

Sunday July 28st sermon: "Mocking Christ's Last Supper -- The Olympic Blasphemy"

Preached at the Lord's Table at Grace Bible Church in Greenwood, MS,
by John Pittman Hey

Exodus 12:1-20; Luke 22:14-22

In Thomas Kelly's great hymn, he wrote of the Lord Jesus, "Sinners in derision crowned Him, mocking thus the Savior's claim. Saints and angels crowd around Him, own His title, praise His name!"

Such words come to mind following the debacle of the summer Olympic games in Paris that started this weekend.

There were obscene displays of drag Queens and so-called "transgendered" persons, cavorting before the spectators as part of the official opening ceremony.

Of course, that's Paris, that's France.

There were even nearly naked persons exposing themselves in the presence of little children. There was a "golden calf," along with other demonic and pagan motifs.

The Olympics are supposed to promote peace between nations in sport competitions.

But this year, the Olympic games were re-purposed to promote sexual perversion in the name of "inclusion," and to force it into the faces of the public, to bring "peace and acceptance" for open rebellion against the Creator, Who made humans male and female.

It is indeed "the world united against God."

Much distress was caused by a tableau mocking Leonardo DaVinci's painting of the last supper of Christ and His disciples. Seated along a table were drag queens instead of disciples, with Christ being replaced

by a very large lesbian dressed to expose most of her chest, wearing a headdress that depicted a halo.

At the end, what she presented to the "disciples" and to the public is not the sacraments that represent Christ's body and blood as a sacrifice, but rather a nearly naked man, painted all in blue, with an orange beard, said to represent Dionysus, the Greek god of feasting, festivals, drunkenness, and revelry.

After the outrage, the gaslighting began. Some tried to claim it was merely a representation of the feast of Dionysus, but the title in the program stated it was the Last Supper.

The entire production was so nauseous to decent people, that the giant telecommunications company CSpire denounced it, and pulled all its ads and sponsorships from the Olympic games.

Thinking what Christ did, in that final celebration of the Passover feast, brings into focus the vileness and the mockery of it in Paris.

Christ told His disciples, at that last Passover, that He had looked forward to celebrating the Passover before He went to the cross.

That feast was established when God rescued the Israelites out of slavery in Egypt, by bring down a horrible judgment on the whole land, killing the firstborn of man and beast.

But God provided a sacrifice to save the Israelites: they were to offer up a lamb, and paint its blood on the doorposts of their dwellings.

Then when God passed through the land to smite the firstborn that very night, He would pass over wherever He saw the blood, sparing the lives of all within that house.

Furthermore, God commanded that the Israelites celebrate the Passover every year, to recall how God had saved them by the blood of the slain lamb.

The original sacrifice pointed to a judgment and rescue to come. The subsequent celebrations pointed back to how they were saved, by the blood of the Passover lamb.

When the Lord Jesus celebrated that last Passover feast with his disciples, the night before He was crucified, He showed them something new, something far better. He showed them that He is God's true Lamb and sacrifice for the forgiveness of all our sins.

Jesus used that feast to celebrate a better sacrifice than the Passover lamb could ever be. Christ's bloodshed satisfied God's wrath against His poor people, whom He would redeem. That wrath due to us for our crimes, settled upon Christ, and thereby the wrath "passed over" those who trust in Him. Christ had already exhausted it by His sacrifice.

Christ used that celebration to present a new and final offering for sin.

This reveals the truly abhorrent nature of the Olympic tableau. They "repurposed" the Last Supper, to picture, not Christ and His sacrifice, but their own new Christ figure, who brought forth, not salvation from sin, but rather the pagan god of feasting and festivities and debauchery.

It was as if to say, we don't need a savior from sin and death. We need to go back to the pagan celebration of sin, and let that be our rejoicing.

Or in other words, "let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we may die."

How should believers respond to this filthy blasphemy?

Christ has given to us the honor to celebrate His offering for sin around the Lord's Table. We have a duty to worship Him, and praise Him, and rejoice in how He has saved us!

Nothing that lost, deluded and wicked people can do, can take away what Jesus bequeathed to us. Nothing they can do should dissuade us from shouting out Christ's glory and majesty as our Redeemer!

In Hebrew 13, we are told that God is well pleased with our sacrifices of praise and thanksgiving and worship!

So this should be our answer: we will continue in our worship and praise of Christ, no matter what blasphemers may say or do!

Think of this: what we do today, around the Lord's Table, is well pleasing to God, well pleasing to Jesus! Why should we stop, or slacken our worship in any way!

We are preaching Christ's sacrifice for us, until He returns in visible glory and power!

For those people who express disgust at the Olympic tableau, we would say, if you are so careful for the honor of Christ, you ought to flood into the churches and take up the worship and praise of which He is most worthy! Believers who have backslidden ought to be crowding back into church, to publicly show their fealty and love of their Savior!

We have many precious songs that we sing around the Lord's Table that exalt and honor our Lord Jesus. Consider this selection:

By Samuel Gandy:

1. His be the Victor's Name
Who fought the fight alone;
Triumphant saints no honor claim;
Their conquest was His own.

2. By weakness and defeat
He won the glorious crown;
Trod all Our foes beneath His feet
By being trodden down.

3. He Satan's power laid low;
Made sin, He sin o'erthrew;
Bowed to the grave, destroyed it so,
And death, by dying, slew.

4. Bless, bless the Conqueror slain,
Slain in His victory!
Who lived, who died, who lives again,
For thee, His church, for thee.

Or another song, by Isaac Watts:

1. Alas! and did my Savior bleed,
and did my Sovereign die!
Would he devote that sacred head
for such a worm such as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I have done,
he groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
and shut its glories in,
when Christ, the mighty maker, died
for man, his creature's sin.

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face
while his dear cross appears;
dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
and melt mine eyes to tears.

5. But drops of tears can ne'er repay
the debt of love I owe.
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'tis all that I can do.

Here's another precious hymn by an unknown author:

1. Behold! A spotless Victim dies,

My surety on the tree;
The Lamb of God, the Sacrifice,
He gave Himself for me!

2. Whatever curse was mine, He bore;
The wormwood and the gall,
There, in that lone mysterious hour,
My cup—He drained it all!

3. Lord Jesus! Thou, and none beside,
Its bitterness could know,
Nor other tell Thy joy's full tide
That from that cup shall flow.

4. Thine is the joy, but yet 'tis mine.
'Tis ours as one with Thee;
My joy flows from that grief of Thine;
Thy death brings life to me!

5. And while the ages roll along,
This shall my glory be;
And this the new and endless song,
Thy love to us—to me!

Here's a great hymn by Annie Ross Cousin:

1. O Christ, what burdens bow'd Thy head!
Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
To bear all ill for me.
A victim led; Thy blood was shed;
Now there's no load for me.

2. Death and the curse were in our cup,
O 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;
Left naught but love for me.

3. Jehovah lifted up His rod,
O Christ, it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy blood beneath that rod hath flowed;
Thy bruising healeth me.

4. The tempest's awful voice was heard,
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It bore the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred;
Now cloudless peace for me.

5. Jehovah bade His sword awake,
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
Thy heart its sheath must be—
All for my sake, my peace to make;
Now sleeps that sword for me.

6. For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou'rt ris'n: my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.
The Father's face of radiant grace,
Shines now in light on me!

Finally, a great hymn by Philip P. Bliss

1. I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His wondrous love to me;
On the cruel cross He suffered,
From the curse to set me free.

2. I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.

3. I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant pow'r I'll tell,
How the victory He giveth
Over sin, and death, and hell.

4. I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His heav'nly love to me;
He from death to life hath brought me,
Son of God with Him to be.

Chorus:

Sing, oh, sing of my Redeemer,
With His blood He purchased me,
On the cross He sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt, and made me free!