

“Who Killed Jesus”
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Who killed Jesus?

Was it the Jews?

In the middle ages Jews were called “Jesus killers”

Or was it the Romans who killed him?

If we are asking by whose authority he was executed it was the Romans.

If we are asking who demanded his death it was the Jews.

But if we are asking who **caused** his death, most of us know it was us.

My point is that it was my sin and your sin that took him to the cross.

When asked for **what** sins did Jesus die, I like to think that it was for the big sins of history:

Cain’s murder, David’s adultery, Stalin’s massacres.

Or I like to think he died for original sin, the depravity of mankind; saying it is theological, philosophical or theoretical sin for which he died – as in saying “He died for the sinfulness of mankind”.

It is true that he died for the heinous crimes of the saints of past ages,

AND it is true he died for the inherent sinfulness of the elect, but beyond that he died because of MY sin.

And not just my sin of 20 or 30 years ago or even 5 years ago, not just my great sins of the past, BUT he died for my sin committed today and tomorrow.

My sin tomorrow is no less ugly and no less responsible for the death of Jesus than the King David’s sin or Peter’s denial.

My choice to put just a little doubt in my voice, when talking to you about a mutual acquaintance, so that you will wonder about the person is slander.

Even if it is true, the effect was to hurt the other's reputation.

It's that sin that pressed the crown of thorns into his brow.

My choice to borrow stamps from the company to mail my letters – never bothering to remember to pay it back.

It's that sin that laid his back raw with stripes.

My choice to hang on to my hurt feelings because of what someone else did to me.

It's that sin that nailed him to the cross.

My choice to fantasize, to hang on to an immoral thought just a little longer.

It's that sin that hung him among thieves.

My choice to invest more in myself than in the kingdom of God.

It's that sin that pierced his side.

My choice to treat another person shabbily just because I was tired or just because I had been treated unfairly.

It's that sin that left him forsaken by his father.

If those don't sound like sins worth dying for, then we don't understand sin.

Let me remind you of a definition of sin:

While sin as a condition is "that vast moral disease which affects the whole human race (Ryle p2).

A sin consists in doing, saying, thinking or imagining anything that is not in perfect conformity with the mind and law of God.." (Ryle 2)

The law of God can be broken in the heart with no outward act of evil.

And the law of God can be broken by failing to do something right as well as by choosing to do something wrong.

The slightest departure from God's revealed will, constitutes a sin and makes us guilty.

When I speak of "guilt" for sin, I am not speaking of the feeling of guilt, I am speaking of actual guilt.

Sometimes people struggle with the feelings of guilt because of something they have done that is wrong.

BUT the far more important issue is ACTUAL, REAL guilt.

- I did it.
- It was a sin against another and against God.
- I am responsible.
- I will be held accountable.

Many do not struggle with the issue of ACTUAL guilt because frankly they don't see the offense as very serious.

Given the fact that we are born sinners, live among sinners and live in cultures where sin is even accepted, we have limited ability to recognize sin as sin.

When we compare **our** actions with the actions of others we don't look so bad.

BUT when we compare ourselves to God's perfect standard – that's different.

We may not now fully understand the sinfulness of sin but **there is one act, one event, one historical moment that gives us a glimpse of the hideousness of our sins.**

Terrible must be the guilt, ugly must be the sin, that nothing but the death of Jesus could pay for it.

We might ask, "Couldn't God have found another way to atone for our sin than the death of his Son?"

Such a question reveals our lack of understanding of the sinfulness of sin.

The cross of Jesus is a reminder, as nothing else is, that my sin is hideous beyond description.

Nothing but the blood of Jesus could pay for it.

I want you to reflect on two things tonight:

1. Our need for a savior – May we take our sin so seriously that we recognize our need for Jesus and what he has done.
2. And secondly, celebrate his grace.

We are not afraid to see our sin for what it is, if at the same time we see a savior who has forgiven us.

Though our sin is great – Grace is greater still!

Jesus, the one who hung on the cross is
My priest
My substitute
My physician
My shepherd
My advocate

He has died for me
His blood met the demands of divine justice.
His mercy is deep enough to pardon my sin.
His righteousness was sufficient to make me righteous in God's sight.

Oh, the deep, deep love of Jesus – vast, unmeasured, boundless, free.

Tell him of your love tonight.

Let the bread and cup remind you of **your need** and of **his provision**.

“For whenever you eat this bread and drink this cup, you proclaim the Lord's death until he comes.”