

The Fifth Sunday in Lent 2020  
John 11

Holy Spirit, Light Divine/Shine upon this heart of mine  
Chase the shades of night away/Turn the darkness into day.  
Let me see my Savior's face/Let me all His beauties trace.  
Show those glorious truths to me/Which are only known to Thee

**John 11: 35 *Jesus wept.***

In the Name of Jesus.

Jesus wept.

He didn't even cry at His OWN death! At least Saint John doesn't waste any ink saying so. Instead:

<sup>14</sup> I am the good shepherd. I know my own and my own know me,  
<sup>15</sup> just as the Father knows me and I know the Father; and I lay  
down my life for the sheep. <sup>16</sup> And I have other sheep that are not  
of this fold. I must bring them also, and they will listen to my  
voice. So there will be one flock, one shepherd. <sup>17</sup> For this reason  
the Father loves me, because I lay down my life that I may take it  
up again. <sup>18</sup> No one takes it from me, but I lay it down of my own  
accord. I have authority to lay it down, and I have authority to take  
it up again. This charge I have received from my Father.” <sup>1</sup>

But that day: Jesus wept.

Poor God! Sad God. The Holy Spirit moved to weeping—when?

<sup>33</sup> When Jesus saw her weeping, and the Jews who had come with  
her also weeping, he was deeply moved in his spirit and greatly  
troubled. <sup>34</sup> And he said, “Where have you laid him?” They said to  
him, “Lord, come and see.”

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<sup>1</sup> [The Holy Bible: English Standard Version](#). (2016). (Jn 10:14–18). Wheaton, IL: Crossway Bibles.

Behold! The Lamb of God Who takes away the sin of the world!

Ah! Heaven pardons our funerals too; like everything else we do.  
So, my dear ones, weep at death and mourn your loved ones and  
pray ‘Deliver us from evil,’—

Bathed already, the Lord declares, John 13: Baptized at the  
authority of the Son of God, the Christ, coming into the world!

So when what we’re all about ends in tears, He is WAY ahead of  
us!

It makes me think of my grandson, Samuel Paul. (Forgive me if I  
have not mentioned him before. But I have an eighteen-month old  
grandson now. His name is Samuel Paul.)

I’m going to rely on MY Holy Baptism day—September 26,  
1965!—as I tell you the mischievous smile that I CANNOT  
suppress—I don’ WANNA suppress!—when my grandson, Samuel  
Paul’s MOTHER calls me up and says: ‘Oh, daddy; I’m SOOOO  
sorry! I was a toddler too, wasn’t I?! I was like HIM!’

(Heh-heh....)

So Himself does good deeds—waking, eating, eating, eating, ‘uh-  
oh!’ pointing to diaper, eating, brief napping, eating, playing---

And what Himself does that is NOT GOOD? Well, that’s the joy  
of HIS Holy Baptism day, when he was removed from the fine  
hands of mom and dad and given The Spirit into Whose Hands,  
Himself is committed for good.

To hear ‘No-no!’

And he looks, scrunches up his face and replies, ‘No! No!’

Testing the limits, pushing the boundaries—

And yet, every day, not only does Himself learn to pray to God as His OWN dear Heavenly Father—

“I ascend to My Father and to Y’ALL’S Father; to MY God and to Y’ALL’S God!”

He crowns the day by finding the two old folk in the phone and crying out ‘Lala!’ And ‘gampa’ too!

And when Himself FALLS AND HURTS HIMSELF—Himself knows how to cry. But there are mightier and more deeply paining tears WAY ahead of Him!

Why is pastor telling us about his grandson?

To raise y’all to life, my dear ones. To call y’all out from the tomb; from the stink; from the tears; from the blame!

Our Father and our God sent His Son into the world and, IN...THAT...WAY—Jesus-way, Spirit-way, Flesh-way, God is That Man and That Man is... And there’s...none...other...God!

So now, we know why Jesus waits a couple days, lets His friend die—and makes Himself weep!

Now WE need never rely on what WE can foresee, figure out, plan, dodge?

So when God puts an icky virus in something called a ‘wet-market’—I am relying on my smart children to explain all this to me!—and, what no man can see, foresee, plan, DODGE...

Oh, my dear ones! He sends tears and mourning even now—and never forget that HE IS there WAY ahead of us all! Jesus wept.

The great minister of the Gospel, Rev. Gary Peterson, called your poor pastor to repentance, just yesterday! I was weeping and mourning to him—social-distanced!—about how I thought for one or two days recently—I thought that a common threat might make us sinners in the world, in our country—in our state?!—pardon and forebear and speak well of one another. Little bursts of that were going on. Then, too much hope placed on US! I kept watching and listening, and out came the devil’s murderous, pointing finger of blame—in human form and voice and flesh.

And Rev. Gary heard me, and pardoned me, and then cried out: ‘Who CARES?! What’s WRONG with you?! You must not be PRAYING today! But the Lord died and rose again for that sin too, my brother. But I urge you to prayer. How about the Litany? It’s in your hymnal!’

You wanna hear a sign that the Holy Spirit has not utterly abandoned the Lutherans? My anger and offended majesty only flashed inside me! Me! And not only did I praise God for that teacher, brother Gary; I had to text him later on and tell him what a great minister of the Gospel he is.

Are you not pining for our Communion, together, made Holy, by His Body, given for us, His Blood, shed for the forgiveness of our sins? Pray for that day to come again, my dear ones.

But you’re Lutherans! Meaning: our pardon and acceptance and security does NOT lie—AT ALL!—in a motion of US toward HIM! The WHOLE attachment is from HIM, to us, to this order, to this world. Found in the Man, Who told His killer:

‘Oh, I am a King. But MY Kingdom is in the world; but your world has no claim on My Kingdom, at all.’

Is THIS the unseen foe that’s going to kill you?

No.

Oh, it may stop your lungs and heart. But you can’t DIE!  
Meaning, you CANNOT be beyond His voice and calling and word and teaching. And you are NEVER beyond God’s call, ‘Come out!’

Even when WE know better than HE: ‘O, Lord, you messed up! If ONLY you were here; but you are here; but could you not save your friend; blahblah, blahblah, blahblah....’

The great Christian poet speaks of OUR speaking and praying, and how it’s all baby-talk; and how the Lord is delighted, our heavenly Father:

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,  
And didst Thou join thy hands, this way?  
And did they tire sometimes, being young,  
25And make the prayer seem very long?  
And dost Thou like it best, that we  
Should join our hands to pray to Thee?  
I used to think, before I knew,  
The prayer not said unless we do.  
30And did thy Mother at the night  
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?  
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,  
Kiss’d, and sweet, and thy prayers said?

Thou canst not have forgotten all  
35That it feels like to be small:

And Thou know'st I cannot pray  
 To Thee in my father's way—  
 When Thou wast so little, say,  
 Couldst Thou talk thy Father's way?—

40 So, a little Child, come down  
 And hear a child's tongue like thy own;  
 Take me by the hand and walk,  
 And listen to my baby-talk.  
 To thy Father show my prayer  
 45 (He will look, Thou art so fair),  
 And say: 'O Father, I, thy Son,  
 Bring the prayer of a little one.'

And He will smile, that children's tongue  
 Has not changed since Thou wast young! 50

'The Teacher is here! And He is calling you!'

The last words your pastor whispers into your ears when He calls  
 you.

The words YOU will hear, when He raises you from your cave and  
 your bindings.

You will, with Lazarus, obediently come out in the Name of Jesus.