

Concern About the Judgment Seat of Christ

by Pastor Roy Hogan

Heb 9:27 *And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment:*

Life beats us up and **death** seems to sound less concerning as we pass through the years. I conducted a funeral yesterday of a man nearing 80 years of age. Life had beaten him up. His heart was bad. His lungs had almost stopped functioning. Life had taken its toll on this elderly gentleman.

Heaven sure is sounding sweeter all the time. It is a place beyond the comprehension of the human mind. Eye hath not seen not hath the ear heard what God has in store for the saints in this place called heaven. Are you prepared to go there? There is a song that says about heaven "I would not miss it for the world." The greatest thing about heaven to me is it is where the savior is that made it all possible. If the walls are leaning, the ceiling drooping, the gates off their hinges, that will be fine because to be in the presence of Jesus Christ will be worth it all.

So, death is our exit from earth barring, of course, the rapture. Heaven will be a fabulous place. Yet, there is an issue in eternity that gets my attention lately. It is an event. It is a happening. It is discussed in the Word of God. It is this event call the judgment.

The judgment is something to be concerned about. I am thankful I will not go the sinner's judgment. It, we know, is called by the name Great White Throne Judgment. When I fold my arms in death, my sin will be a matter of the past. How, the unbeliever will stand before God and answer for every curse word, every illicit affair, every drink of whisky, and every evil thought. I have been saved 54 years and in those 54 years, Almighty God has never seen even one of my sins. I placed my sins in the hands of Christ Jesus, and he placed them under the blood he shed on the cross of Calvary. This happened when I was eleven years old.

Having no fear of facing God at the Great white Throne Judgment, I do have concern regarding the believer's judgment.

When I think about this judgment, some thoughts come to my mind as follows:

Too little

Billy Graham at the end of his journey when being interviewed about all the great achievements in his ministry had this response: “I feel like a Mississippi plow-boy. I have done so little for such a great cause.”

What do you think your soul is worth? What do you think it is worth to have someone die for you in your stead? What do you think it is worth to have the darling Holy Spirit live in your souls walking through those dark valleys with you, climbing that rough mountains with you, calming your fear when all seemed hopeless?

What is the value of being known as “a Son of God?” Not even an angel can claim sonship with Holy God.

No one in the bible owned a Bible. I have several copies of the Word of God. Imagine Apostle Paul not owning a Bible. Not one of those twelve that were so close to the Lord owned a Bible.

What is it worth to know that can place your head on your pillow tonight knowing “I am not going to hell.” “Goodnight Devil, I am not going to hell.”

The judgment gets my attention. I fear I will see the lovely face of the darling Son of God, see those nail prints in his hands and his feet, and feel like falling in a crack in the floor.

Too few

We will be together as the redeemed on this judgment day. You and you and you. *Some missing.* I fear there are lost people in Freedom Baptist Church. Observing your life, you don’t drink or curse, but you have zero interest in the Lord’s work. You have never produced one thing that would cause the redeemed to believe you are one of them. Others can’t see you on the inside. You can’t see me on the inside. I can see the fruit of your Christina life and I do not see any and neither do the sinners you work with.

Some missing. That is a problem. Could it be that there is someone missing that was my responsibility to lead to Christ?

Let me give you something to think about. Judgment is set. Court is called to order. The judge is on the throne. The redeemed are gathered. You look around. Your son is missing. Your mother, your father, the lady you stood beside on the assembly line, your neighbor, your best friend.

Too late

When the knee is bowed before Holy God, the final chapter will have been recorded. IT IS FINISHED.

We all have big plans for God. Tomorrow we are going to do thus-and-thus. By the grace of God, the sun rises and sets and the task is undone. Gracious God gives us another day, another sunrise and the task goes undone. Maybe next month I will teach a class. Maybe next week I will pass out the Gospel tracts. I have been intending to go to the nursing home and be a blessing to the elderly. It has never happened. I will sign-up to care for the house of God.

The call is coming- Chris has passed away. Then, too late.

The call is coming- Billy has passed away. Then, too late.

The news is coming- Brother Hogan has passed away. Then, too late.

I Corinthians 3:11-15

For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. 12 Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; 13 Every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. 14 If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. 15 If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire.

Too little-too few-too late