

Herod's Birthday Party

#0966

Study given by W.D. Frazee—October 7, 1966

[Singing.]

In Herod's dungeon all alone
Brave John the Baptist lay.
While kings and nobles wined and dined,
And watched Salome play.
And then was John the Baptist slain,
A sacrifice to wine:
One of earth's nobility—
Part of the royal line.

Nobility—earth's royalty—
It's not the kings and queens and popes
that are its majesty.
It's those who follow Christ in love
And pure humility:
And even torture, chains and death
can't break their loyalty.

The Savior suffered on the cross
In agony divine;
Such pain as His we'll never know—
The sun refused to shine.
An earthquake marked His dying hour,
The sins He bore were mine;
The greatest of earth's royalty—
Head of the Royal line.

Nobility—earth's royalty—
It's not the kings and queens and popes
that are its majesty.
It's those who follow Christ in love
And pure humility:
And even torture, chains and death
can't break their loyalty.

Some day His hands will swing the gates
To Zion in the sky,
And bid the remnant enter in
Where they will never die.
They'll follow Him where'er He goes,
With stars their crowns will shine;
Last of earth's nobility.

Last of the royal line.

Nobility—earth's royalty—
It's not the kings and queens and popes
that are its majesty.
It's those who follow Christ in love
And pure humility:
And even torture, chains and death
can't break their loyalty.

And now, O friends will you be there
Among the blood-bought throng?
And will you eat the fruit of life
And sing the ransomed song?
And wing your flights to worlds afar,
Ambassadors divine.
And tell the wondrous love of Christ,
Head of the Royal line.

Nobility—earth's royalty—
It's not the kings and queens and popes
that are its majesty.
It's those who follow Christ in love
And pure humility:
And even torture, chains and death
can't break their loyalty.

~*The Royal Line*
By: Warren C. Wilson

The story of this banquet that cost the life of John the Baptist is in Mark 6:17-28. You remember the setting of it. John the Baptist had been born for a special work. He was a miracle child. He was born to make ready a people prepared for the Lord—to prepare the way for the Messiah's first coming. He had a special education to get him ready for this. He accepted the holy commission. He was different.

And at God's appointed time, he began his work there in the wilderness of Judea calling Israel to repentance. He rebuked the prevailing sins, the luxuries, the extravagance, the hypocrisy. He called Israel to get ready for the coming of the Lord. And in all this, he's a type of *this* movement, *this* message, *this* people. Is that true? That's true.

Now, you remember that this work of dealing plainly with sin, while it was by God's appointment, it caused a reaction. Herod, the king, came to hear him, and at first, he came under deep conviction, and he made a number of reforms in his life. The Bible says he heard John and:

"...did many things..." Mark 6:20.

He did many things. It's quite a thing when a dissolute king like Herod can make any change at all. Herod made *many* changes. But there was something that burdened him as he heard John speak, and one day he talked with John about it. It was this woman, Herodias, that had him in her affections. She had him enchanted.

But John the Baptist spoke plainly, even though he was talking to a king. He said:

“...It is not lawful for thee to have her” Matthew 14:4.

She doesn't belong to you. And Herod determined to put her away, but like many another enchanted one, when he talked it over with the enchantress, she simply enchanted him again. And all that came out of it was that Herodias determined to get revenge on this prophet that had dared to interfere with her love affair with the king. And to seal the thing, she got Herod to marry her, and that, of course, made it all right, didn't it—left her own husband, and married the king.

But John the Baptist didn't soften down his message, and Herodias got Herod to put him in prison. God didn't interfere. God lets people do what they choose sometimes, and the prophet was in the dungeon.

But that didn't satisfy Herodias. She wanted to have him killed. She wanted to get rid of him, because as long as John lived, she feared for his influence. You see, she looked upon John as a rival, a competitor. *She* wanted Herod, but if Herod listened to John, she'd lose him.

But she didn't dare press the point of killing John right then because she saw that Herod wasn't in the mood, but being a very seductive and scheming woman, and of course, aided by the Devil, she looked ahead.

She thought, Herod's birthday is coming. I know what I'll do. We'll have a great celebration. We'll have everything good to eat, quotes around the “good.” We'll have plenty of wine, and we will have a lot to stir the passions. We'll have everything beauty and voluptuous, everything to please the senses, and Herod will get so besotted that he'll be in shape and the right opportunity will come up and we'll get John the Baptist killed. That's what she schemed—what she planned.

And so, the story here in Mark 6 gives us the picture of the great birthday party of King Herod—of all the festivities that the orientals knew how to carry on—the indulgence of appetite and passion.

And when the party was at the right point, when Herod and those with him had just the right amount of satiation from food and intoxication through wine and music and all the rest—Herodias, who had her daughter Salome all primed and ready, said, Now, it's time for you to go in.

So she came in, in the flesh of young womanhood, and we're told by inspiration:

“With little covering, and less modesty, she danced for the amusement of the royal guests” *Spirit of Prophecy, Volume 2*, page 77.

For Herod, especially. And of course, the effect produced was exactly what Herodias had calculated. Herod’s stomach was full of rich and exciting, stimulating food. The alcohol from the wine that went with it was coursing through his blood vessels, filling his brain. The forebrain was affected.

Herod wasn’t so drunk, friends, that he would have toppled over if he had started to walk out of the room. He wasn’t dead drunk, lying there in a stupor. No. But his conscience was benumbed, and he was in that unnatural excitement produced by the food he’d eaten—he’d gorged himself—and the wine he’d drunk and the exciting sensuous music—and now this vision of this lovely girl, showing herself off in a way to excite admiration and to awaken lust and passion.

And as she finished her dance, amid the great applause, Herod, as a person under the influence of alcohol will do, wanted to do something grand. So he said, Salome:

“Ask of me whatsoever thou wilt, and I will give it Thee... unto the half of my kingdom” Mark 6:22-23.

And she ran back to ask her mother. Herodias had her answer ready—Ask for the head of John the Baptist on a platter. Oh, no, mother. I can’t do that. Yes, ask for that. They had quite an argument back there in the back room, but finally the mother prevailed, and back came the daughter, and said, That promise you made me—I’m ready now. I want you to give me the head of John the Baptist right away on a platter.

Oh, what a thrill of horror ran through banquet hall. Besotted by drink and gluttony as they were, they still had some sense left, but not enough to stop it, my friends—not enough to stop the **murder**. If one man there had gotten up and opposed the thing, it would have relieved Herod. Read it there in Mark 6. It says:

“...for his oath's sake, and for their sakes which sat with him...” Mark 6:26.

In whose presence he had made the promise, he felt obliged to go ahead. What a perverted sense of honor. What a strange twisting of honesty. But presently, as no one—*no one*—lifted his voice in behalf of the innocent party, the command was given, and soon the severed head of the prophet was brought in.

I want to tell you something, my dear friends. Unless you die before your time, you will either be in the place of John the Baptist or in the place of Herod. I think you will see more clearly what I mean, as we proceed with our study tonight, for again, in this generation there is a woman who wants the life of the people that John the Baptist represented.

She's a dissolute woman, one who has had illicit connection with the kings of the earth. Have you heard about her? Yes. She's pictured in the book of Revelation—that woman that sits upon many waters—the great harlot of the **apocalypse**.

And she has been scheming for a long time to silence the voice of reproof. And like Herodias, she has a daughter, and it is the daughter that's playing, and you know who that daughter is, too, don't you. She's the image of the mother. And Revelation unmasks *her*, too. Doesn't it?

And so, I ask, do you know that woman—that scheming, seductive, enchantress, clothed in purple and scarlet and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls. Upon her forehead is a name written:

“...Mystery, Babylon the great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth” Revelation 17:5.

John says in Revelation 17:

“And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus...” Revelation 17:6.

And her daughter is getting ready fast to fill in the picture and dance for the kings of the earth and allure them to the place where they will sign the death decree against the people of God.

Ah, but somebody says, I didn't think any of God's people were going to be put to death by that death decree. I want to tell you something, friends. Actually having your head severed from your body is not the worst problem that a man can face, or one of the worst tortures that he can endure, or the worst trial that he can go through. Am I correct?

And when you and I get in the dungeon, and some of us are *actually, literally, physically* going to be *in* the dungeon—am I right—we'll be right where John the Baptist was.

In Herod's dungeon, all alone,
Brave John the Baptist lay,
While kings and nobles wined and dined,
And watched Salome play.

Yes, it's going to be all over again, and you'll either be in the dungeon or you'll be up there enjoying the feed and the wine and the music and the festivities, and as the result, doing what you never thought you *would* do, doing what Herod never thought *he* would do, joining in the bloody orgy—the blood orgy—of seeking to kill the people of God.

There isn't any neutral class in what we're studying tonight. Not a bit of it, my friends. And do you know how the people that are going to join in these banquets where the death decree for the people of God is finally enacted—do you know how

they get that way? They get that way, my dear friends, just like Herod got it—through the indulgence of appetite and passion, through learning to enjoy the pleasures of sense, divorced from reason and conscience. That is what intoxication is.

The wise man in the book of Ecclesiastes, chapter 10, verse 17, speaks of kings and nobles and, princes, who:

“...eat in due season, for strength, and not for drunkenness”
Ecclesiastes 10:17.

What do you eat for? If you eat just because it tastes good, you’re on your way to Herod’s birthday party. Don’t forget it. If your idea of a good time is to put conscience to sleep and have a lot of fun and frolic and mirth and foolishness—if that’s the thing that pleases you—you’re well on your way to Herod’s banquet, and don’t forget it. And I don’t care if it’s at a church supper or concert or gathering.

There is something that happens, my friends, when appetite is indulged, when the senses are indulged, I repeat divorced from reason and conscience—there is something that happens.

It can happen as people sit glued to a TV screen, it can happen at the bar, as people down one glass after another of whiskey or beer, it can happen as a young person sits just turning page after page of some exciting novel or love story, it can happen as people listen to music that appeals to the physical senses without being connected with conscience. Whatever divorces enjoyment from conscience—that, my dear friends, is not for the Christian.

I want you to think of that a little, as you turn to Ephesians, the 5th chapter, and the 18th verse—Ephesians, the 5th chapter, and the 18th verse. This is the text for what we’re studying tonight. All these other texts we’ve referred to go with it, but this is it—Ephesians 5:18:

“And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit” Ephesians 5:18.

I wonder why he puts those two things in one short verse. Because, my dear friends, you will have one or the other. As the proverb has it, Nature abhors a vacuum. If you are filled with the Spirit, you will have no use and no time and no taste and no appetite and no desire for the wine of Babylon, but if you are filled with the wine of Babylon, there will be no room for the Spirit of God. No.

What is wine, anyway? You know, the book of Revelation again and again speaks of the wine of Babylon. Second angel’s message—what is it?

“...Babylon is fallen, is fallen, that great city...” Revelation 14:8.

Why? Because she did what?

“...because she made all nations...” Revelation 14:8.

Do what?

“...drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornication”
Revelation 14:8.

It's repeated in the loud cry in Revelation 18:1-3:

“...Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird” Revelation 18:2.

Why? All nations have done what?

“For all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication...” Revelation 18:3.

What is this wine? Is it just literal whiskey, brandy, gin, rum, vodka? No. Certainly, it includes that, my friends. God is not in the business of manufacturing intoxicating liquor that takes away the conscience power of men. But never think that the Devil has limited himself or that Babylon has limited herself to just one way of defogging the minds of men. The Devil has a thousand ways, friends, and he's inventing new ones every day. Yes, he does. He has a thousand ways and he's inventing new ones every day.

But whether he comes through the stomach and the bloodstream or through the eye and the ear and the nervous system, the effect of the wine of Babylon is to make the nations drunk.

And what does it mean to be drunk? For the purpose of our study tonight, let us state it very simply—it is to put the conscience to sleep—to put the conscience to sleep. That is why alcohol is so popular and that's why a hundred other drugs, in their drug action, are popular.

Why is tobacco so popular? Is it because it gives people lung cancer or heart attacks? Is that what makes it popular? Oh, no. That's what makes people wish they could quit. But do you know, if a man could today find some way to process tobacco so it could put the conscience to sleep the way it has been and still not give people cancer and heart attacks he'd have his fortune made, my friends. Henry Ford and Rockefeller wouldn't be in the running with the money he could make. Am I correct? You know it.

People are looking for that which quiets the conscience. Alcohol does it, tobacco does it, other narcotics do it. That's the effect of the tranquilizers. That's why they're so popular. That's why tons and tons and tons and tons of them are being used.

But do not think that it is merely through the stomach and the bloodstream or through the lungs that these effects can be had. No. Part of the besotting influence

that affected and afflicted Herod that tragic night came through what he saw with his eyes and what he heard with his ears.

The mirth, the frivolity, the sex appeal, the attraction to lust and to indulgence of appetite, the music he listened to, the sights he saw—all combined to put his mind in a whirl to put conscience to sleep but to leave active the animal nature. That's what cost the life of John the Baptist.

Now, let's look at the other side of this—the better side. When Jesus was asked, What is the First Commandment, He quoted the words of God to Israel, Thou shalt do what? Love the Lord thy God with what? All thine heart and with all thy mind and with all thy soul.

God wants all our love, and when we give Him all our love, He fills all our heart, all our mind, all our soul, all our strength, with His joy, and so it is written in Psalm 16:11:

“Thou wilt show me the path of life: in Thy presence is...”
Psalm 16:11.

What?

“...fulness of joy...” Psalm 16:11.

Now, friends, these next few minutes, I come to the heart of this whole matter, and I want you to watch carefully while we study something, because I know if we can get hold of it, friends, it's going to spoil some things for us and it's going to open up, on the other hand, avenues of pleasure that are tremendous.

What did I just quote there?

“Thou wilt show me...” Psalm 16:11.

What?

“...the path of life: in Thy presence is...” Psalm 16:11.

What?

“...fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore” Psalm 16:11.

Now, I want to ask you something. How much enjoyment does God want you to have? In the light of that text, how much does He want you to have? Fullness of joy.

Suppose that you think of the different parts of your brain. Tell me something. How many parts of your brain does God want to be happy? What? Every one. God has given you many senses—physical senses. How many of them does He want to be happy? Every one.

But I want to ask again the question I asked a moment ago. How many parts of your brain do you think He wants to be happy? How many? All of them. Does He want the emotions to be happy? Does He want reason and judgment to be happy? Does He want conscience to be happy? *Do you? Do you?*

Do you like to have conscience around when you go out for a good time? Or does it get in the way? Or am I asking a fair question? My dear friends, this is the heart of the whole matter. Do you want a happiness that takes in the total being or do you merely want to have some nerve tickles? Do you want a partial happiness or a total happiness?

I asked if you wanted conscience to be happy. Conscience is rather choosy. Conscience asks some questions. Before it lifts the glass, it asks, *What's in there?* Before it chooses a book to read, it asks, *What's in that?* Before it listens to music, it says, *What is the effect of this?* And so on and on. Before it accepts an invitation to a party, it looks critically at what the atmosphere of that party's going to be.

And so conscience is to many people a poor guest to invite to the party. And of course, the way to handle that problem is very simple. A glass of wine will do it, a cigarette will do it, most of what's on TV will do it, most of what's in the movie theater will do it, most of the music today will do it, the wise cracks and the jokes of the comedians will do it, mirth and folly will do it, sentimentalism will do it, this boy/girl craze of the teens or older—that will do it. Any of these things are methods for putting the forebrain partially to sleep. That's the purpose of all of it—diverting the mind from the issues of right and wrong, and fixing the attention on sensuous enjoyment.

What do I mean by sensuous enjoyment? I mean what I like to see, what I like to hear, what I like to eat, what I like to feel, what I like to smell. And do you know, my dear friends, this can be even in the realm of the religious.

We were talking about Herodias a while ago and her modern counterpart—that woman over there on the Tibor—and I tell you, friends, she wants to kill John the Baptist as bad as Herodias ever did, and this book, *Great Controversy*, is one of the reasons.

When you and I are in the dungeon and are called out to face tribunals, there's many a man and woman going to gnash his or her teeth as he hurls at us some of the statements in this book.

Like, for instance, this one on page 571:

“The papacy is just what prophecy declared that she would be, the apostasy of the latter times... It is a part of her policy to assume the character which will best accomplish her purpose; but beneath the variable appearance of the chameleon she conceals the invariable venom of the serpent” *Great Controversy*, page 571.

Hardly calculated to make friends and influence people in some circles, my friends. And don't misunderstand me. We want to do all we can to make friends with every soul that will accept Jesus, but we have no message of peace for that harlot, Herodias. She's drunken with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus.

And what a pity that she's trained her daughter to follow in her steps. What do you say? God help us, friends, that we be not seduced.

But now, listen, on page 566, and listen carefully, and see if you have ever been bewitched, ever had your forebrain put to sleep by such as I will read about:

"The religious service of the Roman Church is a most impressive ceremonial. Its gorgeous display and solemn rites fascinate the senses of the people and silence the voice of reason and of conscience" *Ibid.*, page 566.

What happened to Herod? With the music and the dancing, the feasting and the wine, back there on his birthday? What happened to his conscience? Put to sleep. Same thing can happen in a great cathedral, my friends. And the music doesn't have to be rock and roll, either, and don't think it does. Listen while I read:

"Its gorgeous display and solemn rites fascinate the senses of the people and silence the voice of reason and of conscience" *Ibid.*

Millions of people in America last fall a year ago watched the imposing ceremonials as the pope conducted mass there in New York. Did any of you hear about it? What was the effect? Revelation 13 was fulfilled. All the world did what? Wondered after the beast.

But, mind you, friends, the thing I'm burdened about is not just that you and I may someday be bewitched by some Roman Catholic ceremonial. If we have trained our eyes and our ears, our senses, to think that *that* kind of thing is the way to worship God, where will we be? If we have trained ourselves to enjoy eating and drinking, apart from conscience, to enjoy music and ceremony, apart from the true message of God, to enjoy mirth and folly apart from the voice of conscience, where will we be?

"Its gorgeous display and solemn rites fascinate the senses of the people and silence the voice of reason and of conscience. The eye is charmed. Magnificent churches, imposing processions, golden altars, jeweled shrines, choice paintings, and exquisite sculpture appeal to the love of beauty. The ear also is captivated. The music is unsurpassed. The rich notes of the deep-toned organ, blending with the melody of many voices as it swells through the lofty domes and pillared aisles of her grand cathedrals, cannot fail to impress the mind with awe and reverence" *Ibid.*

Does somebody say, Oh, I wish we had more of that ourselves. Listen:

“This outward splendor, pomp, and ceremony, that only mocks the longings of the sin-sick soul, is an evidence of inward corruption. The religion of Christ needs not such attractions to recommend it. In the light shining from the cross, true Christianity appears so pure and lovely that no external decorations can enhance its true worth... A religion of externals is attractive to the unrenewed heart. The pomp and ceremony of the Catholic worship has a seductive, bewitching power, by which many are deceived...” *Ibid.*, page 567.

My dear friends, remember, Salome is in training to carry out the designs of Herodias. Don't forget it. The protestant world is following in the footsteps of Rome. They are borrowing her rituals, her liturgy, her music, her pomp and ceremony, and many are being exposed to the idea that the way to worship God is by that method. God bring us back to apostolic simplicity. What do you say, friends?

Do you remember my text? Be not what?

“...be not drunk with wine...” Ephesians 5:18.

Whether it's music wine, party wine, TV wine, literature wine, boy/girl sentimentalism wine, the wine of indulgence of appetite, of lust—

“...be not drunk with wine...” Ephesians 5:18.

It intoxicates. It puts the conscience to sleep. It gets people interested in having fun, frolic or some sort of satisfaction with conscience where? Asleep. Don't forget, there's a hundred ways to do it, and any way gets it done. You can do it with a tranquilizer through the blood, you can do it with something that appeals to the eye or the ear. That is the appeal of hypnosis, my friends.

Have you got a headache? There's somebody that can relieve you of that headache, if you'll just turn your forebrain over.

Now, in Revelation 18:4, John hears another voice saying what?

“...Come out of her...” Revelation 18:4.

What?

“...my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues” Revelation 18:4.

Ah, somebody says, I don't know whether that's a very happy program or not. Well, which would you rather be—Herod or John the Baptist? Come now. Which would you rather be? Herod gets a wonderful birthday party. Herod gets everything he wants to eat and nobody to tell him, Be careful. That may raise your blood

pressure, give you an ulcer or a coronary. No. Herod has people around him to just bring it on, more and more.

Herod gets to listen to beautiful music. Herod gets to see all kinds of enchanting, interesting things. Oh, there's so much fun, so much fun, but it costs the life of the prophet—costs the life of the prophet.

I want to ask you something. When we come to judgment day, and Herod and John the Baptist are both there, will John the Baptist wish he had soft pedaled things a bit? Will he? Will he? No. Will Herod wish that he had made a different choice? Oh, yes. Herod will.

I beg you, in Jesus' name, choose now, as you will wish then you had chosen, and do not think there is some middle road that combines all that's enjoyable in both paths. Don't think so, for remember, it's just as simple as this. The appeal of the wine of Babylon, whether it's from the actual whiskey glass or the wine bottle or the TV program or the fun and frolic of the ordinary party or fiction or whatever—the appeal of it is this—it puts the conscience to sleep.

But if you want *real* pleasure, you want something that your *total* being can enjoy, and may I suggest that in finding that, conscience should take the *lead* instead of trying to pull her along. That's what God put the conscience there for. That's what He put reason and judgment there for, not to be begged and cajoled and bribed and argued with.

Don't let people argue with you, friend, against your conscience. And most important of all, don't try to wear your own conscience down. You might succeed. You just might.

Oh, the hours of anguish that Herod experienced, even in this life, when he got over that spree and realized what had happened. He was never happy after that, my dear friends. There is coming a terrible awakening to every young person and older one who has bought a bit of fun at the expense of conscience, my friends—a terrible awakening.

Oh, why not choose those pleasures which involve the *total* being. Why not choose those things that satisfy the forebrain, the highest part of man's anatomy. Why not throw the whole mind and soul into the things that leave no regrets. Why not find in God's way of life the answer to the quest of the soul.

God made us for happiness, friends. He made us to enjoy life. He made us to be abundantly satisfied.

“...be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit” Ephesians 5:18.

And I'll tell you this, friends. If we'll empty our hearts, God will fill them. If we'll give up the idols, He'll come in and abundantly take over. Thank God, Jesus died to make this possible. He died to give us this choice. He died to make it possible to spoil the spell of Satan and to recover us to our rightful senses.

If we'll quit drinking Babylon's wine, the water of life will sober us up, friends.
Let's do it. What do you say?

Dear Father, add Thy blessing to the study of Thy word, and grant that in our hearts tonight there shall be borne a deeper desire, a deeper determination than ever before, to be like John the Baptist instead of like Herod. And though it draw upon us the wrath of Herodias and Salome, God grant that we shall be true to Thee as Thy servant, John the Baptist, was, for Christ's sake, amen.

I wonder, ladies, if you wouldn't sing that song for me again.

[Singing.]

In Herod's dungeon all alone
Brave John the Baptist lay.
While kings and nobles wine and dined,
And watched Salome play.
And then was John the Baptist slain,
A sacrifice to wine:
One of earth's nobility—
Part of the royal line.

Nobility—earth's royalty—
It's not the kings and queens and popes
that are its majesty.
It's those who follow Christ in love
And pure humility:
And even torture, chains and death
can't break their loyalty.

The Savior suffered on the cross
In agony divine;
Such pain as His we'll never know—
The sun refused to shine.
An earthquake marked His dying hour,
The sins He bore were mine;
The greatest of earth's royalty—
Head of the Royal line.

Nobility—earth's royalty—
It's not the kings and queens and popes
that are its majesty.
It's those who follow Christ in love
And pure humility:
And even torture, chains and death
can't break their loyalty.

Some day His hands will swing the gates
To Zion in the sky,
And bid the remnant enter in

Where they will never die.
They'll follow Him where'er He goes,
With stars their crowns will shine;
Last of earth's nobility.
Last of the royal line.

Nobility—earth's royalty—
It's not the kings and queens and popes
that are its majesty.
It's those who follow Christ in love
And pure humility:
And even torture, chains and death
can't break their loyalty.

And now, O friends will you be there
Among the blood-bought throng?
And will you eat the fruit of life
And sing the ransomed song?
And wing your flights to worlds afar,
Ambassadors divine.
And tell the wondrous love of Christ,
Head of the Royal line.

Nobility—earth's royalty—
It's not the kings and queens and popes
that are its majesty.
It's those who follow Christ in love
And pure humility:
And even torture, chains and death
can't break their loyalty.

I want to ask you something. If Jesus died for you and me—and we all believe that, don't we—would He pay a great price like that in order to take something good from us? If we would just turn our lives over to Him completely, do you suppose that He would completely satisfy us? Oh, let's let Him do it. What do you say? He will.

“Thou wilt show me the path of life: in Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore” Psalm 16:11.

Oh, to be happy with an awakened conscience. What do you say? And Jesus is able to wash and clean us out—every pocket of the mind. He's ready and willing to make us new creatures in Christ Jesus.

Is there somebody here tonight that God has spoken to that there's a decision you need to make about something God has talked to you about tonight. It might be something the preacher said. It might be something the preacher didn't say anything about at all.

The Holy Spirit has ways of getting through to hearts the preacher doesn't know anything about. I'm glad. Aren't you? And if there's somebody here tonight that has come face to face with a decision that you know that you need to make, and you'd like our prayers, as we close this service, that God will help you with that, I want such a person to just stand and quietly with bowed head...

[Audio ended.]

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