



Henry Vanderbush

## THE UNSINKABLE TITANIC

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Luke 21:29-38

I wish I could get everyone of you to read Luke 21 before this day is over. If you want to know what's going to happen to America, what's going to happen to the nations of this world in these last days, it's all in that chapter. Did you ever get the feeling that our world and our beloved country has lost her way and that we need a spiritual and moral revival? It's our only hope. Today we've lost faith in mankind everywhere to solve anything.

You say, "Henry, where is this all leading?" Can't you see it? It's just as plain as the hand in front of you. Right now as I'm speaking the stage is being set for the devil's perfect man to appear and take over. He is the anti-Christ. Never has this world been so ripe for the mighty appearance who will come as a perfect ruler powerful enough to settle all the world's problems. How this world will welcome him. Everybody is facing either the anti-Christ or the rapture.

I want to ask you today, are you ready for the rapture? Are you ready for the coming of the Lord? If you're not, you are going to go into the reign of the anti-Christ.

You say, "Henry, how close are we?" I can't tell you the day nor the hour, but Jesus said to watch the signs. And they're all written there in Luke chapter 21.

But today we're going to do something different. I want to give you a living illustration of America, our world, and our universe. Notice the title of this message – "The Unsinkable Titanic Versus the Unfloatable Ark". I want to ask you which one are you on? I believe when I get done today, you will see clearly where our world is headed, and what is about to happen.

It was a number of years ago, that Billy just as a boy came home from school real excited. He said, "Dad, the story is out that they have discovered the Titanic". Nothing could have been farther from my mind right then. But suddenly, I realized one of the world's greatest sea tragedies had been found having been buried for many years. Video cameras had picked up the Titanic and scientists couldn't believe their eyes. Due to the waters enormous depth, and the Atlantic's unpredictable weather and nobody really knowing for sure where it went down, all hope of

her ever being found was lost. But now many years later, man was gazing in wonder at her outline and her ghostly image. The world was electrified by the news, and the crew of the ship that made the discovery were jubilant. Dr. Robert Ballard said, "My joy was lost as I gazed at the Titanic three miles below the surface of the ocean, and all I could see was how lost she was, how helpless, how lives were lost needlessly because of carelessness and neglect." Then he said, "The jubilation of that crew turned into silence when I told them that all we would do is look." The remains of the greatest ship in history will forever remain where it is. It is written, "Let her rest in peace".

I don't know if there are any Americans today that were alive when the Titanic was lost. It happened in 1912. The largest, fastest, the most luxurious ship that had ever been built was ready to make her maiden voyage from England to New York city, and the word on everybody's lips was "the Sinkable Unthinkable". Thomas Andrews, the Titanic's principle designer had outfitted her with double bottom and divided her hull into sixteen watertight compartments. Her great engines and boilers sent her steaming across the Atlantic at 22 knots. If you remember, it was the fastest ship up to that time that had ever been built. Everybody said, "I'd like to walk her gangplank. I'd like to ride that ship. I'd like to enjoy her luxury and her richness." But that night in April of 1912, the White Star Liner, the leviathan of luxury, if you please, the epitome of man's knowledge and wealth, the unsinkable, unthinkable Titanic tugged

at her anchors like a race horse charged to capacity for the start of the race. Folk, can't you just see that? All nineteen hundred feet of her, eleven stories in height, and forty-six thousand tons of her in weight cried, "Turn me loose, turn me loose. Let me show the world what I can do." And all of her two thousand two hundred passengers were equal for the occasion. For as the passengers boarded the ship that afternoon, they were greeted with these words, "You better enjoy this trip of perfection and luxury, for you're boarding the sinkable, unthinkable and even God himself cannot sink this ship."

Folk, that's what they were told as they boarded this ship. Even God himself cannot sink this ship. As the stars sparkled above, and the glass smooth waters of the Atlantic were beneath, the gangplanks were raised, and with smoke bellowing from her giant smokestacks, thousands of people waved goodbye. The Titanic steamed out of port and the largest, the fastest, the most luxurious liner man had ever built disappeared into the darkness – a night that God Himself only knew how long it would really be.

This reminds me so much of America. As the ship left, the passengers sipped on champagne under palm-studded verandas and dined on t-bone steaks as white table cloths were placed on the table under huge chandeliers, and white-clad waiters in swallow-tailed uniforms made sure that nobody lacked a thing.

While they dined, a tuxedo-clad pianist entertained them on the Titanic's five Grand pianos. It was said that the atmosphere was so relaxing, it was even an effort to raise an eyebrow, and why shouldn't it be. Many of the passengers paid \$50,000 in today's money for the privilege of taking that voyage.

Yes, man had finally conquered everything. He was on a ship that could never sink with liquor and luxury and plenty of champagne, and plenty of dancing, and plenty of fun. That was all thought of, but the lifeboats were forgotten. Think of it for a minute. This was the Sinkable, unthinkable.

I want to ask you today, can you see a parallel of what happened many years ago to our society today? We could take a paint brush and paint the word "America" right over the Titanic. America, our favorite nation. Listen. We don't have much time for God anymore. We don't have much time for his Word anymore. We don't have any time for the lifeboats anymore. We have no time for precaution. On with the dance, on with the lust, on with the pleasure. We'll never go down. Every detail was considered. "We don't want to run out of drinks." Wouldn't it be terrible to get halfway across the ocean and run out of liquor? What a tragic, embarrassing situation that would be. We don't want to run out of games. Entertainment is our prime target. And food – we want to eat until we can't eat anymore. We have plenty.

“But what about the lifeboats, Sir?” What if a tragedy strikes? What about it if we’re facing an insurmountable situation? “Ah, forget the lifeboats. This is the Sinkable, unthinkable Titanic. Nothing can sink us. Even God can’t sink this ship. So put your mind at ease. Have a good time.” Every detail was taken care of. But icebergs! Icebergs!

Oh, friend, I weep for our country. I love our nation. Ronda and I have traveled it all of our married life. But you can preach your heart out, and I know what I’m talking about. But I want to ask you an honest question today, how do you reach a lost nation that’s is so lost in their luxury, so lost in their pleasure? How do you wake up an unconcerned, uncommitted people who are drowning in their luxury, their liquor, and their immorality? How do you wake them up? And would you not agree with me today that only a spiritual and moral revival will save our country. I weep for America. Warning after warning came to the crew of the Titanic. They were in an area of icebergs, but they wanted to be the fastest ship and make it to New York in record time. After all, who cares about icebergs. This is the Sinkable, Unthinkable. And as the Titanic plowed full speed ahead, ignoring all warnings, suddenly Frederick Fleet, one of the crew members spotted a mountain of ice. He quickly picked up the phone and rang the bridge, but the crew was too busy having fun, too busy with their drinks, too busy doing their own thing, too busy with their games. But perched high in the crow’s nest, Frederick Fleet

stood motionless as he saw this mountain of ice drawing closer and closer. Then he saw it was too late. He braced himself as this mighty ship ran into that mountain of ice. Huge chunks of ice rained on the deck. You talk about bourbon on the rocks! That was it. Most of the passengers paid little attention. Captain Smith and Captain Andrews realizing a collision had occurred, rushed below to investigate and found to their amazement the cold, icy waters of the Atlantic were pouring in to the bottom of that great ship. Together they reached the unescapable, unbelievable, conclusion that the mighty, great, majestic Titanic was hopelessly lost, a ship that God could not sink Himself and would sink in two hours.

But now there was a problem. How do we get the people to believe it. They're so busy with their liquor, they're so busy with their leisure. How do you stop them from the fun, the frolic, and the fanfare. How do you stop a satisfied, unconcerned crowd bathing in their luxury?

Oh, friend, how do you get through to a people who are bathing in their luxury. They're busy making money. They're busy running here and there. How do you get them to realize they are sinking? I want to ask you today, how do you get people to realize that they are on a collision course with the judgment of God? How do you wake up an unconcerned, unafraid, uncommitted nation and an uncommitted people? How do you

get the crew to realize there are icebergs ahead? Are you getting what I'm trying to tell you? Folk, we're in trouble. I want you to wake up or it's going to be too late. Like the Titanic, our world is sailing majestically through space, so to speak. Most of its passengers are unaware that we will soon collide with the judgments of almighty God. We've trusted in our technology. We've worshipped our materialism and our efforts, and we're drinking from the fountains of our perverted pleasure. How do you get us to wake up?

“Oh, God doesn't know, and we don't care if he does. On with the drink, on with the dance, on with the pleasure, on with the immorality. We're going our own way and we're going to do our own thing.”

Oh, friend, have you ever read Proverbs chapter one where God said, “I see what you're doing, and I'm going to laugh at your calamity. I'm going to mock when your fear cometh, when your fear cometh like a whirlwind. They shall call upon me, but I will no answer them. They shall seek me early, but they shall not find me.” Folk, I'm not reading to you out of some book; I'm reading to you out of the Word of God. Listen to Proverbs 1:29. If you've ever heard anything like this, I want you to listen carefully. “For they hated my counsel, and they hated my instruction. They hated my knowledge and they did not want me to reprove them. Therefore shall they eat of their own ways and be filled

with their own devices, and I will laugh at their calamity, and I will mock when their fear cometh.”

If that’s what God does when He laughs, what do you suppose He’s going to do when He’s angry? God is weeping over America today. There’s no doubt about it – we are on a collision course with the judgments of God. Only a heaven sent, God-ordained, sin-killing revival will save us. We’ve sold out to the enemy. We’re so strapped by our liberalism and our immorality, and our pleasure that we can’t see anything else.

Only one third of the life boats were taken along. But suddenly there was a cry, “Hurry, hurry, get into the lifeboats. Time is running out.” Here it from Revelation chapter 10. “And I saw the angel set one foot on the quaking earth and the other on the troubled sea, and he lifted his hand toward heaven and declared that time would be no longer.” Old father time, the tomb builder of the ages would drop his glass Corrine and his broken sigh, and drop as a heap in the ashes. Yes, time was running out.

And finally, 702 of the 2200 passengers had crammed all the available lifeboats, and they worked frantically to separate themselves from the mighty Titanic, leaving behind 1500 never-dying souls who had no place to go. Husbands bid their wives

goodbye. Families were separated. Men bid their children goodbye. And as the Titanic headed for the last faithful moments, Eva Hart lost her father in that terrible accident. Of that last fateful moment she said, "I will never forget it. I saw the ship sink. I saw the horror of it all. I heard the weeping, the agony, the mournful, dreadful cries of drowning people. I saw it all."

Oh, friend, listen. Could I give you Matthew 24:37 in the Vanderbush translation? "They were eating and drinking, and marrying and giving in marriage, and knew not that they were sinking and all would be lost. Two were sleeping in a bed. The one shall be taken and the other left. Two were grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken and the other left. Hurry, get in the lifeboats for you really don't know the hour the Lord may come"

Oh, folk, you can't blame God for the sinking of the Titanic, for Captain Andrews and the officers had seven warnings from other ships that there were icebergs in the area, but they ignored them all.

You will never be able to blame God that you're lost because God has done everything to save you. Some of you are clinging to that money in the bank. You're clinging to that job. You're holding on to the junk of this world with a death-like grip. It's

your security. You've worked yourself sick. You've stored it away, and then there's the end of the world. I want to ask you in closing, this could very well be the year of God's return. Many Bible scholars think it is very near. Thank God we don't have to be stranded without a lifeboat. We have a lifeboat today, and it's called salvation. I wonder how many of you are in those lifeboats. I wonder how many of you have given your lives to Jesus and settled your peace with God. Why don't you do it today?