

Our Savior Prays for Us

- ***Living in glory (vv.1-5)***
- ***Living by faith (vv.6-11)***

In the name of Jesus, our dearest Friend, Brother and Savior, beloved children of God:

Last week a man was riding through the tunnel near Snail Lake Park all set for a great spring day. A spark and a flash – “What was that?” he asked. “I thought it was your tire.” “Sure enough,” he said and turned around to walk his bike back to the car.

Far too many of us think of sin as little more than a flat tire. We'll just stop and fix it, or find someone who can. Life is like that, but at least you don't usually have two flats at once. Find the leak, place the patch, pump the air, and off you go. Forget about it. Everybody wants closure. Moms raising kids look for closure when they reach the altar, say their vows and finally start their own life. Only it doesn't always work that way. And the crimes that we commit against God are nothing like a flat tire or a family failure. Sin we cannot fix ourselves. That's why it's so good to know **Our Savior Prays for Us**.

- ***Living in glory (vv.1-5)***

Back in the days when most children went to Sunday School, everyone knew about God's books. There were the bad books and then there was the Book of Life. Nowadays most people think that if there is a God and if He has a family photo album, they're in it for sure. Maybe there might be a few bad pictures of times when they “messed up.” But by and large most people think they're pretty good and God will accept them as His children just the way they are.

Strangely, they would never try this at a ball game. Get in on your own good name and reputation? The bigger the game, the more we expect to pay. What expectant mother would wait until the last minute before going to the hospital to have her doctor reserve a bed? Ignoring the problem or making assumptions does not work in real life. Why do we think we can get away with it for eternal life?

The problem is our own perverse pride and self-glory. We so minimize our sins that we have no clue how big God's book would be if He recorded all our sins. We see a few snapshots and promptly forget them. God would see a video tape running red from the moment we're conceived to our very last breath. Mothers and fathers, children, students, workers and bosses, we never stop breaking God's law because it requires perfect love of God and our neighbor. That would mean giving others credit instead of ourselves. But what mother has not lashed out in anger for lack of appreciation? What husband and father has not been guilty of giving far too little thanks and attention? What child does not run in and out without thinking of what Mom has to do to keep the clothes clean and the tummy filled? Not one of us keeps our eyes on God from whom all blessings flow. If we saw a book of our sins committed and good deeds left undone, it would roll like an endless scroll out the door and on forever. With the psalmist we must admit, *“If you, O LORD, kept a record of sins, O Lord, who could stand?”* (Psalm 130:3) And again, *“Who can understand his errors? Forgive my hidden faults.”* (Psalm 19:12 MC)

Since we're so stuck on ourselves to deserve destruction, aren't you glad that **Our Savior Prays for Us**? Hours before He suffered on the cross for our sins, He was **Living in glory**, but not for Himself. Did you catch that? Jesus looked toward heaven and prayed: *“Father, the time has come. Glorify your Son, that your Son may glorify you. For you granted him authority over all people that he might give eternal life to all those you have given him. Now this is eternal life: that they may know you, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom you have sent. I have brought you glory on earth by completing the work you gave me to do. And now, Father, glorify me in your presence with the glory I had with you*

before the world began.” Everything Jesus did in life and in death was to bring glory to His heavenly Father by giving eternal life to us sinners. Talk about a love deeper than mother love! Jesus never once complained, never even thought about how little people cared. He pressed on through deserts of lovelessness, forests of hatred and hard rocks of self-righteousness. ***“For the joy set before him [He] endured the cross, scorning its shame, and sat down at the right hand of the throne of God.”*** (Hebrews 12:2 NIV) Jesus conquered the mountain of dirty diapers piled high with our sins. Like the most patient mother, God wants His children to enjoy God’s family banquet where Jesus says He will be dressed to serve. Baptized children of God **Living in glory**, trust in Jesus. His selfless love counts for you...

- ***Living by faith (vv.6-11)***

We don’t feel it yet, but that’s what it means to be **Living by faith**. It’s not that God doesn’t care about our feelings, it’s just that He wants us to trust His Word instead. That’s why **Our Savior Prays** to our Father in heaven: ***“I have revealed you to those whom you gave me out of the world. They were yours; you gave them to me and they have [literally] guarded your word like a treasure.”***

Ever since I asked my earthly father a certain question, I have been painfully aware how little I ***“treasure”*** God’s Word as I ought. If I have to fight to stay awake when I’m studying it, but can still watch a movie, which do I treasure more? Whatever’s got your heart is your god. If you get more excited about watching *American Idol* than worshipping the true God, idolatry is setting in as surely as man loving race cars and fishing rods more than the God of all creation. Every one of us is too much like a rich passenger on the *Titanic* living in the lap of luxury and ignoring all the signs that the ship is going down.

Thank God for parents who don’t let us get away with it, for fathers and mothers more stubborn than their offspring. Thank God that they put the fear of the Lord in their children. When I asked my Dad, “Do I have to go to church,” his answer was a firm, “Yes.” Where I thought I’d go since the church was in our basement, and he was the pastor, I don’t know. But I knew well enough not to argue. I learned the discipline from my Dad, but I learned the love of worship from my mother.

Jesus was praying for her and mothers everywhere and for us children when He said, ***“Now they know that everything you have given me comes from you. For I gave them the words you gave me and they accepted them. They knew with certainty that I came from you, and they believed that you sent me. I pray for them. I am not praying for the world, but for those you have given me, for they are yours. All I have is yours, and all you have is mine. And glory has come to me through them. I will remain in the world no longer, but they are still in the world, and I am coming to you. Holy Father, protect them by the power of your name—the name you gave me—so that they may be one as we are one.”***

Of all God’s gifts, few can compare with a God-loving mother. She protected me with God’s Name-reputation not only as an infant in need of a mother’s tender loving care, but as a teenager on the hormone rollercoaster always too deep in the valleys. If ever you wonder about the source of consolation in sermons, Bible classes and counseling, you can thank God for my mother. The most comforting passages I know about God’s loving kindness and tender mercy she spoke to me when I was hurting. Whatever compassion you find in my ministry began with her and continues with the woman God gave as mother for my children. Many Christians hurt from parents gone bad. God’s Word can fill those gaps and heal every heart. But you’re blessed indeed if you’ve heard God’s Word from your mother. You treasure every day as Mother’s Day for the love God poured into your heart through her.

Every young mother listening to this sermon will wonder at times if it’s all worth it. A monetary value will never be found just for the job, much less mother love. But to keep loving, you’ll have to return to the throne of grace to restore your soul. Understand this. As often as you come, Jesus is already there. **Our Savior Prays for Us** night and day. He’s praying for you now and for everyone you love. By God’s Word, He will keep you as a channel of His cheer. Happy Mother’s Day in Jesus’ Name. Amen.