

## **The Cup He Drinks**

Matthew 20:16-21

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Some things you remember with your head, and some things you remember with your heart. Some things you remember with both. What we remember tells us who we are.

I was standing by the backstop on playground at South Elementary in Littleton. I remember a crowd of laughing boys, and I remember Duncan and Matt. Matt was uncoordinated and often smelled. He was raised by his elderly grandparents. Duncan was tall and gangly.

At recess Matt and Duncan always pretended to be Batman and Robin. No longer 4th grade losers—they were superheroes. That is until someone would yell, “Let’s get Duncan and Matt!” At that, the crowd of boys would chase ‘em, knock ‘em to the ground, and shatter their dreams.

As Matt and Duncan would cry and weep with pain and mostly shame, the mob would begin to laugh with glee.

Matt and Duncan’s pain was their pleasure.

Matt and Duncan’s failure was their victory.

Matt and Duncan’s weakness defined them as strong.

They needed losers to tell them who they were.

They needed the last to define them as first.

I remember standing there staring at Matt and Duncan weeping in the dirt behind the backstop and watching the crowd run away, laughing.

I remember standing there and not knowing which way to go.

I was being judged.

It's easy to think of these boys in the crowd as childish. Yet, I think they may have been most grown up. They had learned their lessons best.

At my school, we would constantly compete. So my A would be based on another's F. My gain would be based on another's loss.

We were even told that this explained all life. That all life is the product of violent competition... "the survival of the fittest." So competition was the god that created life.

People say that is what makes America great is competition—the competitive spirit, your desire to beat your neighbor and his business, our desire to always have a trade surplus. We want to be "the best."

As a church we want to be "the best," have the best choir, the best band, the best preaching. As Christians we want to be "the best." And aren't we called to prove that Jesus is "the best?"

So Jesus should be at the head of the parade, to  
prove he's the best!

It should say, "Merry Christmas" on top of all federal  
buildings to show Jesus is the best, to show *the  
Lord of mercy wins!*

In Matthew 20, verse 14, where we left off last  
week, the master of the vineyard says,

"Take what is yours," [what they think they've earned].

"Take what is yours and go," [go away from the  
vineyard—the kingdom].

"Take what is yours and go your way." [You get your  
way.]

Jesus said, "I am the way."

*“Take what is yours and go your way. I wish to give to this last man the same as to you. Is it not lawful for me to do what I wish with my own things? Or is your eye evil because I am good?” So the last will be first, and the first last.*

If “the first will be last and the last first,” then perhaps all competition is ultimately and eternally futile. Paul wrote, “God subjected the creation to futility in hope.” (Romans 8:20) (I wonder what he was hoping for?) Well, if what Jesus said is true, the new creation is antithetical to competition. In fact, life is antithetical to competition.

Any biologist can tell you violent competition doesn’t explain life but the way life is *limited*. It explains death. Something else explains life—some say chance, some say a desire to survive, some say a life force, some say God—but competition explains death. Don’t make a god out of death.

Historians claim that it was the “protestant work ethic” that made America great. So many think the “protestant work ethic” is competition. It’s the opposite of competition. It is to do everything to the glory of God.

Is God glorified by beating your neighbor?

Is God glorified by a U.S. trade surplus?

More stuff for Americans and less for  
Mexicans and Chinese?

What is the “glory of God?”

Jesus.

Who is Jesus?

The revelation of God. Body broken, blood shed.  
Love poured out. Love wrapped in flesh, bleeding.  
Mercy (a lot of mercy).

Maybe God is hoping for mercy...

Growing mercy...

“He desires mercy” in this creation  
subjected to futility.

I desire to win.

Sometimes people leave Lookout. Sometimes they come to Lookout. There are many valid reasons for switching churches, but sometimes folks will say, “Lookout is the best.” And I rejoice; I celebrate. We’re the best because another’s the worst. We win!

A year ago, I visited another church and heard another pastor, a fellow worker in the vineyard. It was great... which made me nervous. Then I discovered many people had recently left, and something inside me rejoiced. Something in me rejoiced that my brother was suffering, and people weren’t worshipping. I might as well have just wished ‘em all to... Hell! Isn’t that what our hearts do when we compete? The work of the dragon.

A few weeks ago, I had lunch with that pastor. His church is doing great now, but he shared with me his own struggles, and his own pain. Soon, I found myself sharing my struggles and my pain... almost like competing for last, “Man, I’m a bigger moron than you!” Our troubles were the same, and we met each other there.

It was the most encouraging lunch I’ve had all year. At the end of lunch, I was so cheerful, and I remember thinking, “Gosh, I wish I didn’t have to work on Sundays because then I could go to his church.” I thought it for a moment, and then I returned to my senses... my way. But for a few moments I felt so alive.

You know, life isn’t competition but cooperation. Each molecule, each cell, each member serving the others—*last*, so *all* could be *first*.

When I compete, I die and everything else dies, and I'm alone. It's the way of the great dragon—the ancient serpent.

We battle him. I've encountered him, but I have a hard time saying, "he's alive," for there is no truth in him, and so, I suspect, no life in him. That is, there's no Jesus in him for Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

Well, my point is that dragons are always alone. C.S. Lewis writes, "There is nothing a dragon likes so well as fresh dragon [that is, they eat their own kind]. That is why you so seldom find more than one dragon in the same country."

Is it lonely in your country?

Is everyone your competitor?

Especially your own kind... fellow pastors,  
fellow believers, fellow workers in the  
vineyard, fellow men, fellow boys on the  
playground?

Are you lonely?

Is everything smaller than you?

Are you most grown up?

Do you experience much wonder?

Are you master and lord?

Have you ever worshiped?

When did you last experience ecstasy?

And are you nervous?

What do you worry about?

Isn't it yourself?

Because you're the lord of your kingdom?

How do I look?

How will I do?

What do they think of me?

Now some of you may say, “No, I worry about others.”

Why do you worry about others?

Are you their lord?

Are you their savior?

Or is God?

Perhaps you worry because you think God’s not sovereign, not in charge. But you didn’t want him to be sovereign because then you wouldn’t be lord.

You know, my hand doesn’t worry.

Only my head worries.

My hand doesn’t worry; it simply obeys my head.

In the body of Christ, are you a hand or a head?

If you’re a head (lord), you’re not in the body of Christ  
(you must be a dragon).

Well, competitive people, of which I’m one, are isolated, nervous, and lonely people, and the end of their quest is hell... a kingdom unto themselves. Nobody enjoys hell—that is, Hades, outer darkness.

It begins here, but how do you escape? How do you escape when your self is your own deepest prison, and it’s own greatest burden? How do you escape yourself when you’re enslaved by your self? You can’t escape the self by the self... you need another master. How do hard working, competitive American businessmen and laborers escape? How do we escape ourselves and find others?

We get drunk!

[Peter sings the Cheers theme song.]

Makin’ your way

[your way, not Yahweh]...

Makin’ your way in the world today



brain cells but not your ego. It's a sin. It's an idol (evil master).

And you need a new drug,  
a new drink through which you're drunk  
by that which you drink.

A new servant that you find is your master. Paul wrote, "Don't be drunk with wine, for that is debauchery, but be filled..." with something else. We need a new drug, a new way to be last together.

Verse 16:

*"So the last will be first, and the first last. For many are called, but few chosen." Now Jesus, going up to Jerusalem, took the twelve disciples aside on the road and said to them, "Behold, we are going up to Jerusalem, and the Son of Man will be betrayed to the chief priests and to the scribes; and they will condemn Him to death, and deliver Him to the Gentiles to mock and to scourge and to crucify. And the third day He will rise again." Then [Then! Then!] the mother of Zebedee's sons came to Him with her sons, kneeling down and asking something from Him. And He said to her, "What do you wish?" She said to Him, "Grant that these two sons of mine may sit, one on Your right hand and the other on the left, in Your kingdom." [That is, grant that we might be first! They've followed Him for three years, and it's like they are still utterly blind to who He is!] But Jesus answered and said, "You do not know what you ask. Are*

*you able to drink the cup that I am about to drink, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" They said to Him, "We are able."*

Jesus drinks the cup,  
and the cup is His death.

In scripture, "the cup" is a picture of the way we receive and experience God's blessing or judgment. Psalm 75,

God is the judge.  
He puts down one,  
And exalts another.

For in the hand of the Lord there is a cup,  
And the wine is red.

It's a cup of exaltation and "put-down-ation,"  
exaltation and damnation.  
A cup of blessing and consuming fire."

Jesus will drink the cup.  
Jesus will drink the wrath of God.  
Jesus will drink the fire and brimstone.  
Jesus will drink the consuming fire,  
and God *is* a consuming fire.

So you might ask,  
Why would that *hurt* Jesus?  
Why would that *burn* Jesus?  
Why would that *kill* Jesus?  
It would because Jesus is bearing your sin.

He's bearing the sin of the world as He drinks fire.  
 "He is the ransom for many."

In 1 John 2:2, the many is all. He came to be utterly last, servant and slave to all. His cup of death is our cup of mercy.

In Jerusalem He was enthroned in His kingdom. He was enthroned on a cross with a thief on His left and His right, but I, Peter Hiett, was with Him on that throne "for I have been crucified with Christ."

In Revelation 5:6, we see the throne and on it a lamb, standing as if He'd been slain. He's first but still last. Body broken, blood shed, and the body of that lamb is the body of Christ.

We do not die His death in that we do not bear the sins of the world.

We do not die His death, yet we participate in His death.

We eat it, and we drink it.

Paul wrote, "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not a participation in the *blood* of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not a participation in the *body* of Christ?"

We eat it, and we drink it.

Dragons eat their own kind. So God became man and said, "Eat me. Drink me. Unless you eat my body and drink my blood, you have no life in you." (John 6) "The life is in the blood." (Genesis 9:4)

The life is God's life.

God is love.

So Jesus is love in the flesh, bleeding for you.

The cup contains the fruit of the vineyard,  
 blood turned to wine.

The cup contains mercy,  
the blood of Jesus.

Mercy that feels like hell to Jesus on Friday,  
but tastes like Easter to us on Sunday.

The cup contains the lifeblood of God...  
His blood in the cup of wrath,  
His blood in the cup of mercy.

One cup,  
one blood,  
like one God,  
one substance.

It is blood and wine,  
judgment and grace,  
fire and paradise.

Paul wrote, "Any one who eats and drinks the cup  
without discerning the body drinks judgment." But if we  
"discern the body," what do we drink?

Grace.

He is a consuming fire, and he is love.

When we drink His blood, we drink fire,  
and the fire is love poured out.  
It burns demons but tastes like grace to God's children.

Jesus came as a servant  
that we might one day find  
our Servant is our Master,  
that we might drink until drunk by God.

"Don't be drunk with wine for that is debauchery  
but be filled with the Spirit."

Verse 22:

*Jesus answered and said, "You don't know what you ask. Are you able to drink the cup that I am about to drink, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" They said to Him, "We are able."*

We know that they are not able. Yet on Pentecost, He'll make them able. Tongues of fire will descend, and they will speak in other languages so all might be one and cheerful.

They will drink until drunk by God.

And the unbelievers will say, "Oh, they're filled with new wine." And that's correct... the wine of the new covenant.

James and John drink the cup. James will be the first of the twelve to be martyred, and he will bleed mercy. John is exiled on Patmos, and yet he is "baptized into Christ's death," and known as the apostle of love.

*They said to Him, "We are able." So He said to them, "You will indeed drink My cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with; but to sit on My right hand and on My left is not Mine to give, but it is for those for whom it is prepared by My Father." And when the ten heard it, they were greatly displeased with the two brothers.*

Why? Well, because they each wanted to be first! Each acting last, but strategizing to be first in his heart. We're usually strategically last. "Oh, I'll be last and all

gracious on earth so me and Jesus can kick-butt on all the losers come judgment day.” But on judgment day, He’s still a slaughtered lamb.

*But Jesus called them to Himself and said, “You know that the rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and those who are great exercise authority over them. Yet it shall not be so among you; but whoever desires to become great among you, let him be your servant. And whoever desires to be first among you, let him be your slave-- just as the Son of Man did not come to be served, but to serve, and to give His life a ransom for many.”*

In Mark’s version, Jesus says, “Whoever would be first among you must be *slave* of all.” Jesus made Himself *last* of all and *slave* of all... *slave!*

We Americans get so offended that Jesus didn’t abolish slavery. He didn’t abolish slavery because He glorified slavery. Slavery is not incongruent with love (when it comes from the heart). It is love.

In fact, there is a place where everyone is a slave. Even the King is a slave; He is a slaughtered lamb on the throne. That place is a city of light and life and everyone dances. To be a slave there is to join the dance that lies at the heart of the Godhead. The dance is love and life. To be a slave here is different. This world is different. It’s painful, but there are things you can grow here that you can’t grow there.

You know, a competitive environment is also a sacrificial environment. In this environment, we can compete or we can be last.

We can grow mercy.

We can become a slave.

We say, “Yea, but only to a point,” for if you really lived like a slave here you’d be taken advantage of, you’d be poor, meek, mourning, persecuted, and reviled. You might even get yourself crucified...” Yep, that’s the plan.

To be a slave *here* is to hang on a cross *here*, and yet that’s the first step into the great dance *there*.

So in this country, everyone strives to be the master, but in God’s country, all are slaves. So all are last, and so all are first. That is, all dance, not just one.

Last week, I may not have said it well, and I may have said it in the wrong spirit, but I just wanted you to seriously ask, “What if... what if, in the end, somehow, God gets His wish and everyone dances?”

Would you still want to dance?

That is,

could you consider yourself slave of all  
and last of all?

Paul actually wrote, “I could wish that I myself were accursed and cutoff from Christ for the sake of my brethren, my kinsmen by race.” However, Paul wasn’t cutoff for Christ already was accursed and cutoff for all.

Could you esteem others (all others) better than yourself? Philippians 2:3, “In humility, count others better than yourself.”

Or are you *proud* to be a Christian? Was Paul, “chief of sinners,” *proud* to be a Christian? Are you *proud* that you chose to follow Christ? (Probably we all are.)

But Jesus told His disciples, “You did not choose me. I chose you.”

We like to believe that we all have a free will, but biblically, you are not free until Christ sets you free. And it

is “God at work in you both, *both* to will and to work for His good pleasure.” (Philippians 2:13)

No one can ever say, “Jesus is Lord” except by the power of the spirit. So, when you did, it was Jesus being born in you—His life, His seed taking root in you, Him trusting His Father in you. For He is the vine and you are the branches, and apart from Him you can do nothing.

If you’re *proud* that you made a good choice, you didn’t; He did. If you’re *proud* to be a Christian, I doubt you understand. To drink His cup is to receive His mercy, which is to bleed His mercy, which is to choose to be last. To drink His cup is to receive His mercy, confessing you need His mercy because your sins nailed Him to a tree. Could there be a greater sin than nailing the heart of God, the revelation of God, the Son of God to a tree?

I think *you* are the chief of sinners...

like me.

We’re last.

Everyone who comes to this table is last, not proud, but forever blessed. “Blessed are the poor, the meek, the mourning, the reviled, and the persecuted for Me. Blessed are the last—happy, cheerful are the last,” said Jesus.

When we drink His cup, He sets us free. Only the slaves are free. We’re slaves of the Lord who is love, and He sets us free. No longer slaves to sin, idols, and self.

No longer slaves to fear. I can pray, “Jesus, my sermon doesn’t have to be the best. Thank you. I don’t have to be the best. Thank you.”

Anthony DeMello said, “Isn’t it wonderful to realize you’re no better than anyone else.” That’s so liberating.

I'm not called to be first; I'm called to love.

That'll change a sermon and a life.

I'm not called to be first: I'm called to be last.

Sometimes I feel so criticized, and I feel so weak, and I feel like a failure, and I think, "What's wrong with me?" I drink the cup, and I find "what's wrong with me" is "what's right with me."

Awhile ago, when I was feeling down, a friend had a vision. It was a prophetic word of encouragement. He saw a whipping boy, and then he saw a man being flogged, then his throat was slit, then he fell, as if dead, but not dead. Then he heard God speak a beautiful blessing... over me.

I had been thinking, "What's wrong with me?" but it was "what's right with me." I was becoming last, and a slave, and truly free, like someone else.

When I drink the cup, it sets me free,

and everyone's my friend.

No man is my competitor.

No man is my enemy.

All people are my friend.

I could even call someone like Judas "friend"

and really mean it.

I could witness to tax collectors and sinners.

They might be judged by my word of love,  
but they wouldn't be judged by me.

For I would, "esteem them ahead of me."

When I receive the cup and drink the cup, and when I believe His mercy, I'm free, I'm reconciled to all men, and I see Jesus. For where is Jesus? He is all around us in the "last and the least of these His brethren."

Can you see Him? See mercy, feel mercy, grow  
mercy. And this is the judgment... His mercy.

Do you want to see it or not?

As I stood by the baseball diamond at South  
Elementary sometime in the late '60's, I was being judged.

Peter, where's God? (Well, He's everywhere.)

Yes, but where is He revealed?

Peter, where is Jesus?

In the crowd laughing because they won?

Or

In Matt and Duncan, little Batman and  
Robin, lying there like two blind men in  
the dirt, weeping?

Peter, if you go to them, you will be last, too...  
beat up, too... crucified, too.

I think I chose the crowd, and I chose death. I was  
too scared to drink that cup called mercy.

But don't worry, there's still time to drink mercy  
and bleed mercy.

We're still being judged.

Where's Jesus? Where will you find the babe?

On top of the Federal Building in neon lights?

At the head of the parade?

Where will they find the babe?

"You will find the babe wrapped in swaddling  
clothes and lying in a manger." Only a carpenter, an unwed  
teenage mother, and some shepherds saw Him that night.  
Everyone else was blind, but don't worry.

He made Himself dragon bait, and on a cross, the  
dragon took the bait. He swallowed Him—the fire and  
love. It *utterly* defeated the dragon and *utterly* set us free.

For on that cross He became *utterly* last and descended into the darkest of dungeons, even yours.

Where will you find Him?

In the last place a competitive person would look.

Where will you find Him?

Recently, a woman in our church wrote me. She told me about praying with John and Elaine Busch, who head up our prayer team. In prayer, they walked her through an intense memory of a past rape when she was only two. She writes, “Peter, Jesus showed up! He was there!” (That’s where she found Him.) She watched Jesus rescue her child self, then lie down and take her raping—take her abuse, suffer in her place, her very own, very last place. (He had descended into her hell.) After that, Jesus touched her attacker. She saw an evil being and then a little blond haired boy. She wrote, “I was free.”

A few days ago, I prayed with another friend. Jesus walked her through some horrid memories of abuse. She watched Him save her and surround her with fire. Then He said, “I have one more thing to show you.” It was her abusers. Jesus placed His hand on their foreheads. She said it was like the evil drained out of them. Then they dropped to the ground and worshipped Him like children. She said it was the most beautiful thing Jesus showed her.

It is astounding mercy—grace upon grace. Mercy to my friend and mercy through my friend for, you realize, not everyone wants to see that much mercy.

What do you want?

Do you want to see mercy?

Mercy is love poured out.

You’ve heard His name,  
even if you haven’t seen His face.

Verse 28:

*“...the Son of Man did not come to be served, but to serve, and to give His life a ransom for many.” Now as they went out of Jericho, a great multitude followed Him. And behold, two blind men sitting by the road, when they heard that Jesus was passing by, cried out, saying, “Have mercy on us, O Lord, Son of David!” Then the multitude warned them that they should be quiet; but they cried out all the more, saying, “Have mercy on us, O Lord, Son of David!” So Jesus stood still and called them, and said, “What do you want Me to do for you?” They said to Him, “Lord, that our eyes may be opened.” So Jesus had compassion and touched their eyes. And immediately their eyes received sight, and they followed Him.*

The rich young ruler was first, and he saw,  
yet he was blind for he did not follow.

These two blind men are last, but they cry for mercy,  
they see, and they follow.

They followed him to Jerusalem.

There, on the night that He was betrayed, He took bread, and He broke it, saying, “This is my body, given for you. Do this in remembrance of me. Remember this.” (What do you remember? What do you want to remember? Who are you?) And in the same way after supper, He took the cup, and He said, “This is the cup of the new covenant

in my blood, shed for the forgiveness of sins. Drink of it, all of you in remembrance of me. I will not drink again of the fruit of the vine until I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom."

So do you see it? Do you want to see it? It means that our entire world is upside down. We've been running in the wrong direction.

Well, I invite you to come to the table, tear off a piece of the bread, and dip it in the cup. The black cups are wine; the purple cups are juice, but they're both fire. So if you don't want Jesus, don't take it.

But this is the question... can you cry, "Lord, have mercy!" Because if you *want* mercy, you'll *get* mercy, and then you'll desire to *give* mercy to all. In Jesus' name.

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[The worship band plays "The Beautiful Let Down" by Switchfoot]

The Beautiful Letdown

It was a beautiful letdown  
when I crashed and burned  
when I found myself alone, unknown and hurt.

It was a beautiful letdown the day I knew  
That all the riches this world had to offer me  
would never do.  
In a world full of bitter pain and bitter doubt  
I was trying so hard to fit in (fit in), until I found out

That I don't belong here.  
I don't belong here.  
I will carry a cross and a song  
where I don't belong (I don't belong).

It was a beautiful letdown when you found me here  
and for once in a rare blue moon I see everything  
clear.

I'll be a beautiful letdown  
that's what I'll forever be  
and though it may cost my soul  
I'll sing for free.

We're still chasing our tails and the rising sun  
and our dark water planet still spins in a race  
where no one wins and no one's one.

See I don't belong here.  
I don't belong here.  
I will carry a cross and a song  
where I don't belong (I don't belong).

I don't belong here.  
I don't belong here.  
I'm gonna set sight and set sail for the kingdom  
come.  
Your kingdom come.  
Won't you let me down!  
Let my foolish pride forever let me down.

Easy living, you're not much like your name.  
Easy dying, you look just about the same.  
Would you please take me off your list?  
Easy living, please come on and let me down.

What a beautiful letdown, painfully uncool,  
The church of the drop outs, the losers,  
the sinners, the failures and the fools.  
What a beautiful letdown,  
are we salt in the wound?  
Let us sing one true tune.  
I don't belong here  
I don't belong here

by Jonathan Foreman (Switchfoot) 2002 Meadowgreen Music Company (Admin. by EMI Christian Music Publishing)  
Sugar Pete Songs (Admin. by EMI Christian Music Publishing)

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There were shepherds out in the fields keeping watch over their flock by night, and an angel of the Lord appeared to them and the glory of the Lord shown around them, and they were filled with fear. And the angel said to them, “Don’t be afraid for behold, I bring you good news of a great joy which will come to all the people. For to you is born this day, in the city of David, a savior who is Christ, the Lord. And this will be a sign for you, you will find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a food trough.” Suddenly there was, with the angel, a multitude of the heavenly hosts praising God and saying, “Glory to God in the highest and on earth, peace among men with whom He is pleased.”

If you would, pray this prayer with me, “Lord Jesus, I thought you wanted me to build You a palace for You to be born in, and now I find, You want to be born in my manger. So I surrender my manger; I surrender my heart; I surrender my sin, and I invite You to come in. You build the palace; You build the house, and may You build it out of me. In Jesus’ name, amen.”

If you prayed that for the first time, you just received Christ. If you’d like to speak to somebody about

it, or if you'd like to pray some more, we have a prayer ministry team in the back. They'd love to meet with you, pray with you. Whatever it is, believe the Gospel. In Jesus' name, amen.

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Relevant Texts and Quotations (from bulletin)

But go and learn what this means: "I desire mercy and not sacrifice. For I did not come to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance."

*Matthew 9:13*

"Take what is yours and go your way. I wish to give to this last man the same as to you. Is it not lawful for me to do what I wish with my own things? Or is your eye evil because I am good?" So the last will be first, and the first last. For many are called, but few chosen." Now Jesus, going up to Jerusalem, took the twelve disciples aside on the road and said to them, "Behold, we are going up to Jerusalem, and the Son of Man will be betrayed to the chief priests and to the scribes; and they will condemn Him to death, and deliver Him to the Gentiles to mock and to scourge and to crucify. And the third day He will rise again." Then the mother of Zebedee's sons came to Him with her sons, kneeling down and asking something from Him. And He said to her, "What do you wish?" She said to Him, "Grant that these two sons of mine may sit, one on Your right hand and the other on the left, in Your kingdom." But Jesus answered and said, "You do not know what you ask. Are you able to drink the cup that I am about to drink, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" They said to Him, "We are able."

*Matthew 20:14-22*

On the wicked he will rain coals of fire and brimstone; a scorching wind shall be the portion of their cup.

*Psalms 11:6*

The LORD is my chosen portion and my cup; thou holdest my lot.

*Psalms 16:5*

Thou preparest a table before me

in the presence of my enemies;  
 thou anointest my head with oil,  
 my cup overflows.

*Psalm 23:5*

For exaltation comes neither from the east  
 Nor from the west nor from the south.  
 But God is the Judge:  
 He puts down one,  
 And exalts another.  
 For in the hand of the LORD there is a cup,  
 And the wine is red;  
 It is fully mixed, and He pours it out;  
 Surely its dregs shall all the wicked of the earth  
 Drain and drink down.  
 But I will declare forever,  
 I will sing praises to the God of Jacob.  
 “All the horns of the wicked I will also cut off,  
 But the horns of the righteous shall be exalted.”

*Psalm 75:6-10*

Then He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying,  
 “Drink from it, all of you. For this is My blood of the new covenant,  
 which is shed for many for the remission of sins. But I say to you, I will  
 not drink of this fruit of the vine from now on until that day when I  
 drink it new with you in My Father's kingdom.”

*Matthew 26:27-29*

But you shall not eat flesh with its life, that is, its blood.

*Genesis 9:4*

Whoever eats any blood, that person shall be cut off from his people.

*Leviticus 7:27*

Then Jesus went with them to a place called Gethsemane, and he said  
 to his disciples, “Sit here, while I go yonder and pray.” And taking with  
 him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, he began to be sorrowful and  
 troubled. Then he said to them, “My soul is very sorrowful, even to  
 death; remain here, and watch with me.” And going a little farther he

fell on his face and prayed, “My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.”

*Matthew 26:36-39*

Jesus said to Peter, “Put your sword into its sheath; shall I not drink the cup which the Father has given me?”

*John 18:11*

The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not a participation in the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not a participation in the body of Christ? ...Let a man examine himself, and so eat of the bread and drink of the cup. For any one who eats and drinks without discerning the body eats and drinks judgment upon himself.

*1 Corinthians 10:16, 11:28-9*

So the angel swung his sickle on the earth and gathered the vintage of the earth, and threw it into the great wine press of the wrath of God; and the wine press was trodden outside the city, and blood flowed from the wine press, as high as a horse’s bridle, for one thousand six hundred stadia.

*Revelation 14:19-20*

For the bodies of those animals whose blood is brought into the sanctuary by the high priest as a sacrifice for sin are burned outside the camp. So Jesus also suffered outside the gate in order to sanctify the people through his own blood. Therefore let us go forth to him outside the camp and bear the abuse he endured. For here we have no lasting city, but we seek the city which is to come.

*Hebrews 13:11-14*

“Now is the judgment of this world, now shall the ruler of this world be cast out; and I, when I am lifted up from the earth, will draw all men to myself.” He said this to show by what death he was to die.

*John 12:31-33*

Yet it pleases him better that we should freely take his holy blood to wash away our sins; for there is no liquid created which he likes to give us so much, for it is so plentiful and it shares our nature.

*Julian of Norwich*

The seventh angel poured his bowl into the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, "It is done!" And there were flashes of lightning, voices, peals of thunder, and a great earthquake such as had never been since men were on the earth, so great was that earthquake. The great city was split into three parts, and the cities of the nations fell, and God remembered great Babylon, to make her drain the cup of the fury of his wrath.

*Revelation 16:17-19*

And do not get drunk with wine, for that is debauchery; but be filled with the Spirit.

*Ephesians 5:18*

When the day of Pentecost had come, they were all together in one place. And suddenly a sound came from heaven like the rush of a mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared to them tongues as of fire, distributed and resting on each one of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. Now there were dwelling in Jerusalem Jews, devout men from every nation under heaven. And at this sound the multitude came together, and they were bewildered, because each one heard them speaking in his own language... And all were amazed and perplexed, saying to one another, "What does this mean?" But others mocking said, "They are filled with new wine."

*Acts 2:1-6, 2:12-13*

Life is like heady wine. Everyone reads the label on the bottle. Hardly anyone tastes the wine.

*Anthony DeMello*

So He said to them, "You will indeed drink My cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with; but to sit on My right hand and on My left is not Mine to give, but it is for those for whom it is prepared by My Father." And when the ten heard it, they were greatly displeased with the two brothers. But Jesus called them to Himself and said, "You know that the rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and those who are great exercise authority over them. Yet it shall not be so among you; but whoever desires to become great among you, let him be your servant. And whoever desires to be first among you, let him be

your slave-- just as the Son of Man did not come to be served, but to serve, and to give His life a ransom for many." Now as they went out of Jericho, a great multitude followed Him. And behold, two blind men sitting by the road, when they heard that Jesus was passing by, cried out, saying, "Have mercy on us, O Lord, Son of David!" Then the multitude warned them that they should be quiet; but they cried out all the more, saying, "Have mercy on us, O Lord, Son of David!" So Jesus stood still and called them, and said, "What do you want Me to do for you?" They said to Him, "Lord, that our eyes may be opened." So Jesus had compassion and touched their eyes. And immediately their eyes received sight, and they followed Him.

*Matthew 20:23-34*

And whoever would be first among you must be slave of all.

*Mark 10:44*

Do nothing from selfishness or conceit, but in humility count others better than yourselves.

*Philippians 2:3*

For God has consigned all men to disobedience, that he may have mercy upon all. O the depth of the riches and wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments and how inscrutable his ways! "For who has known the mind of the Lord, or who has been his counselor?" "Or who has given a gift to him that he might be repaid?" For from him and through him and to him are all things. To him be glory for ever. Amen.

*Romans 11:32-36*