

**My Jesus**  
**Luke 7:11-17**  
**Englewood Baptist Church**  
**Sunday Morning, August 29, 2010**

There are many things that I refer to as mine. This is my **automobile**. Aren't you jealous? Make me an offer; I'll make you a deal. This is **my wife**. Don't make me an offer; I won't make you a deal. This is my Bible. It belongs to me. This my wallet. Don't put your hands on it. All these things I say are MINE.

The title of my sermon today is "My Jesus" because I want you to understand that the will of God for your life is that you would be able to say that, "I am his, and he is mine." The most valuable thing that you could ever "have" is to have Jesus Christ as your Lord, your Savior, and your friend. What a friend we have in Jesus.

The passage I have selected for our study this morning has such power within it to explain why every person on the face of the earth needs Jesus as Lord and as Savior. Watch what happens when Jesus comes to town.

Read Luke 7:7-11.

The town of Nain was about 25 miles away from where Jesus had been ministering. He made the trip to this unlikely town, even though he was not beckoned to come. There was no Mary or Martha making dramatic requests. There was no Roman Centurion sending for his services. Jesus just got up and went. He had a Divine Appointment and the moment was ripe for one of his most miraculous rescues. V.12, *"As he approached the town gate, a dead person was being carried out—the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."*

Jesus made sure that he bumped in to this grief-stricken, tear-drenched mother. And in this encounter, we are reminded of several reasons why each of us must make Jesus "my lord." Follow with me and you will be convinced.

**Why We Need Jesus as Lord**

**1. He is full of compassion.**

Of all of the hurting that Jesus encounters in his earthly ministry, this woman takes the prize as the most pitiful. She was completely devastated and overflowing with fear. Look at the text. V.12, says that her child was dead and not only was he dead, but he was the only child. And not only was this her only child, it was the only child of her deceased husband. When her groom had gotten sick and died, she pondered, "What will it be like to raise this boy alone? He will not have his father to steer him through the teenage years. He will not have his dad to show him how to fish or how to fix a broken door. How can I bear a future with a son and no father?" All these fears had overcome her

some time ago, but she had worked through all that and she was doing the best she could to raise him right.

And now, this little boy, the lasting remnant from her marriage, he too was taken from her. She would give her last dollar, her house, her meager savings, the shirt off her back before she gave up her son. But the doctors could not help him and he died, perhaps in her arms, he breathed his last breath.

A widow in those days was in a totally vulnerable position if there were no male relatives to provide for her. The only social security in those days was having some man provide. This woman's future was bleak. No husband, and no son that would grow up to care for her.

Life was over. It was too late for her to start again. She had no hope. And notice v.12 says that a "large crowd" followed her and the burial plank. The boy was not carried in a coffin as we know it, but a large plank was hoisted, and his lifeless body was likely wrapped in a shroud of burial clothes. All these people followed, and yet this woman felt completely alone. She had friends, but no family, no inner circle of support. Death had taken everything from her. Tomorrow, she would wake up by herself, brokenhearted, without the sound of her beloved son.

But I want you to notice v. 13, "When the Lord saw her, his heart went out to her..."

That word which describes the pity of Christ is the strongest possible word in the Bible for this emotion. The root word describes that which comes from the inside—the heart, the liver, the lungs, the viscera. It describes a level of sympathy that has a physical effect upon a person. Have you ever "hurt" for someone? Jesus was deeply hurting by the silhouette of this sobbing sister. He felt for her.

And we should note that this is not the first or last time that Jesus reacted this way. In John 11, Jesus reaches the tomb of his friend Lazarus. When he saw Mary and Martha weeping over his death, the Bible says that he was "deeply moved" by the funeral. That word for "deeply moved" comes from an ancient word describing a horse's snorting. This indicates that Jesus saw his dead friend, and he literally let out a gasp, it took the breath out of him. Searing loss sucked the life from him. He felt for Mary and he felt for Martha.

And let me tell you something, Jesus feels for you. The Son of God has a heart that is big enough for our sorrow. As the Bible says, "His compassions never fail."

Maybe you are here today, and your heart is torn in two. Maybe you are grieving the loss of a relationship, a marriage, a child, a dream. Perhaps this trauma is so terrible that you are speechless, numb, and inarticulate. I want to encourage you. Jesus has a heart big enough to swallow your sorrow. He feels your pain.

This is the great power of an Incarnational Christ. Jesus took on skin so that he could say from experience, "I feel your pain." He was not some far-removed monarch. He is not some cold, detached Counselor. He has traveled the road of torture and brokenness, and he has risen to the seat of the Most High, and he resounds from heaven these words, "Don't cry." "Don't cry."

That's what he says in v.13, to this woman. Now, let's be careful here that we don't misunderstand the motive of the Lord. He is not chastising the woman for showing grief. Even the Lord wept at the sight of Lazarus and at the sight of a hell-bound Jerusalem. There is no shame to be found in our tears. So Jesus wasn't saying, "Stop acting like a big baby. Put your chin up. Quit making us all feel bad for you."

No, Jesus said this because there was a miracle in the making! He knew that the sting of death was soon to be removed, that the burial clothes would soon come off her loved one. This was not the end she assumed. Jesus was about to show compassion.

Now before I move on to the miracle, let me stop here and offer a point of application. It is one thing to feel sorry for someone, to have sympathy for those who have felt the searing pain of loss. It is quite another thing, though, to attempt to alleviate the pain. How many times do we see someone who is really struggling, whose face is downcast, and yet we do nothing to lift their load.

This is one thing that I would say that the church is lousy at. We are afraid to reach out and to touch the hurting. What if we say the wrong thing? What if they already have 5 meals in the freezer? What if they do not desire a visit? There is such thing as the kind of help that hurts, and we should be sensitive to not overstep our bounds. However, a small touch from a friend is sometimes the strength that gets a sobbing sister through the day. We can't do what Jesus did for this widow, but we can show the love of Christ, and we can attempt to meet a need. Is there someone in your life who is grieving? How can you reach out and touch them? That's what Jesus did. He was a man of great compassion.

## **2. He is full of creative power.**

V. 14 is a fopaux in Jewish culture. It says...

To touch the desk of the dead was to declare oneself ceremonially unclean. Jesus would have to go through the hassle of being purified before he could enter the temple and offer sacrifice. But the book of Hosea says that "God desires mercy over sacrifice" and Jesus was ready to put his pity on full display. He reached out and touched the carrying case of the dead boy, and he declared, as Luke writes in Greek, "*Kai eipon neaniskos sy lego egeiro!*" (Kye Ae-pone nae-a-knee-skos sue le-go egay-ro)

No man in the history of the world has ever been able to speak those words with certainty. "Young man, I say to you get up!" Rise!

It was the fisherman Peter who waived his fist at the Jews in Acts 3 and said,

***“You killed the author of life, but God raised him from the dead. We are witnesses of this.” Acts 3:13***

Jesus was the genesis of human life. He was the Word which created life from no life and he was the only one who ever lived that could raise a person from the dead. Three times in the New Testament, he put this power on display. This young man who had been dead perhaps a day; a twelve year old girl who had just breathed her last breath; and an older man who had been buried in a tomb for four days. In each instance, Christ was able to create life from death by the power of his spoken Word.

And the predicted thousands of years in advance that the Messiah would come and a mark of his Messiahship would be the ability to raise people from the dead. And the words of the Old Testament came true. He came with resurrection power. But God wasn't through with making promises. In the New Testament he tells us this:

***<sup>16</sup> For the Lord himself will come down from heaven, with a loud command, with the voice of the archangel and with the trumpet call of God, and the dead in Christ will rise first. <sup>17</sup> After that, we who are still alive and are left will be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air. And so we will be with the Lord forever. 1 Thess. 4:16-17***

One day, my friend, it will be you that is carried in the casket. It will be you with a company of grieving friends. It will be you with no hope to beat the devil of death. But for those who have “My Jesus, My Savior,” they will hear the words, “Sue le-go egay-ro!” YOU, GET UP!

V.15 says, *the boy sat up and he began talking and Jesus gave him back to his mother.* Can you imagine what it was like to see the gray, cold clay face of this boy suddenly flushed with color, his fixed dilated eyes twitched and focused on the big blue sky above him. He blinks, sits up on the board, and says, “Mom, I’m hungry. And who are all these people? And why do you look so tired?” Can you just imagine Jesus walking over, pulling the young man off the plank, and handing his little soft-skinned body back to his mommy.

Jesus is the only one in the world with the power to give you back your loved ones. Jesus gave him back to his mother. And I can't believe that Luke doesn't describe her reaction! Why Luke, would you leave that out? Did she faint? Did she fall on her face before Jesus? Did she hug her boy so tight his guts came out? What did she do??? The Bible leaves it to our imagination. But we do know what the crowd did next.

Vv. 16-17...

The third reason why you need the Lord...

### 3. He is more than a prophet; He is God.

Do you know why the town of Nain is known in the Old Testament? Do you remember? A great man sent of God once performed a great miracle there, a miracle of resurrection. Look with me, for a moment, at 1 Kings 17:19-24...

Jesus went to Nain, not on accident. He went to Nain because he knew that city was famous for a resurrection miracle, performed by a man of God. The language of Luke's account is purposely patterned after the language of 1 Kings 17. Jesus duplicated the death to life miracle on the widow's only son. He matched Elijah, but he went one step more, he brought forth life by the power of his voice. No lying down, no stretching, just the simple command of a creator, "Dead man, live!"

And the widow of Elijah's day said the right thing, "Now I know that you are a man of God and that the word of the Lord from your mouth is the truth."

And the people of Nain, in Jesus' day, said the same thing, "A new Elijah has appeared. God has come to help us."

But what they couldn't quite understand YET, was that Jesus was far more than a person with prophetic gifts. Jesus was and is God in the flesh.

*In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.<sup>2</sup> He was with God in the beginning.*

*<sup>3</sup> Through him all things were made; without him nothing was made that has been made. <sup>4</sup> In him was life, and that life was the light of men. <sup>5</sup> The light shines in the darkness, but the darkness has not understood it.*

*<sup>6</sup> There came a man who was sent from God; his name was John. <sup>7</sup> He came as a witness to testify concerning that light, so that through him all men might believe. <sup>8</sup> He himself was not the light; he came only as a witness to the light. <sup>9</sup> The true light that gives light to every man was coming into the world. <sup>b</sup>*

*<sup>10</sup> He was in the world, and though the world was made through him, the world did not recognize him. <sup>11</sup> He came to that which was his own, but his own did not receive him. <sup>12</sup> Yet to all who received him, to those who believed in his name, he gave the right to become children of God— <sup>13</sup> children born not of natural descent, <sup>c</sup> nor of human decision or a husband's will, but born of God.*

*<sup>14</sup> The Word became flesh and made his dwelling among us. We have seen his glory, the glory of the One and Only, who came from the Father, full of grace and truth. John 1:1-4*

That's my Jesus. Is he yours?

About ten days ago, my wife went to the doctor. She had been battling a persistent cough that would not go away. And so the doctor did a chest x-ray, and then my wife got scared. It was the first time in our marriage that I saw real fear behind those big brown eyes. The x-ray was showing a large collection of fluid or possibly even a mass. A cat scan would be required to rule out the worst of our fears.

And so, for the next 48 hours, without speaking my thoughts to others, I began to meditate on the mortality of my wife. What if? What if she has stage 4 lung cancer? If that is true, then we will face an enemy that is nearly impossible to beat. I tried not to jump to such terrifying conclusions, but being the father of four mommy-loving kids, I was thinking through our survival.

It was a tough 36 hours as we waited for a scan to reveal our future. And it was in those hours, that I had to surrender once again to my Savior, and say, “Lord, not my will but yours.” And I can’t tell you the joy that rushed over our hearts when were told that the x-ray was wrong and the mass did not exist. I felt like a man who just got his life back.

But this experience, as awful as it was to endure, has brought great fruit in my life. It’s what led me to preach this passage today. One day, in all likelihood, I will go to the doctor, and I will receive a report, and I will not like what I hear. But let me tell you, thanks be to God, because I have Jesus, there is no guilt in life, and no fear in death.

*The Word became flesh and made his dwelling among us. I have seen his glory, the glory of the One and Only.*

I am His and He is mine. Is HE yours?