

Psalm 22: They Pierced My Hands and Feet

Disclaimer: this is an automatically generated machine transcription - there may be small errors or mistranscriptions. Please refer to the original audio if you are in any doubt.

Date: 17 July 2016

Preacher: Rev. Murdo M Campbell

[0 : 00] But if we could, this morning with the Lord's help and the Lord's guidance, if we could turn back to that portion of scripture that we read in the book of Psalms, Psalm 22, page 549 in the Pew Bible.

And if we read again at verse 14, Psalm 22 at verse 14. I am poured out like water and all my bones are out of joint.

My heart is like wax. It is melted within my breast. My strength is dried up like a potsherd and my tongue sticks to my jaws. You lay me in the dust of death.

For dogs encompass me. A company of evildoers encircles me. They have pierced my hands and feet. And particularly those words.

They pierced my hands and feet. They pierced my hands and feet. As many of you know, I have a great love for the 19th century preacher and author, J.C. Ryle.

[1 : 20] So much so that I bought his biography the other day and I hope to go through it and find out all about who he was and what he was like and what he went through during his ministry.

But it was J.C. Ryle who once said about the book of Psalms. He said, The book of Psalms, in a word, is a book full of Christ. Christ suffering.

Christ in humiliation. Christ dying. Christ rising again. Christ coming the second time. And Christ reigning over all.

The book of Psalms, he said, is a book full of Jesus Christ. And this Psalm is no different because the words of Psalm 22, they bring us face to face with the cross of Jesus Christ.

And it's not a Psalm about King David and King David's experience. It's a Psalm which is all about a greater king than King David.

[2 : 23] A king who came to establish his kingdom forever by defeating death and conquering the grave. I'm sure that we're all well acquainted with the words of Isaiah 53, which is another prophecy about the cross.

And that prophecy was written 700 years before the events of Calvary. But what's amazing about Psalm 22 is that it was written 1,000 years before the events of Calvary.

Which makes Psalm 22 the oldest and one of the clearest Old Testament prophecies of the crucifixion. And my friend, there's no better place for us to gather around than to gather around the cross of Jesus Christ.

There's no better place for us to come than to come to Calvary's Hill and gather around this wondrous cross upon which the Prince of Glory died.

Because the death of Jesus Christ, it was the most extraordinary event that has ever taken place in the history of mankind. And it was that single event which changed the history of this world forever.

[3 : 36] Because what took place at Calvary, it's central to our faith. It's central to our salvation. It's central to all our theology. It's central to our lives.

It's central to our witness. It's central to everything we are as a church. My friend, what took place at Calvary is central. Because the cross of Jesus Christ is central.

In fact, the cross of Jesus Christ, it's the theme which runs throughout the whole Bible. The whole of redemptive history points to this one moment.

And this psalm is no different. Because it's pointing to that one moment. It's pointing us to the cross. This psalm, it's all about the cross.

Because this world's one and only remedy for the curse of sin and death is the cross of Jesus Christ. The difference between eternal life and eternal death is the cross of Jesus Christ.

[4 : 38] The difference between being saved or being lost is the cross of Jesus Christ. The difference between going to heaven and going to hell is the cross of Jesus Christ.

But as we walk through this psalm, the picture, as we've been reading it, the picture is building all the time. And it provides to us this graphic view of what Jesus would endure for the redemption of sinners.

It's this horrific three-dimensional image of the cross of Jesus Christ. And everything that would take place upon the cross. But this morning, I just want us to narrow our focus on the cross. To what Jesus says about his enemies. I want to narrow our focus to just the words. They pierced my hands and feet.

Now what's interesting is that these words aren't quoted in the New Testament. There are many verses from Psalm 22 which are quoted in the New Testament. Verse 1, where it says, My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

[5 : 49] It's quoted in the New Testament. Verses 7 and 8, All who see me mock me. They make mouths at me. They wag their heads. He trusts in the Lord. Let him deliver him.

Let him rescue him. For he delights in him. It's quoted in the New Testament. Verse 18, They divide my garments among them. And for my clothing they cast lots.

All these verses, Verse 1, verse 7 and 8, Verse 18, They're all quoted in the New Testament in Matthew chapter 27. But this verse, Verse 16, It isn't quoted in the New Testament.

But if we were to ask anyone on the street, If we were to go out of here and point them to these words, And ask them, Who are they speaking about? I'm sure that most people would say that these words refer to Jesus Christ, As he hung crucified upon a Roman cross.

They pierced my hands and feet. And so this morning, I'd like us to focus our minds upon these words and consider together the hands and feet of Jesus.

[7 : 01] Because these pierced hands and feet of Jesus, They tell us all about the person. They tell us all about the person.

And there are three things about this person called Jesus, That I'd like us to consider. And so first of all, The hands and feet of Jesus, They tell us that he was a carpenter.

They tell us that he was the carpenter. The hands and feet of Jesus, Which were pierced at Calvary, Were the hands and feet of a carpenter.

And Jesus was widely known in Nazareth, And throughout the region of Galilee, He was known as the carpenter's son. He was the son of Joseph and Mary.

And by his very relationship to Joseph, Jesus would have been taught by his father, A very particular skill, And a very particular trade.

[8 : 05] And I'm sure that those years of which the Bible remains silent, We don't know what happened, During those years in which he was growing up, But I'm sure that they were the years during which Joseph would have taken time to teach his son Jesus.

And he would have taught him, As a carpenter, How to handle wood. And he would have taken time on how to cut that wood correctly. How to cut it straight.

He would have taught him how to use his hammer, And put pieces of wood together, Fit them together so neatly. And he would have taught him, How to chisel out those raw materials, Using all his different utensils.

He would have taught him, How to patiently and gently carve out those delicate details, In the furniture, Using all his implements. And as a carpenter, Learning in his father's workshop, Jesus would have been taught, How to use his hands, In order to make something remarkably different, From its original state.

He was the carpenter's son. And that description of Jesus, It never left him. Even when he began his ministry. Because when Jesus was going about, Preaching the kingdom of God, There was one Sabbath, In which he came back to his hometown, And he began to teach in the local synagogue.

[9 : 32] And many people, They had come in, And they were listening to Jesus speak, And their reaction was complete astonishment. Because they began asking one another, Is this not the carpenter?

Is this not the carpenter? The son of Mary, And the brothers of James, And Joseph, And Judas, And Simon, And his sisters are also here with us. And they're astonished at him.

They were offended at him. And the community of Nazareth, They were all wondering, Where did this man learn these things? And where did he get all his wisdom? Who gave it to him?

And how was he able to perform such mighty works, By his hands? They ask, Where did he learn this skill?

And you know my friend, There's something in my mind, That makes me think that, This Jesus was a carpenter, Long before he ever stood, In the workshop of his earthly father.

[10 : 34] Because it was this Jesus, Who stood in the workshop, Of his heavenly father, And brought this whole world, Into being. Where at the very beginning, Of the creative process, This carpenter, Made this world, Out of nothing.

Is that not what the apostle John, Tells us when, He begins his gospel, About this carpenter. And he says, In the beginning was the word, And the word was with God, And the word was God, He was in the beginning with God, All things were made, Through him, And without him, There was not anything made, That was made.

And the first step, The first step, That this carpenter took, When working in his father's workshop, Was to put on the light. Where he just spoke into the darkness, And said, Let there be light, And there was light.

And then, The second step, Was to create the workbench, Upon which, He would carry out, All his work. And so out of nothing, The carpenter formed the seas, And he carved, Out the dry land, And he cut them, In order that there would be, The separation between them.

And he filled them, He filled the seas, With great creatures, And every living thing, According to its kind. And he filled the earth, With every living thing, According to its kind.

[12 : 01] With creeping things, And cattle, And beasts of the field, All according to its kind. But not only that, The carpenter filled the heavens, With every winged bird, According to its kind.

And the skill, And the power, Which the carpenter displayed, In his workshop, It was all reflected, In praise, From the creation. In which the heavens, They began to declare, His glory.

And the skies, Were proclaiming, All his handiwork. But like all carpenters, This masterpiece, Was made with attention, To detail.

Because as we were singing, In Psalm 8, The psalmist reminded us, Of the occasion, When he looked up, Into the night sky, And he saw, And he saw, What the fingers, Of the carpenter, Had framed together.

And he saw, How he had set the moon, And he had placed, All the stars. And the intricate detail, Of this carpenter, Was such, That he fixed, Each star, Individually, And he named them, Every one.

[13 : 12] But there was more, There was more to it, Because upon his workshop, Bench, The apex, And the masterpiece, Of this carpenter's work, That took place, When he carved out, From the dust of the ground, A man, Bearing the image of God.

Adam, The first man, He was made, In the image, And likeness, Of his carpenter. The literal meaning, Of the phrase, Being made.

It's that Adam, Was shaped. He was shaped. He was molded. He was formed, And fashioned, From a lump of clay, And he was, He had, Life breathed, Into his nostrils.

A breath, Which would be upheld, Every moment, Of his life. By the hand, Of the carpenter. And so the first man, Adam, Became a living being, Which reflected, The glory of, Its maker.

But, The carpenter's skill, Didn't stop the arriving. Because from the rib, Of a man, He cut, And shaped woman. And he made her, Bone of Adam's bone, And flesh of, Adam's flesh.

[14 : 23] And he made them both, Male and female. And my friend, This is the wonder, Of creation. And this is something, You know, We need to rediscover, In our day and generation.

Because, We are not, Some random chance, Of biology. The news will tell us, And the media will tell us, That we are all here, By scientific, Accident.

But no, Our origin, It began with this creator, This carpenter. And our first beginning, Our genesis, Where we were being knit together, In our mother's womb, It was his doing.

And before anyone else, Ever saw us, He saw us. Before an ultrasound, Could ever pick up, That matter, And form of human life, And when we were, In our most, Primitive beginning, When we could do nothing, And when we knew nothing, And when we weren't even aware, Of our own existence, He was there.

He was there, And he was forming us, And shaping us, And fashioning us, And my friend, What we need to rediscover, Is this great emphasis, Upon God's love, And God's care, Towards his own creation.

[15 : 36] Because nothing else, Would dignify man. Science doesn't dignify man. The world doesn't dignify man. But the emphasis of the Bible, Is that as those, Who have been fearfully, And wonderfully made, By this carpenter.

We are precious. We are precious. And every single one of us, Has been uniquely, And personally, And individually, Made, And shaped, And formed, In the image of the carpenter.

And it's in him, Says the Bible, That we live, And move, And have our being. And we were created, To worship him, Because he is our carpenter.

He is the one who made us, He is the one, Who brought us into being, Without any contribution, From us. And he is the one, Who gave us a beginning. He made us, With an existence, He gave to us, A living soul.

And he made us for, Eternity. He put eternity, Into our heart. And you know, We are so, Important to him. So important to him.

[16 : 43] So important to him, That he would go, To the extent, Of being, Crucified, In order that we, Could be saved.

My friend, This carpenter, Who made us, With so much dignity, He thinks, So highly, Of the life, That he has given to us, That he will ask us, To give an account.

He's not going to ask, The animals for an account. He's not going to ask, Any part of, Animate creation, For an account. But this, Carpenter, Our carpenter, He thinks so highly, Of the life, That he has given to us, That one day, We will stand before him, And he will ask us, What we did with it.

He will ask us, What we did, With the life, That he gave to us. He will ask us, What he did.

My friend, This carpenter, He made, All things in heaven, And on earth, Visible and invisible. All things were created, Through him and for him, And yet, And yet, It was the enemies, Of this carpenter, Who pierced his hands, And feet, They pierced, My hands, And feet, And so when we look, At these pierced hands, And feet, Of Jesus, They tell us, First of all, That he is, The carpenter, But secondly, They tell us, That he is the Christ, He is the Christ, And with this, We see that Jesus, Was not only the carpenter, Who created all things, And upholds all things, But he is also the Christ, He is the anointed servant, Who was sent, To provide redemption, Because the perfect creation, Which the carpenter, Had formed, And fashioned in the beginning, It's now marred,

[18 : 48] It's marred by sin, The fall of the carpenter's, First man, Adam, Left the creation, Groaning, And mankind, In a state of bondage, Where we are enslaved, To sin, And dead in sin, Walking according, To the course of this world, According, To the works of the devil, And we are fulfilling, The desires of the flesh, And of the mind, As Paul says, We are by nature, Children of wrath, But the carpenter, He is also the Christ, He is the Messiah, He is the Old Testament figure, Who was promised, To save his people, From their sins, He was the anointed one, Set apart, To provide a redemption, By redeeming his people, From slavery, To sin, He was Christed, Christed, In order to be, The remedy to our ruin, And his responsibility, Was to restore, The ruin, Which the fall, Had cursed us with, And in order to secure,

Our redemption, The creator, Became the creation, The carpenter, Became the Christ, Where he entered into, Our experience, By taking to himself, Our nature, He made himself, He was the king of glory, And he made himself, Of no reputation, By taking to himself, The form of a servant, In the likeness of man, In the likeness of Adam, He humbled himself, He humbled himself, By being conceived, Of the Holy Ghost, And born of the Virgin Mary, Born into a lowly, Cattle shed in Bethlehem, He wasn't born a prince, But a peasant, Where he said of himself, Foxes have holes, The birds of the air, Of nests, But the son of man, Has nowhere to lay his head,

And yet when this Christ, Began his ministry, People were drawn to him, They came to him, From all the surrounding towns, And villages, Just to see him, And they came to him, Because in their fallen nature, And in their mess, That they found themselves in, They were left saying, With the apostle Peter, To whom else can we go, For you alone have the words, Of eternal life, And we know, And we believe, That you are the Christ, The son of the living God, And they came to Jesus, From everywhere, They came to him, For healing, For restoration, For a remedy, And they found in the hand of Christ, A healing touch, A healing touch, Because how often, Do we read in the gospels, That Jesus touched people, And they were healed, Where they brought, Blind men to Jesus, And he touched them,

And they received their sight, Peter, Took Jesus to his mother-in-law, And as soon as he touched, Her hand, She was healed, When Peter cut off, The ear of the high priest, Malthus, Jesus touched his ear, And it was healed, Matthew tells us, That everyone, Who was touched by Jesus, Was made perfectly well, But there is one thing, We ought to never forget, And that is, It doesn't matter, How old, Or how young we are, Jesus is still willing, To touch our lives, And make us whole, Because when they brought, Little children to Jesus, That he might touch them, The disciples

rebuked them, Told them, Go away, Clear off, But Jesus, No, no, no, He took them up in his arms, And he blessed them, Jesus was willing, To touch their lives, And was that not the request, Of the leper, Who came to Jesus,

He said, Lord, If you are willing, You can make me clean, And Jesus stretched out his hand, And touched him, And said, I am willing, Be clean, My friend, The touch of Jesus, Changes lives, And it still changes lives today, And yet, After all the good Jesus did, And all the healing, And help he provided, It was these hands, Which were pierced, It was these hands, Which were pierced, But in the gospels, We see that people, Were not only drawn, To the hands of Jesus, They were also drawn, To his feet, Because these feet, They crossed boundaries, They crossed boundaries, Of society, To reach those in need, Jesus didn't stay, Within his holy huddle, And his comfort zone, And with all those, Who were around him,

[23 : 52] Who were like minded, And of the same class as him, No, Jesus went to everyone, He went to everyone, And Jesus moved, With compassion, Towards them, There were no boundaries, That Jesus was unwilling, To cross, And nowhere, Where Jesus, Jesus was unwilling to go, To help those in need, And we saw that, Last Lord's Day in Boar, When we were looking at, The prostitute, Who came to the feet of Jesus, Where she stood, At the feet of Jesus, Weeping, Weeping so much, That she began to wash, His feet, With her tears, And then she kneeled down, And started wiping, Her tears with her hair, And she was kissing, The feet of Jesus, And she anoints them, With precious ointment, That woman did a beautiful thing, A beautiful thing, To the feet of Jesus, And it was Isaiah, Who prophesied saying,

How beautiful, Are the feet of those, Who bring good news, And you know, If anyone knew, How beautiful, The feet of Jesus were, It was that woman, Because the news, Of his love, And her forgiveness, It was the best news, She had ever heard, But there were others, Who heard that good news, As well, They brought with them, Lame, The lame, And the blind, And the mute, And the maimed, And they laid them down, At the feet of Jesus, And he healed them, But my friend, The feet of Jesus, Was not only a place of healing, It was also a place of help, That's what Jairus, The synagogue ruler, Found for himself, His daughter, Was at the point of death, But when he fell, At the feet of Jesus, Begging him, For help, Jesus told him, Do not fear, Only believe, Legion was another one, He'd been possessed, By many demons, But when he fell, At the feet of Jesus, And begged him for help, He was later found, Sitting at the feet of Jesus, In his right mind, And clothed, But the one I love, Is Mary of Bethany, She, Sat at the feet of Jesus, Not for help, Or for healing, But for teaching, The feet of Jesus, To her, Was a place of learning, Mary sat at the feet of Jesus, And listened to his word, My friend, I must ask you this morning, Have you experienced, Have you experienced, The loving touch of Jesus, And have you been, To the beautiful feet, Of Jesus, There is no better place, To go, Than to the hands, And to the feet, Of Jesus, Because it's there, That you'll find, Good news, It's there, That you'll find, Healing, It's there, That you'll find, Help, It's there, That you'll, Learn, It's at the feet of Jesus, That you'll find, A full and a free, Forgiveness for your sins, And a love, That is so amazing, Said Isaac Watts, So, Divine, A love that, Demands our soul, Our life, Our all, I don't know, If there was furniture, In the homes of Nazareth, That had been handled, And shaped by this, Carpenter, But looking at you, I know that there are lives, In here, Which have been handled, And shaped by this, Carpenter, And that have been, Healed, And helped, By this Christ, Because the wonder, Of this Christ, Is that, He is still a carpenter, And he is still,

Shaping us, He is still, Cutting us, He is still, Carving us, Through all the experiences, That we go through, In our lives, And he's, Making us, Into something, Magnificent, Something so beautiful, That only, He can make it, Because this carpenter, This Christ, He's still, He's still in the business, Of doing, Something that will, Emerge from, His hands, Because at the end, Of his work, He will produce in us, Something remarkable, Something that we could have, Never done ourselves, Because the promise is, That all, Who come, To this Jesus, They will one day, Appear, Before him, And when they appear, Before him, They will be like him, What a project, He has undertaken, For those, Who come to him, But what's important, Is that he is doing,

[28 : 57] The work and not us, He is working, In our lives, And not us, Is that not what the psalmist, Was saying in Psalm 100, He urged all people, Upon the earth, To sing to the Lord, With cheerful voice, Because it was without, Our aid, That he did us make, But the psalmist, He didn't stop there, He said without our aid, He did us make, We are his flock, He doth us feed, And for his sheep, He doth us take, And that's the description, Of this carpenter, And this, This wonderful Christ, He's the

good shepherd, Who gave his life, For the sheep, And he reminds us, In his word, That he's not only, The eternal refuge, In which, Under, Which are the everlasting arms, That hold us, But he also says to us, My sheep hear my voice, And I know them, And they follow me, And I give to them, Eternal life, And they shall never perish, But this is the wonderful part,

Neither shall anyone, Pluck them, Out of my, Hands, Isn't that so beautiful, There are no, Safer hands to be in, Than the hands of Jesus, There are no better feet, To come and sit at, Than the feet of Jesus, And yet, It was the enemies, Of this carpenter, And this Christ, Who pierced, His hands and feet, And he says about them, They pierced, My hands, And feet, And so when we look at these, Pierced hands and feet, Of Jesus, They tell us, First of all, That he's a carpenter, That he's the carpenter, Secondly, They tell us, That he's the Christ, But thirdly, And finally, They tell us, That he is the conqueror, He is the conqueror, He says in verse 16,

For dogs encompass me, A company of evildoers, Encircles me, They have pierced, My hands and feet, As we said earlier, Psalm 22 presents to us, This graphic preview, Of what Jesus, Would endure, For the redemption of sinners, And the opening words, Of this psalm, They bring, The entire event of, Calvary to life, When Jesus cries, My God, My God, Why have you forsaken me? And this cry, Of dereliction, And abandonment, It paves the way, For one of the clearest, And prophetic descriptions, Of the suffering and death, Of Jesus Christ, In the Old Testament, In which the carpenter, The creator of the world, And the promised Messiah, The Christ of God, He is wounded, For our transgressions, And bruised, For our iniquities, Where he would step, Onto the stage of history, Not to be served, But to serve, And to give his life, As a ransom for many, He would be humbled, He would humble himself, By being obedient unto death, Even the death of a cross, And in Psalm 22, We are enabled to witness, The extent of his suffering, Because we are told, That the enemies, Who passed by, They blasphemed Jesus, They wagged their heads, Saying, You who destroy the temple, And build it in three days,

Save yourself, If you are the son of God, Come down from the cross, And even the chief priests, They mocked him, Along with all the other scribes, And elders, And they shouted at the cross, He saved others, Let him save himself, If he is the king of Israel, Let him now come down, From the cross, And we will believe in him, He trusted in God, Let God deliver him now, If he will, If he will have him, He said, He said, I am the son of God, That's what they claimed, But Psalm 22, Not only gives to us, The perspective of the cross, From the Pharisees, And the chief priests, We are also given the viewpoint, Of the Roman soldiers, Who are standing, At the foot of the cross, We are told that below, The pierced hands and feet of Jesus, There were Roman soldiers, Scrambling to see, Who would get, His only belonging, But this gambling session, At the foot of the cross, It wasn't an accident, Because John tells us,

[33 : 35] That all this took place, So that the scripture, Might be fulfilled, Which says in Psalm 22, They divided my garments among them, And for my clothing, They cast lots, My friend, If Psalm 22, Is anything to tell us, About the cross, Of Jesus Christ, It's that everything, Which took place, Wasn't a random chance event, The crucifixion of Jesus, Wasn't a result of, Of bad luck, No, It was prophesied, It was foretold, In scripture, Because it was all, According to God's, Great plan, Of salvation, That this Jesus, Would be, Handed over, To be crucified, According, To the determinate counsel, And foreknowledge, Of God, But what's wonderful, About this prophetic, Psalm, It's not that, It only presents to us, What the enemies, Of Jesus did to him, It also highlights, What Jesus experienced,

For himself, Upon the cross, We're given, We're given this, Insight, Into the personal, Inner experience, Of Jesus, As he hung, Upon the cross, For sinners, Where it says, In verse 14, I am poured out, Like water, And all my bones, Are out of joint, My heart, Is like wax, It is melted, Within my breast, My strength, Is dried up, Like a potsherd, My tongue, Sticks to my jaws, You lay me, In the dust of death, Dogs encompass me, A company of evildoers, Encircles me, They have pierced, My hands, And feet, And when we read those words, It's Jesus, That's speaking, It's not David, Or the gospel writers, This is Jesus speaking, And he's describing, The agony, He experienced, In order that our sins, Could be forgiven, And he's saying, They pierced, My hands, And feet, They pierced, My hands,

And feet, But the question is, Who? Who pierced his hands, And feet? Well, We've said all along, The enemies of Jesus, Have pierced his hands, And feet, Who were the enemies, Of Jesus? Paul says that, Whilst we were still, Enemies, Enemies of the cross, Christ, Christ, Died for us, We pierced, His hands, And feet, We pierced, His hands, And feet, We did it, We pierced, The hands,

And feet, Of a carpenter, Who created all things, Both visible, And invisible, They pierced, My hands, And feet, We pierced, The hands, And feet, Of a Christ, Who moves, With compassion, And touches the lives, Of those in need, And Jesus is saying, They pierced, My hands, And feet, They pierced, My hands, And feet, We did it, We pierced, His hands, And feet, And as one commentator, Put it, He said, When you combine, The darkness, And the isolation, And the abandonment, And the forsakenness, And the torment, That Jesus endured, Upon the cross, When you combine them all,

You have hell, You have hell, And that's what, Jesus endured for us, Whilst we were yet sinners, Christ died for us, He descended, Into hell, Says the apostles creed, Or, His, Hell descended into his soul, And on the cross, Jesus experienced, The inner sufferings, Of his soul, And he's telling us today, They, They, Pierced my hands, And feet, They pierced, My hands, And feet, And this act, Of crucifixion, It was invented, By the Romans, In order to prolong, The agonies of death, The sufferings, Of crucifixion, In that act, They would die, A slow, And painful death, Was like dying, A thousand deaths, They said, And that was because, You didn't actually, Die of bleeding to death, [38 : 00] Or you didn't die of the pain, Instead you suffocated to death, All the blood inside your lungs, Was suffocating, And the only way, For a victim to stop, Himself or herself, From being suffocated, Was to press down, On the nails, The six inch nails, That have been driven, Through the forearm, And through the feet, It was to press down on them, And draw some breath, A tiny bit of breath, Just to stay alive, The fight, Between life and death, And it would go on for hours, And it was a slow, And painful death, But what's remarkable, About the death of Jesus, Is that death, Never overcame him, They pierced, His hands and feet, But Jesus said, My father, Into thine hands, I commit my spirit, Death never overcame him, He overcame death,

He conquered death, He defeated the grave, He abolished death, And brought life, And immortality to light, Through the gospel, In which death, Was swallowed up, In victory, And through the victory, Of this conqueror, We are able to say, Oh death, Where is your sting?

Oh grave, Where is your victory? Thanks be to God, Who giveth us the victory, Through our Lord, Jesus Christ, Thanks be to God, The Old Testament, Prophet Zechariah, He prophesied, By saying, They will look, Upon the one, Whom they pierced, And I believe that, In a sense, That prophecy, Is still being fulfilled, Because we are still, Looking, Upon the one, Whom we have pierced, And we look at him, And we look, To him, Because, He is this world's, One and only remedy, To the curse of sin, And death, Was it not the hymn writer, Who said, It was my sin, That held him there, Until it was accomplished, My dying breath, His dying breath, Has brought me life, I know that it is finished, My friends, The cross of Jesus Christ, That wondrous cross, It's the difference, Between eternal life, And eternal death, That wondrous cross, It's the difference, Between being saved, And being lost, That wondrous cross, It's the difference, Between going to heaven, And going to hell, And my friend, Aren't you so thankful today, That this carpenter, This Christ, And this conqueror, He was more than willing, More than willing, To humble himself, And be obedient, To death, Even the death of the cross, He was more than willing, To say about us, They pierced, My hands, And feet, They pierced, My hands, And feet, But I wonder, If there are some in here, This morning, Who are still like doubting, Thomas, Who said, Unless I see in his hand, The print of the nails, And put my finger, Into the print of the nails, And put my hand, Into his side, I will not believe, But what Jesus says to us, Is blessed, Blessed are those, Who have not seen, And yet believed, Blessed are those, Who have not seen, And yet believed, And when John tells us, About the importance of, What is written in the Bible, He says, These things are written, It's all written, It's all written, That you may believe, That Jesus is the Christ, The Son of God,

[42 : 28] And that by believing in him, You may have life, In his name, So may we all believe, In this carpenter, This Christ, This conqueror, Who has brought life, And immortality to light, Through the gospel, May the Lord bless, These thoughts to us, Let us pray, O Lord our gracious God, We give thanks to thee, For the cross of Calvary, We give thanks O Lord, For the reminder, Of what Jesus has done for us, We forget so often, We take our mind off the cross, And our thoughts, And our sight, Away from that cross, So often, But Lord we bless thee, For bringing us back to Calvary, To remind us that, He loved us, And he gave himself for us, Help us to be like that hymn writer, Who said that, Nothing in my hands I bring, But simply to thy cross I cling,

O that we would cling evermore, To the Christ of Calvary, And love him, Because he first loved us, O do us good we ask thee, Bless thy word to our souls, Impress it upon our hearts, That we would

truly follow after Jesus, Go before us we pray, And do us good, For Jesus' sake, Amen, Amen, We shall conclude by singing, In Psalm 98, Psalm 98, In the Scottish Psalter, Page 360, Singing from the beginning, Down to the verse marked four, Psalm 98, From the beginning, O sing a new song to the Lord, For wonders he hath done, His right hand unto his holy arm, Him victory hath won, The Lord God, His salvation, Hath caused to be known, His justice in the heathen sight, He openly hath shown, Down to the verse marked four, Of Psalm 98, To God's praise, O sing a new song to the Lord, For wonders he hath done, His right hand unto his holy arm, His victory hath won, The Lord God, His salvation, Hath caused it to be known, His justice in the heathen sight, He openly hath shown, He mindful of his grace and truth, To Israel, Thou shalt have been, And the salvation of our God, All ends so pure have seen, Let all the earth unto the Lord, Send forth a joyful noise, Lift up your voice aloud to him, Sing praises and rejoice. May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, The love of God the Father, And the communion and fellowship of the Holy Spirit, Be with you all, Now and forevermore. [46 : 42] Amen.