

Glorification

LBC 31/2. At the last day, such of the saints as are found alive, shall not sleep, but be changed; and all the dead shall be raised up with the selfsame bodies, and none other; although with different qualities, which shall be united again to their souls forever.

3. The bodies of the unjust shall, by the power of Christ, be raised to dishonour; the bodies of the just, by his Spirit, unto honour, and be made conformable to his own glorious body.

1. W_____ is Glorification?

Grudem says “Glorification is the final step in the application of redemption. It will happen when Christ returns and raises from the dead the bodies of all believers who remain alive, thereby giving all believers at the same time perfect resurrection bodies like his own.”

Romans 8:16-25

Murray says, “The redemption which Christ secured for his people is redemption not only from sin but also from all its consequences.”

Romans 8:29-30

Romans 9:22-23

Job 19:25-26

Daniel 12:2-3

2. W_____ is Glorification?

a. All at O_____

1 Thessalonians 4:15-18

b. When Christ A_____

1 John 3:2-3

1 Corinthians 15:51-52

3. What will glorified bodies be like?

c. Like Your O_____ Body

1 Corinthians 15:51-52

d. Like J_____

Philippians 3:20-21

e. I _____

1 Corinthians 15:42-49

f. G _____

g. P _____

h. S _____

<p>As far as any eye could see There was no green. But every tree Was cinder black, and all the ground Was grey with ash. The only sound Was arid wind, like spirits' ghosts, Now gasping for some living hosts In which to dwell, as in the days Of evil men, before the blaze Of unimaginable fire Had made the earth a flaming pyre For God's omnipotent display Of holy rage. The dreadful Day Of God had come. The moon had turned To blood. The sun no longer burned Above, but, blazing with desire, Had flowed into a lake of fire. The seas and oceans were no more, And in their place a desert floor Fell deep to meet the brazen skies, And silence conquered distant cries. The Lord stood still above the air. His mighty arms were moist and bare. They hung, as weary, by his side Until the human blood had dried Upon the sword in his right hand. He stared across the blackened land That he had made, and where he died. His lips were tight, and deep inside, The mystery of sovereign will Gave leave, and it began to spill In tears upon his bloody sword For one last time. And then the Lord Wiped every tear away and turned To see his bride. Her heart had yearned Four thousand years for this: His face Shone like the sun, and every trace Of wrath was gone. And in her bliss She heard the Master say, "Watch this: Come forth all goodness from the ground, Come forth and let the earth redound With joy." And as he spoke, the throne Of God came down to earth and shone Like golden crystal full of light, And banished once for all the night. And from the throne a stream began To flow and laugh, and as it ran,</p>	<p>It made a river and a lake, And everywhere it flowed a wake Of grass broke on the banks and spread Like resurrection from the dead. And in the twinkling of an eye The saints descended from the sky. And as I knelt beside the brook To drink eternal life, I took A glance across the golden grass, And saw my dog, old Blackie, fast As she could come. She leaped the stream- Almost-and what a happy gleam Was in her eye. I knelt to drink, And knew that I was on the brink Of endless joy. And everywhere I turned I saw a wonder there. A big man running on the lawn: That's old John Younge with both legs on. And there's old Beryl, and Arnold too, Still holding hands beneath the blue And crystal sky: No stoop, they stand Erect. No tremor in their hand. The blind can see a bird on wing, The dumb can lift his voice and sing. The diabetic eats at will, The coronary runs uphill. The lame can walk, the deaf can hear, The cancer-ridden bone is clear. Arthritic joints are lithe and free, And every pain has ceased to be. And every sorrow deep within, And every trace of lingering sin Is gone. And all that's left is joy, And endless ages to employ The mind and heart to understand And love the sovereign Lord who planned That it should take eternity To lavish all his grace on me. O God of wonder, God of might, Grant us some elevated sight, Of endless days. And let us see The joy of what is yet to be. And may your future make us free, And guard us by the hope that we, Within the light of candle three, Your glory will forever see.</p>
--	--

