

## Behold the Man

John 18:38–19:5

#56 in John Series

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### Message

Several years ago, late at night, Susan woke up by noises downstairs. I was out of town on a trip. Cautiously she descended the stairs and five year old Elizabeth stumbled into Susan. She was sleep walking and in a frantic voice cried, “Get out of my way! I’m looking for Daddy!” Almost every night in her sleep, while I was gone, she’d frantically roam the house looking for daddy. “Where’s Daddy?”

“Where’s my Daddy?” “Where’s my man?”

It’s a common question, a common longing. [Peter begins to sing.]

Stand by your man  
Give him two arms to cling to  
And something warm to cling to  
When nights are cold and lonely.

My daughters used to sing that in the back of our van as we listened to our *Sleepless in Seattle* tape. They’d sing it and look at me—their man. That’s thrilling and terrifying because I could hurt them bad. A few years ago, a woman shared her story in the Girl Scout Magazine, *American Girl*.

When I was ten, my parents got a divorce. Naturally, my father told me about it because he was my favorite:

“Honey, I know it’s been kind of hard for you these past few days, and I don’t want to make it worse. But there’s something I have to tell you. Honey, your mother and I got a divorce.”

“But daddy—”

“I know you don’t want to hear this, but it has to be done. Your mother and I just don’t get along like we used to. I’m already packed and my plane is leaving in half an hour.”

“But, daddy, why do you have to leave?”

“Well, honey, your mother and I can’t live together any more.”

“I know that, but I mean why do you have to leave town?”

“Oh. Well I’ve got someone waiting for me in New Jersey.”

“But, daddy, will I ever see you again?”

“Sure you will, honey. We’ll work something out.”

“But what? I mean you’ll be living in New Jersey and I’ll be living here in Washington.”

“Maybe your mother will agree to you spending two weeks in the summer and two in the winter with me.”

“Why not more often?”

“I don’t think she’ll agree to two weeks in the summer, and two weeks in the winter, much less more.”

“Well it can’t hurt to try.”

"I know, honey, but we'll have to work it out later. My plane leaves in twenty minutes and I've got to get to the airport. Now I'm going to get my luggage, and I want to go to your room so you don't have to watch me. And no long good-byes either."

Okay, daddy, don't forget to write."

"I won't. Good bye. Now go to your room."

"Okay daddy. I don't want you to go."

"I know honey. But I have to."

"Why?"

"You wouldn't understand, honey."

"Yes, I would."

"No you wouldn't."

"Oh well. Good bye."

"Good bye. Now go to your room. Hurry up."

"Okay. I guess that's how life goes sometimes."

"Yes honey. That's how life goes sometimes."

After my father walked out that door, I never saw him again.

James Ryle's father left him when he was two. By age seven, James was orphaned. By age fourteen, James Ryle was in prison. Years later, he met his father. His father had been a welder and he asked James which prison he'd been in. When James told his father, his father said, "Why, I helped build that prison." Pastor James Ryle used to say, "I was in the prison my father built."

Well, an awful lot of people are. They are enslaved to an absence left by men who abdicate (physically or emotionally), passive men, too sensitive to their own pain, weak men, men who leave. And yet, men who stay can be worse: strong men—powerful men—dictators.

I have a friend in another state that I talk with on the phone when I talk to her. She's forty some years old, but sometimes she's other ages, like seven, five, or two. They are her little girls, parts of herself imprisoned in fear though her father's absent. I think they talk to me because they feel safe. I like them. We even pray to Jesus together. They call out to him for help and Jesus is healing them, romancing them, making my friend whole.

Brennan Manning tells of an elderly nun named Sister Genevieve who came to him in tears, confiding that, at the age of five, she'd been molested by her father. (She'd never told anyone.) She confessed through tears that she would only take communion when she had to. She was terrified to receive the body and blood of her groom. She was in a prison her father built.

[Peter begins to sing] "Stand by your man. Give him two arms to cling to. . . ." My wife likes to remind me that the whole time Tammy Wynette was singing that song, her husband was beating her mercilessly. Yet, she still sang it.

We live in a society incredibly ambivalent about masculinity scared of men, husbands and fathers, and yet starving for men, husbands and fathers. To the woman, God said, "*In pain shall you bring forth children, yet your desire shall be for your husband and he shall rule over you.*" That's part of the curse.

So, are men a blessing or a curse? [Peter asks the congregation for a vote: "OK. How many say curse? Raise your hands. And how many say blessing?]

Sigmund Freud once confided to a friend: "The great question that has never been answered, and which I have not yet been able to answer, despite my thirty years of research into the feminine soul, is "What does a woman want?" He should have read the Bible. Answer: The woman wants (desires) a man. It's just that every man she meets feels like he's been cursed or is part of a curse.

Men really are frightening to everyone, including men. Many think "masculinity" is too much of a risk—better to have an entire world named, "Pat" (like Saturday night live skit) "It's time for Androgyny. Here comes Pat." Then your gender is just the optional package you came equipped with: "Feel free to change attachments if you don't like them, for your gender is only biology." And have sex with a man or a woman, homo or hetero, it's really no different. We try to act like gender doesn't matter, but it really does matter.

I'm no expert, but it appears to me that male homosexuality is like a desperate longing for masculinity and female homosexuality is like a desperate rejection of masculinity, yet none of us are all that sure as to what masculinity even is, let alone what to do with it, when and if it appears.

Several years ago, I read that boys outnumber girls in mental institutions three to one, that 75% of suicides are male, and we all know 94% of all statistics are inaccurate, but the point is that masculinity is a very confusing topic. What is a man?

Is it this?

[image: Arnold Schwarzenegger as Conan the Barbarian]

Strength. Or this?

[image: Mr. Rogers]

Sensitivity.

What is a man?

Growing up in the sixties and early seventies, it was strong men like John Wayne

[image: John Wayne]

And men with chest hair like Burt Reynolds.

[image: Burt Reynolds and his chest hair]

And I didn't have any chest hair and got picked on for being weak. I remember my mom and dad saying, "Peter, don't be so sensitive."

In the late seventies, I grew some chest hair, had a great puberty, and got strong and a little bit wild. And I got accused of being "insensitive" (especially at church, because a Christian man was "sensitive"). And just when I started growing chest hair, chicks started digging guys without

any. In the eighties, women seemed to always talk about “sensitive men,” but would only date “Macho pigs” (frightened by men and desiring men.) By the nineties, everyone was confused about men and I spent the decade changing diapers. What is a man?

Well, Jesus was a man. He was circumcised, bar-mitzvah-ed and most Bible scholars agree: he probably went potty standing up. That may surprise you, for the church has had a history of making Jesus look rather androgynous.

[image: 19<sup>th</sup> century painting of Jesus and the Sacred Heart]

Like a chick with a beard. We don't have pictures, but Jesus was a man and not just a man, (I Corinthians 15: 45) the “uttermost man” –“super man” –“*Eschatos* man” –“uttermost Adam.” So, I think He must define masculinity as the perfect model of it, and His masculinity must define femininity, like an inverse defines an obverse or a mold defines a statue.

Actually, Scripture reveals that God made us male and female to teach us about Christ and His Bride—the Church. You see, God has written the gospel into your very body, for He is the Bridegroom and we are His Bride. So, we're each male or female, and yet each of us is female, for all of us are His Bride. (We receive His love and give birth to His life in this world.) All female, and yet we're still male, for we each become His body at work in this world, and male and female together are “the man” –“one man” –humanity.

I think that's why Paul wrote: “*There is neither male nor female, for you are all one in Christ Jesus.*” Listen to Genesis 1:27, “*So God created man (adam) in his own image, in the image of God he created him, male and female he created them.*”

Remember when God first made Adam? He was one. Then God split him in two as male and female in order to teach Adam, in order to teach us of His love, teach us of Christ and the Church. In Christ, we are one; heaven must be an ecstatic communion of oneness. “*Neither male nor female,*” and yet in heaven, I suspect you'll still have your gender, for when Jesus rose, He appears to still have been a dude.

Whatever the case, there is no way you'll stand before the throne disappointed in how God made you in this life or the next. For what may have once felt like a curse will forever be a blessing as you realize God could not have loved you better—as you see that even if (especially if) your sexual brokenness God revealed the depths of His Grace.

So, we are each male or female, and we are all female (as the Bride of Christ receiving His love), and all male (as His Body penetrating the darkness of this world), and we are all being made one in His image, the utmost Adam.

Now, I do not know what all of that means when you argue about who should take out the trash, and who should do the dishes, whether or not men in Scotland should wear skirts, but I do know: If you're a woman, satan will work to distort your picture of masculinity and thus keep you in bondage. And if you're a man, satan will try to distort your picture of masculinity to keep you and everyone around you in bondage. If you're a person, satan will try to destroy your picture of masculinity to cause you to run from your Father who loves you and cause you to hide from your Bridegroom, who longs to fill you with life. And so, it's an important question. What is a man?

What is a man? Well, Jesus is the man: “*Behold the man.*”

Ironically, it's Pontius Pilate that introduces "the man" in our text today. He stands Jesus up in contrast to himself, Caesar Augustus, and a fellow named Barabbas. Barabbas means "son of father" and, according to some variant renderings in Matthew, his first name was Jesus. So, Jesus Barabbas means Jesus, son of Father. Barabbas was a false savior like Caesar and Pilate. Barabbas was a thief, a taker. Barabbas is old man—old Adam. And Jesus is *Ultimate Adam—The Adam—The Man—The Giver!*

John points out that it's the sixth hour on the "day of preparation." Friday was called, "the day of preparation" since on that day one prepared for Saturday (the Sabbath). So, some scholars think John is saying this is Friday of Passover week, since other gospels say Passover was Thursday. Other scholars think John means that Passover fell on Saturday that year, so this is the day before Passover.

Whatever the case, John wants us to see that Jesus is the Passover lamb who takes away the sins of the world. At the sixth hour of the day of preparation of the Passover thousands of lambs were slaughtered in the temple courts. Either way, whether Passover was Thursday or Saturday, it is the sixth hour of the day of preparation for the Sabbath, which is the seventh day, the day of completion and perfection. It's the sixth hour, on the sixth day of the week, on the sixth day of creation. It's on the sixth day that God makes man in His own image. Man is not finished until he truly hears "the Man" cry out from the tree in the garden, where He hangs crucified, until He truly hears . . . "*It is finished*" and "*It is perfected*" as *Eschatos Adam* delivers up His Spirit, which then descends into our hearts crying, "Abba Father."

John 18:38 – 19: 13a (Where we left off last time...)

*Pilate said to him, "What is truth?" After he had said this, he went back outside to the Jews and told them, "I find no guilt in him. But you have a custom that I should release one man for you at the Passover. So do you want me to release to you the King of the Jews?" They cried out again, "Not this man, but Barabbas! Now Barabbas was a robber. Then Pilate took Jesus and flogged him. And the soldiers twisted together a crown of thorns and put it on his head and arrayed him in a purple robe. They came up to him, saying, "Hail, King of the Jews!" and struck him with their hands. Pilate went out again and said to them, "See, I am bringing him out to you that you may know that I find no guilt in him." So Jesus came out, wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe. Pilate said to them, Behold the Man!" (In Hebrew, "the Adam.") When the chief priests and the officers saw him, they cried out, "Crucify him, crucify him!" Pilate said to them, "Take him yourselves and crucify him." "We have a law, and according to this law he ought to die because he has made himself the Son of God." When Pilate heard this statement, he was even more afraid. He entered his headquarters again and said to Jesus, "Where are you from?" But Jesus gave him no answer. So Pilate said to him, "You will not speak to me? Do you not know that I have authority to release you and authority to crucify you?" Jesus answered him, "You would have no authority over me at all unless it had been given you from above. Therefore he who delivered me over to you has the greater sin." From then on Pilate sought to release him, but the Jews cried out, "If you release this man, you are not Caesar's friend. Everyone who makes himself a king opposes Caesar." So when Pilate heard these words, he brought Jesus out and sat down on the judgment seat...*

It can also be translated "sat Jesus upon the judgment seat." Jesus is the Judgment—the Adam is the standard: "He sat down on the judgment seat."

John 19: 13b-15

*at a place called the stone pavement, and in Aramaic, Gabbatha. Now it was the day of Preparation of the Passover. It was about the sixth hour. He said to the Jews, "Behold your King!" They cried out, "Away with him, away with him, crucify him!" Pilate said to them, "Shall I crucify your King?" The chief priests answered, "We have no king but Caesar."*

The chief priests (spokesmen for Israel) answer, "We have no king, but Caesar." "Barabbas is our man, Pilate is our man, Caesar is our man." Caesar was Israel's abuser, Caesar enslaved her, raped her and abused her, and Israel would rather have the oppression of Caesar. She would rather have bondage to Pharaoh than the incarnate, intimate, penetrating presence of Jesus. Does that sentiment make sense to you? "Control us, abuse us, manipulate us, ignore us; just leave our hearts alone."

In C.S. Lewis' novel, *That Hideous Strength*, the director counsels a young woman struggling in her new marriage. At one point he says:

There is no escape. If it were a virginal rejection of the male, [God] would allow it. Such souls can bypass the male and go on to meet something far more masculine, higher up, to which they must make a yet deeper surrender. But your trouble has been what old poets called, Daungler. We call it pride. You are offended by the masculine itself: the loud, irruptive, possessive thing the gold lion the bearded bull – which breaks through hedges and scatters the little kingdom of your primness . . . The male you could have escaped, for it exists only on the biological level. But the masculine none of us can escape. What is above and beyond all things is so masculine that we are all feminine in relation to it. You had better agree with your adversary quickly. " "You mean I shall have to become a Christian?" said Jane. "It looks like it, " said the Director . . .

So what is masculinity? Who is the man? "Who da man?" – Pilate and Jesus.

Is it Barabbas, Caesar, or Pilate seizing control? The dictator? Or is it Pilate abdicating control? You know, he's trying to get out of this bind. He has the power to do something about it but He's trying to get out of it. He's scared of Jesus, scared of the Jews and scared of the Truth, He's the whining dictator.

And then there's Jesus– abject failure to this world–reviled, mocked, beaten, covered in insults, but bleeding love. He's so sensitive (even to Pilate, as we saw last time: "*Pilate, what do you say?*") He's so sensitive, yet so relentlessly strong.

Pilate declares, "*Behold the man.*"

He is "the man," "the Adam," "the perfected, ultimate *Eschatos* Adam,"

Firstborn of all creation: the New Adam standing before fallen Adam.

He is the Bridegroom standing before His Bride.

He is redeeming His Bride as she prepares to nail Him to the tree.

He is the Father having come to His children in a prison of their own making.

He is the Lion who is the Lamb,

Who conquers hearts by sacrificing Himself on our behalf,

Sensitive to us and so strong for us.

"*Behold the Man.*"

Masculinity is penetration with sensitivity and strength. The great theologian, Emil Burner wrote: “The physical differences between the man and woman are a parallel of the psychical and spiritual differences of a more ultimate nature.” Masculinity is expressed physically in the sacrament of sexual intercourse in the covenant of marriage and outside that covenant it’s sin. And yet, outside that covenant, masculinity is still to be expressed.

So men, your masculinity is to be a blessing to everyone you meet. Masculinity is initiation, incarnation with sensitivity and strength. Masculinity is leadership in love. Masculinity is a lion and a lamb.

And so, why isn’t there more of it?  
Well....

*“Behold the Man.”*

[image: beaten and bloodied Jesus from *The Passion of the Christ* ]

True masculinity hurts.

To love as Jesus loved, is called sacrifice and it hurts.  
And to receive love like Jesus’ love is terrifying.

Does it make sense that the penetrating presence of Jesus was more terrifying to Israel than the negligence of Pilate or bondage of Caesar? Jesus was too present for comfort. And He was too intimate to be safe, and too masculine—requiring too much of the feminine. You can serve Pilate and keep your life (even if it’s in prison), but to receive Jesus is to lose your life and surrender your heart.

What woman, what child could dare to trust a man that much? For, in this world, no Adam can be trusted. So the bride chanted for Barabbas and the children chanted for Caesar and Pilate, for bondage in Egypt. Satan lead the chant and he still does today. Satan distorts masculinity into a lie about God the Father and God the Son so no one will receive Love.

Satan distorts masculinity in at least two directions,  
Which are really one direction and the one direction is self – flesh.

He tempts masculinity to:

Aggression or passivity,  
To strength without sensitivity or sensitivity without strength  
To strength for self or sensitivity for self,  
The dictator or the whiner.

And it’s amazing how we can be both at once; just look at Pilate. He was the whining dictator, wasn’t he? When dictating won’t work, I often try whining. And when whining doesn’t work, I try dictating – the whining dictator.

So guys, satan tempts us to be dictators (all lion and no lamb). He tempts us to strength without sensitivity. And it is tempting for, in that way, we avoid what’s really painful– love. By controlling everything, we hide from the danger of love. Love your wife intimately and she can hurt you. Love your children tenderly and they can nail your heart to a tree, and vise- versa. That’s why the bride and children chant for Barabbas, Caesar, and Pharaoh. Wives who want a provider, but not a lover, they’re frigid. Children who want a provider, but not a father, they’re

spoiled. They are wives and children (enslaved perhaps) but “safe from the danger of love. The only place safe from the dangers of love is hell.

Well guys, Satan tempts us with strength and he tempts us with sensitivity. Whiners are sensitive without strength. They’re passive (all lamb and no lion). They see the pain, but do nothing about it, afraid to enter in, afraid to feel another’s wounds. They abdicate leadership, don’t speak truth and leave a void. But the void is tempting to wives and children, for it feels like control.

Yet the abdicating–absent man robs his bride of femininity and his children of childhood. And he usually controls them anyway; it’s just through manipulation. So, I’m just saying, “men it’s tempting to be the dictator or the whiner and especially the whining dictator. The whining dictator controls everything, but is entirely impotent (He has no power – no authority), for he’s lost access to the hearts of his bride and children, and that’s what he was made most to desire.

When Mike was four. He wanted a sandbox. His father said, “There goes the yard and it’ll kill the grass. A sandbox kills the grass.” And Mike’s mother smiled and said, “The grass will grow back.”

When Mike was six, he wanted a jungle gym to climb to the sky and swing in the air. Mike’s father said, “Every kid in the neighborhood will be here and it’ll kill the grass. It’ll kill the grass.” And Mike’s mother smiled and said, “The grass will grow back.”

Between breaths, blowing up the plastic swimming pools, Mike’s father said, “They’ll condemn this place. It’ll kill the grass. We’ll be in mud up to our eyeballs, and Mike’s mother smiled and said, “The grass will grow back.”

They put a basketball hoop on the side of the house it drew in a larger crowd than the summer Olympics. Kids all came to the side of the house and they wore a hole in the grass. The bare spot got bigger and bigger. Just when it looked like the grass would grow back, winter came and sled runners beat it back into the ground.

Mike volunteered his yard for the neighborhood campout. They drove tent stakes in the yard. Mike’s father said, “God, I’ve never asked for much, just a few lousy blades of grass.”

This year the grass was beautiful. It rolled out like a lush green carpet. It rolled out along the drive where little boys once played with spoons, digging in the dirt. It rolled out where bicycles fell and wagons were painted, great and lush. But Mike’s father never saw the grass, only looked off in the distance and said with a catch in his voice, “He will come back. He will come back, won’t he?”

Men, don’t control the world and lose your wife, your kids, and your soul, and if you do lose them, fight to get them back. God gives you sensitivity in order to know another’s heart. He gives you a strength to bear their burdens. He gives you Jesus.

This Jesus standing before the mob, bleeding love, what’s He doing? He’s fighting for His harlot bride. He’s fighting for His lost children. He’s fighting for those who make Him bleed. See guys, if you’ve failed and made Him bleed, He feels your wounds and bears your burdens. He feels our wounds and bears our burdens. He forgives: *“Behold the man.”*

Not just this

[image: Arnold Schwarzenegger as Conan the Barbarian]

And not just this

[image: Mr. Rogers]

But this

[image: Arnold Schwarzenegger as Conan the Barbarian]

And this

[image: Mr. Rogers]

On behalf of this

[image: photo of earth from space]

It must look something like this

[image: beaten and bloodied Jesus from *The Passion of the Christ* ]

1

So men enter in and bear the burdens of your children, enter in and bear the burdens of your bride. And if you say, "I don't have a bride, I don't have children," well . . . the world is full of orphans and widows. And check this out: Jesus didn't have a wife and children. He was simple, and yet He was and is "the man" . . . No bride . . . No children. But actually, He does have a bride and children. You meet them every day and check it out: you are His incarnate presence in their world.

So guys enter another's world and bear another's burdens. And if you say, "Fine, but you don't know my wife." And "You don't know my children, and you don't know me. I don't have the courage to love like Jesus." Well, you're absolutely right! You don't. You will only be able to love like Jesus if you receive your Father's love for you in Jesus. See? You have a Father, a good Father.

Masculinity comes from your Father in Jesus. Stop running from Jesus.

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<sup>1</sup> If masculinity is strength and sensitivity, satan tempts us to one or the other in selfishness and fear, making us dictators and whiners. But God calls us to both in love, and that looks like a cross, and it defines "the man" (lion and lamb). And instead of isolation, it's incarnation, penetration, engagement. Instead of a safe self, it's a crucified self. Instead of control through power or weakness, it's romance and authority. Instead of enslaving others through aggression or passivity, it's liberating others through bearing burdens. Instead of losing hearts, giving nothing, and producing death – impotence, masculinity captures hearts, giving life and producing fruit. (See attached chart at the end of the sermon.)

Gordon Dalby tells about a man plagued with a recurring dream. Every night in his dream, a ferocious lion chased him until he dropped exhausted and then awoke screaming. One day, his pastor invited him to recall the dream and he did. The dream soon turned into a vision. The pastor instructed the man: "When the lion comes, try not to run away . . . Instead, stand and ask him, "Who are you, what're you doing in my life?" Reluctantly, the man agreed and then reported what was happening: "The lion is snorting and shaking his head and standing right there in front of me . . . I ask him who he is . . . and . . . Oh! I can't believe what he's saying! He says, 'I'm your courage, your strength, why are you running from me?'"

Jesus is your courage.  
Jesus is your strength  
Jesus is the Lion and Lamb.  
And He captures you in order to set you free.

*"Behold the Man!"*

He defines masculinity by giving men his masculinity and I suspect he defines femininity by giving women that same masculinity, but in a different way. Whatever the case, I know that he defines us all. He is who we all truly are. In the words of St Paul in I Corinthians, *"God has made him our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption."* *"For as in Adam all die so in Christ will all be made alive."* He is our life. (I Corinthians 13: 45) *"The last Adam"* *"ultimate Adam,"* *"Eschatos Adam,"* the *"life giving Spirit."* And so, in front of His Bride, nailed naked to the tree (in the garden, by her and for her) the Adam lifted His head, cried, "It is finished," and "delivered up his Spirit." - that Spirit sent into our hearts crying, "Abba father . . . Daddy, Father, Abba Father."

Sister Genevieve broke down in shame, crying in front of Brennan Manning. She was a nun, wed to Christ and a child of God. And she could barely bring herself to take the body and blood in communion, for the last thing she thought she wanted was "the man." But Brennan reminded her that her Father (her man) was no longer the father that raped her. That man was a lie and the product of a lie. He reminded her that when she saw Jesus, she saw her true Father and she saw His heart.

Brennan asked her something and she promised to do it. Every day, for forty minutes a day, she would sit and pray, in the Spirit of Christ: "Abba Father" "Abba Father" "Abba Father." Three weeks later, she sent Brennan a note and ended it this way, "Not long ago, I would have signed this 'Sister Genevieve' but now I'm just, 'Daddy's little girl.' He captured her heart and set her free."

Where's Daddy?" "Where's my man?" Here he is.  
[Peter points to the communion table.]

### **Communion**

On the night that He was delivered up, which was that day, He took bread and broke it saying, *"This is my body given to you. Take and eat, and do this in remembrance of me."* And in the same manner and having given thanks, He took the cup and said, *"This is my blood of the covenant poured out for the forgiveness of sins. Drink of it, all of you, and do it in remembrance of me."*

Behold the man!

Now, some of you are men who struggle with gender issues. Some of you are women who struggle with gender issues. Some of you struggle with homosexuality. Some of you struggle with heterosexuality. All of us bear wounds that result from lies told and believed about the man. And all of us have felt shame that resulted from the lie. And all of us have questions about the details of what this all means. I don't know the answer to all those questions. But as best as I can, I just want to say, "Behold the Man." "He is good." And "He has given himself to you."

Now close your eyes. You are the Bride looking at her Man. You are the child looking at his Father or her Father: "Behold the man." He has come for you. Rules won't change you, laws won't change you, but beholding Him will change you from one degree of glory to another.

### **Benediction**

So, "*Behold the Man.*"

If you are still caught in any degree of shame, anxiety or fear, listen to me again: "*Behold the Man.*" I told you at the start that this sermon probably presses every trigger that a person has. But on the other side of the trigger is the Man—Jesus. He feels your wounds. He bears your burdens. The reason that you have the wounds, the reason that you bear the burdens is so that you can watch Him take them and bear them, and be transformed into His image.

So: "*Behold the Man.*"

You realize, don't you, that He came, not so that you would get your sex life in order, actually the Lord God made man male and female in the beginning with this in mind, that you would fail, that you would be wounded. And in the place of those wounds He would reveal His glory to you. He created male and female so that you would see Him. And seeing Him transforms you from one degree of glory into another.

In the name of Jesus, no more shame, no more anxiety, no more fear.

"*Behold the Man.*" He feels your wounds and He bears your burdens, and He is good.

+ 1 attachment. See page 15

*Disclaimer: This document is a draft and has not been edited by the author. Therefore, there may be discrepancies. Some discrepancies may be minor; some may have to do with theology. When in doubt, please refer to the audio version of the sermon on this website and don't be shy about informing us of errors.*



# The Adam

(~~~~~ = Satanic Distortion Rays)

