

Sunday, March 12, 2017
An Arrest, Or a Surrender?
John 18:1--27

- I. The Stage Set for the Arrest 18:1–3
 - A. The Garden
 - 1. The Garden as the Appointed Place Jn. 18:2; Jn. 10:18
 - 2. The Garden as the Symbolic Place Rom. 6:23; Jn. 13:27
 - B. The Brook
 - 1. The Brook as an Historical Place
 - 2. The Brook as a Symbolic Place 2 Sam 15:23 John 12:31
 - C. The Actors
- II. The Set-up for the Trial
 - A. First Stage of the Jewish Trial—before Annas John 18:12--14, 19–23
 - 1. Jewish Law Required No Self-incrimination 18:19
 - 2. Jewish Law Required Defense Witnesses First Be Called 18:20, 23
 - 3. Jewish Law Required Man Not Be Sentenced Same Day as Trial
 - B. The Second Stage of the Jewish Trial—before Caiaphas John 18:24
 - 1. Travesty in How Christ Was Treated 18:24
 - 2. Travesty in the Judge’s Prior Intent Jn. 11:50--52
 - 3. Travesty in the Hearing
- III. The Savior Who Was Arrested
 - A. The Savior Surrendered, Because of His All–Knowledge. No Surprises Jn. 18:4; 18:10; Isa. 51; Jn. 18:9
 - B. The Savior Surrendered Because of His All–Power. No Weakness Jn. 18:1 cf 13:1; Jn. 8:58; 18:6
 - C. The Savior Surrendered, Because of His All–Love. No Self–Preserving Jn. 18:8, 9

Quotes

“It was not the nails of the Cross, the physical exhaustion, the nervous shock of crucifixion that killed Him. He died because He would. ‘I have power to lay down My life,’ he said, ‘and I have power’ - of course - ‘to take it again.’ At that last moment He was Lord and Master of death when He bowed His head to death. And, if I might so say, He summoned that grim servant with a ‘Come!’ And he came, and He set him his task with a ‘Do this,’ and he did it. He was manifested as the Lord of death, having its keys in His hands when He died upon the Cross.” —MaClaren

"Oh Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head; our load was laid on Thee.
Thou stoodest in the sinners stead; did bear all ill for me.
A victim led, Thy blood was shed; now there's no load for me.
Death and the curse were in the cup. Oh Christ, 'twas full for Thee.
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop; 'tis empty now for me.
That bitter cup, love drank it up; now blessings draught for me.
Jehovah lifted up His rod. Oh Christ, it fell on Thee.
Thou wast sore stricken of my God, there's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood beneath it flowed, Thy bruising healeth me."
—Ann Cousin