolf Eichmann, the man who was Hitler's lieutenant, took six million Jews, burned them, and used their bodies to make soap for the Nazi army. He was apprehended over and Israel, he being a Jew, the little nation of Israel, demanded the right to try. A Christian brother didn't access to his cell after he'd been tried and committed to death.

This Christian tried to witness to him. Maybe you've read what happened inside that cell. Mr. Eichmann said, I do not need a mediator.

He said, it's all right between me and my God. Tonight, I'm not trying to get you to come back, but tonight I'm going to try to preach on which God do you know? It's a vital matter. Mr. Eichmann said he was right with his God.

This man pressed the Lord Jesus Christ upon him. Mr. Eichmann said, no, I don't need him. I'll make it all right.

I'll make it all right. But Brother Bartlett couldn't make it. Not with the God I believe as the only true God.

Oh, I wish I knew how in this closing moment. I wish you didn't have all these microphones and all these fools, and I knew who you were. And the Lord wouldn't get mad at me.

I wish I'd come back there and sit down with you and just camp there until you'd be afraid to have to meet God's holiness and have those eyes that burn into the very soul. That one that sits on the floor and he's the same one that I'm all across. I wish I could sit there by you youngsters and you boys and you men and women until you'd scream inside, Is there any way I can avoid losing a holy God and judgment in my own strength? Until this day some of us believe that there's a judgment and the consequences of that eternal judgment and the consequences and the consequences of that eternal judgment are the horrors of the anger and dangers of God against repentance.

And that's hell. And you wouldn't be excited when you take your little self-righteousness and your little profession of faith and the little things that happen to you once in a while make you feel a little better. You'd get there in earnest and you'd become a candidate for some assurance from him alone who can give it that Jesus Christ has actually actually done for you what has to be done or you'll have to deal with God's holy law.

Not the opinions of men but the holy law of God in your own strength. I know I'm making a failure of this but this is so serious. It's so serious.

Young man, they got caskets down here to fit you. Young lady, the undertaker's got caskets to fit you. It's a point when a man wants to die.

Well, that's not so bad. But after that, the judgment. Oh, you're going to face it without the one mediator between God and man.

Are you going to let anybody on God's earth convince you that you're alright unless you're absolutely latched on to married to and united to the one mediator that can stand between the holy God and sinful man and do something that will enable that holy God to do my fellowship with you. I realize that walking back to that camp and the boy who claimed he'd got saved tried to witness to it, buddy. He had a hard time but he said, now, he said, don't you talk to me.

He said, that Bible, there's nothing to that. Nothing to that. He said, you can't go over that Bible.

He said, oh, he's smart. He said, I'll tell you a lot. He deal with stuff like that.

And the poor little old Christian boy, he didn't know Asian cabbages. I tell you, I believe you're wrong. I believe the Bible is the word of God.

And the boy said, oh, yeah, yeah, yeah. He said, that's what you told me. And finally, the man said, boy, and to be honest with you, he's telling the truth.

I don't know how you go about proving that. And that's how it happens. At 10 o'clock the next morning, Monday morning, that young fellow was up in the top of an oil rig way up there.

Something was wrong with the thing. And the clothes were down. He's up there working.

And something happened. Tom Olson was the boss of the gang or whatever you call it. I saw him.

It couldn't happen. They had an investigation. Leaving.

Found out it couldn't happen. But it did. Just like that.

That cap was blown off. The gas had accumulated something. I don't know enough about these things.

But Tom Olson and I saw it. Without any warning. We put a cap on that well.

And it exploded. And fire gushed out of the mouth of that well. Those flames were burning gay.

And it was so terrific in that force that that boy lodged up there was dislodged. And he came plunging down. Ladies and gentlemen, and nobody knows when the cap's going to blow off and the patience of God is going to come to an end.

It's the only thing men will have. And I don't want to wait that long. To get under the blood.

I believe that boy met God. The God he said nobody could prove. God who gave us this book.

God who turned it back on his son in the agony of Calvary. I believe he met God. And God Almighty judged him.

And I believe he's in a fire right now. Ten million times worse than the fire of that oil well. Oh, God help me.

I'm awful heavy right now. I'm awful ashamed to say if I was under God I could have done a better job. I wish I could lock these doors.

If you ain't here you quit playing mumbo-jumbo with your eternal soul. I long to hear somebody wants to get right with God. I mean wants to be under the blood.

Wants to be secure in him. I don't know whether there's any safety equipped in him. I don't.

God help me. Our Father have mercy on us right now. My soul, my soul have mercy.

Lord do something about this certain fight of my wings. And cut hard. And may it sure enough be so that for me when the judgment day comes this service will be brought before us.

And the decisions they make and the response they make will meet them when men meet God. I want somebody, God to say, Lord God I bought that fella I stand for him. I took his place on the tree.

I want him to stand for me when I meet God. Lord speak to us right now. For bloodstained Jesus' sake.

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