

Copyright 2001 By Lucille King
All Rights Reserved and Duplication
Of This Publication Is Forbidden,
Except For Personal Use

* * * * *

Digital Edition 10/22/2001
By Holiness Data Ministry

* * * * *

The Sunday School Beacon
August 7, 1994



LISTEN, PLEASE
By Mrs. Paul E. King

How shall I write what I feel burning on my heart? Where shall I begin? I feel like Jeremiah, when he penned, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people!" (Jeremiah 9:1).

Without any disputation whatever, each of my readers will have to agree and admit that we are living in a day and time such as we have never seen. Anyone who is a student of God's Word knows that we are nearing the final countdown of this age: Jesus is coming soon!

In all too many cases, the pulpits of our land have been silent far too long in their blasting of the trumpet against sin and wickedness and worldliness in all its subtleties, its forms and fads and fashions. For many years the trumpet has been giving an uncertain sound and now we are reaping the whirlwind (Hosea 8:7). The gates have been thrown wide open and with the perverse, modern declaration that there are no absolutes-none whatever -- we are witnessing a floodtide of the lowest, vilest, foulest kind of moral filth and sludge and debauchery imaginable.

Not only are adults involved with and bogged down in the sludge of pornography and immorality and the foulest, vilest kinds of wickedness and sins, but our seven-, eight-, nine-, ten-, eleven- and twelve-year-olds are too. Listen carefully, please, and follow me as we take a quick "journey" back to Genesis 19:4 -- "But before they lay down, the men of the city, even the men of Sodom, compassed the house around, both old and young, all the people from every quarter." Notice please, the group -- old and young.

Follow me again to verse 11 of the same chapter; "And they smote the men that were at the door of the house with blindness, both small and great: so that they wearied themselves to find the door." The italics are mine; but, again, notice the group -- both small and great. "As it was in the days of Lot . . ." Jesus said, so also shall it be in the day when He will return.

We have gone so far down the road of decadence, decay and shamelessness until when one cries out against the sins, the wickedness and the worldliness of the day, he is branded a fanatic. Amos the Prophet had something to say about this; a message from the Lord: "They hate him that rebuketh in the gate, and they abhor him that speaketh uprightly" (Amos 5:10)

My reason and purpose in writing this is to warn you, dear reader, that sin always has its payday. Always! Galatians 6:7 and 8 tells us so: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

"For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting"

I have met many people in my lifetime and my late husband and I have pastored and worked with many, both old and young. We have rejoiced greatly with the overcomers but have grieved deeply and wept bitterly over those who chose to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season and in the end reaped the corruption of their sins sown to the flesh -- death!

Some may laugh at this; others will mock and make light of it, but reaping day is coming! For some who are reading this, it may be sooner than you realize. Let me tell you what has caused me to write this and why my heart is moved strongly and urgently to do so: Some time back, I received a letter with sad news in it. Very sad news. But even before this letter, I received another one some few years ago that nearly broke my heart. I shall go to this letter first --

My husband and I knew the young man; knew him well. He was kind and most respectful to us every time we saw him. He believed in the messages he'd heard my husband preach. More than that, he even responded to the messages by coming to an altar of prayer a number of times. How we prayed and wept for him and over him! And, yes, he prayed too. And shed tears. Many tears. Then he'd get to his feet, still without victory and peace in his heart, and leave the service.

We saw him occasionally One of the first things he was asked was, "How is it with your soul?"

The response was always the same; it came by way of a negative shaking of his head.

Like I said, we'd see him occasionally -- with a "companion." A male companion. Oh they changed, to be sure; the male "companions," I mean. We felt sick, literally, and sick in our heart. Red lights started flashing somewhere inside us; sirens began blaring and wailing. We wept. We prayed. We pleaded with him to confess his sins and to come to Jesus for washing in the Blood.

He found employment elsewhere and moved away, we were told. We continued praying for our friend, and for those who shared his life-style of

being, not a gay as today's society calls it, but a Sodomite. We loved our friend and his friends but we hated the sin in which he was a partaker. He lived dangerously, frequenting the gay bars. . . .

Payday doesn't come every week in this "wages of sin" business. Nor, even, every two weeks. Nor, maybe, even for months, or years. But it comes! Ah yes, it comes. Always!

That is why, when the letter arrived from out of state that day some years ago my heart felt like it was broken. It was a letter that was full of pain and heartache and heartbreak from the writer; a letter which, she stated, she had meant to write earlier but which she couldn't do, in light of the "freshness" of the tragedy.

"He died of AIDS!" our friend wrote. "And still so young!" she lamented. "What a senseless way to die! So needless! So very young for one to die! What a waste of life! How heinous the sin!"

I read and reread the letter. I wept. Did we do our best when we saw him? I cried out in questioning. Could we have done more for him when he made his way to the altar those few times in that particular place? Did we. . .? Did we. . .?

I sobbed. His soul! His soul! Was he ready to meet God? Had he gotten saved? Did he remember the altar scenes of earlier years? AIDS! Our dear friend dead! And because of AIDS!

Oh, dear reader, listen to me, please. PLEASE! It's dangerous to trifle with God! It's deadly to "toy" and "play" around with sin. Deadly! And damning too; for unless each and every sin is confessed and forsaken and repented of it will land you in the lake of fire prepared for the devil and his angels, where the fire is not quenched and their worm dieth not.

God hates this terrible sin of sodomy, be it men with men or women with women. It is more than a mere "life-style"; God's Word calls it SIN! And like all other sins, it will damn one's soul in hell unless forgiven and repented of! Oh dear reader friend, there is mercy and pardon at the Savior's side for you! Come to the fountain and let Jesus wash away your sins.

The other letter I received told me of yet another death. And, yes, this too was one of our friends -- a man in midlife. But still so many years from the threescore and ten. He went out suddenly, my correspondent informed me.

To say I was shocked is putting it mildly. I cried. I prayed. I looked at the letter again; read the news over. Wept some more. His wife! The children! And then my mind went back, back in time to an altar scene. Not just once, but a number of altar scenes. He was among those seeking God. The battle raged, what a battle! The struggle was fierce. He spoke to my husband alone. Pornography had him chained! Locked in! Bound! He wanted to be free. . . .

Back to the altar; down on his knees. Again, a fierce struggle. The battle was set; the lines were drawn; it was fierce. The saints wrestled, prayed, wept, interceded. Satan's forces fought tenaciously. God's host persisted, pleading the blood; nothing but the blood. Then, victory. Glorious victory! He came through shouting; his entire being was transformed. It was glorious. Wonderful!

Weeks came and went. One day our friend appeared at our door. His countenance was sad. Crestfallen. The glow of the glorious victory and the shine of the presence of God was gone. Our hearts broke.

"I tried," he told my husband. "I really tried. But it's no use: The pornographic magazines that I looked at in the past are emblazoned on my mind. They're there. I can't get away from them."

"Plead the blood of Jesus!" came my husband's impassioned reply. "There's victory through the precious blood."

"If only I hadn't gotten started. . . ." It was a lament.

"The blood of Jesus Christ God's Son cleanseth us from all sin," my husband answered. "Let's pray, dear friend."

And pray we all did. The die was cast; a soul was in the balance. The man left without victory; left without the presence and the glory of God. Our hearts were broken. Saddened. Pornography made a slave of him. Back to the fleshpots of sin he went. And now the letter! Dead! He was dead! His soul! Oh, his precious never-dying soul!

Sad indeed, and my heart breaks and weeps for any and all who are bound by these wicked and evil practices; especially so since you need not be bound and chained; not by anything--be it pornography, sodomy, the watching of wicked videos and television, adultery, fornication, abortion, drugs, alcohol, the sin of immodesty, whatever--God, through the Lord Jesus Christ, has total victory and complete deliverance for you. Come to Him now! You can be set free!

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Will never lose its pow'r --
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved to sin no more.
E'er since by faith I saw that stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.

There's pardon for you, dear reader friend, and complete victory in the Lord Jesus Christ. Come to Him now! Listen -- please!