**The Murder of the Son of God**

Based on [1 Peter 2:22-25](https://biblia.com/books/esv/1Pe2.22-25)

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Good Friday

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The Darkness gathers, the clouds of judgment gather, the crowds gather, and the disciples scatter as Jesus is taken to the cross, nailed to the cross, and lifted up on the cross. And we are here to remember the gravity of that day.

There’s an old spiritual hymn that asks repeatedly, “Were you there when they crucified my Lord.” Were you there when they nailed him to the tree? Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? We only know of a handful of people who were there for sure, three or four women, John the disciple, some roman soldiers, Jewish officials and some passers by. But, were *you* there when they crucified my Lord? Of course not.

Even so, we gather in worship this evening as though we are gathered at that same cross. The darkness gathers here too. For dramatic effect? Yes, but this is no theatre. The darkness gathers here so that we might remember what we cannot remember, for none of us were there when they crucified my Lord.

So, imagine with me. Here we all are at the cross. Where are you? Do you see yourself as Mary at Jesus’ feet, crying, powerless to save her only son. Or do you see yourself as John the disciple, there at the cross, not denying Jesus but not knowing what to do either. Or are you Peter who fights, then runs, then denies, then weeps, then repents. Or are you Judas who, for shameful gain, has betrayed the Lord altogether? Or are you a soldier who beat him? A passerby who mocked him?

Most of us can be amazed at the fact of Jesus death. That he put up with so much and went to the cross silently and suffered injustice at the hands of evil men is no small thing. We’ve all been mistreated in this life, but to bear such mistreatment and injustice silently, paitently waiting for God to vindicate him, well that’s nothing short of heroic. His death can pierce the hearts of anyone who considers the story, whether they believe that Jesus was carrying our sins or not. And so here it is: Most people would weep at the cross just as at the theatre, but few of them would tremble, tremble, tremble.

Faith is not necessary for one to weep at the cross. More exclusive still is the number of those who believe that Jesus died *for* them. For we like to think that we can pay our own debts, and pull up our own bootstraps, and have no need for a savior who comes to carry my burden or my sin. **“I can carry my own cross thank you very much. I might be willing to help Jesus carry someone else’s cross, my wayward children or my estranged friend. But I cover my own bases, lest anyone think I owe them anything. Jesus died on the cross, well, that’s a shame, but I didn’t ask him to. I didn’t put him there. Were I there I would’ve done right by Jesus.”**

Ladies and Gentlemen, a person must know the shame of their own sin to be thankful, for a savior who dies for them. And it is impossible to appreciate that Jesus died *for you*, unless you truly believe that Jesus died *because* of you. Were you there when they crucified my Lord? No you weren’t, and I wasn’t either. But my sin was there piercing him sharper than nails, weighing him down more than his own body, shaming him more than all the insults and the scorn and the spittle of all the Jews, Roman soldiers and passersby. Betraying him more than Judas. Denying him more than Peter, not three times, but thirty times three times until he is completely forsaken by God and Man. When I know how innocent Jesus suffered, it causes me to weep. When I know that my sin put Jesus on the cross, it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.

On Good Friday we have a great crime, and it forces the question “Who is responsible for the murder of the son of God?” Not the simply the Jews, or the Roman soldiers. Not Judas or Caiaphas or Pilate. They were just the tools that carried out the sacrifice. *We* are the ones who are responsible. Our thoughts words and deeds are as good as shouting, “Crucify him.” When we, in our heart, murder our brother with rage and unforgiveness. When love for our neighbor is replaced by jealousy and covetousness; when our own insecurities lead to a life of self-pity rather than humble faith and fear of God, when we say we have no sin and deceive ourselves the truth is not in us…*that* is when we pull the trigger, pound the nails, and murder the Son of God.

On Good Friday we stand at the foot of the cross to remember that the murder of the Son of God is more than meets the eye. The crucifixion of Jesus involves more than bearing lashes on his body and nails in his hands. For as the Scriptures say, “He himself bore **our sins** in his body on the cross.”

Even so, let your pierced heart be bound and healed. You know the rest of the story. Jesus lives. He has opened heaven to all believers. And, you were worth it all to Him, worthy every thorn, every lash, every nail, and mocking He endured. You were worth it all. He loves you and is glad to forgive you, to welcome you back, to be your God.

**21**For to this you have been called, because Christ also suffered for you, leaving you an example, so that you might follow in his steps. **22**He committed no sin, neither was deceit found in his mouth. **23**When he was reviled, he did not revile in return; when he suffered, he did not threaten, but continued entrusting himself to him who judges justly. **24**He himself bore our sins in his body on the tree, that we might die to sin and live to righteousness. By his wounds you have been healed. **25**For you were straying like sheep, but have now returned to the Shepherd and Overseer of your souls. (1 Peter 2:22-25)