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Holiness Writers

WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE AN IDEAL HOME

By

H. Robb French

*“Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without
which no man shall see the Lord” Heb 12:14*

Spreading Scriptural Holiness to the World

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WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE AN IDEAL HOME

A Message by **H. Robb French**

Transcribed and edited by **Duane V. Maxey***

From a Tape Recording of the Message

TEXT: Gen 2:18-25 *And the LORD God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him. 19 And out of the ground the LORD God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them: and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof. 20 And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field; but for Adam there was not found an help meet for him. 21 And the LORD God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept: and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof; 22 And the rib, which the LORD God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man. 23 And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man. 24 Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh. 25 And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed.*

I would like to have seen that beautiful home that God made for Adam and Eve before the curse of sin fell on creation. I'd like to have heard the birds sing in the Garden of Eden. It was a beautiful place -- that was man's first home. But since the Fall of mankind, it is perfectly natural for mankind to want a home. Jesus said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." That hole in the ground is a home for the fox, and that nest in the tree is a home for the bird.

Now, the home is the fountain-head of our society. No nation can rise higher than the average home, and that's why we're in the condition we're in today: the trouble is in the fountain-head of our society. There are Four Great Cornerstones to our Christian civilization: The Home, The School, The Church, and The Government. If they all would function properly, we would have a wonderful place to live in. But the Home is evidently the most important of these four, and I want to talk to you this afternoon about what it takes to make an ideal home -- I wonder, if there are any ideal homes represented in this audience today.

I'd rather live in a hog-pen than to live in some homes! There's quarreling, there's discords, there's bitterness, there's hatred. That's not God's design for the home of mankind. It takes more than boards nailed together and brick and mortar to make a home. It takes more than modern conveniences.

It takes LOVE to make an ideal home.

I think that's why Jesus delighted to resort to Bethany, the home of Mary and Martha and their brother Lazarus. I just kind of have a feeling that love reigned in that home. You can almost walk through the door of a house, a home, and tell whether they're in love and harmony or not.

I heard Mel Trotter years ago tell about two young men that graduated from college. One wanted to be a farmer. He loved the country, the open country, and so he went into the farming business and made a success. The other went into business, and became one of the richest multi-millionaires of this country. This farmer-boy thought he would like to visit his former chum -- why, they slept together, they ate together, they were as close as brothers -- and so he went to visit him in New York City, and found him putting up at the most expensive suite in one of the largest hotels in that great metropolis. They had a wonderful time that evening talking over old experiences, and comparing notes, until time that the little mother took the girls and slipped into the bedroom to get them ready for the night.

They slipped out, just before they retired, and climbed up on their father's knee and smothered him with kisses. They jumped down and started back for the bedroom, when he called to them, and said, "Girls, this is my pal -- we slept together, we lived together, we were as close as brothers. Would you mind kissing my friend Good-night?"

Rather timidly, they climbed upon his knee, and planted a kiss on his cheek, and then slipped back to their mother. This big multi-millionaire, the tears began to stream down his face. He said, "Bill, will you let those girls kiss me tomorrow night?" That's the first show of affection that I can remember. Bill, I can write my check for as large as any man in America. I'm an extremely wealthy man ... but I don't know what love is. I get lonesome living here. My wife and daughter are over in Paris and moving in the highest circle of society, and I thought I'd like to visit them, so I went over, and they were ashamed of me -- 'Why husband, why did you come? You're not dressed fit to move in the circles we're moving in!' I saw I wasn't wanted, so I slipped back to England where my boy was. He was getting a crowd of young people on his private yacht, and he saw me and waved his hand and said, 'Stick around dad, we'll be back after a while.' All they care for me is to furnish the meal ticket."

I don't say all poor homes are happy, and have what we're talking about, love, but if it takes poverty I'd rather be poor, and have love in the home.

It takes HARMONY to make an ideal home.

We talked a little bit about the bitterness, the discord, the hatred that's in the homes up and down this land and country. Mrs. Ackerman traveled around the world looking for happy homes. She went in the palace of the rich; she went into the brown-stone front of the nobility of England; she visited the palace of the king; she was in the White House, I believe, at Washington. You know what she reported, after traveling around the world looking for happy homes? She said, "I only found six homes: I think one was a little cabin in the south where some Negro people live," and she decided they were happy.

That's why we're preaching Old Time Religion, that's why we're preaching Holiness! My brother, Holiness is a great adjuster -- It'll adjust your own heart. Where is the source of this trouble we're having? It's down deep in the heart. In the Bible its called the "root of bitterness". Thank God! Jesus went to Calvary and paid the price, and you and I can be sanctified wholly. We can have our hearts cleansed from the "root of bitterness" -- and you'll have to have that experience if you have harmony

in the Church -- a lot of churches don't have harmony. We you let me say something? They're not holy people. Holy people don't fuss! They don't run down one another! They don't fall out with one another! We may not all see exactly alike, but we love one another -- and that's the strongest bond that can tie the people together in this awful day of discord and fussing and quarreling. I tell you friends, we've fussed enough to last for the next ten thousand years.

I know we have to take our stand. Don't misunderstand me. We can't compromise! I won't compromise for the sake of a superficial unity. That isn't true unity. By the grace of God, in these days of awful apostasy, I'm going to **STAND BY THE CONVICTIONS THAT GOD ALMIGHTY HAS WRITTEN ON MY HEART!** It's already cost me a little. It'll cost us all more. I wish I had time to tarry there just a little bit.

Some of you heard me tell about this home -- my friend was acquainted with them. He knew Horace, the oldest boy who was eighteen years of age. And Horace said, "I was the Black Sheep of the family. 'Who did that?' The children piped up, 'Horace did it.' Sometimes I was guilty, and sometimes I wasn't. Somebody set some milk buckets on the pathway leading from the house to the barn, and the dog came along and got his head in the milk bucket, and of course ruined the milk. Father came along and said, "WHO DID THAT!" -- angry tone of voice. The children piped up and said, "Horace did it!"

Horace said, "I didn't do that. I'd done some other things, but I wasn't guilty of putting those milk buckets down there on the pathway." He [his father] turned, with that angry flush in his cheek and said, "HORACE, DID YOU DO THAT?!" He said, "No, Father." He slapped him on the cheek, and said, "YOU'RE LYING! You know you did do it."

(Now, you'll understand me on this question of discipline before I get through. I got my share of punishment when I was coming up, and I want this rising generation to get there share. Most of them are not getting what they need. Do you know these Holiness schools are having a time, trying to correct the mistakes in the home! God help us, Brother! Well, we musn't get on a sideline too much here.)

Horace said, "I was eighteen. I was feeling my young manhood. I was feeling my strength, and something rose up in me like a tiger. With my fist clinched, and my teeth chattering with rage, I turned on my father, and I said, "DON'T YOU EVER TOUCH ME AGAIN! DAD! DON'T YOU EVER PUT YOUR HAND ON ME AGAIN!"

"My father saw I was beside myself with anger, and he turned and started for the barn. I followed him every step of the way, and saying, "DON'T YOU EVER LAY YOUR HAND ON ME AGAIN! When I got to the barn door I broke. I came to myself, I said, 'Oh, my God, what have I done! I nearly hit my father. This'll never do. I can't stay around here. We're gonna have trouble.' "

He went in the house, and tied up a few things in a red bandanna handkerchief and trotted out the door. Instinctively mother knew that something was wrong. "Horace where are you going?" "I'm leaving home, mother." Hot tears fell on her cheeks, his cheeks, as she threw her arms around him, and begged him not to go.

"For a time I relented, and then I saw my father. And I pulled away from my mother's embrace. I walked past the door and down the road, and out into the country road, and started on that journey to leave my home, as I thought, for the last time. My feet were never as heavy as they were that day, and my heart was heavier than my feet... 'til I climbed the last hill, I knew when I went over that hilltop, I thought I knew, I would never see the house in which I was born, I would never see my home again.

"The twilight shadows were just gathering, and I turned, I could see the roof of the house, towering above the plum trees, and the peach trees, and I said to myself, "My mother won't sleep a wink tonight. She'll cry all night. My little brothers and sisters will cry themselves to sleep tonight."

And he said, "I heard a voice calling, 'Horace!' and it was coming closer -- and I waited musing. Finally I saw my father's form emerging from the trees. The closer he came, the faster he ran. He fell on my neck and sobbed like a child, and shook like a leaf in the wind. He said, 'Horace, I'm sorry. I was mad when I hit you. Horace, if you'll forgive me, and if you'll come back, I'm gonna promise you that things are gonna be different, in our home.' "

They wept together a while, and then locked arms, and started back home. I kind of believe that day the angels in heaven rejoiced.

He said, "That evening we went in. Nothing new about that. Father took the Bible from the shelf, and started to read a passage ... but there was a different tone in his voice, as he read the Word of God that night.

"When he finished reading, he came and bent down over mother. His soft beard touched her cheek. He said, 'Mama, I've professed a lota religion around here, but I haven't always lived like Jesus. I want you to forgive me. He went to each one of the little children, and begged there forgiveness ... (Brother, if we could start something like that around here we'd have a revival that would shake the foundations of communism. I believe that.)

Horace said, "He came to me -- his hot tears fell on my cheek, I thought I would die! He said, 'Forgive me, my boy, I've professed a lota religion, but I haven't lived like Jesus.' And now,' he said, 'we'll pray.'

"I'd heard my father pray for years, but there was a tone in his voice that night I'd never discovered before. And then, when he finished, mother tried to pray between her sobs, and the children prayed -- sobbed out their little prayers, and" Horace said, "it came my turn pray, **AND I PRAYED CLEAR THROUGH, AND GOD SAVED ME AT THE FAMILY ALTAR THAT NIGHT!** Not only that, but he **CALLED ME TO PREACH!**"

Brother, that's a revival if you're asking me! Oh, my God, friends, Holiness is a great adjuster of the heart! It's a great adjuster of the home! There's nothing more beautiful this side of heaven than a holy home -- a Christian home -- a home where harmony reigns supreme. And the devil is doing his best to wreck the American home, and he knows if he can do it he'll capture our nation.

The home has stood like a bulwark, holding back the forces of sin and evil, but Brother, we're getting too busy to have the homes we ought to have.

It takes a GODLY FATHER to make an ideal home.

Every child has a right to the Christian heritage. I want to tell you, my friends, when a child is born, and you hold that little bundle of dimples, and beauty in your hands, one of the greatest events has happened. A little child is born! Forces are set in motion that will never die: -- that child is going to live in heaven or hell; that child is going to bless the world, or going to curse the world; that live for God, or live for the devil. I wonder if we feel the importance of that little bundle of flesh we carry around.

No wonder Isaac was the wonder man he was -- he had a godly father; he had a praying father. But I like to talk about Noah. My, he stands out in bold relief in my mind, among the fathers of the Old Testament.

God revealed to him that a flood was coming, and the world was going to be destroyed. And Brother, if you're living close enough to God you know another flood is about to break loose. I tell you, this is the darkest hour we have ever known. We're on the verge of something tremendous. If we knew how near the torture chambers we are, we wouldn't sleep tonight, perhaps. I'll tell you, God wants to do something about it. He's still on the throne; I don't believe its too late. I believe if we pay the price, God will give us a revival that will push back the hordes of communism -- and modernism.

Brother, I read a report just the other day of a certain religious council. Its the most abominable thing I've ever read. Its an insult to intelligence. Its an insult to God! Its an insult to the Bible, and Bible Standards. God have mercy on us. I'd tarry there a little while, but we had better carry on here.

But here's Noah; he fears that there is going to be a flood. What did he do? He gets busy ... and you had better get busy.

(I know what you're thinking about. [chuckle] Maybe I'd better defend myself a little. You think Brother French preaches a lot on the home, but he doesn't have any children. That's true ... but I wouldn't be surprised if I don't know more about children than you do. I've been in the school business all my life. Why, Mrs. French and I broke physically, trying to maintain a little school for children in Birmingham, Alabama. Why, those children loved me ... the teacher would tell me, "Brother French, I've got some incorrigibles in this room. I can't do anything with them. You can do anything you want. They love you" -- and I loved them. I know more about children than you think I do.)

But Noah got busy ... and you'd better get busy! The hour is late. It may be too late. What's he doing? He's going down in the forest there, and hewing down logs and timbers and pinning them together. "What are you doing, Noah?" "I'm building an ark to saving of my house. I've got three boys and their wives. And here's my wife and I; we're building an ark to the saving of our house."

Do you know, I believe it took most every minute of his time, when he wasn't sleeping or eating or something that he had to do. And I tell you friends, if we go at this right we won't have time to do a lot of other things. You can call me a fanatic if you want to, but I don't think you mothers have time to crochet and knit. You've got children. You've got to build a wall around those children, and it will take you a lifetime to do it -- as long as they're in your home. Now don't you sit down on me friends; I'd like to jar every father and mother here.

Well, there he is, hammering away. Years are passing, and he's still building -- still hammering at the ark, still hewing timbers. "Noah, do you ever get tired?" "I'm so tired now I can hardly stand on my feet, but I've got to get this ark finished. The flood's coming. I've got to save Shem, Ham, and Japheth, and their wives." "Noah, has it cost you anything?" "It's bankrupted me. It's cost me everything ... but it'll be worth it. When that mighty storm, that flood breaks, if I can lead my children into a safe ark, it will be worth it all."

If you were to ask me the most remarkable text, one of the most beautiful texts in the Old Testament, I would quote that one: "And God said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I found faithful ..." (I told the folks at the Institute last week ... I guess I guard them a little bit ... Well, I want to ... I said, 'You go home and tuck your children in bed, and kiss them good-night, and after they're sound asleep, go in and kiss them good-night forever.)

Why, you say, "What to you mean?" I believe what I said. The communists are after the children. They'll soon bump us off. They don't care for us. They want the children, and they've got a technique of hell. The devil's master-mind is behind this method of brainwashing. They can brainwash your children till they'll hate you, and spit on the Bible, and curse the name of Jesus Christ, and hate the Church.

Now I can almost hear somebody back there talking back. You say, "Brother French, I've got more confidence in God than that. Do you think God would let them take my children?" I'm not too sure. I'll tell you why -- we're not spending enough time building a wall around our children from these forces of evil that are surging in against us.

I mentioned in a meeting just recently ... I said, "I don't believe anyone can keep saved in this day and pray less than an hour." You should have seen them ... people get ... "Why, I've never prayed an hour in my life." Mothers with a brood of children, and communists, and modernists, Jehovah's Witnesses and everything after them. Oh my God! I would judge my mother prayed five hours a day. Why am I here today? She built a mighty wall of prayer around her family, to protect them from the onslaughts of hell and the devil.

I tell you, you haven't got time to look at television. You haven't got time to get in a church fuss. You've got too big a job. Surprising, the fathers and mothers that have children -- if there's a little trouble in the church they'll get mixed up in it. You don't have time. God help us here!

Noah prepared an ark to save his family, and we'll save ours if we do our part.

It takes A GODLY MOTHER to make an ideal home, and now you know who I am going to talk about. There are many of them in the Bible.

Samuel's mother was a woman of prayer. No wonder he was the great prophet he was. He shook the world, and the world has never gotten over it yet. He lives on. Why? His mother, was a mother of prayer. She prayed him into the world, and dedicated him to the Lord when he was just a little fellow.

But here is Moses mother. You know, Amram was his father. It doesn't say too much about Amram until you get farther over in Genesis, but it talks about his mother. Some of us men wouldn't amount to a row of frost-bitten beans, if it wasn't for our wives. God bless the godly women. Hallelujah!

I don't know what old Amram was doing around, fooling around, maybe whittling soft pine or something ... but she was getting ready! to put a king in the palace. She went down there and got that little ark, and daubed it with pitch. That's interesting. That shows me she wasn't an artist. You don't have to be. She "daubed" it on. And then she laid that little fellow in that ark -- the youngest pilot that ever manned a ship.

She was a woman of faith. She had confidence in her God, and she pushed him out. I've stood there and looked at those dirty waters, infested with crocodiles, and I can imagine I see that little ark floating around in the bulrushes. She pushed him out, and Miriam stood by to guard, and finally, you know the story. Pharaoh's daughter came down and opened the little ark, and he cried just on scheduled time, and it touched her mother heart and she said, "This is one of Hebrew boys," and Miriam stepped up and said, "Do you want me to get a nurse for him?" "Oh, that's right, you get a nurse." Who did she get? His own mother! Praise God!

Now, you know this as well as I do, but Pharaoh had decreed that all the Hebrew boys had to be killed. But, here's a little slave woman, stoop-shouldered, horny hands no doubt, but she matched swords with the great king of ancient Egypt. And Brother, God put her little boy in the palace, and poor old Pharaoh had to feed him, and clothe him, and educate him, and even PAY HIS MOTHER FOR LOOKING AFTER HIM! That is an example of the mighty providences of God. What can God do if He gets a little material to work on. Hallelujah!

I'm telling you now, my friends, I believe that after that mother got her baby in her arms, he probably wasn't conscious yet ... I believe she paced the floor and prayed, and cooed the Hebrew songs. She's starting early. That's the trouble with most fathers and mothers -- they don't start soon enough.

A scientist came out in the newspaper the other day, and said there's a change in the cortex of the brain when a child reaches the age of three. You have a hard time training them after three years of age. If that is so, my friends, most are waiting until it's too late.

I don't know whether I ought to tell you ... brother Schmul published it in the paper, and I haven't said much about it since. But, you know, I could hardly preach here a while back -- the babies were about to break up the meeting. I don't believe that has to be. Hallelujah!

We had a young couple in Birmingham. They had one girl five years of age, and then they had the baby six months old. I went down to hold a revival somewhere below Birmingham, and I came back and said (we were in the house talking it over), "My, its a problem to get a sermon across where I'm holding a meeting. The children are romping around, babies crying, and I just shut my eyes and hope that something will fall into somebody's heart somewhere. She said, "Brother French, that's absolutely unnecessary. I taught my six months old baby reverence in the house of God. I'll challenge you, or anyone else, to show me a grown person that's more reverent than my six months old baby."

Why, brother, that's something. Do you know what happened? Her husband would come around, and that little baby would throw a fit. If you want to study psychology, you just study these babies. Brother, they're masters at higher psychology. Why, brother, my most interesting experience is watching babies pull stunts on their mothers -- psychological gags, on their parents. She'd sit there and [begin to make disturbing noises] and he'd take her up in his arms and walk up to the front and walk her up and down -- that's exactly what she wanted; she wanted a little ride.

So, the mother looked the situation over. Now she said, "Husband, the next time you take this baby out, I'm going out with you. And I'll give her a genuine spanking." ("Why, you brutal mother, you. SPANKING A SIX MONTHS OLD BABY! She doesn't know what she's doing." She knows enough to throw you a fit to get you to take her out. She knows enough to behave herself.)

She said, "I've forgotten, brother French, whether it was five or six times that I went out with that baby to spank her." Now you remember when you studied logic, the little syllogisms we used to rattle over. That baby had formed a syllogism in its mind: Cry -- get a ride. Get a ride -- have a nice time. But when it got a spanking on the outside, it changed its syllogism, its logic: Cry -- get a ride. Get a ride -- get a spanking. I ain't gonna cry! [a volume of laughter from the crowd]

Why, she said, "Brother French, that's all nonsense." And, you know I went back and thought I'd just diplomatically tell about that in this church where I was holding a meeting. But, she said, "We're coming down to see ya." My, it scares me. I'd already told the congregation about this six months old baby and how perfectly it behaved itself. Now, I thought it would be just like the devil to bring that baby down here and have it throw a fit. [a volume of crowd laughter]

Brother, she came down with that baby, and you would have never known that baby was in the church. That five year old child and that baby behaved as well as any grown person in that auditorium.

Starting too late. Hmmm. I wish we had a few more Jochebeds. I tell you, brother, she turned loose the greatest Law-giver this world has ever known, aside from deity. What a man Moses was! He owed it to his mother, and to his God. Hallelujah! Who knows but what you're rocking a mighty preacher in your cradle.

It takes A FAMILY ALTAR to make an ideal home.

Do you know, we're getting too busy to serve God. My mother was a little sawed-off Irish woman, but I'll tell you she had a backbone like blue steel. She said, "Children, and Papa, we're gonna have family altar here if we don't have anything else! Thank God for her memory! And I've told the folks across this country, if you were to ask me, "Where was your greatest service? -- what was the greatest service you were ever in?" I think I'd answer, "The Family Altar."

Another thing she said was, "Papa, and children, now you listen to me. We're not going to have and old, dry family worship. We're gonna have the fire falling on our family worship." Hallelujah! It helped to make me what I am. It might interest you to know, that I got saved at the family worship.

My mother got some chairs around the fireside, and she said, "Now children, you kneel at that chair, and you talk to Jesus just like you talk to your mother." I was four years of age, as I recall. I didn't know theological terms, but I could understand that. And I poured out the penitence of my heart, and it was a solid bottom chair and there was a puddle of tears standing there. And when I got up from that chair, I had the joy in my heart, and the reservoir. What do you call it? I call it genuine conversion. Hallelujah!

I walked out on the back steps, it was an autumn evening, and it seemed like the birds were singing in a different note. All nature was rejoicing! And I said something like this: "This is a new world I'm in!" No, it wasn't a new world, I HAD A NEW HEART! I had met the Christ! -- at the family altar.

"Backward, turn backward,
Oh time, in your flight!
Make me a child again,
Just for tonight."

Here we are, kneeling around the altar, and we're praying. And I was one of the most timid and most reticent boys you ever looked at. And brother, the glory of God settled right down there, and I shouted the high praises of God. You should have seen my sister and my brothers make eyes at me! I was just a little fella, but I was launched, I was riding high in the chariot, I was shouting ... Where was it? At family worship! Hallelujah!

"Backward, turn backward,
Oh time, in your flight!
Make me a child again,
Just for tonight."

We're there around the family altar again, and the power of God fell. My father was a very matter of fact person; he was a lawyer, but you know at that family altar he had a vision of heaven -- went to heaven, and came back and told us about it. You talk about something thrilling. There's nothing monotonous about that! Hallelujah!

God, give us more family altars!

Abraham, wherever he went the smoke of his sacrifice curled up, except Egypt, I guess. And the Hivites and the Jebusites and the Girgashites, and the rest of the "ites" would say, "Abraham is worshipping his God. He's offering his sacrifice." I don't recall where Lot ever offered a sacrifice. If I'm wrong, I want to be corrected.

Think of the difference of the two families, and in the two men. You can't rear a family of children without family worship! You can't have the home God wants you to have without a vital family worship. Hallelujah!

Mother would say, "You can miss your meals, if you like, but we're going to have family prayer." Praise God!

Say, it takes GOVERNMENT to make an ideal home.

We've already anticipated this, but friends, -- What's the cause of this crime wave? Juvenile delinquents -- the greatest juvenile crime wave that ever plagued the civilization. What's the matter? Its growing from the home! Are you listening? I'm not speaking under pressure. I'm talking out of my very heart. The greatest crime in America today is UNDISCIPLINED HOMES!

My sister was Dean of girls in two Holiness colleges. She said, "Robb, I'm quitting. I can't take it. Children are not what they used to be. There's no discipline in the home. We just expelled five boys from this Holiness college, and a fifteen year-old boy stood up there and said, 'Nobody will ever tell me what I can do and can't do!' " Who's responsible for that? The fathers and mothers.

"I know Abraham ... he'll command his household after him." You know, I'd like to perform an operation on some of you dads. Really, I'm in a good humor. But I'd like to perform an operation -- I'd like to take the jelly out and put some blue steel in your backbone. Hallelujah!

Did you ever hear H. C. Morrison tell about the one-armed soldier of the Civil War, and he dealt in grain futures and built him up a nice fortune, and he had a beautiful girl, and he came in one day and the mother was sitting at the sewing machine sewing. He said, "Honey, what are you doing?" "Why, I'm making a dress." Well, is it for a special occasion?" "Yes. Now husband, don't get excited, its just a little social dance among the neighbors. No harm in it, and I'm making her a dress to wear to the dance." That one-armed man, brother, grabbed that dress and wadded it up and stuffed it in the fireplace, and his wife commenced to cry. He said, "Now whimper all you want to, but God's running me and I'm running this home." Hallelujah!

You don't have to get cantankerous and bitter about it; that isn't what I'm talking about, but there's a time when you have to stand firm. Hallelujah! You know that girl grew up to be such a wonderful girl, pure, virtuous, attractive, so different that the common run of girls. But a wealthy young man from the North saw her, and fell in love with her, and courted her and married her. Morrison said, "They asked me to perform that ceremony, and that rich Yankee gave me a thousand dollars to perform that ceremony." He said, "That's what I got out of her father burning that dress."

He said, "It wasn't long till that father failed; he lost all he had, but his son-in-law was very wealthy. He got a letter one day, and it said, 'Dear Father, I've been waiting for an opportunity to show in a small way my appreciation of the girl you have reared. She's so pure and virtuous and so beautiful and so different, and so above the common run of girls, I felt like I wanted to express my appreciation to you because I knew your need at this time,' " and in that letter was a check for fifty thousand dollars. Brother, you had better burn a few dresses! Hallelujah! [laughter in the crowd]

Oh friends, are you in a good humor? I don't want to be unkind; I don't feel like throwing clubs. I feel tender in my spirit. But do you know what's the matter with parents? They hate their children. You say, "Brother French, that isn't so." The Bible says so. You spare the rod, you hate your child! I want you to know there's nothing that takes the place of the rod. My mother wasn't educated, but I'll tell you she knew well the "board" of education. Bless God! [crowd laughter] What's the matter with parents who spare the rod? They want their children to go to hell. "Brother French, that isn't so." I'll prove it by the Bible: "Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and save his soul from hell." [Exact quotation: "Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell. -- Prov 23:14]

Why, you say, "That sounds brutal." No, it isn't brutal at all. I can explain it perfectly. It means to whip like my mother whipped. Bless God! [crowd chuckling with the speaker] And brother, when she got through, we were through. Do you know the rule she took for whipping her children? I'll give it to you; you mothers can try it. She said she read somewhere how the caravan drivers over in the Oriental countries would have the camels lay down while they were being loaded, and how the camels would groan and growl while this was taking place. (Why I've heard them groan until I thought they were dying! They're not.) And the caravan drivers keep putting on the load till they stop grunting and growling, and then they know they have enough. [crowd laughter]

My mother said that's the rule she used in whipping her children. As long as we screamed and yelled, she kept laying it on, until we relaxed. We had enough. I wish I'd known that sooner! [loud laughter].

Parents, I tell you, this leaven of communism has been working a long time in our nation. Years ago a well known university sent out a crew of men to visit the homes to see what was wrong, and they came back with the report that there is too much discipline in the home. That was just what the devil wanted, and a lot of people listened to that satanic philosophy. God help us.

Say, it takes a **GODLY ENVIRONMENT** to make an ideal home.

I hope I haven't talked too much about my mother, not because she's more wonderful than your mother, but I knew her better. And I tell you one thing, brother she kept our house clean. I don't mean only clean from dirt and trash, but bless God, if any old magazine came in she'd look it over, and if she felt that it wasn't fit for our home, it went in the fire. She said, "I don't want anything to pollute my home!"

Why brother, that was before the days of television almost. If someone had bought a television to pipe Hollywood into her home, I don't know. I don't know what on earth she'd have done. I guess

she'd have stomped it to pieces in a good holy manner -- right in her living room. I tell you, she declared war on anything that was primed to be gray, and pollute, and undermine the morals.

I'm just hitting a few high places here. But friend, I walked into a home here some time back. What do you suppose I saw? A deck of cards, on the center table, in a little retainer. I'd as soon have a rattlesnake turn on me as to have a deck of cards.

A woman whose son was to be hung on the next day, asked Mrs. B____, a Christian prison worker, to visit her son in the prison, twenty miles from her home. She agreed to come as quickly as she could. When she strolled on the prison grounds; it was dark, and a little woman dressed in black was pacing back and forth among the shade trees. Mrs. B____ walked up to her, and after they exchanged greetings, the woman said, "Oh, Mrs. B____, my boy is to be hung tomorrow. God only knows how I love him! But he's refused to see me. I wonder if you'd intercede for me -- plead for me. I want to give him a final kiss. I want to tell him I love him.

"Why, that's a strange situation," Mrs. B____ said, "I'll do the best I can for you, my sister."

She went in, and she said that he was quite a noble young man, he talked courteous, he seemed kind. Then she said, "Son, your mother..." That's as far as she got. He cursed and awful oath -- cursed and damned, and raved like he was mad. She laid her hand upon him, and said, "Son, don't do that! In all my experience in prisons, I've never seen anything like this. Why is it, you cursed, when I mentioned your mother?"

He said, "Mrs. B____, my mother taught me to play High Five and progressive Euchre, in her own parlor with a church member. We had a little society game, and we played for little toys. It fired my blood, and I went down to the gambling dens and began to gamble for money. I was intoxicated that night, and shot my best friend. Mrs. B____, my mother is responsible! I'd have never been a gambler, if it hadn't been for my mother.

God help us. Have you got anything in your home that's out of harmony with Holiness? Don't have a picture under which you cannot consistently write: "Holiness unto the Lord." Don't have an old magazine over which you can't write: "Holiness unto the Lord." And I tell you, you can't do that with Television. My friends, if you'll go back and read, and follow the history -- these crime waves, these riots, began to start as soon as Television came in. It's the greatest incentive to crime in America today! It's the greatest incentive to divorce! It's the greatest incentive to immorality! And yet some say, "I don't see any harm in it." Well, if the light becomes darkness one can't see any harm in anything.

We'll have to close here, but Oh, my friends, I'd like to say one thing more:

It takes IMMORTALITY to make an ideal home.

You say, "I can't qualify." Oh, you can. Yes, you can. I'm the only member of my family left. When my sister was killed by a drunken driver on the highways of Florida, only God knows the agony of my soul. I said, "I'm all alone." And the Lord seemed to whisper in my ear, "Haven't you

always wanted a French Reunion?" "Oh, yes Lord." I don't know how many times I had planned that, but never could have it. We were so scattered. "You're nearer having a family reunion now than you've ever been. Four of them on the banks of sweet deliverance, under the shade of the Tree of Life, and they're waiting for you to come."

"Will the circle be unbroken..."

Won't it be wonderful if our whole family can make it in! We'll look around, and... "Why Praise God, here's John! Oh John, I prayed for you. Oh, here's Mary! Mary, God bless your heart, I'm glad you made it into the City. Oh, here's Josie!..."

I know we won't be human then. I know things will be different, but I'll tell you, we had better think about it. Suppose you look around, and say, "Where is Henry?" "Henry is..."

Maybe it won't be that way. Former things will be forgotten, but you had better think about it down here.

"Henry? I haven't seen him. I haven't found him."

Oh, that little babe that comes into your home -- **MAKE IT THE CHIEF BUSINESS OF YOUR LIFE** to train its little feet in paths of righteousness toward God and Christ, and the salvation of the Church, and Heaven. Hallelujah.

Some young men were in South Carolina. They were going to eat dinner with an elderly lady. She was all alone. And they said to her, "We understand you have a son." "Oh, yes, I had a boy, but he's dead now." "Is that so. Oh, do you have his picture? We'd kinda like to see his picture." She arose, and said, "There's the trunk, and in the tray of the trunk, as you'll lift the lid you'll find his picture. If you'll excuse me, I'll leave."

They thought it was strange, but they looked at the picture, placed it face down again, closed the lid of the box, and closed the lid of the trunk. Finally the mother came back, her eyes swollen and red. She said, "I'm sorry to have acted like I did, but my boy died cursing. He died without God." She said, "Whenever I touch a cool glass of sparkling water to my lips, I think, 'Oh my God, my boy is in hell, begging for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue.' I never feel a cool breeze fan my cheek on a hot day, but what I think, 'My God, my boy is in hell, where there are no cool breezes to relieve the suffering of the fire and the tortures of the damned!' I never lie down on my bed to sleep, but I think, 'My boy is in hell, where there's no rest.'"

You say, "Brother French, that's too horrible to tell!"

No it isn't. **NO IT ISN'T!** If I can say something to stir my heart, and stir your heart, and we get more desperate about this matter, we'll begin to build walls of prayer around our children day and night! That's a promise that lives in my soul: "Shall not God avenge His own elect that cry day and night unto Him?"

"Day and night" suggests the continuity of the prayer. "Night" suggests the sacrificial element of the prayer. And "CRY" suggests the earnestness.

I may be deviating just in these closing moments, but friends, the greatest burden I have now, is to get people to pray. I believe that if all over this country people would go down before God, and get everything that grieved the Spirit out of their lives and out of our midst, and hold onto the horns of the altar and bombard the sky day and night, I believe God would again open the windows of heaven ... But, Oh, are we going to do it? God help us.

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*[TRANSCRIBER NOTE: In some instances, when listening to the recording of this message, it was difficult, if not impossible, to discern the speaker's exact word, or words. Where the exact words were not discerned, I have endeavored to type in words that at least conveyed the speaker's thought. -- DVM]