

The Feet of Jesus-the Place for Personal Necessity

by Philip Bennett Power

The feet of Jesus represent a place of personal necessity, where individuals can bring their sorrows, needs, and troubles to Him for comfort and relief.

Scripture: Psalm 139:23, Matthew 11:28, Mark 7:25, Mark 9:24, Luke 5:8, Luke 7:37, Luke 8:41, Luke 17:15-16, John 11:32, John 14:1

Topics: "Christian Living", "Faith And Healing"

Description

Philip Bennett Power preaches on the significance of bringing our sorrows and needs to the feet of Jesus, as seen in various encounters in the Bible where individuals sought Jesus' help and comfort. These incidents illustrate different aspects of Christian life, such as faith, personal sorrow, gratitude, love, and recognition of our need for rest and redemption. The stories of Jairus, the Syrophenician woman, and Mary show how Jesus understands and responds to our individual and unique struggles, offering comfort, healing, and restoration at His feet.

Transcript

"Then a man named Jairus, a ruler of the synagogue, came and fell at Jesus' feet, pleading with him to come to his house because his only daughter, a girl of about twelve, was dying!" Luke 8:41-42

"Immediately after hearing about Him, a woman whose little daughter had an unclean spirit came and fell at His feet!" Mark 7:25

"When Mary came to where Jesus was and saw Him, she fell at His feet and told Him--Lord, if You had been here, my brother would not have died!" John 11:32

We have in Holy Scripture, something about the feet of Jesus--as regards His life on earth, His death, His resurrection life, and His life in glory. We are at present concerned only with incidents which refer to those feet, while He lived and moved as a man among men, in what we might call the ordinary walks of every-day human life.

No doubt, what meets us here is very extraordinary--but the scenes in which we find it embrace the usual places, people, and things of daily life.

Among the various mentions which we find of Jesus' feet, that with which we commenced these chapters is the only one embracing numbers of people; all the rest have to do with individual persons--their individual feelings, their troubles, their needs. And if we follow them out, we shall find them embodying and illustrating many of the experiences and feelings of Christian life.

In the Syro-phoenician woman--we see the trial and victory of Faith--Jesus allowing Himself to be overcome.

In Mary after Lazarus' death--we find the venting of personal sorrow.

In the Samaritan--we see the expression of gratitude.

In the anointing woman--we have seen personal love and ministry.

In the woman sitting at His feet--we have appreciation.

In the man sitting at His feet--see the recognition of the place of rest.

The leper who fell down before Jesus--gives us the expression of terrible personal need.

And in Peter falling at His feet, we see the abasement of felt personal demerit.

One great beauty of the Bible, and one of the means by which it takes such deep hold of us, is its individual cases; our natures crave what is personal, and find it here; they fix upon it; they take special comfort from it.

We cannot take in the woe of masses; we have no capacity for doing so--it is well that we have not. A single case with all its particulars can be realized; we enter into it, and it affects us more than any amount of anguish, no matter how great, which is but a confused mass. We read of so many thousands being wounded in some dreadful war--but let there be in the article which states this, an incident of individual suffering, and the human mind instinctively fixes itself on that.

It is a blessed thought that all masses of misery resolve themselves into their component parts--into individual cases before God. His great mind is analytical--it goes into particulars and details.

And here--much of the soul's life--yes, and of the body's life too--might be said to be analyzed at "the feet of Jesus."

Here we have the feet of Jesus--the place for agonizing personal suppliants--for the stating and pleading of individual need.

In the three cases, which we have grouped together at the head of this chapter, we might be said to have to do entirely with "death." In the case of the Syrophoenician woman, there was a living death--a life almost worse than death. In that of Jairus, there was present death--first threatened, then actual. In that of Mary, there was the finished woe--her dear brother was dead--and buried. As long as the body remains with us there is something to look at--something to be done--the mind feels there is something yet to come; but when that is taken away, there remains nothing more--the woe is consummated--ah, me! it is well that there is such a place--as the feet of Jesus!

In the first of our chapters, we met with multitudes and passive misery; here we meet with individual cases, where all is concentrated and active; and individual effort and energy are put forth in the highest degree.

We shall first consider the case of JAIRUS. Here I find him--a ruler of the synagogue, at "the feet of Jesus!"

"Then a man named Jairus, a ruler of the synagogue, came and fell at Jesus' feet, pleading with him to come to his house because his only daughter, a girl of about twelve, was dying!" Luke 8:41-42

What brought him there? A threefold sorrow--a mingled, a concentrated, a comprehensive sorrow.

It was mingled--both the daughter's and his own; she lay a-dying; and forasmuch as his heart was bound up in hers--his heart might be said to be a-dying also.

Mingled sorrow might be said to be the higher sorrow; it is not purely selfish; it has to do with others' woe. Though it does not exclude 'self;' to be mingled, it must give 'self' its place; but it has to do with another also.

And this mingling is very close--here it is a father for an only daughter, and because of an only daughter; the two thoughts could be separated--but they are not meant to be so.

So is it with many of the sorrows which God appoints for us; our feelings for our dear ones and our own personal feelings are interwoven so as to become one.

But what we are principally concerned with here, is the fact that this sorrow was brought to the feet of Jesus. And surely that was its appropriate place; because Jesus Himself was a man of mingled sorrows. He was not only a man of sorrow--but of sorrows--He tasted this kind as well as others; it is included under the head of His "acquaintance" with grief. The cup which the Father had given Him in Gethsemane, was a mingled cup; those tears at the grave of Lazarus were mingled tears.

So, then, Jesus was the very one to whom a trouble like that of Jairus, or of the Syrophenician woman, could be brought; His feet were their proper place.

And here let us bring our sorrows in their mingled form--let us not seek to scatter them; and look for comfort for one part here, and for another part there. Jesus, by His own experience, will understand all the component parts of our grief.

And He will not be displeased because we seek relief for our own sorrow, as well as for the one on account of whom we are in grief. Personal sorrow is recognized; the same God who meant it to be felt--meant it also to be eased; and the place for ease by His appointment, is the feet of Jesus.

I next note this as a concentrated sorrow--she for whom Jairus had come to the feet of Jesus was an only daughter. This sorrow, though mingled, was not shared; it savored much of an essence--an essence of woe. If the only daughter died--then all was gone. This woe was well defined indeed. And in this aspect of it--it found its fittest place at Jesus' feet. His own course of sorrow was well defined enough; He was continually coming into contact with facts, often in relation to His own closest disciples and friends, which grieved Him; He could have well-defined feeling for well-defined trial.

Let us remember this, for we are often thinking that our particular trial is infinitely more to us--than it is to Christ; that He does not see it to be as large as it really is; that He cannot feel it as we feel it, or understand it as we do; that His sympathies are so scattered and diffused, He cannot gather them into the focus of our one grief. Jesus can cause the rays of His sympathy to converge on one point, until He makes it glow and burn with a light and heat of love.

We must not fear, then, being intrusive, or say, "Why should I think that my sorrow which is so great to me--should be great to Him?" He will recognize it as being what it is to us. Even if it is an exaggerated sorrow--made so from our worry and anxiety, still to us it is real, and therefore, it is so to Him.

An "only daughter;" here is a center, a pivot, something around which the dried-up heart would grind in days and nights of sorrow.

And are there not some hearts which have uncoiled centers of sorrow, around which they unceasingly grind? They perform the one dull round of grief--the eye so fixed on one central point, that it soon becomes incapable of taking in anything else. Let it be brought to the feet of Jesus, that is the only place for dealing with sorrow like this. Remember the picture painted for you here--it is that of one deep sufferer, about one sorrow, before one Helper.

We must glance at one more aspect of this sorrow. It was comprehensive. Like all, or almost all those connected with death, it took in a past and a future. Oh! the wide-spreading comprehensiveness of death--that circle with so sharp and well-defined a point for a center, with so large and vast-embracing a sweep for a circumference.

Jairus brought a past to the feet of Jesus--a past full of endearment. For twelve years this child had been creeping around his heart, ever budding, ever throwing out fresh tendrils, which found their clinging place around that heart. For twelve years had she nestled inside it, so that his very life was as it were, the enfolding of another. It may be that father with child, and child with father, they mingled their lives together. Perhaps, this only daughter had helped to keep this father fresh and young, by the sweet unconscious ministry of youth--for children minister to us by their toys, and laughter, and the fresh dew upon their early morning life; perhaps, he had often sat, and with sweet contentment watched the mother being reproduced in the child. Who knows into what depths this "perhaps" will travel, if we let it go forth unrestricted into twelve years' life with an only child?

It is said that fathers love their girls the most, and mothers their sons the most; and whatever is that peculiarity of affection, it is beautiful to see how Jesus meets its sorrow, for He raised Jairus' only daughter; and the widow of Nain's only son. He not only gave them back their all--but a peculiar all; and, doubtless, He knew that He was doing so, for He is delicately skilled in the peculiarities of grief.

It was with such a past--a past with a great circle, and that, crowded with the imagery of love, that Jairus, the father, fell at Jesus' feet. But that was not all. He knows little of death-sorrow who imagines that it is all connected with the past. Far from it. The death-sorrow is a stand-point upon life's road--with a past brightly populated, with a future darkly blank.

I bear in mind the almost indignation with which a friend of mine--advanced in the life of faith, received a letter on her husband's death condoling with her on her "misery." To her, full of Christian hope, and well knowing that God had yet for her a life to be lived for Him, full also of all the consolations that the Gospel can give--the word was out of place--she felt it was a wrong to God. But consolations like these--certainly

those high ones of the Gospel, this ruler had not; and so we may ponder how blank and void, how unseasoned and lusterless was that prospect which now lay before him.

The father had probably looked forward to much; he had day-dreamings of what that girl would be to him in his old age; a father's heart had often taken to love's speculations, and built castles in the air--which now lay ruined at his feet--ruined, not by slow decay of time--but, as it were, by a lightning flash. The girl was then a-dying--to all intents and purposes dead, unless Jesus would come at once and help; and Jairus embodying in himself these varied forms of sorrow --the mingled, the concentrated, and the comprehensive--fell with them all--at Jesus' feet!

Up to the present, we have seen Jairus only as a father; but the narrative brings him before us in another character also--we are told he was "a ruler of the synagogue." And it is important to note this with reference to our present subject, "the feet of Jesus." A ruler of the synagogue, a great man, is before the One who was called the carpenter's son--and at His feet!

True need brings us very low. It brought down that ruler; it has done the same to many a one since. The rich, the honored, the intellectual, have been brought there. They might have dialoged with Jesus, and admired Him, and said, "You are a teacher come from God," and continued just as they were. But nothing, save a deep sense of need, would have brought them to the feet of Jesus.

All adventitious circumstances--all rank, riches, intellect--are swept away before the avalanche of urgent and tremendous need. Oh! how small these things seem--in the presence of overwhelming need--especially when they come on the platform on which death is already standing. Death makes an impertinence of them all. Our imagined personal importance becomes nothing there.

"A ruler" at Jesus' feet was a triumph of reality. And where have we been brought, and what has "the reality" done for us, or rather, with us? For there is a great difference between these two. Something must be done with us, before anything is done for us; we must be brought to the feet of Jesus, there to receive a life gift--a gift, which shall be a victory over death.

Let us take one more thought before we close this chapter.

"Then a man named Jairus, a ruler of the synagogue, came and fell at Jesus' feet, pleading with him to come to his house because his only daughter, a girl of about twelve, was dying!" The father invited Jesus to come into the very place, and scene, and home of sorrow. Into the place so lately instinct with joy--but which was now stilled; into the recesses of home life where everything which was associated with his departing joy lay around, there the ruler of the synagogue would bring Him who was in truth a higher ruler than himself, for He had power even over death.

We do not like the world or outsiders to see our deepest and most sacred sorrow, especially when it is fresh; but if our heart has apprehended Jesus aright--we shall be ready to ask Him! His will be no look of curiosity, no cold taking in of circumstances in which He has no interest. Wherever He comes, whenever He speaks or looks--it is always with a purpose.

And let us be circumstantial in the detail of our sorrow. Jairus told the Lord that he had one only daughter, and that she was twelve years old, and that she lay a-dying. All that he said would be helpful towards exciting Jesus' interest and moving His pity; which perhaps, he, who knew not Jesus' heart fully, would have thought necessary. We know that for this purpose it is not needed; still it is a good thing to enter into

particulars with the Lord. It is treating Him with confidence; the very feeling that He will be specially interested, is honoring to Him. Every particular that we bring before Him, He will note--and act with reference to it too.

So then, when we analyze this sorrow of the ruler, we see that there was enough to bring him (ruler though he was) to the place where we find him here--the place for every reader of these lines, in all sorrowful times--the feet of Jesus!

Source: <https://sermonindex.net/speakers/philip-bennett-power/the-feet-of-jesus-the-place-for-personal-necessity/>

Grow in Your Walk with Christ

Listen and read messages that will stir your heart for Christ and point you to deeper repentance and devotion.

- 50,000+ Sermons from speakers past and present
- 3,900+ Classic Christian Books freely readable online
- 1,200+ Bible Translations and Commentaries
- Over 450k forum posts — Join our vibrant online Christian forum

www.sermonindex.net