

Causes of Backsliding

Pastor and author A.W. Tozer
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Summary

A.W. Tozer's sermon, "Causes of Backsliding," delivered on November 28, 1954, addresses the serious and universal problem of spiritual backsliding. Tozer begins by defining backsliding and dispelling the trivialization of the term, emphasizing that God never jokes about it and always takes it seriously. He likens backsliding to an animal struggling to climb a slippery slope, illustrating the difficulty and frequent failure of maintaining spiritual progress.

Tozer identifies two main causes of backsliding: the fickleness of the human heart and the inherent evil within it. He explains that humans have a natural tendency to switch interests and avoid anything that requires sustained effort, which leads to moral and spiritual decline. He also highlights that, while the human heart's ability to change is a source of hope for repentance, it also facilitates backsliding.

He emphasizes that backsliding begins in the heart, often unnoticed by others until it manifests outwardly. Tozer outlines various symptoms of backsliding, such as losing interest in prayer and spiritual activities, developing a critical spirit toward others, and giving to the church out of habit rather than joy. He warns against the dangers of maintaining religious appearances while the heart grows cold.

Tozer urges self-examination, encouraging believers to recognize signs of backsliding in their own hearts and seek restoration through sincere repentance and renewed devotion to God. He concludes with a prayer for Jesus to look upon those who have backslidden with love and to help them return to a vibrant, heartfelt relationship with God.

In essence, Tozer's sermon is a call to vigilance and sincerity in one's spiritual life, urging believers to remain steadfast in their commitment to God and to guard against the subtle onset of backsliding.

Message

The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways, and a good man shall be satisfied from himself. The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways, and a good man shall be satisfied from himself. I'd very much rather talk on any number of subjects I could think about this morning, rather than to talk about the problem of backsliding.

It is age-old and it's universal, and the Bible has much to say about it. Therefore, I think it right and proper that I should lay before you something of what the Bible tells us, both of warning and encouragement, about backsliding. The causes of backsliding, or maybe first I should define the word before I go any further, for some strange reason which I

cannot at the moment identify, backsliding has become a funny word in the day in which we live.

Even ministers like to say that being Baptist they couldn't backslide and have a laugh out of it. Or they like to say, being Methodist I believed in backsliding and practiced it to prove it was so, and all that kind of corny, lame humor has grown up around the word backslide, backslider, backsliding, those terrible words. Whatever silly and thoughtless men may do with this word, remember one thing, God never jokes about it, and he never takes it lightly.

Backsliding, I think, came from back where it said that Israel slid back like a backsliding heifer. The thought was, and I've seen it as a lad on the farm myself, an animal started up a slippery bank and got partway up and then lost the gear, lost track, control, and traction, they call it, and slipped back. Only after many plunges and efforts did they get up, sometimes slide back and can't get up at all.

Well, the man of God with no intention at all of being facetious said that Israel was like the animals that he had seen trying to climb up a slippery hill after a heavy rain. They went and worked hard at it and pushed and then slid back as many steps as they had gone up, and he likened backsliding Israel to this backsliding heifer. Now, the causes of backsliding are mainly two, the first one being the fickleness of the human heart.

It would be a wonderful thing if you and I could remain what we were, but it would also be a most damning thing. How sad our state by nature is. The man who wrote that rather lugubrious and tear-stained hymn nevertheless said truth that was as true as the throne of God. Our state by nature is sad, and if we could not change, we would be automatically doomed to remain in that sad state while the ages spend themselves. But our ability to change our mind and to go from worse to better is our hope.

The call of God in repentance is a call from worse to better, and if we could not go from one state to another, we would be frozen, we would be morally static, and would be damned from our birth. But because we can move, and it is possible to go from one moral state to another, we can go then from bad to good and can get right with God even though we were wrong before, can get good though we were bad before, can become holy though we were unholy before.

But that same ability to go from one moral state to another and to change our mind about things is also not the cause of backsliding but the technique by which it operates. Now we switch from one interest to another. You watch that. Watch it in children. When they're tiny, they have one ideal. When they're nine or ten, they have another. When they're in their mid-teens, they have another. When they're twenty-one, they still have another. We switch from one interest to another, and people can do that in the moral world as well. And this changing from fad, from one fad to another, one kind of dress to another, shifting from one thing that interests us to another thing that interests us. Now all this is at least a reason back of the probability or ability of moral backsliding. The only thing we really stick to as a rule is something that nature or circumstance fastened upon us.

We have to eat and drink and sleep and do all that nature forces us to do or that some strong instinct within us forces us to do. As long as the human race goes on, there'll always be love and marriage and all that because it's a deeply rooted instinct in the human bloodstream. And there'll always be a desire for food and always be a desire to protect ourselves. These are instincts. They lie deep in the human nature. And the result is we stick to something that's built in us, and we're able to follow it because we don't have to do anything to follow it.

But anything that requires attention and careful painstaking labors, we tend to turn away from it and usually do turn away from it if we can. The young pianist. I just wonder if we had a count on the North American continent of all the people who took or started to take piano lessons and didn't go through with it.

I'd hate to embarrass you fellows by asking the men in this congregation to stand. All of you who started out. I took six lessons myself, six piano lessons. Yesterday I spoke to a group of convention of church musicians with my six piano lessons. But anyway, I didn't continue. I didn't continue with my piano. And how many more of you are like that? Now, why? Because it's not instinct with us. I found no instinct waking me at night, pushing me toward the piano. I found no such instinct at all.

And that isn't in us. Certain people have something that's so strong in them that it almost amounts to an instinct. We call them natural born musicians and they'll have some kind of musical expression no matter what. And they don't have any trouble with practicing because it's in them, but it's not in the most of us. That's just as sure as you live. And the result is we don't do what becomes irksome and odious, what's painstaking and what isn't pleasant.

We tend to follow what is easy and go the natural easy way. And outside of taxes and certain other duties that are forced upon us from the outside either by nature or by law, we tend mostly to do what we like to do and what is natural to us. And of course that is the fertile soil in which backsliding grows.

People under some great pressure of bereavement or fear turn to God and make promises and for a while go ahead, but the instinct is not in them. The instinct is all the other way. And it's irksome, this being good, it's irksome, this reading your Bible and praying. It becomes a painstaking thing and something that isn't natural. And so fickle we turn away a little at a time until shortly we're gone back.

And if we had every man in Chicago stand and every woman that somewhere under the evangelistic pressure had made some step toward God, and now today have forgotten all about him and are drinking and smoking and living as if there was no God in heaven above, I tell you it would be a shock we wouldn't get over if we could see them all in some park maybe standing like soldiers lined up, tier on tier, or rank on rank I think is a better military word.

But if we were to see them there, we'd be shocked and horrified at how many sometime have made a step toward God or maybe even met God. But because serving Jesus Christ is contrary to nature, our state by nature is sad and it does not make for righteousness. So the fickleness of the heart turns us away and people do backslide like the heifer.

And then there's the inherent evil of the human heart, second reason for causing backsliding. The whole constitution of a human being is against serving God. Now there are two things you must remember here, that if man were what he originally was, if man were now, if you were now and I what we originally were, made in the image of God without sin, then it would be perfectly natural to serve God.

The angels in heaven above and the seraphim beside the throne have no trouble serving God. They've nothing in them to pull them away from it. They were made to serve God and when they're made to serve God, they're doing His thing as natural to them as a duck when it goes to the water does a thing natural to her. Or a bear in the wintertime curls up in his den, he's following his nature. And the holy angels above follow their nature to serve God. And if you and I were what we should be, unfallen and without this taint and stain of sin, we would be able to serve God without any effort, it would come natural, it would flow out like a fountain from the pressure beneath. But we're fallen.

I wrote and said that whoever got down on his knees and said our father who art in heaven was doing the most natural thing in the world, and somebody wrote a long letter proving that I was a modernist for saying that. I am not responsible for people when they don't read what you write, and don't read all of it, or read something into it, or if they're too dumb to understand it, I'm not responsible for that. So, I don't worry too much about it. But they wrote to headquarters, said get rid of me, I was a modernist. Because I said when a man prayed, if the truth were known, he is doing the most natural thing in the world, but not by his fallen nature, but because he was made in the image of God.

When a man turns his face toward God, he's doing that which anciently he did in Adam, and which he should be doing now, but which sin has robbed him of the power to do naturally. So both my critic and I are right. Sin made our nature so when we pray it's not natural. We have to override all the accumulated ages of sin if we say our father who art in heaven. But if that sin hadn't come, we wouldn't have anything to override. We'd simply raise our voices and like the bird we'd sing God's praises without effort.

But people turn away from God and cool off and go back, change their minds or at least change their hearts. And it always begins with the heart, the backslider in heart. Now that's not there by accident. The backslider in heart, it says. Remember that backsliding always begins with the heart. People blame other circumstances and say it's my home life, it's the place where I work, it's the school I attend, or it's because I was ill, or it's because I had to work too much, it's because I didn't have time.

Those are external things. Backsliding begins in the heart. The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways, and always it begins first in the heart. And the order of discovery is this, first God knows it. God knows when my heart's cooling off better than before I do, and then the individual finds it out, and then the Church finds it out, and at last, if he continues, the world finds it out. But that's always the order. The world finds out a man has backslidden and gone back on his faith. The Church knew it before the world found it out, and the individual knew it before the Church found it out, and God knew it before the man found it out. But it all begins in the heart.

Now, what is a backslider in heart? Well, he's one who's losing interest in the things of God, and gradually going back to the old ways, or finding some new and more refined sins than the ones he used to do. But the point is, he's losing interest, he's cooling off. The fires of his heart are not as hot as they were a few weeks or months or years before, and his love toward God is slowly cooling off.

This, I say, is backsliding in heart. And he's losing interest in communion with God. If you don't like to pray as well as you used to, then the only kind and honest thing I can say is that you're a backslider in heart. Because if you love as much as you loved before, you will love to pray as much as you loved to pray before. But if you do not love to pray as much as you used to, then what conclusion can I arrive at? I don't like to say these things. I wish I didn't have to.

But what conclusion can a man arrive at? If a doctor takes a blood count and finds the blood count way down, what can he conclude? Why, he says, this man is not in a good state of health. Or if he runs other tests and finds that the man's health is bad, what honest thing can a doctor do? Pat him on the shoulder and say, I'll meet you on the golf course Saturday. Everything will be all right, Bill. Keep your chin up.

What a fool that doctor would be, and what a traitor to his own profession. There's only one thing for him to do, and that is to tell the man the findings. And if the findings say that he's not well, that his state of physical health is poor, the doctor ought to tell him so. I don't know that he'd have to go into all the details and tell it in Latin, but he ought to tell him, well, but you're not in as good a shape as you ought to be. I want you to listen to me now. You take this prescription, or do this, or go to Florida, usually they say, or do something for yourself.

But the point is, the honest man will tell a patient if he runs tests and finds that they point to a bad state of health. Now, if you do not love prayer as much as you once did, now what can I do about it? I didn't do that. I hope I didn't. And if I'm an honest physician, I can only say to you, you better go to the specialist. There is a specialist who deals with such things. Your temperature's way down. And if it is, there is one that can heal you. I can't, but I can tell you where there is one, and the losing of our individual communion with God.

Read your hymns in the old hymn book and see how sometimes the hymnists mourn, how once they loved the fellowship with God. Communion was sweet to them. But we've got so many things now that tend to crowd out communion. We have radio, television, newspapers, magazines, and the automobile that takes us all around over the country, and long trips and all that. And the tendency is to lose that.

Now, I insist that it starts in the heart. And these other things are only external aids to the devil. They are not the causes. The cause lies deeper than that. It lies in the heart. And when a man is backslidden in heart, he tends to get a little bit bored with earnest Christians. If a glowing, earnest Christian bores you a little, if when you're in a little group drinking the coffee together or sitting around having a soda and somebody brings up the thought of God, if it bores you a little or embarrasses you, you'd better look to your own heart, my friend. Better look seriously to your own heart, because whenever religion bores us, we may be sure that there's something wrong inside.

Now, I'd like to qualify that. I want to be as honest and realistic as possible, so I will say that some people are just plain religious bores. And they have a way of introducing religion into the most impossible situations and do it out of habit, without an ounce of sincerity, without any spontaneity whatsoever, but only because they've been trained to do it, like trained seals. They bore anybody. They'd bore an archangel.

But if an honest, happy-hearted Christian turns and talks about God and it bores you or embarrasses you, you're in the wrong company. And if you're bored with spiritual talk, not religious chit-chat, that'll bore anybody. But if you're bored with spiritual conversation, something has gone wrong inside of your heart, and the best thing to do is to remember it and admit it, acknowledge it before God.

And then I notice another symptom of this backsliding in heart is the developing of a critical spirit toward others, toward preachers. If he isn't a Paul Reese, why, some people won't come. They want to hear; I don't know what they want to hear. God knows I never could quite figure it out. I guess it was an archangel with David Harp. But if just a plain, good, honest man gets up in the poor delivery in a few blunders, tells us his simple heart out about God and the things of God, people shrug and say, he's all right, he's all right. They'll come in small numbers, but no zeal or enthusiasm unless it's an extraordinary person.

I tell you, we could well afford to humble ourselves and listen to anybody that had anything to say about God, anybody at all. I think we ought to pray, God, give me a heart so sensitive that I'll get help from anybody, except, of course, from the hypocrite and the pretender. Nobody can get help from them. Nobody can get help from the self-exploiter and the man who's promoting himself. I don't want to get help from them.

I don't look to the devil for my help, but any honest man of God. Look, when Spurgeon went into a Methodist church and sat in the balcony on a stormy night and only went in because he wanted to get out of the storm, and a Methodist class leader who was no preacher at all rose and exhorted the congregation to look straight to Jesus and be converted. Spurgeon says, I went in there a sinner, and when I went out, I could have sung there's a fountain filled with blood with the best saint in the church. Converted. He was converted by hearing a man who had no reputation, a class leader, if you please, a layman who was leading a prayer meeting. You might illustrate that truth by a dozen anecdotes, if I cared to do it, true ones of people who've been helped by the simplest-hearted people.

I still often remember and sometimes repeat, maybe a bit monotonously, of the time I heard a solo that I'll never forget. The song wasn't a high-class song, and the singer was not a high-class singer. The singer was a long, thin, dried-out Texan who looked as if he'd stood in the sun a long time and weathered. His skin was weathered, every part about him was long and thin and weathered.

He would have made a good cowboy if he just had the equipment on. His voice was what they call a gravelly voice. He could stay on pitch, he could carry the tune, but it was gravelly. It was like an awful lot of very low growling static coming in along your radio. He had that kind of voice, but he was a dear Christian brother. The only person who

remembers him would be my wife, I think. He was from down Texas somewhere and became an Alliance preacher, a sweet Christian brother. It was all that. He stood up to sing, and I knew what was coming because I knew what kind of voice he had. But that morning he put his head off on one side and sang, I've found a friend, oh, such a friend. He loved me or I knew him.

Brother, that's been twenty-eight years ago, and to this day when I think of my good old lanky brother singing, I've found a friend, oh, such a friend, my head instinctively bows. I heard something, I heard a voice from a man who couldn't have sung anyplace. We wouldn't let him sing here. He couldn't sing anywhere where Christians have any standards or taste. But the Holy Ghost was singing that morning through the voice, a gravelly voice of a long, lean Texan, no cowboy, just a long, lean Texan who loved God and wanted to tell people that he'd found such a friend.

Brethren, we ought to be careful lest we become too critical, because the tendency to criticize unkindly. Now, if it's a question of trying to improve, that's another matter. If it's a question of trying to push the standards up and write and preach and pray and talk and exhort to try to get people to do things better, if it's a question of helping a choir to raise its standards, that's another matter, and that's perfectly all right. But if it's just carping criticism and a sour feeling, ah, what's the use of it? I don't care to hear him. I'm a backslider in my heart to that extent, because if a man rises to speak or sing and he's a sincere man, then he ought to warm my heart with his sincerity, if nothing else, if I'm not backslidden. And still, we can be in this state and still keep up appearances.

Oh, if all the church people who are entering churches this morning who are only going there to keep up appearances, I don't mean be hypocritical, I don't mean that. It's not a deliberate effort to deceive, no, no, not that. But shame or duty or fear or habit or custom or social pressure or something else brings them, they're not there because their hearts are warm, they're there only because it's their habit so to be. They are where they want to be on the Sabbath day.

And if all who are thus present in churches today who are nevertheless cooling off in their hearts or have cooled off and do not have in their heart what their presence in church seems to show that they have, many a pastor would spend the afternoon on his face weeping between the porch and the altar, crying, O God, what have I done or haven't done that my people are in such a condition?

Solomon here has a tragicomic word. He says he shall be satisfied from himself. And I've looked that up, and I find it means he'll get enough of himself. That sounds funny, but, brother, it isn't funny. The backslider in heart will soon get enough of himself. Now, how does he get enough of himself? Well, he gets enough of himself with his attempts to pray, and he finds how heavy and embarrassing they are when he tries to be devout. He's asked to pray, and he tries to be devout, but his heart has long ago broken its fellowship.

And he's like an instrument that's ready to be plugged in where there's no power. And he plugs in dutifully, but nothing comes out. And I tell you, he can get enough of that before very long.

If I was broken with God in my heart this morning, I'd not come around, or anybody'd ask me to pray, I think, because it's embarrassing. A man gets enough of that after a while. We get enough of our own hollow testimonies, because our smiles are false and the words dry, and yet we daren't stop talking because we've got a reputation for being good Christians. A lot of people earn a reputation for being good Christians in churches, and then they secretly break with God.

And there is a lack of communion there, the fires of their soul burn low, and they're hardly able anymore to feel any sense of God at all. And yet they've got a reputation, and they have to keep it up so they may even allow themselves to get elected to boards, and to young people's groups, and prayer band groups, and choirs, and all the rest. And I still am afraid that the whole thing's hollow because their heart has slipped away.

Friends, let me ask you this question. You've been married ten years, all right, seven years, six years, five years, whatever it is. Let me ask you, if you positively knew, lady, if you positively knew that deep in his heart your husband had no care for you at all, that deep in his heart were secret wishes that he's fighting down, that he might be rid of you and free from the necessity of being where you are. How would you feel about it? That's backsliding in heart, he's not going to tell you. And I suppose in almost every instance it's just not true. I'm merely making up an illustration here. But the point I want to raise is that we want the love of people's hearts. We don't care so much about the external things. If we want love, it's the love of the heart.

And so when God finds our hearts are slipping, and we won't admit it to ourselves, even in our secret moments we won't admit it, but we've gotten to a place where if we told the truth we're bored with God and tired of religion, and we wouldn't say it, we wouldn't admit it, we'd be ashamed of it, but it's there. What do you think God thinks about that?

Jesus in the book of Revelation said, you've left your first love, that is your first degree of love. And he chided that church because he found happening way back there in the second century. He chided that church because it was losing its affection. But it didn't say so. Not an elder in the Ephesian church, not a preacher that ever stood to preach, not a deacon that ever passed the plates, not a member of the Ephesian church would ever dare to get up and say, I'm tired of God. I'm weary of this whole business. Not a one, habit, custom, their past testimony, logic, all the rest made them keep quiet.

But the heart of Jesus longing for affection that wasn't there chided them. He said, I don't feel the warmth I used to feel. Your smile is not so spontaneous. Your breath not so warm. The tone of your voice not so affectionate. I miss it, he said. You've left your first love. And I don't get enough of that after a while, trying to keep up religious appearances with a hollow testimony and trying to talk with enthusiastic Christians about God and seeming to enjoy it.

I heard Paul Rader years ago talk about something like this, and he said that it was like a man trying to laugh at a joke when he hadn't seen the point. Had you ever seen anybody do that? That waxy look, that waxy smile that we get. That somebody we appreciate or honor or turn and make a pleasantry, and we say to ourselves now, that's a wonderful man and he's internationally known, and we ought to smile. Or even chuckle.

How many hypocritical chuckles I've made for a joke that I didn't think was funny. And Rader was bold enough to use that in spiritual things, and maybe it won't hurt this morning. He said that it was like trying to laugh at a joke when you hadn't seen the point, or when there wasn't any point, I might add.

But trying to talk about God and the things of God and prayer and all the spiritual things when your heart isn't in it. A fellow can get enough of that after a while, brother. Sure as you live, the backslider in heart will get enough of himself. I pray that He may soon. I pray that we may soon. For unless we do get enough of ourselves, I'm afraid there's not much help.

But I pray we'll get enough of ourselves. Then that constant church attendance, when his own soul is bored with it, and how many there are, I repeat, that are in church this morning that are here, maybe not here, but some churches at any rate bored with the whole business. But they've heard somebody say, don't send your children, take them. And they steadfastly determine they're going to follow that, and they do take them. That's good, and I'm glad they do. But oh, it would be so much better if they enjoyed it.

So much better that if going to church wasn't a duty. I have been forced to go to religious meetings that I didn't want to attend. I knew that there was nothing there for me, that I couldn't contribute anything or get anything. And I have gone nevertheless because circumstances compelled me to. But I'd get enough of that pretty soon. Really, I would.

If I had always to be doing something I don't like to do, brother, I'd get bored with that right early. He'd get enough of himself. And this constant attending church when you don't want to go, really, if you had your way, you'd turn over and go back to sleep. That's evidence of something I don't like to think about.

And then this matter of giving. God's warm-hearted people give spontaneously. They love it. They love it. They don't put their hand on their pocketbook and sing, when we asunder part it gives us inward pain. But they give joyously because they want to give. It's a pleasure to give.

We've got a big check for mission, that is, for relief over on the other side of the water. I think we received it the day before Thanksgiving. And the brother who sent it wrote this half-humorous note. He said, I want this to go for such and such. And he said, I'll enjoy my turkey dinner better Thanksgiving Day. Well, now there was no hardship there. That was spontaneous. That came out of a heart that wanted to serve God.

But this everlasting sitting down and taking out that dollar out of the ten, that ten out of the hundred, that hundred out of the thousand, and always doing it, and yet not enjoy doing it, I'd get enough of that after a while, wouldn't you? If I wasn't a Christian, I wouldn't tithe. Not all of these mathematicians and button-pushers that come along and try to show that if you tithe, you'll have more money than you did if you don't tithe.

All of that low-grade, carnal effort to get people to give, it isn't Christian, it isn't spiritual, it isn't decent. What kind of people would you be if you brought your offerings to God's house, knowing that if you did, you'd be more prosperous than if you didn't? Knowing

that if you tithe, you'll have more than if you didn't tithe, and you tithe to get more. What kind of people would you be? No, you people have proved over the years you know better than that.

You know when you separate a ten-dollar bill from your wallet and put it in the plate or give it in at the window. You know you're out ten dollars, but you know that God takes that ten dollars and transmutes it into everlasting blessing for mankind and the world to come and your heart's joy as to do it. But giving out of habit when you've lost the joy of it is pretty tough, brother. A man will get enough of that after a while, and I pray the sooner the better.

And when you're trying to keep spiritually cheerful and relaxed, when your bone's out of joint. Galatians 6, it says, brethren, if any man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one. One commentator points out that the words used there are medical terms. They mean when an arm gets out of joint, a shoulder gets out of joint. Did you ever have a shoulder that snapped out for you? One of my boys was hurting football, and he slept in a brace for a long, oh, years to get strength enough for that arm so it wouldn't snap out.

I knew a dear old brother who used to be in the Church here who had a knee that would go like that on him, out of joint. It was terrible, painful. The Holy Ghost likened backsliding to a knee out of joint. And to keep cheerful and smiling as though nothing was going on with a knee out of joint, that takes more heroic ability than I have.

If I'm not cheerful inside, don't expect me to be cheerful on the outside. Don't you bring any Norman Vincent Peale around to me, or Dale Carnegie books, and tell me to relax and be cheerful. I can't be. If my heart isn't singing, I can't sing. And if my heart isn't cheerful, I can't look cheerful. Maybe you can, but I pray that you can't, because the man, uncheerful soul trying to be cheerful, he'll get enough of it after a while, the Holy Ghost says. He'll be filled with his own ways.

Oh, I pray that God will do us the inestimable favor of going from heart to heart and from mind to mind and soul to soul, finding us this morning, locating us this morning with a Geiger counter, finding us this morning. And if there's a cooling off in there, find it and cure it.

You remember when Jesus looked upon Peter, it says, And Jesus turned and looked upon Peter, and Peter went outside and wept bitterly. I don't know what Jesus said. I guess He didn't say anything, for it doesn't say He did, and I can't read anything into it, daren't do it. He simply turned and looked at Peter. The little woman said, Are you one of His followers? And Peter said, No. She said, I think you are. I know your accent. He said, I'm not. She said again, you are. Your speech betrays you.

Then he said, in order to prove I'm not a Christian, I'm going to do something no Christian would do. So, he cursed. He said, If I don't curse and prove I'm not a Christian, I may get arrested along with Jesus. So, in order to prove that I'm not a Christian, I'm going to curse. So, he cursed. She said, Oh, well, he's right, he's not. No, he's not.

Do you know what Jesus did, and it was just before he died. Jesus turned and looked at that cursing apostle. Peter was a sharp man with a keen eye. He wasn't well educated, but he was a genius in his own right. He looked up into that face for one brief glance. What he saw in that face of hurt and pain and sorrow and longing and hope and love was too much for Peter. He dashed out of the house, hurried out of the house and stood outside somewhere and with his face in his hands, wept bitterly. And the Greek language indicates an uncontrolled torrent of weeping. And Jesus didn't say a word. He never said a mumbled word. He just looked at Peter. I wonder if the tender Jesus this morning won't look at you. Just look, that's all. Let's pray.

O Lord Jesus, look on us with thy love, thy undying affection. A love that a few hours later would die for a cursing apostle, that love hasn't lost any of its content. It's no weaker, no smaller, but it's as big as God is big and as eternal as God is eternal. O Lord Jesus, we're thy sheep, professed sheep.

And the world is big and the devil is going about like a roaring lion. The temptations are strong, and the flesh is weak. And maybe some of us are cooling off our hearts.

Please, Lord Jesus, look at us before it's too late. Help us to get enough of it quick before it's too late. Please, Lord, don't let us harden into permanent backsliders. People that have lost their conscience and can no longer grieve because they can't grieve. No longer sorrow but they don't feel sorrow. Oh, we plead, Lord, look at us again today in our hearts.

We're no better than Peter. But maybe, Lord, there may be some who, like Peter, have sneaked out of discipleship, or at least inwardly they have. Oh, look on us, Lord, and break our hearts. Look on us and make us weep. Give the grace of tears this morning, Lord. Oh, Jesus, a few tears.

If we knew that we could have this morning \$10,000 laid in our offering plates for the Church and permissions, we'd be glad. But if we knew instead, we were to have 10,000 tears of grief and repentance and penitence and faith and hope and joy, we'd lay the \$10,000 away and take the tears, that we might weep because we can't weep. Oh, help us this morning.

In Jesus' name, amen.