

A Horrific Dream Of Hell

Dea Warford

If ever you have taken time to read anything I have written, please read this today!

Jack Hyles, now in heaven, was the pastor of The First Baptist Church, Hammond, Indiana which was at one time called, "The World's largest Sunday school. In the 70's he won thousands to Christ every year. The following incredibly sobering story is told by him in his sermon, "Four Calls to Soul Winning". Read the entire sermon yourself at:

www.soulwinning.info/books/jack_hyles/four_calls.htm.

"Four Calls to Soul winning" by Jack Hyles

Word: "Send him to my father's house: For I have five brothers; that he may testify to them, lest they also come into this place of torment." Luke 16:27, 28

Wisdom: There's a call (to be a soul winner) from beneath. "Send Lazarus; have him tell my 5 brothers not to come here." They're more concerned about soul winning in hell tonight than you are in your church. "Send Lazarus. I've got 5 brothers and I don't want them to burn in hell." There's a call from beneath.

On Saturday, December 31, 1949, I got burdened for my father. My father was an alcoholic - a part-time bartender. I was pastoring a little country church in east Texas. Up to that time I had won souls to Christ, but I had never had anyone walk the aisle under my preaching. On New Year's Eve I got in the car and drove 150 miles to Dallas to a tavern right across the street from the seminary. My daddy worked there part-time and drank there the rest of the time for 8 years and not once did one single professor, staff member, administrator or student ever walk across the street to witness to the drunkard that tended the bar. That's not New Testament Christianity. I didn't care how much Greek and Hebrew you memorize.

I walked in the Hunt Saloon on Saturday morning, New Year's Eve. My daddy was sitting at the bar, drunk. I walked up and put my arm around him and said, "Daddy, I'm going to take you with me to east Texas. I'm going to have a Watch Night service tonight, and tomorrow is Sunday, New Year's Day. I want you to go with me." He cursed at me and said, "I'm not going to no church tomorrow." I said, "Yes, you are." He said, "No, I'm not." I laid my Bible down and said, "Daddy, you are either going to have to come with me or whip me. I'm going to fight you if I have to in order to get you in that car." He came with me and I sobered him up.

That night my daddy went to church and we had a light kind of a service, a lot of fun. The next morning was the first time he had ever heard me preach. Tears streamed down his cheeks. The invitation came and my big one-legged deacon put his arm around my daddy, and said, "Mr. Hyles, won't you come to Christ." He did not walk the aisle. That afternoon I took a walk with my daddy out across the pasture and said, "Daddy, I want to see you saved more than I want anything in the whole world. Daddy, I want you to go to Heaven with Mama and me." (He had left us many years before when I was a little boy).

My daddy said something I never thought I'd ever hear him say. "Son, I'm going to get saved. I can't today, but I'm going back to straighten up some things at home, and I'll come back in the spring, and maybe get a little fruit stand or something, and I'm going to get saved. You're going to baptize me this spring, and I'll be a deacon in your church one of these days: you wait and see if I'm not."

I took him back the next morning. The last words he said to me were, "Son, I'm going to let you baptize me in the spring." That was good enough for me. But the spring never came. On May 12th I got a call that my daddy had dropped dead with a heart attack, and I was a powerless preacher.

Several years passed. One Sunday night, I was still in my office at about 11 o'clock. I heard a knock at my door and there stood my sister weeping. She said, "Jack, would you tell me how to be saved." I brought her into my office and led her to Christ. She's now a lovely Christian and a wonderful soul winner. After she got saved, I said, "Earlyne, why did you come tonight?" She answered, "Jack, tonight you preached on Luke 16. You told about the rich man in hell who lifted up his eyes and said, "Send Lazarus to tell my five brothers not to come here."

She said, "Jack, when you told that story, I thought of a dream I had shortly after daddy died. I dreamed that a man in a white robe, maybe an angel, took me in a big building. He showed me walls lined with caskets. In every casket was a corpse. He took me to the first casket and I looked into the face of that corpse and he had a smile on his face. He took me all around that room and every casket had a corpse, and every corpse had a smile on his face, until I got to the last one. The angel said, "You can't see that one." She said, "I must see it," and in her dream she broke away from that angel.

My sister told me, "Jack, daddy was in that casket. I went up and looked at him and his face was writhing in pain. He cried out in agony, "Sister... sister...sister..." All those years I wondered what daddy was trying to tell me, and tonight when you preached that sermon, I know what it was daddy was trying to tell me. He was saying, "Sister... don't come here!"

Don't you tell me not to build a soul winning church! Don't you tell me not to live for soul winning! I've got a daddy who, as far as I know, is in hell. There's a call from beneath.

Sinner's Prayer: (If there is any doubt of you escaping hell, please pray the following prayer . . .)
"Father, forgive me of my sins. I don't want to go to hell! I want to go to heaven. Jesus, come into my heart, and make me a born-again Christian. I'll go to church. I'll study the Bible. I'll pray. I'll fight sin and Satan. And, I will try to help my family friends to also escape hell. Thank you for saving me.
Amen."

(If you prayed that prayer, email me at deawarford@hotmail.com and I'll send you some literature to help you spiritually.)

Confession: "I am trusting Christ as my Savior to deliver my soul from eternal hell."