

No Greater Love

by Basilea Schlink

This sermon delves into the Garden of Jesus' Sufferings and Resurrection, emphasizing the profound love and sacrifice Jesus made for humanity. It explores the journey of Jesus from Gethsemane to Golgotha, highlighting his unwavering commitment to fulfilling God's will and enduring immense suffering for the redemption of mankind. The sermon culminates in the triumphant victory of Christ's resurrection, offering hope that all suffering borne with Jesus will ultimately lead to eternal joy and glory.

Scripture: Luke 22:42, Philippians 2:8, John 19:17, John 19:30, 1 Corinthians 15:57, Revelation 5:12

Topics: "Sacrifice of Christ", "Hope in Resurrection"

Description

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Transcript

The Evangelical Sisterhood of Mary, Darmstadt, Germany presents No Greater Love. Today, Mother Basilea Schlink invites us to visit the Garden of Jesus' Sufferings and Resurrection in the desert of Arizona. Nothing can bring us closer to Jesus than thinking of the sufferings he endured for us.

In her prayers, songs, and writings, Mother Basilea bears witness to this greatest expression of his love. And wherever the Sisterhood has established a Canaan center, there is usually a prayer garden with reliefs depicting the passion of Jesus, for a visible representation can help to deepen our understanding. Jesus longs for us to give him all our love in response to his love and suffering.

This is how in Phoenix, Arizona, a Garden of Jesus' Sufferings and Resurrection came to be built by the Sisters of Mary with their friends. Let us now join Mother Basilea for a walk through this prayer garden. Jesus, Jesus my beloved, Lamb of God, now glorified, once you chose the cause of suffering, willingly for us you died.

Let me, Lord, with love now follow on your path of pain and death. Let me feel the grief and sorrow which you felt at every step. And Jesus withdrew from his disciples about a stone's throw and knelt down and prayed, Father, if thou art willing, remove this cup from me.

Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done. And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat became like great drops of blood falling down upon the ground. Gethsemane.

Jesus' heart cries out in agony as he battles with the hordes of hell. A fervent plea ascends to the heart of God. My Father, remove this cup from me, but your will be done.

Jesus seeks those who will follow him unreservedly, surrendering their wills to him. He seeks those who day by day will say, yes, Father, when faced with disappointments and suffering, all for love of him. My Lord Jesus, with you I want to endure the night of temptation, that your heart may be consoled.

I want to say, yes, Father, your will is good. Jesus answered, I told you that I am he, so if you seek me, let these men go. Shall I not drink the cup which the Father has given me? So the band of soldiers and their captain and the officers of the Jews seized Jesus and bound him.

The one who made the world and holds it in his hands, our pure and sinless savior, in fetters now he stands. Hear him lament, my hands are bound, my soul is grieved, I am helpless, my hands are still, my strength is gone and I can do nothing. Yet to suffer I came and amidst all the pain I will laugh to the end.

And then we will shape the door, the world knells on love so amazing. I bind myself to you, Jesus, wherever you lead, wherever you go, I humbly submit and follow you. Now the chief priests and the whole council sought false testimony against Jesus, that they might put him to death, but they found none.

And the high priest stood up and said, have you no answer to make? What is it that these men testify against you? But Jesus was silent. Jesus stands before his judges, God on trial before men. He is the light and we but counterfeits.

The lamb of God willingly chooses to be judged. He who is without sin is condemned by us, oh lament. He committed no sin, no guile was found on his lips.

When he was reviled, he did not revile in return. When he suffered, he did not threaten, but he trusted to him who judges justly. Oh, we are the guilty ones.

We alone deserve judgment, yet we are allowed to go free. Forgiveness he has brought us new life and forgiveness he has brought us. May you ever be before me, lamb of God, who stood so humbly, silently before your judges.

May I too learn to be silent, quietly accepting judgment, knowing after judgment follows grace. Pilate, wishing to satisfy the crowd, released for them Barabbas and ordered Jesus to be scourged. Heaven bows itself in wonder.

Angels awestruck veil their sight. Weep, oh heavens, dawn your morning. Darkened be your radiant light.

God's own son is bound for scourging, stripped and negged to the post. There the cruel stripes await him on his way to shameful death. Thus Jesus fulfilled the prophecy.

I gave my back to the smiters and my cheeks to those who pulled out my beard. I hid not my face from shame and spitting. For our bondage to sin, our desires of the flesh, Jesus is whipped and tormented to death.

Come in song, the scourging of our Lord, until the whole is so praised. Till heaven and earth with reverence behold his grief and pain. Oh, by his love and suffering, his world turns home again.

I believe, oh holy Lamb of God, that through your wounds you can make me whole. I now will break with sin. Out of love for you I want to die to the desires of the flesh.

So that I may live with you forever in the glory of heaven. The soldiers plaited a crown of thorns and put it on his head and arrayed him in a purple robe. They came up to him saying, Hail, King of the Jews, and struck him with their hands.

Let us listen to Jesus lament, derided and spat upon an object of scorn. I, the Son of God, who once reigned in glory above, I bow my head, robbed of my glory, and degraded in the sight of heaven and earth. Insults have broken my heart.

Who sees my grief? I am forsaken by God and by man. With crown of thorns, adoring angels kissing, upon this sight amazing, perplexed and never understanding. He humbled himself.

Therefore God has highly exalted him and bestowed on him the name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow in heaven and on earth and under the earth. So let us pray. Honor, honor to you we offer, such as we would give no other.

Honor, comfort without end. Let thou hast borne glory, glory be to thee. And he went out bearing his own cross to the place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha.

So the Lamb goes uncomplaining, silently to Golgotha. He'll be sinners, sinners suffering, that we cost our God to bear. Not one cry, no accusation from his sacred lips we hear.

But his face, so marred by anguish, tells us of the pain he must bear. Does no one take your part, O Lord, on this your bitter path of woe? No, none consoles your wounded heart in the hour of deepest sorrow. By one and all you are forsaken.

As Simon of Cyrene once carried your cross, may I too now help you, not counting the cost, all for love of you. One joy, the so deepest suffering, Jesus' heart refreshing, so thin, souls who out of love alone bear their crosses to the throne, through the night in purest love. When they came to the place which is called the skull, there they crucified him and the criminals.

And Jesus said, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. O depths of loving mercy sweet, for us you bore this pain so deep, for us, for us poor sinners. Beneath the cross we humbly fall, adore the Lamb who saved us all, our grievous sins bewailing.

Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? The Lamb of God lays down his life, bearing the sins of all mankind, in untold pain and anguish. When Jesus had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished.

And he bowed his head and gave up his spirit. Behold the Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world. The punishment for sin, the punishment for sin was laid upon our Saviour.

His wounds bring us healing and peace with God. My Saviour Christ now finds repose. His weary eyelids calmly close.

The hostile clamor round him dies. In linen soft he silent lies. May all now grant the Lord his rest, anoint and bind those wounds so blessed.

And kneeling here with downcast eyes, await the day when he shall rise. Christ is risen. He is risen indeed.

Earth, yes, all creation, praise your songs of jubilation. God has triumphed o'er the graves. Jesus, Jesus, mighty victor, vanquished Satan's power forever.

Love in suffering has overcome. Christ is risen. This means that all suffering, no matter how great, when born in union with Jesus, will end in the radiant joy and glory of Easter.

We shall experience this in part here on earth and in fullness in eternity. When death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning nor crying any more. The empty tomb proclaims to everyone, Jesus is alive, Christ is victorious.

To him is given all power in heaven and on earth. Today in heaven a triumphant song of praise and adoration is being raised in the face of Satan's activities and display of power on earth. Honor, praise and glory be to the Lamb.

Join in this song of praise in these satanic times and you will be more than conquerors. Christ the Saviour is risen, Christ is alive. The victory is won, the victory is won.

The crucified Saviour, the Lamb has overcome. Glory to Jesus, our King and Lord. Glory to Jesus forevermore, evermore.

Hallelujah, hallelujah. If this program has spoken to your heart, write for a free copy of At the Side of Our Saviour by Mother Basilea Schlink. We would be glad to hear from you.

A videocassette of this program is also available upon request. Evangelical Sisterhood of Mary, P.O. Box 30022, Phoenix, Arizona, 85046. Evangelical Sisterhood of Mary, P.O. Box 30022, Phoenix, Arizona, 85046.

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