

THE BAPTIST HERITAGE

VOLUME XXVI ISSUE 1

JANUARY 20, 2002

Do You Love His Appearing?

2 Timothy 4:8

Henceforth there is laid up for me
a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the
righteous judge, shall give me at that day:
and not to me only,
but unto all them also that love his appearing.

The music enjoyed by a person or employed by a church is a superb and accurate assessment of the scriptural discernment and spiritual maturity of that individual or of that church. In generations past, the music of a church was prayerfully selected to complement the sermon and to add to the edification of the congregation. The common belief was that the message of the songs, whether by word or by sound, would emphasize the sermon and teach the relevant Scripture, while instructing the hearer on the application of both. Though the time de-

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Pensacola, Florida 32526-2379

PERIODICALS
POSTAGE
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a good place to visit
but
a better place to belong



this and that

Editor and Staff

Jerald L. Manley
Dorothy Gundersen

Gary Roland
Jody Wolf

We begin the twenty-sixth year of publication. Whatever folly and foolishness has been advanced by our efforts we take the responsibility and carefully and quickly give any credit for whatever good might have been achieved, in spite of our frailties and failures to the gracious God of Heaven.

The Heritage Baptist Church of Pensacola has for all these years unwritten the effort, but not with mission money. Often individuals have sent gifts to help and every cent has gone to the cost of paper and postage. But there has never been an appeal made to anyone for assistance.

This publication is mailed to you on purpose. Someone who knows you believed that you would profit by receiving and reading it. If you do not agree, we will remove your name from the next possible mailing. We have no desire to intrude or offend.

When I asked Dr. Bob Jones Sr. about a similar undertaking during my student days, he replied in private as I think he would have in public: "Son, if God orders the materials, He will pay the bill." I have through the years paid for some "materials" that I ordered, but this publication is not one of those. The Lord of the Harvest has seen that all materials have been paid.

I write the material and have it proofed by Gary

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this and that

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Roland, so I can rewrite it understandably. Bro. Wolf and I do the work of printing on a Risograph, collate on an eight page machine, use a forty-five year old folder, and hand staple every issue. (At times, we have had appreciated assistance from PCC interns or church family.) The labels are printed and attached by a company so that the mailing meets the requirements of the USPS. They are then sorted and prepared for mailing by Dorothy Gundersen and entrusted to the care of the USPS for delivery. Mrs. Gundersen, Bro. Roland, and I have, in some manner, been involved in every issue of the twenty-five years.

On balance, more responses have been encouraging than negative over the years. We shall likely reach 1000 on the mailing list this year—almost all of whom are Baptist preachers. Every issue is sent with a desire to exalt the Lord Jesus, to encourage the brethren, and to interest the reader in considering an area that has stirred my heart and that I hope will motivate others.

We do pray for those on the mailing list.

—Pastor Manley

THE BAPTIST HERITAGE

(428-290)

is published monthly by
THE HERITAGE BAPTIST CHURCH
of PENSACOLA,
2200 West Michigan Avenue,
Pensacola, Florida 32526-2379.
PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID
AT PENSACOLA, FLORIDA.

THE BAPTIST HERITAGE is sent without charge to the members of the church and, by request, to interested friends of this church.

There are no subscription charges and no paid advertisements are accepted.

This is VOLUME XXVI and
ISSUE NUMBER 1 for JANUARY 20, 2002.

*DO YOU LOVE HIS APPEARING?**(Continued from page 17)*

Just over in the glory land.

Some glad morning when this life is o'er
I'll fly away;

To a home on God's celestial shore,
I'll fly away;

When the shadows of this life have grown,
I'll fly away;

Like a bird from prison bars has flown,
I'll fly away;

Just a few more weary days and then,
I'll fly away;

To a land where joys shall never end,
I'll fly away.

I'll fly away, O glory, I'll fly away;

In the morning when I die,

Hallelujah, by and by, I'll fly away;

Space doth end before the songs that flood the soul. I trust that some of my readers found themselves singing right along. If so, perhaps we too are beginning to long for Heaven and Home.

Shall it take a Pharaoh's sword or a doctor's sad word to bring us consistently to this place? Should we, upon whom the ends of the world have come, not rather learn by the admonition of the example of Israel?

May you and I learn to love His appearing before the dark times. —Pastor Manley

**Reprint permission always granted;
acknowledgment appreciated.**

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voted to music, especially to congregational singing, was preparatory for the sermon, it was not designed to "set the mood" or "to warm the audience." D. L. Moody, the layman evangelist, is often identified as the first preacher who intentionally used the music to motivate the attendance and to move the congregation toward a decision. This innovation was one of the reasons that prompted Pastor Charles Spurgeon not to identify with Moody in his first London appearances.

That relatively gentle departure by Dwight Moody from the then standard practice of the supremacy of the sermon to somewhat of an equality of music and message was a well-intentioned step that has resulted in a vastly greater divergence in the present use of music. Departures from biblical standards are always tangential and never parallel; the degree of distance, while beginning almost inconsequential, eventually becomes insurmountable. Woe be, however, to anyone who dares to call attention to that widening gap or to opine the need to restore the standard. Once accepted, the human (or devil) devised replacement for a biblical standard becomes more "sacrosanct" than the God-designed, God-established original. To replace biblical truth with human or satanic error requires mere argumentative persuasion; however, to restore that same biblical truth will necessitate aggressive warfare. The exertion to keep error out is simpler, easier,

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cheaper, and safer than the endeavor required to remove error. Error entrenched is a foe nearly impossible to rout.

Once an institution is controlled by apostates, it is beyond reformation: history has shown that one must separate from apostasy and begin a new institution. The infiltration of anti-biblical standards of music—the acceptance by churches of the sensual sound of secular song—is as dangerous to truth as was the acceptance by a previous generation of doctrinal error. Many institutions of Christian education established to defend the faith were, through infiltration, captured by forces opposed to the faith and are today citadels contending against the very faith that built them.

The popular Christian music of the day is music that is fleshly in sound and carnal in nature—exactly like the pseudo-Christianity that it promotes. Dr. Bob Jones, Sr. was wont to say that the drunk lying in his own filth in the gutter had not gone to the devil, but to the dogs. I can only wonder at his possible reaction to the music used by, what appears to be, the majority of Baptist churches and Christian colleges and universities in this nation. “Worldly” is an insufficient term to describe the hard-rock bands of contemporary Baptist churches, some of which continue to describe themselves as conservative, even fundamental. Their music has not gone to the world; it has gone to the dogs. Perhaps

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My heav'nly home is bright and fair,
I feel like traveling on;
Nor pain, nor death can enter there,
I feel like traveling on.
Its glittering tow'rs the sun outshine
I feel like traveling on;
That heav'nly mansion shall be mine,
I feel like traveling on;
Let others seek a home below,
I feel like traveling on;
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
I feel like traveling on;
The Lord has been so good to me,
I feel like traveling on;
Until that blessed home I see,
I feel like traveling on.
Yes, I feel like traveling on,
I feel like traveling on;
My heav'nly home is bright and fair,
I feel like traveling on.

I've a home prepared where the saints abide,
Just over in the glory land;
And I long to be by my Savior's side,
Just over in the glory land;
Just over in the glory land,
I'll join the happy angel band,
Just over in the glory land;
Just over in the glory land;
There with the mighty host I'll stand.

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who yearns for the coming of the LORD Jesus, one must go to the bedsides of the cancer patients, to the rooms of those with desperate diseases and terminal infirmities, to those whose hearts or lungs have given out—in short, to those who have come to realize that this tawdry, lying world has nothing to offer and to those who are hurting enough to be tired of living in this rotten, sin-filled world. It is in that setting that one finds those desiring to journey to the Better Land. There, in that special company, one finds saints singing of Heaven and Home. There in that number, one finds those who love His appearing. There in those places with those saints grown weary in the battle and tired in the struggle and sick of this world does one still hear songs worth dying by-----

This world is not my home; I'm just a passing through,
My treasures are laid up, somewhere beyond the blue;
The angels beckon me from Heaven's open door,
And I can't feel at home in this world any more.

My Savior pardoned me from guilt and shame I know,
I'll trust His saving grace while trav'ling here below;
I know He'll welcome me at heaven's open door,
And I can't feel at home in this world any more.

Oh Lord, I know, I have no friend like you,
If heaven's not my home O lord what will I do?
The angels beckon me from heaven's open door
And I can't feel at home in this world any more.

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that is why contemporary Christian musicians must twitch, flinch, gyrate, and wiggle so much; they have acquired fleas from lying with the dogs. In the misguided effort to make "the Gospel" attractive and acceptable to the ungodly, the camouflaged facade has replaced the reality. Example? Youth groups singing Harrison's "My Sweet Lord" have little idea that the lord to whom they sing is a pagan deity.

If you are living across the creek, up the "holler" in the backwoods somewhere, you may not be aware of "the scene." Walking down the music aisle of the average Christian merchandising outlet (My generation called them "bookstores"; but books are merely a sideline now.) is enough to cause blushes. When I was a young boy in Connorsville, my mother considered certain sections of the Sears, Roebuck catalog as non-viewable material for me. She would take her hatchet (as once did Carrie Nation) and hew the contemporary Agags to pieces. There is more selling of flesh than of song on many album covers (perhaps one does not call them "album covers" anymore) and by the sensual music contained within. The tangent that apparently Mr. Moody (his preferred title, I mean no disrespect of his calling) commenced has drifted so distant from the original standard that it has lost its bearings and is merely afloat on the whims of a secularized, seduced, sensual generation of Corinthian worshippers bowing before a revived golden calf. The com-

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manded “Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs” (Ephesians 5:19, Colossians 3:16—interesting to note the emphasis on “melody” in Ephesians) have been exchanged for “choruses, ditties, and carnal songs.”

Music in today’s ministry is not designed to edify—though it continues to teach; it, however, does not teach biblical concepts. Music is the infuser of entertainment or the inducer of enthusiasm. Choruses, repeated as if cheers at a sporting event, building to a crescendo of yelling and applause, now form the “worship” portion of the service. The song leader that Mr. Moody innovated was replaced by the Music Director, who is now succeeded by the Worship Leader/Pastor. Stalwart hymns are deemed “not relevant to daily living” and are banished from the services. Contemporary Christian music is indeed worship—the same worship that Aaron allowed Israel to practice before the golden calves.

The “beauty of holiness,” always connected with godly reverence and fear in Scripture, has been exchanged for the ugliness of familiarity. The foolishness of frivolity always leads to the impudence of presumption. Samson did not know he would end his days with eyeless sockets, grinding corn for the Philistines when he began to toy with Philistine women. In the most saintly among us, the old nature is yet alive and well, crying out for carnal cravings and fleshly satisfaction. I wonder how many

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soned by the sweat of forced labor.

When, at the direction of God, Moses arrived in Egypt, God immediately caused the pressures to increase. As the time of deliverance drew near, things did not get better, they got worse. Whereas Israel had already been afflicted and made to serve “with rigour” in “hard bondage,” after Moses arrived, the people accused him that he had increased the burdens “because ye have made our savour to be abhorred in the eyes of Pharaoh, and in the eyes of his servants, to put a sword in their hand to slay us.” Now, their voices were given to sighs and groans. In the wisdom of God, the providence of God brought Israel through ever increasing suspicion, abuse, persecution, and death to the place where they were ready to heed the call. The God of Heaven Who had decreed that Israel would be called out of Egypt at a precise time would do so “even the selfsame day” (Exodus 12:41). That same God also caused Israel to cry out for the very deliverance promised. He did not just deliver them; He brought them to the place where they “loved His appearing” in deliverance. It shall be so, I believe, at the time of the rapture—and at the time of the return of Christ at the end of the Tribulation.

Only among believers who are “willing to depart and to be with the Lord” does one find someone who “loves His appearing.” In America, in the year 2002, to find someone who longs for Heaven,

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tual senses and desire to leave the pigpen, they will not desire to go to the Father's house.

As were the children of Israel content to live in Egypt rather than to desire to leave for the Promised Land, so are many Christians content to live in America, the "sweet now and now", rather than contemplate a departure for some unseen land beyond the blue. Israel lived in the best of the land of Egypt. They received special treatment from the government. The God Who had called the nation into existence said they would be brought out of Egypt and they had the bones of Joseph in a coffin to remind them to be ready for the call; however, the position of importance in Egypt had drowned any call. In the providence of God, He raised up a king that knew not Joseph, who brought persecution and hardship, which turned into slavery and death. Even then, they did not receive Moses with great joy. Moses knew the people had no inclination to leave. When he had defended one against abuse, the challenge was, "Who made you a deliverer?" Moses and JEHOVAH both knew that the people destined for the land of milk and honey had acquired a taste for fish, cucumbers, melons, leeks, onions, and garlic and had no desire, no motivation to leave the land. A long way from Egypt, they still remembered how good it had all tasted (Numbers 11:5) even when it was served accompanied by the squealing of slaughtered babies and eaten amid the rattle of chains and sea-

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American believers of this era would attend the revival meetings of my youth. With wooden benches, neither central heat nor air, no sound systems, no carpeting, no nurseries, with sermons nearly two hours in length and invitations of two or more songs (not verses, but songs)—those services were not designed for comfort. Choreography would have been thought of as a fancy term for following the sons of Korah—frankly, that would be a rather scriptural definition.

Spiritual fathers, who fought the battle to keep jazz out of their churches in the 1940's and 1950's (because doing so was right) and who paid a price in the 1960's and 1970's opposing rock music (because doing so was right), have ministerial offspring who sanction Contemporary Christian music—*because doing so draws a crowd and produces an avenue of "making merchandise"*. "Gain is godliness" to the profiteering contemporary Christian entertainer—whether musician or preacher, who measures success in "nickels and noses."

The comfort-zone of too many Baptist preachers will not accommodate courage or conflict. Conformity and convenience have made compromising cowards of "know-better" descendants who chose not to contend as their spiritual fathers did. Contemporary Christians seem to want to be "peace-keepers" rather than warriors of the faith. Believers are no longer "on the battlefield"; they are engaged

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in "nation/kingdom building." The contemporary version for the "whole armor of God" is vacation attire.

The ministry methods of John the Baptist will never become the subject of seminars. Can anyone really imagine today's preachers paying to hear "How To Thin The Crowd"? No major best seller will ever be titled "Make Them Bring Forth Fruits Worthy Of Repentance Before You Baptize Them," "Laying The Ax to the Trees Until You Prune Them Straight," or "Preaching To A Generation Of Vipers." Imagine addressing the average Baptist Sunday morning attendance with a sermon that begins--

"Who warned you to flee from the wrath to come? What motivates you slithering vipers to be in church this morning? Forget about that 'profession of faith' you made, your life bears no testimony of salvation—bring forth fruits worthy of repentance. If you actually believed what you claim to believe, then you would live differently than you do. Your self-righteousness has you destined for the fire of judgment."

I dare say that forty minutes of preparatory praise choruses would not prepare any assembly for John the Baptist. The style and content of John, the son of Zacharias, would deflate the balloon of charismatic crowd-unifying enthusiasm before the projector finished flashing the complete outline of his non-alliterated message on the screen.

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man—or with young people who are tired of restraint and constraint and want freedom and enjoyment—or with those who want to stumble into heaven after they die, but demand to walk in the world while they can still breathe. Once marriage counseling was largely devoted to young couples married three or four years—now, it is not uncommon for "Christians" married for twenty, thirty, or forty years to seek the loosening of marriage bonds. Imagine this—Grandmothers and grandfathers, who have lost all sight of eternity and care for none but their own selves. A strange generation seeks to sow wild oats in the fourth, fifth, or sixth decade of life. I wonder if their cavalier approach to the personal accountability of facing God is not truly evidence of a false profession of faith that has finally worn thin. If such are saved, they cannot escape the chastisement of the Father into Whose hands it is fearful to fall.

I observed long ago, that no one can "counsel" the prodigal on the way to the far country. Until he/she tires of living in the pigpen of serving self—all such effort is wasted. The more I study the parable, the more I marvel at the wisdom of the father. The love of the father caused him to step aside and to allow the boy to go to the far country. Only when that boy "came to himself" was there any hope of counsel and then, *he counseled himself to get back home*. Until American believers come to their spiri-

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*DO YOU LOVE HIS APPEARING?**(Continued from page 11)*

and to go Home. We are no longer “strangers and pilgrims” who are “just a passing through,” we are settlers and citizens “that join house to house, *that* lay field to field, till *there be* no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth!” We are not seeking first the kingdom of God; we are seeking first *and last* to acquire our own kingdom. We are busy pulling down our barns and building greater to hold all our fruits and our goods. The American believer’s life does consist “in the abundance of the things which he possesseth” and in “much goods laid up for many years.” “Sound the battle-cry” has been replaced by “take thine ease.” “To the work, to the work” is now interpreted as “eat, drink, and be merry.”

In the course of an average week, I do not talk with very many who “love His appearing.” Many of my conversations as a pastor seem to be with individuals worried only about self and the very present “now.” They have a heart to “find myself” and care only about “pleasing myself.” A pastor’s time is taken with “counseling” with women who plan to leave their husband to find someone who will meet their “emotional needs” or who intend to be “a spirit set free from the bonds that have kept me from being myself”—or, with men who are leaving wife and children to take up with someone who “makes them feel young again” or who brings satisfaction to the physical drives of the boy within the

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The loss through exchanging “shelving” doctrinal content and substantive message for an “alternative lifestyle” of pulp and pap for church music is the passing (as in death) of the spiritual feeding that the “old” songs gave. Setting aside (but by no means minimizing the wrongness of its use) the music itself, the words of contemporary Christian music are not doctrinally sound. There is no food for the spiritual nature, only a pretty, placating, pleasing pacifier for the old nature. I only ask a simple question: “How many contemporary Christians die with a contemporary Christian song or chorus on their lips?”

I repeat the question to emphasize the extensive implications involved in the simple inquiry. How many contemporary Christians step into eternity with a contemporary Christian song or chorus on their lips? For that matter, how many go to surgery thinking of a praise chorus? Which contemporary Christian chant of praise is their “song in the night?” The modern mush, mulch, and muck is a poor substitute for the “Psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs” of previous generations and provides neither sustenance for the battles nor substance for the dark hours. It is neither milk nor meat, but an extremely thin soup boiled off wood, hay, and stubble and seasoned with wild gourds.

You may wonder what all this has to do with the question of my title. I am not off course, chas-

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ing down a rabbit trail. Music is the evidence of the condition of the soul.

Just as the younger son had no desire to leave the far country and return to his father's home until he discovered that the far country was not paradise, but a pig pen, even so the believer will not love the appearing of the LORD Jesus Christ until he/she begins longing for the home of the Father and tires of the swine slop and the pen muck of this present evil world. No believer will ever find discontentment, while relaxed in a world filled with comfort and ease. It is far easier for an impoverished, half starved, persecuted believer in Indonesia, sheltering in a shipping crate, to pray for the LORD Jesus to return than it is for an American believer in a lazy boy recliner, watching his sixty inch projection television in the family room of his air conditioned home nestled on his own land, while the kids splash in the pool in the back yard. It is also certain that the complacent, contented, comfortable Christian never yearns for his/her heavenly Home. The stuffed, satisfied, satiated believer never sings of Heaven and Home from the heart.

A few years ago, an individual of my acquaintance received a rather large inheritance. He expressed but one concern. He feared that the Lord might return before he could spend it all. In his case, he succeeded in his ambition. His attitude of indulgence is all too common. Perhaps, few backslid-

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den believers would be so brash as to express the crass sentiment so brazenly; but the evidence is there for all who have eyes to see, to see.

Church services that do not cater to the flesh are not filled to overflowing. "Entertainment not exposition" is the craving of the old nature. It is not a serious question as to which will draw the larger attendance, a free prayer meeting or an admission-by-paid-ticket-only Concert. Bible conferences of the past are replaced with retirement and investment seminars. Believers who will choke over spending fifty dollars for a Cambridge Bible spend that much on one trip to a restaurant. Many a believer is far more concerned about his/her preparation for retirement (a teaching from Karl Marx) than about his/her preparation for heaven (a teaching from Jesus Christ).

There is a powerful pressure for Christians to enjoy themselves before they leave this world. None are exempt—not you and not I. We are all bombarded from the outside and seduced from within. To rephrase a statement from an old preacher, "Satan is never too busy to rock the cradle of a satisfied, successful, sleeping Christian." Dr. Quentin King says, "Noah got into trouble when he retired from preaching and began growing grapes." The believer's instruction is to "occupy till I come."

To be plain about this, we believers are "doing quite well" in the world and have no desire to leave

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