

S, N. July 4, 82 A.M

"THE COAT WITHOUT A SEAM"

John 19:23-24

Far back yonder is the Old Testament history, Moses said, cursed is everyone that hangeth on a tree. The one hanged on a tree was lifted up. As we see in the cases of the sons of Saul. Hence, the typical act of Moses of lifting up the brazen serpent and our Lord's application of that case as a type. As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness - so must the son of man be lifted up. He is a type and a Saviour.

In thinking of our freedom today which we have, I read an illustration the other day where Dr. Carroll preached a sermon in 1869 at Baylor University at Waco. He entitled it -- Sitting Down, They Watched Him There. He explained the different people who watched Jesus. He talked about the Pharisees, the Sadducees, the Scribes, the Elders, the Romans, the curious crowd. They watched him on the cross. Many years after that sermon, George W. Truett came by his house one day and said, I would like to see some sermon that you preached when you were a young man. Carroll said, I gave him that sermon to look at. He sat there and read - and tears came in his eyes, and he said -- you can't beat it now. Therefore, this morning, I want us again to go back to that wonderful experience to see if we can understand something of the primary reason why the words of our text were put in the Bible. It seems to be a trivial event. And yet, it has real interest to us. As once again we travel back to the cross and we read in the Old Testament in a Psalms which he is described as the Messiah, and the enemies would part his garments, and cast lots for his vesture. This was a prediction.

At the time when Christ was crucified, the Roman soldiers, hardened by custom and scenes of violence, thought about the spoil - rather than the sufferer

They were very intent upon getting his raiments. And dividing them up. They would divide some portion of it -- share by share.

Since they supervised the crucifixion, these men lay claim to the clothing and to the personal property of a condemned man. They were the brutal agents of God. They were performing an assigned duty. And the law allowed them to gamble for the garments of the victim. But there is no excuse for their hardness and heartlessness. There should have been some pity. There is no excuse today for dictators and practices that are carried on on a wide scale. Probably more than any other age - as you think of people who are simply put to death when they do not agree with a dictator.

They cast lots over the meager things that our Saviour owned. But, when they came to the coat they observed that it was somewhat special. It was woven from the top throughout. The marvelous seamless robe, which may have been fashioned by his mother, or some of the devoted women who ministered to him. In the Gospel of St. Matthew, it relates that this act of stripping Jesus of his robes, and then casting lots for them, was recorded earlier in Psalm 22. They parted my garments and did cast lots.

Now it was concerning this scene of the gambling, that the writer of Hebrews reflects, and he says those who crucified the Son of God a fresh, and put him to an open shame.

That man still divide Christ's garments among them. They ceased the gifts and the

cries and seek to catch his ear. The Roman soldier stands by indifferent. The few faithful followers, saddened and in tears, remain with Jesus to the last.

There is something in that picture that is strangely familiar. Just as in our ordinary life. We are sometimes struck with the feeling - I have been here before. So in gazing upon the picture of Christ on Calvary, we become aware of the fact that this is not new and unfamiliar. We see that in its general features, it does not belong to Calvary alone.

It is a legacy that has been reproduced - and from time to time, it occurs. And Jesus Christ has been put to open shame before men.

Still as on the day, there have been those who are hard and proudly indifferent. And there have been those who have not hesitated to turn their backs on him. There have been those who have wounded him, in the house of his friends. There are those who should have been trusted, but they have betrayed him.

This incident teaches us that at Calvary there was a legacy left to us. Jesus Christ had no where to lay his head. He is now stripped of his garments. He is hung up before the noon day sun. But here he leaves the legacy of the raiment which he had worn through his life - a simple robe. And this is a ceaseless reminder of his administration among men. He, alone, has bequeathed - and it falls into the hands of many who are cold and heedless to his suffering.

Let us take up this small legacy. And (look at it) study it. Let's fix our eyes upon it for awhile. When we think of what Jesus left in the way of garments. I could talk to you quite awhile about the things that have improved humanity. There were no hospitals as we know them, until the Christians established them. There in Rome. There were no asylums for the mentally afflicted until Christ's spirit let them loose in the world. When those who were de-ranged in the Gospel, they had to live among the tombs. And really there were no people to really help with the wounded. Until Clara Barton came with a cross as an emblem of mercy. And of course, the orphanages for children. Men of this modern world, divide Christ's garments in the hospitals and charities. And meanwhile, they fail to acknowledge him as the true agent.

We could think of the garments of higher education. This was what Jesus brought. When Peter emerged from The Upper Room that day at Pentecost, the multitudes in the streets, he set forth truths that helped the ordinary man and woman. He spoke in their language. And he touched their lives. The great universities, such as Oxford, Cambridge, were established under the Christian Church. Harvard, the oldest institution in this land, was a place of learning for ministers of the Gospel. Because there was someone who realized they needed a school, and they needed an educated clergy. Yale, was also started with ten ministers of the colony of Conn. Princeton had its roots to a log cabin college on the banks in Buck County, Pa. And its President presided over it. It was a Presbyterian minister. In Philadelphia, the oldest university, has on its campus the statue of a flaming evangelist. Who with other ministers of Christ layed the foundation. The majority of our higher institutions of learning were brought about through the church - the garments of Christ.

The modern public schools trace its history to John Calvin. And schools

instituted in Geneva, Switzerland. We sometimes overlook these great things and social progress and human happiness. Which come to us for Christian freedom. But men take Christ's gifts and influences - and then they listen to him who says, I am the truth. And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free. I think of the modern literature, treasures which we have as a great heritage, they have come to us through Christian men. I think of the fine arts - this is one of Christ's garments. And one of his great treasures. I think of music, if you would do away with all the Christian influence in the past - you would take away Bach, much of Handel, and then - when we think about architecture. Without the Gothic influence in Christian circles, meeting houses in New England, with spires pointing Heavenly. Or the mighty Cathedrals - the masterpieces of the ages. I think of paintings by Raphael. Or sculpture. These were garments of Christ.

Did you know, today, at Jamestown, Virginia, the only thing that remains is the church tower. And it is the emblem of the church that had an honored position in the early American society. The love of liberty, created by the Spirit of Christ. Brought here by the Pilgrims, the Puritans, and the Quakers, and the Scotch Irish.

The garments of Christ left us a religious system. He opened the Gospel, the altar, and the altar disappeared. No longer do men have to come to that altar, armed with some beast. But he comes with the blood that was purchased on Calvary, that wipes away every sin. The Gospel which Jesus preached and proclaimed reconciles the world. And this will be a better world. We have access through Jesus. He can take the weakest, the lowest, the foulest, and the most degrading.

Jesus left us the garments, a system of morality. That he has clothed this world

with. The love of God and mankind. And the love of man for man. And has gathered all of these flowers. And he gave them a root in which to grow, in human love.

Think of the character of Christ - another garment, which is a garment indeed. As we think of his personal righteousness, his great virtues, his unapproachable life, the faithfulness he had - for example, which shown in Abraham. The father of the faithful. The meekness of Jesus was marked by the great legislature of Israel. His courage was distinguished by the earliest captain, Joshua. His wisdom was marked by her kings. But in Jesus Christ, we find all of these tests met, the test of Jesus' faithfulness and his life was one of complete resignation to the will of his Father. It was like Isaac, bowing down to Abraham, who was instructed to take now thy son, thy beloved son. And we remember that in meekness he said - if it is possible - let this cup pass from me. But not my will but thine be done.

His character and his virtues, when you measure men by the ordinary standard of judgment, you have to look at Christ and see that he was a man of sorrow acquainted with grief. A friend of sinners. He could stand up to those who were traitors to God, and denounced their life as hypocritical. But he could also sit on the Mount of Olives and weep tears of grief and tender love over his devoted city.

There was great calmness in Jesus - he could keep quiet, even though he never relaxed as we know it. But he glows with burning zeal. He could feel honest anger. And he saw those who sat in Moses' seat, robbing widows houses, for a pretense, making long prayers. He could weep with sympathy with those who were

bereaved. Nor is that all. He had great zeal for truth. And he knew that the dark shadows of sin fails. But (in Jesus,) there is no defect that is mingled with his virtue. No darkness dims the unfading luster of his character. He stands among men, the only one who can challenge the whole world. Which of you convinces me of sin. And they that sit in impartial judgment on him, all have to say - I find no fault in him at all. And while, on the other hand, he was washing his Disciples feet, and said - if I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet - you ought to wash one another's feet.

What is character - it is not just some garment that was good. But it was bound up in the seamless robe, wherewith he was covered and clad.

It is more than a system that is unique - more than morality. But it is something that we need to ask the question. How has it been received, how have we received this sinless robe.

First, I want you to note that it fell into the hands of the world. The rude soldiers content to receive its benefits. But ignore its sufferer. Thousands of people have enjoyed civilization, and the joys of freedom today, surrounded by the blessing of morality. But they have cast an evil eye toward the crucified one. Others there are, who gain much from Christ, sit down coldly to criticize and divide.

Though they have tried to rend asunder, his system - because it does not please them.

Then, like the Roman soldiers, they feel constrained to cry. ~~Let us not~~ rend it. And so these cruel hands held back for a moment - error they do something against the character of Christ.

But it is a legacy to us. All that he has left behind - his righteousness, his character, he has willed it to you and to me. Let us stand for a moment in thought near the cross of Calvary. Jesus hangs upon that cross. Accomplishing redemption for us. There falls into our hands this spotless, righteousness, blameless character - this garment. How shall we use it? This righteousness of Christ. It is from a dying Christ that we receive it. What shall we do with it. Let us now rend it. Often we are told the dangers and the threats to our church for our faith or our belief, that are made upon our faith to overthrow the foundation of our belief.

But you know, I do not fear so much the assaults of the foes who openly revile our Christ, like Madlin O'Hare, who talk about us but Christianity and the Christian Church will never fail from the assaults of enemies from within or without. But by the weaknesses of her representatives within. When we as Christian men and women begin to make unhallow compromises with the world, when we fasten our eyes on doubtful things, about Christ who hangs on the cross. Then we have need to fear.

From the very beginning it was foretold that the weakness of the seed of the woman would be in the inconsistent walk and life of the children of the Kingdom. It was only in the heel that these could be wounded.



Only then, when we take his robe and wear it unrent, only when we put on his righteousness in its integrity, are we strong and go forth. Like a lion.

We are perhaps, content to be Christ up to a point. But not content to surrender the whole life to him. Yet, he will have no such bargains as this. His righteousness must be seen in business, in the home, in the heart, in the life.

And you have no right to put asunder that which he has made one to rend and to divide this garment.

But whose shall it be?

The Roman soldiers cast lots for it. Whose it shall be.

We cannot afford since Christ has given his blameless life and died a suffering death - to thrust it aside, and to push this robe of righteousness away.

By this gift, the world will be judged before God's throne.

The supreme question will be one of righteousness, in your heart and life. To whom then does this righteousness belong. It is not to him who thinks religious earnestness is fanaticism. Or that zeal for Christ is too troublesome.

But this righteousness of Christ may belong to all - that it might be ours. Jesus unrobed himself of the purple of Heaven, and layed aside the spendor garments, of Heavenly royalties. And the brightness of the Father's glory, to walk upon this world in sadness and sorrow. He was despised and rejected of men. And he had pure love. And we need to walk with him in fine linen, white, clean, and spotless.

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Some years ago near Camden, S. A. there was a fire that burned joy out of homes and sorrow into hearts. Burned flowers of heart's ease, out of love's garden, and brought thorns. What a fire it was. A fire that searched and seared human hearts with sorrow. A fire that blasted the hopes of parents.

This terrible fire burned up a school house in which many young people in the midst of a season of happy pleasure were meeting. Over 70 of these young people, strong and lovely- in the gassly fire - man's good servant became man's terrible master. And they were burned to death. While all attempts by frantic parents and horror stricken citizens rescued them from the death trap were vain.

During the heroic attempt to rescue by frantic men on the outside - one little lad in the burning furnace, saw his father. In a delirium of mind shattering helplessness on the outside, stretching forth his youthful hands, in pitious plea the boy

called - Daddy, can't you save me. Above the roar of that school house furnace, the crackle of the demon like flames, above the strick of those twisting in the death trap of flame - the cries of those who called in torturous agony for release from the prison house of flame. The boy's voice reached his father's ears - Daddy, can't you save me. The Father suffered an eternity of torture. In a single minute, knowing that no mortal arm could reach his boy. And he could do nothing else, but standed dazed by and see his boy die in the flames. Withering quickly like a flower held in the blast of a torch. And that father in the days that followed, heard that voice day and night. In his waking hours, his sleeping hours, he did not live long. Only about two years. His boy's face and the fire were ever before him. His boy's voice was ever in his ears.

Today, in this poor old lust burning, war scarred, dizzy-headed, soul-sick, sin-damned, iniquity-laden, liquor-loving, Hell-bound world we find people are crying - can't you save me.

There is a robe without seams that has power if you will let it drop upon you as Elisha in the olden days as he stood beneath that firey chariot as it went up. And Elijah's mantle floated gently down upon his shoulders. And he was able to meet the problems of life. Men everywhere cry, can't you save me. Culture cries, cancer cries, people cry. They turn to all kinds of man-made schemes today.

But there is one who can save - Jesus is able, mighty, and willing to save. Christ who receiveth sinful man. The Christ who casteth out none, who come unto him. The Christ who died for the just and the unjust. That he might bring us to God.

✓ Sing above the battle strife, Jesus saves, Jesus saves. By his death, and endless life, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

Division - 4 parts - shoes, head band - shirt

Decision - coat, without seam -  
... not rend -

Destiny → Fulfill the Script.

This day did - Unplanned.

Samuel - little coat and year -

Joseph + many colours - Beautiful -

Put his Samuel coat on Today -