

Hiding Place from Every Wind 7 of 8

Perfume-laden Breezes

#0336

Study Given by W. D. Frazee—June 1967

I love this wonderful text that points us to the place of refuge, of security.

"Behold, a King shall reign in righteousness, and
princes shall rule in judgment. And a Man shall
be as an hiding place from the wind" Isaiah 32:1–2

Oh yes, have you found this hiding place? Who is this Man? Jesus. Thank God, the Rock of Ages. And He's a what? A hiding place.

I told you about that man, that scientist who, as the atom bomb began to spread fear over the world, wrote the book entitled *No Place to Hide*. He didn't know this text. He didn't know this Man. Friends, you and I have nothing to fear if we're hidden in Him. We have everything to fear if we're *not*, for the winds are blowing. *Every* wind is blowing. From *all* directions, the winds are blowing and will increase.

Well, we've been studying some of these death-dealing, terror-arousing winds—the tornados and the hurricanes, the dust storms, and all the rest. But tonight I have quite a different type of wind to study with you. This wind doesn't howl like the hurricane. It doesn't tear things up like the tornado. It doesn't freeze things like the icy winds. No, no. This is a perfume-laden breeze, and it blows from the gardens of forbidden pleasure, inviting to partake of poisonous fruit.

I want to read an interesting statement here from *Volume 5* of the *Testimonies*. This sentence has been making quite an impression upon my mind:

"Every tree in Satan's garden is hung with tempting,
poisonous fruit, and a woe is pronounced upon everyone
who plucks and eats" *Testimonies for the Church, Volume 5*,
page 599.

Does Satan have a garden? Evidently. Yes, he has a garden, my friends. Are there trees in it: flowers, fruit? Oh, yes. And every tree in that garden is hung with tempting fruit, but it's what kind of fruit? Poisonous fruit.

Have you ever gone through an apple orchard in the spring, or perhaps even by it, and smelled that delicious perfume of the apple blossoms? And don't you love the aroma, the characteristic odor of those apples in the fall when they're all ripe? Yes.

You know, the Lord made the sense of smell, and He made literally thousands of things for us to enjoy through the sense of smell. Much of what we call *flavor* in foods is provided through the nerves of smell. Someone has said that flavor is a combination of taste and smell. I think that's a pretty good definition.

My point is, when God made a garden back there in Eden, He filled it with all kinds of trees that appealed not only to the sight. They were beautiful, but they were good for food.

Now, interestingly enough, in that garden, there was one tree of forbidden fruit. Even in God's garden, there was a tree of forbidden fruit. In Satan's garden that I just read about, *every tree* in it is forbidden fruit. But way back there in the Garden of Eden, God let Satan have one tree. And he took possession of it. He spoke there. He gave a radio broadcast there, and somebody listened.

I want you to go back to Genesis 3, and I want you to see something interesting about this tree and about this fruit:

“...The woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise...” Genesis 3:6.

It was beautiful fruit. It doubtless tasted very delicious (I'm assuming, friends, the text doesn't say, but I think you'll agree with me), but there was doubtless a *wonderful* aroma that came from it. The woman was enticed. She was allured. She was captivated, partially through the fruit and partially through the promises that the wise serpent made of what would be the result of eating of this fruit.

Now, I want to let you into a secret in case you don't know it already. Do you know what the greatest enticement about that fruit was? Now, I want you to stop and think about it for a minute. Did it have delicious flavor? Undoubtedly, but were there a hundred other trees in the garden that did? Yes.

And, as we are assuming, it must have had a wonderful smell, a wonderful aroma. But the other trees—God must have just filled this tree with one kind, this tree with another, and this tree with another. And you can think of the perfume of the different flowers all through the garden. The woman certainly didn't lack for delicious fruit and perfumed breezes blowing from those fragrant honeysuckles and roses and sweet peas and carnations and jasmines and all the rest of the wonderful flowers there in the Garden of Eden.

But do you know there was something special about this tree that had an allurements and an enticement about it that all the other trees lacked? Are you thinking through with me what it was that this tree had that none of the others had? What was it? It was forbidden. That's the point. It was forbidden. Were any of the other trees forbidden? Not a one. That's what this second verse says:

“The woman said...We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden” Genesis 3:2.

And go back to the second chapter:

“And the LORD God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat” Genesis 2:16.

Every one. And then the next word is what? “But.” But of this tree, this one tree, you must not eat of it.

So I say this tree had an allurements about it, an enticement about it, that none of the other trees had—delicious fruit, wonderful aroma, and oh, it was what? Forbidden. Ah, what did that mean? That meant there must be something wonderful in that. There must be something more wonderful in that tree than in all these other trees. Why? Why would He let you have this one and this one and this and this one, but not this one? There must be something in it that is really good.

Now, who suggested all that? Satan. Through what? Through the serpent. And where was the serpent? In the tree. Did it work? Did the plan succeed? Was the woman enticed? This was the thing that did it.

Now, I want to tell you something. Satan has learned a good deal in 6,000 years, but he hasn't forgotten anything that he's ever learned that has worked. And this worked so well that he's been using it over and over and over again.

Turn to Proverbs 9. We'll see the echo of this 3,000 years this side of the Garden of Eden. Here is the enticement of the forbidden, the lure of that which is withheld:

“Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant” Proverbs 9:17.

Now, God didn't say this. It has the same inspiration that this voice back here in Genesis 3 had.

Somebody says, “Well, isn't it in the Bible?”

Yes, Genesis 3 is in the Bible. Genesis 3 is an inspired account of what the Devil said through the serpent. And Proverbs 9 and the closing words are an inspired account of what somebody says who is leading people to hell. That's what the 18th verse says. Perhaps I ought to read back from the 13th verse, so you get the setting:

“A foolish woman is clamorous: she is simple, and knoweth nothing. For she sitteth at the door of her house, on a seat in the high places of the city, To call passengers who go right on their ways: Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither:

and as for him that wanteth understanding, she saith to him,
Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is
pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there; and
that her guests are in the depths of hell” Proverbs 9:13–18.

Tell me, friends, what did God tell Adam and Eve would be the result of their eating of that forbidden tree? Death would be the result. Is that what this says? Oh, yes. The reason that God has forbidden some things is that they lead to death instead of life, and He wants us to have life. The reason that some things are forbidden things is that, in the end, they bring pain instead of pleasure, sorrow instead of joy, disappointment instead of satisfaction.

But the Devil twists all that around and turns it around and says, “So you can’t do everything?”

No.

“I wonder why. I wonder why God said, ‘Thou shalt not commit adultery.’ Trying to keep you out of some pleasure, isn’t He? Trying to keep you out of some fun.”

That’s what this foolish woman says. She calls passengers who are going right on their way. She says to them:

“Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is
pleasant” Proverbs 9:17.

That lure is just as effective today, my friends, as it was 6,000 years ago—the lure of the forbidden, the enticement of holding up that which is outside the law, against the law, contrary to the rules, and saying, “I wonder why they won’t let you do this or that or the other thing. They’re just trying to keep you from having a good time. Come, I’ll show you. We’ll really have a wonderful time. A wonderful time.” Ah friends, that God may help us to escape from this allurements!

Now, I’d like to have you turn to the Song of Solomon. This is just a few more pages to the right from Proverbs. And I want you to see something interesting here. You know the Song of Solomon is an inspired love song. Most of the love songs in this world are inspired by a sentimental, romantic state of mind that is fictitious, unreal, and those who are lulled and enticed with that romantic, lovesick sentimentalism sooner or later wake up to the realities of life.

Many years ago, back before my time, there was a popular song. Somebody told me about it. I’ve never heard the song, but I can’t forget the words: “I picked a lemon in the garden of love where only peaches grow.” I know the world laughs at that, but friends, I don’t. I feel sorry. When I think of what a wonderful experience true love can *be*, what a wonderful experience true love *is*, I feel sorry for anybody who’s picked a lemon. I do. My heart goes out to them in pity.

Lord Byron, one of England's greatest writers and also one of the vilest and licentious men of his time, at the age of 36 penned these words:

"My days are in the yellow leaf. The flower and fruit of love is gone. The worm, the canker, and the grief are mine alone" Lord Byron.

Think of it! Only 36 years and already, he was cynical. He had drained to the last drop the cup of love as *he* found it. And already, friends, he was disappointed, disillusioned. That's the way the world deals. That's the way the serpent deals.

But I come back to this Song of Solomon. I say to you, this Song of Solomon is an inspired love song of true love. Now, I know that this is taken in symbolism to represent the love between Christ and His church, and this is true. But, my dear friends, the reason that Jesus takes it as the symbol of the union between Him and His church is that it represents a true, real, glorious, happy experience between a man and a woman in this world who are called in God's plan to the sweet experiences of love in marriage.

In Song of Solomon 4:16, we have all this love, all this joy, all the mystery of love between husband and wife, represented in this figure of the garden:

"Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits"
Song of Solomon 4:16.

Yes, friends, there are joys and delights in true love that *only* God could originate and that *only* God can make possible. But this strange woman of Proverbs that we just read about is saying to the passersby, "Come and I will give you the fruits of love. Come and I will give you the sweets of love."

Turn back to Proverbs. I want you to see how it's worded there. We were looking in the ninth chapter; go back now to the seventh chapter. Solomon says:

"For at the window of my house I looked through my casement, And beheld among the simple ones, I discerned among the youths, a young man void of understanding, Passing through the street near her corner; and he went the way to her house, In the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night: And, behold, there met him a woman with the attire of an harlot..." Proverbs 7:6–10.

What does 'attire' mean? What? Dress. You mean the harlots dressed in a way that Solomon could tell who was one and who was not? I wonder what he'd do today. I wonder what he'd say.

Before I pass on, I'll just have to comment on this. He does not say this woman was one, but he said she was *dressed* like one. As you'll see, she *acted* like one:

“And, behold, there met him a woman with the attire of an harlot, and subtil of heart. (She is loud and stubborn; her feet abide not in her house: Now is she without, now in the streets, and lieth in wait at every corner.) So she caught him, and kissed him, and with an impudent face said unto him, I have peace offerings with me; this day have I payed my vows. Therefore came I forth to meet thee, diligently to seek thy face, and I have found thee. I have decked my bed with coverings of tapestry, with carved works, with fine linen of Egypt. I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon. Come, let us take our fill of love until the morning...” Proverbs 7:10–18.

Oh, what an invitation, what an enticement! Here, indeed, are the perfume-laden breezes blowing from the gardens of forbidden fruit.

Now notice what the 27th verse says:

“Her house is the way to hell...” Proverbs 7:27.

Pretty plain talk, isn't it?

“Her house is the way to hell...”

“For she hath cast down many wounded: yea, many strong men have been slain by her” Proverbs 7:26.

Women and girls, I ask you very plainly tonight, as God's ambassador, who are you dressing to please? For whom are you fixing up your hair, and dolling yourself up, and perfuming yourself up, and painting your eyes up? Who are you trying to catch? Married or single, old or young, tell me. Tell God. Answer to your own heart.

We are living in an age when Sodom and Gomorrah and the antediluvian world, those conditions are being repeated, and all the world is going mad on this question, insane.

Are you reading in the union paper these articles on dress? Have you read who has designed these modern styles with these short skirts and why they were designed? Have you read that? Well, it's just an echo of what I'm reading here in Proverbs. I don't care to use some of the words that the world is using with reference to them.

But oh, my dear friends, how in the world the daughters of Zion, who are preparing to meet Jesus, can copy and imitate and ape these worldly styles from head to foot and all in between, I do not understand. I can tell you this: all who do it are

working with Satan to entice and allure men to break the Seventh Commandment. Have I said it plain enough? Is it clear?

And I want to tell you something, friends. If you were building a fence to protect somebody you love from going over a precipice, would you build it right on the very edge, or would you try to get back a ways? Do you believe in a margin of safety? Look at these automobiles speeding down the highway. How wide are they? Is a good highway just wide enough for two cars, or is there a little margin of safety? I'm afraid of the thinking of people who provide no margin of safety.

Dear women and girls, if you really are modest in your heart, and virtuous in your character, you'll want to have a wide margin of safety in all these matters. You'll want, under all circumstances, to be so attired that nobody will have the slightest thought that you are alluring or enticing or bewitching or have a "come hither" look or attitude or anything of the kind.

Yes, the winds are blowing, my friends. The winds are blowing—the pestilence-laden winds that I studied with you a week ago tonight, and these perfume-laden breezes that I'm studying with you tonight. And they smell so sweet that they lure and allure all who will pay any attention to them.

You know another facet of this, another feature of this, is the matter of feasting, the appeal to appetite. The two things go together: the appeal to the affections and the passions on the one hand and the appeal to appetite on the other. Usually, they go together.

When Balaam tried to curse Israel, and his curses fell harmless like water off a duck's back, he finally said to the king of Moab, "I know how to get Israel cursed. It won't be with my incantations up here on the mountain. I'll take care of it if you cooperate with me." What did he do? He had the king of Moab plan for a great feast in honor of their gods. Read about it there in *Patriarchs and Prophets*. Read that chapter on the "Apostasy at the Jordan."

Balaam, that backslidden prophet of God, deliberately planned the ruin of Israel. And how did he plan it? By having a big feast, a big feed, and a big show, and inviting Israel to come—sort of an ecumenical spirit, you understand: 'show a good neighbor' attitude. Oh, they weren't invited to come and worship the gods. Oh, no. They were just invited to come and look on. But before they got through, friends, they were eating what the Moabites were eating, they were singing what the Moabites were singing, they were dancing what the Moabites were dancing, and they were breaking the Seventh Commandment with the Moabites. Read it there in "Apostasy at the Jordan" in the book *Patriarchs and Prophets*.

"All these things happened unto them for ensamples: and they are written for our admonition..." 1 Corinthians 10:11.

Now, I want to tell you something, friends. This garden of forbidden fruit is filled up with the idea of fun, foolishness, feasting, folly. And if there are any fun-loving Adventists here tonight, I hope you'll be converted because these breezes that blow from the garden of forbidden pleasure, these breezes are blowing everywhere tonight, friends. And unless you know where the refuge is, you will be lured away.

May I read this statement in *Volume 5* again?

“Every tree in Satan’s garden is hung with tempting, poisonous fruit, and a woe is pronounced upon everyone who plucks and eats” *Testimonies for the Church, Volume 5*, pages 599.

“Well,” says one, “nobody wants us to have a good time.”

Well, that’s what the serpent told Eve. And I want to tell you something, friends. If that lie succeeded when everything around her was happy and pleasant and favorable, I know I’m not big enough to keep you from going after forbidden fruit, if that’s what you want.

If God (Oh, please get this lesson!), if God Himself couldn’t make a garden beautiful enough and attractive enough and interesting enough and delicious enough to hold Adam and Eve from that one tree, God forbid that you and I should blame His ministers, His teachers, His administrators, His parents if they cannot make a program attractive enough to keep our young people from the forbidden ways of this world. Do you see what I mean, my friends?

We hear the plea, “Oh, if you’d only make it more attractive.” Why didn’t God make Eden more attractive? Tell me, honestly, heart to heart, why didn’t He? I tell you, friends, there’s something about the mystery of iniquity as there is about the mystery of Godliness that’s impossible to explain.

“...A Man shall be as an hiding place from the wind...”
Isaiah 32:2.

And there is a place to be safe and secure from all these perfume-laden breezes that tempt to forbidden pleasures. That Man is Jesus. If you and I will come, the place we’ll find Him is at the cross.

“Ah,” says one, “I don’t see much of a good time there.”

I’ll tell you, friends, the only way for you and me, poor sinners, to find a real good time is to come to Calvary. If that’s a paradox, it’s still the truth. We sang a few moments ago:

Jesus, keep me near the cross;

There a precious fountain
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

This is the river of the water of life. There's real joy found in the heart of the one who has knelt at Calvary, and there learned the folly of sin. Oh, my friends, that we may come to Jesus!

Dear old Elder McGuire used to use this illustration. It's helped me to realize some things. He said, "Suppose that we should hear about a young bride whose husband has been murdered. And a few evenings later we go over to call on her, to comfort her. And we knock at the door. Presently she comes to the door, and she's a bit embarrassed. She hardly likes to invite us in. But we linger, and she finally invites us in. There are several men there. They seem to be having a game together and with her. And we've heard as we came up the walk some laughing, apparently having a gay time. We wonder who these men are with whom she's having such a gay party. And she finally admits that these are the men that murdered her husband."

Unthinkable, isn't it? But I want to tell you, friends, when we come to Calvary, we find that what killed Jesus was the *sin* of this world, the *folly* of this world, the *fun* of this world, the *selfishness* of this world, the *law-breaking* of this world, the *gluttony* of this world, the *frivolity* of this world, the *vanity* of this world, the *pride* of this world. And when you and I can have the slightest bit of satisfaction in sharing that or watching it or participating in it, we are enjoying fellowship with those who have murdered our best Friend:

"Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the
friendship of the world is enmity with God? whosoever
therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God"
James 4:4.

Listen to how someone has put it:

Nay world, I turn away,
Though thou seemest fair and good;
That friendly outstretched hand of thine
Is stained with Jesus' blood.

If in the least device
I stoop to take a part;
All unaware thine influence steals
God's presence from my heart.

I miss my Savior's smile
Whene'er I walk thy ways;
Thy laughter drowns the Spirit's voice,
And chokes the springs of praise.

If e'er I turn aside
To join thee for an hour,
The face of Christ grows blurred and dim,
And prayer has lost its power.

I tell you this, dear friends: we shall either enjoy Heaven or we shall experience hell. Hell is for those who cannot be happy in Heaven. That's what hell is for. God's going to take everybody to Heaven that can be happy there. Could you be happy there? What are the things that make you happy here? Will they be there? Is that a fair question?

The prophet of God tells about a woman, a *woman*, mind you, who had a pipe. It was her idol. That was her pleasure, her solace. And when she found and came face to face with the fact that to get ready for Heaven meant to give up that pipe, do you know what she said? "Farewell, Heaven." Yes, she said it. That's what the prophet of God tells us. She'll have to be where the smoke of the burning is.

What is it that makes you happy? I ask again, what's your idea of pleasure, a good time? Will it be in Heaven? Are you sure?

May I tell you, friends, what *really* satisfies? This is what God was trying to teach Adam and Eve 6,000 years ago. It's what He's still trying to teach us. Real satisfaction and joy come only through love. And love is not selfishness. Love is not wanting our own way. And do you know something? If we have enough love, when there's a sign on a tree that says 'forbidden,' instead of wanting to go over there, we'll want to keep away from it. That takes a lot of love, doesn't it? Yes.

Wouldn't it be a wonderful thing to have so much love that *anything* that God even hinted He wanted us to keep away from, we'd stay just as far away from it as we could, whether it was a book or a show or a skating rink or a dance hall or card game or a bowling alley, you know, on and on and on and on... Wouldn't it be a wonderful thing, friends, to have that much love for Jesus?

God's going to have 144,000 people pretty soon, just like that. the Devil's going to do everything he can. He's going to blow every wind at them he can. He's going to blow these terrible tornados that look like they could tear them all to pieces, but they'll go right through it. He's going to blow against them this awful howling hurricane of persecution, but they will not yield. And he's going to turn on these perfume-laden breezes from his garden. He's going to entice them. He's going to sing oh, such sweet music to them and tell them about how much fun they can have if they'll only come and watch the Moabites.

But there are going to be some young people today, as well as older ones, that are going to say, "Not a bit of it. I'm not even going to investigate. I'm not interested. I have found something better. I love my Lord. If my Lord is not there, I don't even want to be there. The more fun there is there, the less I'm interested if He's not there. I don't *want* to find any fun away from Jesus or apart from Jesus." This is the hiding place:

“...A Man shall be as an hiding place from the wind...”
Isaiah 32:2.

You know, I'll have to be honest with you. I feel sorry for some of our young people today that have just enough religion to make it hard for them—not enough to thrill their souls with real pleasure in prayer and Bible study and soul-winning; just enough to bother their conscience when they're having fun, or afterward. Do you know what I mean, any of you?

Ah friends, if there's a soul in that middle position, I invite you: come to Jesus, and you'll find Him at the cross. Come to Jesus and see Somebody that loves you a million times better than all your so-called friends, who loves you enough to die for you, to give His life for you.

And as you look at that dear face wounded for you, as you see that heartbroken for you, you ask, “What did He do it for? To make me miserable?”

Oh, no.

“To get me into trouble?”

Oh, no. To get me *out* of trouble. To get me happiness. Not just on Saturday night, but *every* day in the week; a joy and a satisfaction that are found—mark it—not in tickling the nerve endings, but in satisfying the soul.

Jesus made you for love—the love of God. If you know Him, you are hidden and safe from all these alluring temptations. Oh, that Jesus may make this real and close and practical to all of us tonight.

I'd like to read you a few words from *Education*, page 296:

“Something better is the watchword of education, the law of all true living. Whatever Christ asks us to renounce, He offers in its stead something better” *Education*, page 296.

And once the gaze is fixed upon Him, the life finds its... [Recording ended in progress].

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