

Exodus 3:15 "and I sat where they sat"
CHAPTER 8.

SUBJECT: The Golden Heart

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GF

EZEK 3:15 "And I sat where they sat."
 (a) The people - burning - anger - refusing to speak - sitting on the banks of the river charbon
 (b) I would make this the base principle of every home - ^{the meaning of love & sympathy} ^{the meaning of love & sympathy}

I. LOVE AND SYMPATHY IN CONDEMNATION.

- ① I can never of condemnation mixed with love, sorrow, or grief. ^{the meaning of love & sympathy}
- 1. Paul at Ephesus - "By the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears."
- 2. To the Cor. sends letters for the first: "Out of much affliction and anguish of heart I wrote unto you with tears."
- 3. I looking to see how the scathing denunciation of Jesus looked ^{in the eyes of the hearers} - "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem... which killest the prophets, stonest the messengers, sayest thou, 'If I had known what thou doest, I would have forgiven thee.'"
- 4. Moses, whipping me with the long leather thong behind the dove. ^{lying as she whipped}
- ⑤ Even in condemnation, a word to both people & I ^{(a) empty not yourselves}

II. UNDERSTANDING, (FORGIVENESS IN CRITICISM, CHARITY IN DIFFERENCE)

If the English would not persecute the Methodists...
 If the tobacco were no landless
 If the husband, wife - parent, child.
 If the father, mother, wife - parent, child.
 If my wife, house, & I - the spirit - the child.

(a) existing because
 meaning provided for
 little of something, how much
 of future, present, and
 next spirit: pleasure,
 next as with: untroubled,
 next help: more than
 ought to be.
 (A) Indian

III. PRAYER AND HELPFULNESS IN MISFORTUNE.

- 1. If I were the father, mother - and my eldest son (the poorest family)
- 2. If I were rich - for me - invalid
- 3. If I were an orphan - for me ^{(a) I was in a little girl, because she, mother died.}
- 4. If I were old - for me
- 5. If I were lost, in a country of darkness - the light for me.

THE ROOM

"OTHERS"
 (a) I, not to be punished, but to help & minister.

Ezek. 3:15 "And I sat where they sat."

The miserably captive, humbled by Christ. Co. 1:27

The beginning ministry of Elisha. Identified himself with them.

The golden rule: I shall do to a fellow man as I would they do to me.

The golden rule: the understanding heart: in judgment, attitude, place myself in the man's shoes.

- the law principle for every hour
- the necessity of the heart for every moment
- the application for action plans and purposes.

I. Love and Compassion in Condemnation.

The time comes when we must oppose, condemn. Leviticus 24:1

But love with words mixed with tears of compassion and grief.

Leviticus 24:1-4

(c) rather, sympathy of the whipped

John 8:12

- Light in world, I am the light of men, he said, yet I am not the light of men!

Love in condemnation - not to hate people. This was, that way, but then came out of that love.

(c) Peter "anything but not love"

II. Understanding, Charity in judgment.

(a) Understanding of Jesus.

How much I see lines of problems, failures.

Spiritual help, judgment -- sympathy in our work -- things would have nothing to do with it. How open to the light.

What is understanding heart in mercy.

(c) Michael's note, just before the page

and
11/28
on page

III. Prayer and Holiness in Misfortune.

of I never self, miracle for me.

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10/28/12 - 11/2/12
11/2/12

And this was the day that I saw the light of the world.

10/28/12 - 11/2/12
11/2/12

W.H. Wood.
4/51
Caldwell
7/51

Newburn
1935

10:07 AM.
Linnell Hill

D
11/44

CHURCH SERVICES
First Baptist Church
Dallas, Texas
Sunday Morning, November 26, 1944

Invocation: Ralph Baker
Song by Congregation When I Survey the Wondrous Cross
Scripture: Isaiah 40:1-9, 28-31.
Prayer: Dr. W. A. Criswell

"Our Father and the God of all people of all the earth, with our hearts humbled in Thy presence, with our heads bowed before Thee, we own Thee, our God, as the Giver of all of the gifts that bless and enrich and sustain our lives. Surely, it is the Lord who has made us and not we ourselves, and surely it is the Lord who must keep us and protect us for there is no strength and might in Thy children. Thou, oh, God, art our Defense, our Protector, our Keeper.

"We lift unto Thee today these who are dear to our hearts, our family, our children, our loved ones, our soldier boys and girls, the destiny of our nation, the sorrow and hopelessness that afflicts so many of the children of men, both in our own midst and among those of the enemy and alien peoples. Our God, we would pray not only that You might strengthen and help us, but we pray for our enemies, that God might visit in compassion and mercy the homes, our Father and Master, who have no choice in this day of conflict and battle. And our Lord, we believe that Thou art able to do for them what we pray that Thou shall do unto us.

"Give us peace, dear Lord, and give us the right and opportunity to rebuild our homes, and to plow our soil, that every man might enjoy his home, and his family and his friend and his neighbors, and that without molestation any man anywhere on this globe might come into the house of the Lord, sing a song of praise unto Thee, bow in prayer in Thy presence and listen to the preached Word. Oh, God, that the day might speed to us, when the Lord shall bare His arm to stop this war and sorrow and hate and bloodshed, and our Father, we pray that in the framing of a new world, that we who labor and minister and preach and pray in this church in the heart of Dallas, that we shall be ready, willing and able to do our part.

"Oh, Master, that we might preach Jesus and that we might live Him, and that we might offer Him to the world such as we never dared or hoped before, that our own land may be Christian

and that other lands who know Thee not, may embrace Thee as Lord and King!

"Our Father, bless now the message of the morning. Make it to bear fruit in our own hearts. Our Lord, when appeal is made and we stand to sing and the doors of the church are opened and the way is pointed to Christ, may people come to the Lord. May people come to Thy church and make us glad again with a great and worthy harvest. We shall thank Thee for it, in Christ. Amen."

Anthem: "Turn Ye Even to Me" - Solo Quartette
Solo: "Come Ye Blessed" - Mrs. M. M. Myers

S E R M O N

Could I be indulged a preliminary word about the Truett Memorial for our Baylor Hospital. The task laid upon this church is one of the largest that it has ever faced. They are asking all of the Baptist people of this City for something over \$400,000 in behalf of that memorial, and of that sum they are asking this one church for half of it. They are asking us to raise \$200,000 toward the erection of that memorial. That is a big assignment; it is to me; I suppose it is to you. I think our people ought to face it courageously and honestly and fairly. I think we ought to pray about it. I, much like you, am of the persuasion that the mere sum of \$200,000 would be nothing comparable to the ministry of dear Pastor Truett in this church. It certainly is a fact that this church should do the great and unusual thing in behalf of this memorial. Now, after we have prayed about it, I mean all of us pray about it, not just the pastor, or the deacons or the financial chairman, but all of us, down to the last little boy or girl who belongs to this church, after we have all prayed about it, I think we ought to come together and tell the people of Dallas what the First Baptist Church, under God, will do. I hope that you will say, we will try to raise it and if God will help us, we shall raise the \$200,000. But don't forget that if we do it, all of us have to do it. It will take everyone of us over a period of some little time doing all we possibly can to come with a triumphant gift toward this memorial. So you ask God about it, and if He says it is all right, it will be all right. It will be that way, and we will have the money when the hour comes.

Now, the message of the morning. It is entitled, *THE GOLDEN HEART*, and the reading of the text is in the third chapter of the book of Ezekiel, "Then I came to them of the captivity of Telabib, that dwelt by the river of Chebar, and I sat where they sat, and remained there astonished among them seven days."

There in Babylon were huddled together in misery and in defeat, the captives who had been torn away from their native land of Judea and their native city of Jerusalem. They sang of their sorrow in the 137th Psalm. Do you remember it?

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

There by the river of Chebar and the other rivers of Babylon, God's people suffered, torn in captivity, slaves of alien masters. In misery they sat down together. At that time God sent them a prophet. His name is Ezekiel. Ezekiel figures in the history of Judah, one of their greatest men of God; and when he began his ministry, he said in the third chapter of his book that he came to them of captivity at Telabib, and there by the river of Chebar, he sat down where they sat and remained in their presence seven days, sharing their misery and their sorrow and their disappointments, said no word, did no thing, just identified himself with the undone people who were huddled there together.

They say the golden rule is this: What you would that other people would do unto you, you do that unto them. Then might I add, what would be the *GOLDEN HEART*? The Golden Heart then would be an understanding heart, in spirit and in attitude, not in judgment and criticism. I shall always try to place myself in the other man's stead. I sat where they sat. I walked in his shoes. I thought his thoughts. I looked at him from his viewpoint. I tried to feel as he might feel.

The understanding heart! That could well be made the life purpose of every home, the neighborly solidarity of every community, and by right under God, it is the approach for every plan and every program of God's people.

The *GOLDEN HEART* is the understanding heart. I sat where they sat. It is one of love and compassion, not condemnation. The time must come when this pulpit and this church, and God's people must stand up for what is right. It must oppose; it must condemn. It must answer with truth, as the prophet called for in Isaiah 58:1, "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and shew my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins." Yes, the day must inevitably come, when God's people must stand for what is right. It must oppose mistakes. It must condemn. But, oh, my brother, that condemnation and that opposition must be done in tears and in sorrow and in anguish of heart.

Like my Mother...I have seen my Mother whip me, when I was a boy, and she cried as she chastened me. Like the Apostle Paul in the second chapter of his Second Corinthian letter, "For out of much affliction and anguish of heart I wrote unto you with many tears, not that ye should be grieved, but that ye might know the love which I have more abundantly unto you." He was referring to the burning letter, the third one he wrote, one that

to us is lost. I can see the Apostle as he sat at his desk in Ephesus as he wrote that letter, scathing and denouncing, as he pointed out the wrong and iniquity of his people; but, oh, as he wrote the words, I can see the Apostle bathe every syllable in tears, as he wrote, "Out of my affliction and anguish of heart, I wrote unto you with many tears."

I suppose that the most saddening and condemnatory piece of literature in all the world is the twenty-third chapter of Matthew that records the awful denouncement of the leaders of Israel by our own Saviour and Lord. Do you remember it?

"Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites! Woe unto you, ye blind guides!...Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees...which appear beautiful outward, but are filled within, full of dead men's bones...Woe unto you!"

Do you remember how that chapter ends? It ends like this. In a flood of tears, our Master cried:

"Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

I wonder how our Saviour said that last word, "Behold your house, your children, your family, your people, your nation, behold your house is left unto you desolate!" Do you suppose that he said it with triumph, with joy, with victory? Do you suppose he said it with gladness? You shall die, oh, how wonderful! Or do you suppose he said it in tears and sorrow. I think in tears.

And that is our attitude toward men in their sins. My brother, the thing you are doing is wrong. It is wrong! The road you are travelling leads to night and to death! But my friend, it isn't with rejoicing and with gladness and with triumph that we see you go down to death and to hell. No, my brother, the thing that you do is wrong and it leads to misery and heartache. Oh, my brother, let us change! Let us change! Let us change! Let us repent! Let us do different! Let's do it right!

You know it is mighty easy to learn to hate other people. It is mighty easy to identify a man with his sins. But here are two definite things...that man was created in the image of God. He has in him the likeness of God, the potentialities and the possibilities of the Son Himself. He is just in the hands of the enemy. He needs help. He needs praying for. He needs strength; and we must love him, at the same time that we hate his sin.

I almost added to Brother Coleman's invitation, "Every Soldier Boy, every Marine, every Sailor, stand up. You are invited to break bread as the guest of the Church. If there is a soldier

or a sailor of our Allies, you stand up. You are invited to break bread." And I almost got up to add, "And if there is a soldier or a sailor of our enemy, friend, you are invited to remain and break bread. We may hate your regime, we may depise your government, we may fight your tyranny, but my friend, for Christ's sake, we love you." There shall be no hate in our hearts...anything, God, anything, God, but hate! I have seen it in my day and the thing it does is chill your soul and eat your heart away. Oh, God, if I have but one prayer for the human race, it is that I am sick of hate and the sight of might! Let me be my brother's friend.

The *GOLDEN HEART!* And I sat where they sat...love and compassion, not condemnation. The Golden Heart, the understanding heart ...and I sat where they sat. It is charity and forgiveness, not criticism and judgment.

At the University of Edinburgh, a new student arose at the invitation of a professor to read. The professor said to the new student, "Sir, hold the book in your right hand." The young man kept reading with his book in his left hand. The professor said, "Hold the book in your right hand." The young man kept on reading with the book in his left hand. The professor said angrily, "Sir, hold the book in your right hand!" After he had said that bitterly and hastily, the young man held up a piece of a stub of what had been an arm and a hand; and the professor said, "Oh, I beg your pardon. I did not know."

How much are we the product of fortune and of time and of chance and of providence! As I become more mature in my judgment, I am convinced that most of what we are is the product of circumstances over which we have no control. And when I criticize that man for the way he does and I find fault with this man for the way he walks, and I frequently disagree with this man for the way he thinks, you know, if I knew that man, his father and his mother and his home and his background, all the things in his life, I might not be too hasty to judge and find fault with him.

Oh, in how many ways and in how many things do we differ! So many of us are born with an impetuous spirit and dogmatic in attitude. Here is a man with a violent temper to control. Here is a man with no temper at all. Here is a man whose heart and soul are undone by tremendous temptations. Here is a man that is not tempted by it at all. Here is a man with a hard battle if he is to do right. Here is a man with every encouragement in his life to do right. If I knew all about that man, I might not be hasty to dislike him, to criticize, judge and find fault with him.

Like the old story among the Indians, when a brave was to visit other tribes, they gathered the chiefs together and they sat down and when the fire of the evening turned to coals, he lifted up his voice and said, "Oh, Great Spirit, grant unto me that I might not judge another until I have walked two weeks in his moccasins."

The understanding heart, the *GOLDEN HEART!* The understanding heart, the Golden Heart! Before you condemn that man, walk in his shoes. Look at the thing as he looked at it. Be that man first, and then we might change in our opinions and in our judgment.

I read a rule in a mechanic's book. Don't forget, said one of those rules, don't forget that the warmth of the hand will increase the diameter of the shaft. When I read that, I thought, imagine if the warmth of the human hand can warp the piece of metal, think what a hand of warmth and understanding can do to a human life!

That little boy who is wayward...why don't some of you pray for him, why don't we put our arms around him, give him a word of encouragement, gain his confidence. Don't condemn him and talk about juvenile delinquency. Why don't we help him, go after him, bring him down here to one of our parties, buy a present for him, and love that boy!

That same way about somebody you don't like...I don't like him. Why, you can try! I will help him...buy him a present... say something good about him to somebody else. Do it! Do it! The world turns over with it. The horizon is changed! It is a new day, and a new glad heart. And I sat where they sat.

Could I make a last avowal. The *GOLDEN HEART*, the understanding heart...is one of prayer and helpfulness in misfortune. Oh, what time and fortune bring to people! If I were sick and an invalid, oh, how it would cheer my heart if someone of you would come and open God's book and read me a chapter, and kneel down and pray. I would like that. It would make me happy, and I ought to do that for somebody else. I must do that; for I can go and I can read and I can pray. Why sure I must do that. I must not forget that there are some people who are sick and invalid, and they can't come to church or walk down the street. They can't come to my reception. I must go see them. I must! I must! Oh, if I were old and aged and all my friends were gone and I am left alone, oh, my heart would rejoice if somebody were to come around and see me and pay attention to me and know I was here and loved me and welcomed me. Oh, wouldn't I be glad! Then I must not, I must not forget that there are some who live lonely, lonely, lonely lives.

And if I were an orphan, what if I never had that fine good man, my father, and that dear precious woman, my mother. What if I never had them and I had been left alone in this world. Say, wouldn't I be glad if somebody would love me. A long time ago I read a story about a little girl who came home from school one day and said, "Mother, my little classmate who sits across the aisle from me, she wasn't at school yesterday, and she didn't come to school today either." And her mother said, "What's the matter?" And the little girl answered, "I don't know." After a while the little child came home and said, "My

little classmate came back to school today, and I found out why she was gone. Her mother died. She said, 'I don't have a Mother.' And do you know what? When recess came and all the other children went out to play, my little classmate stayed at her desk and bowed her head on her desk and cried." Her Mother said, "And what did you do?" And the little girl replied, "I just slipped over in the seat by her side, and I put my arms around her, and I cried, too." Oh, the touch, the warmth and tenderness of an understanding heart! We need it! We need it! In a cold and calloused world, we need that! I do! I do!

What if I were lost, lost and undone and on my way this day to hell. Oh, if somebody were to come and put his arms around me, and lead me to the love of Christ! Say, wouldn't I be glad! Oh, I was lost and somebody found me! I was undone and Jesus saved me! Oh, I am glad! I am glad! Why then shall I not do that for you!

Listen, fellow, we will go with you a mile. We will go with you the second mile, the third mile, unto the end, that you might be saved. I will give you my coat. I will give you my cloak. I will give you all I have if you will come to the Lord! There is not anything that God's people wouldn't do that you might know our Saviour.

The *GOLDEN HEART!* It can be yours this morning. He can make us like Himself. He can put a new heart and a new hope and a new way in us. He can do it. Come and let Him! Come to Him...our Hope and Heaven, the blessing of our lives and our homes, our Destiny, our Christ. Would you trust Him today? This Pastor stands down here at the front. Will you stand by his side? Preacher, I believe these things. I believe these things. It is our way out. It is our hope and heaven. I am embracing them this day. I am coming, Brother Pastor. I am standing by your side in the fellowship of the Church as God shall send you to be our yoke fellow, our fellow worker. I am coming into the Church. And you will stand here by our side, as we sing.

(The invitation hymn was "For You I Am Praying," and eleven joined the church by letter and six came by profession of faith for baptism.)

FOR OTHERS

God, help me live from day to day
In such a self-forgotten way
That even when I kneel to pray
My prayer shall be for OTHERS.

Help me in all the work I do
To ever be sincere and true
And know that all ~~that~~ I do for you
Must needs be done for OTHERS.

And when my work on earth is
done,
And my new work in heaven
begun,
May I forget the crown I've won
While thinking still of OTHERS.

Others, God; yes others.
Let this my motto be
Help me to live for others
That I may live like Thee.

Anything, O God, but hate.
I have known it in my day.
And the best it does is
sear your soul
and eat your heart away.

O God, if I have but
one prayer
Before the cloud-wrapped eye,
I'm sick of hate and
to waste it makes;
Let me be my brother's
friend.

- unknown

Exch. 2, 3

THE GOLDEN HEART

I. The 4th

- 1. His call 2:17
- 2. His bitter rebuke 2:18, 19, 20
- 3. His offering 3:15
 - "not when they sat"
 - "seven days" not time for mourning yet 2:17
 - "admitted" DAV "I consented" } If can 13:20
 - "made do with" TAMAR 10px by AMNON

The disordered 7th part
(ca. 137)

His message: judgment upon their sin, remedy
 not his but my people: shared their guilt, suffer
 The golden rule: "I shall do unto others as I would they do unto me"
 The golden heart: "... my people."

I. In Condemnation, True and Compassion

- 1. Time when must condemn 2co 5:1
 1co 13:24
- 2. But with tears of anguish, sorrow
 more mercy, which I showed me"
 Jesus mt 23:13-36 then 37-39
 1st 19:41 (suffering)
- 3. Not hating the sinner - only the sin
 (a) John "... but ..."
 of greedily or lust; with a broken heart

II In judgment, sympathy, clarity understanding
 med. 4/1/2
 (a) Dramatic class, new student. First book in right hand -
 The student's right hand.

(b) will book, John Davis. 1/20

III In Tragedy, Misfortune, Prayers, Help, but also
 100.53.4 - mt. 3.16.17 5/1/20
 1. Book of rules for mechanics. Remember, the student
 of the hand will change to diameter of the shaft. "Cold Steel"
 of the legs. "You've touched him" ...

2. The great to car
 (a) Little girl, "I just cried, too"

3. The open door to nursing
 (a) would you I, to explain in no more time
 (a) soon "... OTHERS ..."

D
 11/89