

Scripture: John 19:17-37
Singing: 51:1-3 – 319:1-5 – 426:1-3 – 311:1-5

“It is Finished” is one word in the original. Yet its depth and comfort all books in heaven and earth will fail to expound. The word is ‘short but shoreless.’

REJOICING IN THE MESSAGE OF JESUS’ TRIUMPHANT SHOUT
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I. “Finished” meant *I am finished with all my sufferings*

A. The long journey of My suffering is ending!

1. Never forget that Jesus was a real human (John 4:6; 19:28)

2. Now He eyes ‘going home’ (John 17:11)

B. Is this no reason for us *to rejoice* with Him? (Ps. 30:4-5)

II. “Finished” meant: *I have fulfilled all Scripture*

A. John’s wording in vs. 30 connects ‘finished’ to 28-30a

1. Amazing how each detail prophesied about the Messiah is fulfilled in Him

2. Later Jesus used this truth to *comfort heart* of the downcast: Lu 24:25-27

B. Is this no reason to rejoice in His faithful promises as Rom. 8:31-32?

III. “Finished” meant: *The work My Father commanded Me to do is done*

A. Finished announced His completion of *paying ransom for His people*

1. Phil 2:8: *He was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross*

2. Jesus ‘finished’ paying off our debt to our holy/just God

a. Matt. 20:28; 1 Peter 2:24; 1 Peter 3:18; 2 Cor. 5:21

B. Is this no great cause for rejoicing for who look to Him for salvation?

1. “Finished” means all your sins are put away – forever: Ps. 103:12; He. 9:26

IV. “Finished” meant also: *I have completed the other part of My Father’s task!*

A. He finished weaving our garment of HIS righteousness for us (Jer. 23:6)

1. He came to ‘fulfill the law’ (Matt. 5:17) and He did finish it (2 Cor. 5:21)

B. Do you rejoice in this fact of your salvation? (Ps. 32:1; Col. 1:22)

1. As united to Christ by faith, all His is yours and yours is His!

Two Closing Appeals

A. Those of you *unsaved and unconcerned*: meditate on Luke 23:31

B. If you are *unsaved and anxious*: Behold Him and come to Him: Matt. 11:27

O sacred head! once wounded,
With grief and shame bowed down.
How scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown!
How pale are Thou with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn.

What Thou, My Lord, has suffered,
Was all for sinner’s gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo! Here I fall, my Saviour,
‘Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favour,
Vouchsafe to [bestow on] me Thy grace.

What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O, make me Thine for ever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee!

Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153)