

**St. Luke Ev. Lutheran Church  
Watertown, WI  
Sermon by Pastor Anthony E. Schultz  
Lenten Vesper #2.  
February 21, 2018  
Hebrews 5:7-9 (EHV)**



<sup>7</sup>In the days of his flesh, he offered prayers and pleas with loud cries and tears to the one who was able to save him from death, and he was heard because of his reverence. <sup>8</sup>Although he was the Son, he learned obedience from the things he suffered. <sup>9</sup>After he was brought to his goal, he became the source of eternal salvation for everyone who obeys him...

Day by day, dear LORD three things I pray. To see thee more clearly; to love thee more dearly; to follow thee more nearly day by day. Amen!

People of God rescued from the flaming lake of fire in hell by the innocent blood of the very Lamb of God:

I love to read books. When I was very young one of the first books I read was written by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle – The Hound of the Baskervilles. Sherlock Holmes and his best friend Dr. Watson armed with an extraordinary ability to observe and deduce – Holmes was able to solve the most complicated mysteries – to discover who the killer was. To be able to expose the motive, means and opportunity it took to pull off what would at first blush seemed to be the perfect crime! Sir Charles Baskerville is found – dead – out on the moors! Was it a ♥ attack? Perhaps – and yet there is this horrible look of absolute terror on Sir Charles' face – and pressed into the moist soil around his body – the imprint – the tracks of a fierce hound! Is this what scared Sir Charles to death? And could it happen again? No spoiler alert here! You have to read the story – first published in a magazine month by month for 9 months to find out. The fact is – there is no perfect crime – no perfect detective – no perfect anything – except the Lord Jesus! Jesus is perfect, flawless – without any sin –

**Jesus Is The Perfect High-Priest**

- I. Jesus prays perfectly
- II. Jesus obeys perfectly

<sup>7</sup>In the days of his flesh, he offered prayers and pleas with loud cries and tears to the one who was able to save him from death, and he was heard because of his reverence. I love detective stories – like Monk. Adrian Monk – played by Tony Shaloub consults for the San Francisco Police Department. Mr. Monk is *not a little* OCD. I am pretty much persuaded – everyone is *a little* OCD. It's a sliding scale. We all have things we like more than average – have things we are averse to – more than average. Monk is always bothered about touching anything dirty – shaking hands – the transfer of germs. So his friend Natalie Teeger is always handing him a wipe – anti-bacterial wipe. Monk is forever vacuuming and dusting and cleaning and sanitizing. The problem is – you can use up a case of Windex and still a window gets smudged. You can take all your laundry to a dry cleaner – and still there are stains that don't come out – a button that is missing – a thread that is pulled – a seam that is failing. That's the way it is in this

world of flesh. Jesus the eternal Son of God was made flesh—conceived by the Holy Spirit, born of the Virgin Mary. It is a miracle we think about every Advent and Christmas Time! How can this be—the Almighty Son of God—born in a stable—wrapped in swaddling clothes—like little babies still today in Russia—lying in a manger—hustled off to Egypt when murderous King Herod tried to protect his puny earthly throne. Back up north to Nazareth where He learned how to walk—literal baby steps. Where He learned how to talk—how to say Abba/ Father. Learned how to write His Hebrew letters—how to read the Scriptures. Where He learned His memory work—proof passages from His Heavenly Father’s Scroll. When He was old enough He worked in His “foster” father Joseph’s carpenter shop! **In the days of His flesh...** The Son of God—who literally invented every fruit and vegetable in the world—was from time to time painfully hungry. The Son of God—who literally invented every ocean and sea and lake and river and stream and creek and marsh and pond and puddle and rain drop was from time to time painfully thirsty. You know how sometimes you get a head ache or a stomach ache or step on something sharp or kick into something hard—or get blisters or splinters or dust blows into your eyes? Do you ever get sweat in your eyes? Jesus knows exactly how that feels—**from the days of His flesh!**

**<sup>7</sup>In the days of his flesh, he offered prayers and pleas with loud cries and tears to the one who was able to save him from death...** Jesus prayed all the time. Jewish people back in Bible times did not fold their hands, close their eyes, bow their heads and pray the way we probably learned. Jewish people in Bible times would look up—their eyes open—their hands lifted up and open—the way we sing when we do the Service of Light—page 54 we sing *“Let my prayer rise before you as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice. O Lord, I call to you; come to me quickly; hear my voice when I cry to you.”* And then we sing those same words over a second time! **Lifting up of my hands!** Jesus prayed like that! Jesus also prayed throwing Himself down on the ground—prayers and pleas with loud cries and tears and bloody sweat! When was the last time we pray with an earnest passion anything like that? Do we pray first thing in the morning—when we wake up—when we realize it’s Monday morning and it’s time to get up and get washed up and go to work or school—or get everybody else up for breakfast so they can go to work? Do we open our eyes to look at the alarm clock and then close them again to ask Jesus to bless this new day of grace? Or do we pull the covers over our head and complain, “I don’t want to get up! I’m still tired! I don’t want to go to...whatever!” Do we pray, “Come Lord Jesus be our guest...” when we drink our Orange Juice—some pulp—50% less sugar? Do we pray, “Come Lord Jesus...” before our toaster waffle—glutens out—blue berries in! Come Lord Jesus...” before your Highlander Grogg—the coffee in your travel mug? When do we pray?

The more you read God’s Word—the more spiritually focused your prayers will be! My Uncle Dean who was literally a “rocket scientist” had Bible verses on little cards clipped to his car visor. Every time he stopped in traffic during his commute—he would look up and read that passage and memorize where it was from. That way when he got to work and people said, “Hey, Dean, what do you know?” He would say his memory work. When people said where’s that from? The Bible! Oh yeah? He’s say where it was from and says, “Look it up!” Do you pray before lunch from your lunch pail or your tray from the cafeteria—or fast food do you fold your hands and bow your head? Do you pray in the afternoon? Do you pray for supper—during the evening—inspired by your *Meditations* or Bible reading? Do you say, “Now I lay be down to sleep...” or just collapse into bed and fall asleep before your head hits the pillow? Jesus prayed.

Jesus prayed all the time! Jesus prayed for Himself – and it wasn't selfish. He prayed for His disciples. He prayed for the people who didn't love Him. He prayed about the unspeakable anguish He was going to suffer – when He was nailed to the  $\dagger$ !

**<sup>7</sup> In the days of his flesh, he offered prayers and pleas with loud cries and tears to the one who was able to save him from death...** We were filming the last 3 Kids Connections for this school year the other Friday when my friend asked me one of those *hypotheticals*. If you could have one wish – would you want to know *when* you were going to die – or would you want to know *how* you were going to die? About 13 years ago a guy named Tim McGraw sang a song about a guy in his 40's who went to the doctor. The question is – what do you do when you get the news from the doctor that this just might be the end – what do you do? The answer of course is live like you were dying. I was visiting with an undertaker the other day and we both said doing the work we do – one cannot help but be reminded all the time – that we are all dying. Some people are aware of it. Some people continue to try to push it out of their mind. The fact is – it is entirely possible we might meet Jesus face to face – very soon. I said it would be convenient if we knew for a fact that we are all going to live to see our 83 birthday – that when it's near the time for us to go home to Heaven – we will take a ride in one of those very deep red squatty trucks up to the hospital. That we will be in a bed for 3 to 5 days – so that all the people we love can come and visit us and say good-bye. And then we go to sleep and wake up in Heaven. The fact is – we don't all get to be 83 and we aren't guaranteed 3 to 5 days in the hospital – to say, "I'm sorry! I forgive you! I love you! See you later in Heaven!" To live like you were dying – is to realize Jesus could call us at any time. Jesus alone knew when He would die – where He would die – how He would die! And Jesus was ready – when His Heavenly Father said – You will drink this cup of suffering to the very bitter little crudlies in the bottom! You will die to pay for the sins of everyone. And Jesus said, "I will!"

**<sup>8</sup> Although he was the Son, he learned obedience from the things he suffered.** "Do you know who my father is?" I have been asked this several times in my life. "Do you know who my father is?" – was in each case spoken as a very thinly veiled threat! Do you know who Jesus' Father is? Jesus' Father is God the Father. And yet Jesus never ever used that fact in the name of self-indulgence. Quite the opposite in fact. Jesus came into this world to do the will of His Father – to suffer on the  $\dagger$  to pay for all my sins and yours! Jesus **learned obedience from the things he suffered!** Do you understand that? It is struggles and times of testing that make us strong! Back in the day – when Miss Ulenbrach was a teacher in our TSL over on Western Avenue – she had this plastic container – pretty good size – containing butterfly cocoons. Each day the children would check if the butterfly had come out of its cocoon! It is very much process. A small breach – then a bigger and bigger hole – then more and more of the butterfly emerges – its wings all moist and squished. More and more emerges – then slowly but surely more and more – the wings spread and flex – until it's all ready to fly – butterfly – fly. More than one well-meaning person has taken a small exceedingly sharp scissors – and snipped away the cocoon. It's the struggle to get out that makes the butterfly strong. Cut away the cocoon and the butterfly will fall dead to the floor. The struggle makes it strong! Jesus suffered and it made Him strong! Strong enough to pray, "**Thy will be done!**" God's will is more often than not – not our will! These past few days I have talked with people about when people die – people who are exceedingly faithful servants of God! Some of the most bitter angry people I have ever met live literally 104 years – while some of the most gifted humble faithful Professors have died

young! God's ways are not our ways. God always knows best. It is never ever for us to question His wisdom, power and love! Only to pray without ceasing: **"Thy will be done!"**

**<sup>9</sup> After he was brought to his goal, he became the source of eternal salvation for everyone who obeys him...** Fix your eyes on the goal. You hear people say that all the time – eyes on the prize! Run the race marked out for you. Some people run a marathon – 80, 90 even 100 years. That's a long race. Others run a sprint – the young man who crashed into a tree on his way home from work – the young man in the back seat who hit that post between the front door and the back door – the little girl who ran out into the highway – not even 2 years old – the little one who died from SIDS. For some the race is a dash – and Jesus brings them home to Heaven. Jesus came across the finish line – on the  $\dagger$  from which he called out with a strong voice, **"It is finished!..Father into you hand I commit my spirit."** With that Jesus **bowed His head and gave up His spirit.** Jesus is the only source of eternal salvation. I have watched a bunch of *YouTube* videos about Buddha – all about inner peace and contemplation and it's nice to be nice to the nice and the *un-nice!* But it's not the way to Heaven! Hinduism is about sacred cows. Taoism is about respect for your ancestors and formal gardens and prayer wheels pushed by rivers and prayer flags on mountain tops that flap in the breeze where the oxygen is thin. Islam is about prayers at appointed hours – literally on your knees facing east on your prayer rug – but it is not the way to eternal salvation. Salvation is found in no one else – other than Jesus. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ – love Him by grace alone through faith alone – found in Scripture alone – that points to Christ alone. Then spend forever singing, "Thank you, Jesus!" Amen!

**To God alone all glory!**

*Rev. Anthony P. Schatt*

