

The Scariest Verses In The Bible  
*Why do you call Me 'Lord, Lord,' and not do the things which I say?*  
Luke 6:46

A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away I was a student at Florida Bible College. I had put my trust in Jesus Christ as Savior after the death of a high school friend. I was dating the woman who's now my wife, Sandy, but I was clueless when it came to most spiritual things.

Sandy's dad said, "If you want to date my daughter, you have to come to church with her." I thought she was hot (she still is 48 years later) so I said, "No problem." Being bored for an hour, once a week, is worth the cost of going out with this girl from my High School that I was really attracted to."

A funny thing happened, sitting on those hard pews (no padding back then) at Bethel Bible Fellowship Church in Emmaus, PA. Even though I was there for the wrong motives, and even though the pastor wasn't the most interesting guy in the world, and even though I spent half my time trying to count to holes in the acoustic ceiling tiles, God had other plans.

I kind of already knew I was a sinner. That was my goal, to enjoy as much sin as was out there. But what I didn't know was there was a God in heaven who had visited the planet in Jesus Christ to give his life in the greatest act of love in all of recorded history.

God was at work in my life. And every week, at the end of the service, after they sang (it seemed like ) 13 verses of the hymn *Just as I Am*, the pastor would ask anyone who knew they needed forgiveness to come down front.

Now put yourself in my place. I'm 16 years old. The whole church/Christian thing is completely foreign to me. I knew I needed forgiveness. But a guy I didn't really know was asking me to get out of my pew, excuse myself to get past a bunch of strangers, and walk down front of a church full of people I didn't know.

It didn't happen. Then one Saturday night, as good friend, Doug and another guy crashed their car on a big curve back behind our High School.

That Sunday morning when I got up, I got up, on the front page of the Allentown Morning Call were two pictures: Doug and the other guy I went to school with. Their pictures were on the front page because they were dead.

And all of a sudden the hard pews, the people I didn't know, and the holes in the ceiling tiles didn't matter. What mattered was someone my age had stepped into eternity. I left school on Friday, said goodbye to Doug, and that was it.

That experience shattered my philosophy that you worried about God when you were really old, you know, like 50 or 60!

And that night, in Sandy's living room she and God brought me face to face with my own mortality.

Looking back, I don't think she was going to let me out without praying to receive Christ as my Savior. So because of her persuasion, and my fear of facing a Christless eternity, I bowed my head and the best I knew how, I told God that I wanted His forgiveness. In my limited understanding, in my little tiny comprehension, I put my faith in Jesus Christ as Savior.

I wish I could tell you that from then on I was a totally devoted follower of Christ. To my shame I wasn't. It was the 60's and a few years later I ended up taking handful's of LSD, shooting heroin and crystal meth and searching for the very thing that God had given me freely in the first place.

I had friends OD, I was robbed at knife point on in a tenement on the Lower East side of NY.

And if you'd have looked at me on the outside you'd have said, "Man this guy is hopeless." If I were you looking at me, I would have thought the same thing.

I had a VW bus with a peace sign on the front, went to Woodstock, spent time in a couple of mental institutions, and wrestled daily with thoughts of suicide.

But amazing, two of the most important individuals in my life never gave up on me; Sandy and God. I hurt them both beyond measure. But God brought me to the end of myself. One day I showed up at Sandy's doorstep with my hair chopped off and a Bible under my arm that my mom had given me when I was 12 years old, and asked Sandy to marry me.

It was the most unromantic proposal you could imagine. And for some reason Sandy said, "Yes." If I was doing premarital counseling in a similar situation, I would have told the girl, "You need to give this guy a year. If he stays straight, come back and see me!"

Three months later we were married in that church with the hard pews. A few months later they made us Youth Directors, of all things, and a year later we moved to Florida to go to school.

Every one of us has had favorite teachers, right? There's always someone who impacted us in a unique way. For me it was a guy named Dick Seymour. We've been blessed to have him speak here on a couple of occasions.

And when you went to see Dr. Seymour, and sat down in the chair in front of his desk, there was a plaque on the wall over his head. You couldn't avoid it.

I want you to see what it said. **Turn to Luke 6 page 1012**

### **Read verse 46**

I can remember it like it was yesterday. It was staring me in the face. The words of Jesus. "You call me Lord? You sing those praise songs? You study My Word? You tell people how great I am? "Then why don't you do the things that I say?"

Now you have to understand at this point, I'm studying the Bible. The drugs and crazy lifestyle are all in the past. All the outward stuff was cleaned up.

But it was this laser beam focus of Jesus into the depth of my soul. It was beyond anything anyone else could see. And here it was. The question. Are you really doing the things that I say?

Do you really love others as I have loved you? Do you really care about my glory above and beyond everything else? If all your stuff was stripped away, would you still say, *My soul, find rest in God; my hope comes from him.* Psalm 62:5 ?

How would you answer that question? For a lot of us it's strictly theoretical. But what if you lived in Paradise, California or Mexico City Beach, Florida? How would you answer that question?

God gave us a chance to answer first hand. We really wanted to start a family so we were thrilled when we found out Sandy was pregnant. That thrill turned to anguish when we found out that Sandy needed surgery. But nothing prepared us for the news that not only did she loose the baby, but that she had a rare form of cancer and needed to start chemotherapy immediately.

I vividly remember walking into her room at Jackson Memorial Hospital in Miami. I remember turning around because I thought that they had moved my wife to another room. Then I was told it was the right room. I literally didn't recognize her. That's what the chemo had done to her.

Obviously we survived that horrible experience. We have 3 children and eight grand children by the grace of God.

But at the time, the question I had to confront was, "Is Jesus really lord? What are you going to do if you loose the one that means everything to you in this life?"

*Why do you call Me 'Lord, Lord,' and not do the things which I say? Luke 6:46*

As I thought about a series on the scariest verses in the Bible, I thought, "Wow, I can't skip this one. I can't leave this one out because this one gets to the heart of the matter." When you strip away all the props that we lean on in life, now what?

When does Jesus stop being Lord? When does the King of the Universe who humbled Himself to be the Savior of the world.; our personal Savior, stop being Lord?

When Pastor Kevin and Karen watched their daughter take her last breath was it time to call it quits?

All of a sudden a verse that we might be tempted to breeze past, hits us between the eyes.

*Why do you call Me 'Lord, Lord,' and not do the things which I say? Luke 6:46*

To me, that's the greatest question. How can we on the one hand say we believe in Jesus Christ and yet, on the other, not live the way He says they're supposed to? I think there are several reasons, because there are several kinds of "believers."

There's the *uninformed believer* who doesn't obey God because of ignorance. There's the *unfinished believer*. They know what God says, but aren't mature enough in their faith to consistently obey. There is what we might call the *headstrong believer*, who doesn't do what God says because of self-reliance. And then there's the *weary believer*, who's been beaten down by life and the troubles of this world.

Well then, what's the key? **Read 47-49**

Because of the climate and terrain of Palestine, people had to be wise in where they built. For most of the year, it was pretty dry and, during that season, the foundation you built on really didn't matter. But in the rainy season, the dry creek beds turned into raging rivers and the result could destroy a home in a matter of minutes.

How are we going to stand in life? Where do we get the solid foundation?

When we built this building we were hit with some extra costs in our building program. One of the biggest came from having to deal with unsuitable soils. To build a building you need a certain percent compaction for the foundation so the building will remain solid.

We cut costs in a lot of other areas but there was one place for sure we weren't going to skimp on. That's the foundation.

The same has to be true for our lives if we're going to be authentic disciples. Our life isn't built on stone and bank-run gravel but, it's built on knowing and obeying God's Word.

Isn't it interesting that we have, available to us, more material for learning the Bible than any other people who have ever lived on the face of the planet. We have a never-ending supply of Bible translations, study materials, tapes, books, videos, computer software, Christian radio stations. And yet what I find is that so many of us know so very little about the Bible, and obey even less.

There are believers who have been Christians for years and haven't even read through the Bible once. Statistically Christian's aren't faring any better than our society around us on moral issues.

Why is all this so important? Katherine and Jay Wolf have a book called *Hope Heals*. Sony purchased the movie rights, we'll see if the film ever comes about. You can get their book in the meantime. If you want to see an amazing interview with them go to [Northpoint.live](http://Northpoint.live) and watch the service.

I wanted to show you a video clip but I couldn't decide how to pick out a highlight because the whole thing is a series of highlights. But in a nutshell they got married at 22. He was in law school and she worked in entertainment so they moved to LA.

Three years later Katherine had a baby boy. Life was good. Just 6 months and 5 days after, giving birth Katherine collapsed in her kitchen while her baby slept in the other room.

Katherine had suffered a massive brain stem stroke out of the blue, from the rupturing of an AVM, a rare congenital defect she didn't even know she had.

To save her life, over half of her cerebellum was removed and many vital intra-cranial nerves were sacrificed, possibly leaving her paralyzed, or in a vegetative state. After 16 hours of micro-brain surgery at UCLA Medical Center, Katherine lived!

Her recovery took years. She can't walk, she's she can't care for her family, but today Katherine and Jay run a camp for the disabled!

This is what Jay said, "My father is a pastor so he performed our wedding. What passage of scripture does he use? The end of Luke 6. He said, "Build your marriage on the rock and you will be able to weather any storm."

"He's speaking from Luke 6 and I'm thinking, Really dad? This is kind of a downer. Didn't you ever hear of the love chapter? Why aren't you reading from that?"

Little did we know when we made those promises “For worse, In sickness, In Poverty, For the rest of our lives” how significant the words of Luke 6 would become in our lives.

*Do you call Him ‘Lord, Lord,’ and not do the things which he says?* Let me challenge you to see God’s plan in a whole new way.