

#3

THE NATURE OF THE RESURRECTION

1Cor 15:20-28

The NATURE of the resurrection...reveals the CONNECTION between the resurrection of Jesus and the resurrection of believers

But Christ has indeed been raised from the dead, the first fruits of those who have fallen asleep. ²¹For since death came through a man, the resurrection of the dead comes also through a man. ²²For as in Adam all die, so in Christ all will be made alive. ²³But each in turn: Christ, the first fruits; then, when he comes, those who belong to him. ²⁴Then the end will come, when he hands over the kingdom to God the Father after he has destroyed all dominion, authority and power. ²⁵For he must reign until he has put all his enemies under his feet. ²⁶The last enemy to be destroyed is death. ²⁷For he “has put everything under his feet.” Now when it says that “everything” has been put under him, it is clear that this does not include God himself, who put everything under Christ. ²⁸When he has done this, then the Son himself will be made subject to him who put everything under him, so that God may be all in all.

(1Cor 15:20-28)

1. The NATURE of the resurrection: what it WAS and WAS NOT

- It WAS NOT merely a future hope; it WAS also a present event

Illustration: *Seven sermons in Acts; 1Cor 15:5-8*

- It WAS NOT a symbol of a spiritual resurrection; it WAS a bodily (corporeal) resurrection

Illustration: John Updike, *Seven Stanzas at Easter*

- It WAS NOT a resuscitated corpse; it WAS the emergence of a new order of life

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week



Explanation: *1Cor 15:42-44, 51-54; 2Cor 5:1-5*

Illustration: *Mark 16:9-13; Luke 24:30-31; John 20:17-20; 21:13-14; Acts 1:1-4*

- It was an eschatological event
- It took place ahead of time, to assure us it will happen in time
- It was a proleptic provision of the end of history (our destiny)

- Therefore, we can answer Hamlet's question...

QUOTES OF NOTE

Unlike the chief priests and the Pharisees, who tried with soldiers and a great stone to make themselves as secure as they could against the terrible possibility of Christ's really rising again from the dead, we are considerably more subtle. We tend in our age to say, "Of course, it was bound to happen. Nothing could stop it." But when we are pressed to say what it was that actually did happen, what we are apt to come out with is something pretty meager: this "miracle" of truth that never dies, the "miracle" of a life so beautiful that two thousand years have left the memory of it undimmed, the "miracle" of doubt turning into faith, fear into hope. If I believed that this or something like this was all that the Resurrection meant, then I would turn in my certificate of ordination and take up some other profession. Or at least I hope that I would have the courage to.

(Frederick Buechner, *The Magnificent Defeat*)

Matter matters; it matters so much that God becomes human and, in the resurrection, launches that transformed matter, the immortal physicality.... The material world matters; our human material bodies matter because the God who made them will remake them, and what we do with them in the present, as Paul insists to the Corinthians, is a genuine anticipation of what they will be in the future.

(N. T. Wright, *The Case for the Psalms*)

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY—Act 3, Scene 1

To be, or not to be—that is the question:
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
 And by opposing end them. To die, to sleep—
 No more—and by a sleep to say we end
 The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep—
 To sleep—perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub,
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life.
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make

With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveler returns, puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus, conscience does make cowards of us all,
 And thus, the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprise of great pitch and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry
 And lose the name of action.

contumely: insulting, humiliating rudeness;
quietus: state of repose, figurative for death;
bodkin: knife, stiletto; **fardels**: burdens;
bourn: realm, domain; **pith**: vigor;
awry: off the right course