

The Gospel of Wrath

Revelation 15 & 16

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Several years ago in Prague, Vera Czermak, having learned that her husband betrayed her, jumped from her third-story window. The newspaper, Vicerni Praha, reported that Mrs. Czermak was recovering in the hospital after landing on her husband, who was killed. Isn't that cool? That's the way it should be, right? — *Justice*.

According to the Associated Press, in August 1991 a thief decided to siphon gas from Dennis Quiggley's motor home in Seattle, Washington. Dennis, inside the motor home, heard a commotion outside and went to investigate. He found the thief curled up in a ball on the lawn, vomiting violently. Intending to suck the contents of the gas tank through a hose, the thief had accidentally put the hose in the wrong hole and sucked up the contents of the sewage tank instead.

The thief, a boy of fourteen, was not prosecuted because Dennis and the police agreed that he had suffered enough. Justice had been meted out! That's the way it's supposed to be! That's the way justice should work!

On September 11 we watched the World Trade Center engulfed in the darkest cloud, burning with jet fuel. You saw on TV little, black specks falling not from the third floor but like the 100th floor. Something deep, deep within cried, "This is *not* the way it's supposed to be. This is not right. It needs to be finished." And you felt a passion to finish it.

Indignation,
 Wrath,
 Anger,
 Longing for justice.

Justice cannot be explained by Charles Darwin. You long for it because you're being made in the image of God.

On the back page of Time Magazine right after the attack, Lance Marrow wrote this:

For once, let's have no "grief counselors" standing by with banal consolations, as if the purpose, in the midst of all this, were merely to make everyone feel better as quickly as possible. We shouldn't feel better. . . . A day cannot live in infamy without the nourishment of rage. Let's have rage. What's needed is a united, unifying, Pearl Harbor sort of purple American fury—a ruthless indignation that doesn't leak away in a week or two, wandering into a Prozac-induced forgetfulness [a walking death]. . . . Let America explore the rich reciprocal possibilities of the *fatwa*.

Do you know what “the fatwa” is? It’s an Islamic term. It’s a declaration to kill in order to fulfill justice. Osama bin Laden issued one for you. I know that’s Islam, but *God* has issued fatwas . . . or have you not read the Old Testament?

“For once let’s have no grief counselors standing by with banal consolations.” Americans have developed “banal consolations” into an art form. All of them are just ways to deny that we live in a “God-damned,” evil world. “We shouldn’t feel better,” writes Lance Marrow. *So desperate* are we to feel better.

On TV this week they were showing a peace rally . . . already. I watched it a bit . . . to me it looked like a denial of evil— “Go hide in Canada.” That kind of pacifism turns my stomach . . . wealthy Americans who run from violence and live in a world of denial.

We American Christians are really good at that. My children each have one of those “Precious Moments Bibles.” It’s a *good* Bible, but the cover says “Precious Moments” and has a picture of these cute, little, precious, cartoon kids. When I look at it I wonder:

What “precious moments” are they talking about? When God damned the world in Genesis 3? Is *that* it? Maybe circumcision? What about when the only sinless, perfect man who ever lived was beaten and stripped and nailed to a cross and consumed by the wrath of God? Or maybe when he said, “Listen—if you want to be *my* disciple, you have to pick up one of these crosses and come follow me”?

There are Christians who actually believe God is opposed to violence in all forms. Yet Jesus said, “I came to cast fire upon the earth and would that it were already kindled.” There are people who call themselves Christians and actually say, “I don’t believe in a God of wrath.” Then you don’t believe in the cross . . . the atonement.

If you don’t believe in the God of wrath, I don’t think you believe in the God who is love. For love demands wrath. It’s *so easy* to be a pacifist if you love no one. Satan rages in a fury, but he does not know or understand God’s wrath. For God’s wrath is a function of His relentless love.

C. S. Lewis wrote:

“Anger [wrath] is the fluid love bleeds when you cut it.”

I don’t know if I had even begun to understand wrath until I had kids. It’s not because they were so *bad*, but because I loved them so much. I shared this with some of you a few years ago, but I remember a time in Danville when Elizabeth was about two. I was sitting on a railroad tie in the park watching my priceless, precious, little daughter Elizabeth going up and down the slide, so proud of herself.

Then this other two-year-old came along with *her* mother. This two-year-old was going up and down the slide, and this mother thought *her* daughter was just priceless and

precious. She was saying, “Oh, you’re so wonderful!” She was encouraging, “You’re doing great!” But she never even *noticed* Elizabeth.

Finally, Elizabeth walked to the top of the slide, sat down, and started yelling at the lady, “See me? See me? I do it! I do it! See me?” And the lady *did not even* turn her head. I had this fantasy that flashed through my mind . . . I still remember it . . . of me picking up a board and smacking the woman right up side the head. It shocked me! *Wrath*. But, you see, that’s part of a father’s heart.

Do you think the Father in Heaven loved those 6,000 people in the World Trade Center . . . thousands and thousands of worlds destroyed . . . children . . . families? This is one of the problems with wrath: How could there ever be enough of it to set things straight? Enough boards . . . enough blood . . .

If we kill Osama bin Laden today,
that’s a drop of blood for an ocean of blood.

We Americans are just beginning to understand how much of the world feels and how the Church felt in the time of The Revelation. In Revelation 6:10 the slaughtered cry out from under the altar in the temple, “How long, O Lord, before you will avenge our blood . . . ?”

Let’s face it: We couldn’t make Osama bin Laden pay, because he doesn’t have enough blood.

But that leads to another problem with wrath. Short of blood, we make *other* people pay. The terrorists exercised indiscriminate wrath. So *we* are tempted to exercise indiscriminate wrath in *return!* Just go blow the *Hell* out of all Afghanistan! We underpay or we overpay wrath.

But how are we to know how much to dish out? Even with people like Osama bin Laden? I read somewhere that he is one of fifty kids. I’m sure he had a *great* relationship with old dad . . . He grew up nurtured in war, and who knows all the demons that plague his soul? Who was it that nurtured him in that war? And where *does* he get his money? — CIA . . . gas. Well, who knows what he’s really responsible for?

You see, dispensing wrath is insanely difficult. It’s also an incredible burden. You know people who are enslaved to a burden of wrath — angry people, bitter people — enslaved by their own lack of forgiveness.

I know many of you are thinking, “That’s why we must entrust wrath to God — ‘Vengeance is mine,’ says the Lord.” But let’s be honest. We have trouble entrusting our *finances* to God, let alone our *wrath*, which comes from deep within.

For one, we worry that God will *underpay*, that He’s like one of those pacifists who will pretend nothing really happened — denial. “What if bin Laden dies an easy death?”

In II Peter 2:9 Peter writes, “God knows how to preserve the unrighteous for the day of punishment.” And God says, “Vengeance is mine.” So Paul adds, “Trust him with vengeance.” In other words, *you* forgive, and let Him avenge.

Secondly, we worry not only that God might *underpay*, but that He might *overpay*. As a young believer I think my deepest struggle with my faith was the doctrine that God would send the reprobate to Hell to be tortured with wrath for *ever* and *ever* and *ever* without end! That’s a lot of *wrath!* — for a fifteen-year-old who dies in a car accident.

I know we sin against an infinite God, but does that mean infinite wrath *forever*? Such that God Himself is enslaved to His own bitter wrath *forever*? “Is that you, Jesus?”

Thirdly, we have a hard time trusting God’s wrath because when God’s wrath falls on earth, it seems so indiscriminate.

Hurricanes,
Floods,
The World Trade Center . . .

Jerry Falwell suggested the Trade Center tragedy happened because of homosexuals in America. I don’t know . . . maybe that’s partly true . . . but were they all *gay* in the World Trade Center?

In 1998 on the 700 Club Pat Robertson predicted that God would visit hurricanes and tornadoes upon Orlando, Florida for sponsoring that year’s “Gay Day Festival.” Shortly after that, the first hurricane of the season hit the east coast. But it didn’t hit Orlando, Florida. It hit Virginia Beach, home of the 700 Club.

It’s hard to entrust wrath to God, for we worry He’ll dispense too little or too much or do it in the wrong place . . . indiscriminately. Even worse, deep inside we fear this the very most: He may dispense wrath to absolute perfection.

As I sat on the timber in the park fantasizing about hitting this woman in the head with a board because she ignored my priceless little princess, I had this thought . . . I believe it came from my Father in Heaven . . . “Peter, now you know just a little how I feel for all my children.” I thought, “Oh, God! How many children have *I* ignored?”

In the Sudan . . .
In Ethiopia . . .
In Mexico, not sitting on slides but in garbage heaps saying,
“Look at me! I’m hungry.”

“What if He feels over them the way I feel over my daughter? For that matter, what if He thinks the lady in the park is one of His children, and He reads my thoughts?” I suppose He feels that way over Afghan children, over terrorist children, maybe even over

terrorists. (When Elizabeth was two, sometimes she *acted* like a terrorist . . . and I still loved her.)

What if He felt about everyone on the planet the way I felt about Elizabeth sitting on that slide that day? — *so much wrath . . . so much blood . . . all of us guilty as Hell.*

What does a Daddy do when His own children murder each other? Rape each other? Destroy each other? And I'm one of them.

What does a Father do with His wrath? — I guess just kill them all . . . flood them all . . . drown them all. In fact, He tried that once. The problem was, Noah got away.

That's the huge mystery in the Bible: Why are we still here? It's not a mystery in the Koran, because some people are *good*. People say, "Don't bash the Koran. There's violence in the Old Testament too." Well, there *sure is*. The mystery is why there is not *more*. At the very beginning it's as if God Himself issues a fatwa against *all humanity*. He says, "If you eat the fruit of the tree, you will die." We ate, so we're either dead or dying (walking dead). Paul writes, "The wrath of God *is* [not *will be*] being revealed."

What a nightmare.
We long for justice,
yet the justice we long for
is our own death.

The wrath of God — what a nightmare. For years I was terrified of Revelation 15-16. That is where the wrath of God is poured out. So I didn't read it . . . denial of a nightmare.

You'll remember that in chapter 14 John has just watched Jesus trample the grapes of wrath outside the city where He was crucified. Blood flowed from the wine press like a river that filled the whole land to the depth of a horse's bridle. That's a lot of blood.

Chapter 15:

Then I saw another portent in heaven, great and wonderful (how could wrath be wonderful?), seven angels with seven plagues, which are the last, for with them the wrath of God is ended. And I saw what appeared to be a sea of glass mingled with fire, and those who had conquered the beast and its image and the number of its name, standing beside the sea of glass with harps of God in their hands.

And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, "Great and wonderful are thy deeds, O Lord God the Almighty! Just and true are thy ways, O King of the ages! Who shall not fear and glorify thy name, O Lord? For thou alone art holy. All nations shall come and worship thee, for thy judgments have been revealed."

After this I looked, and the temple of the tent of witness in heaven was opened, and out of the temple came the seven angels with the seven plagues, robed in pure bright linen, and their breasts girded with golden girdles.

And one of the four living creatures gave the seven angels seven golden bowls full of the wrath of God who lives for ever and ever; and the temple was filled with smoke from the glory of God and from his power, and no one could enter the temple until the seven plagues of the seven angels were ended (in Greek, “teleos”).

Then John watches as the angels pour out the bowls of wrath upon the earth in chapter 16.

Sores.
The sea becomes blood.
The rivers become blood.
The sun scorches men and women.
The beast’s kingdom is plunged into darkness.

And *nobody* repents. Demons and armies ready for Armageddon. At the last bowl, mountains and islands flee, and all opposed to God end in the Lake of Fire.

These seven bowls in chapter 16 are very much like the ten plagues on Egypt, which were “poured out” immediately before Israel passed through the Red Sea and sang the song of Moses. Here in chapter 15 of Revelation the saints seem to pass through this sea of fire and glass, and sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

The seven bowls are also very much like the seven seals and seven trumpets, except with the seals, things happen in fourths, and with the trumpets, things happen in thirds. Now with the bowls the plagues are complete. (Not a third of the sea but *all* of the sea turns to blood.)

Seven bowls of wrath are also like the seven days of creation, only in reverse. If you want wrath, you’ll get it. And it will be perfect. Yet this is good, wonderful news?

Did you notice the seven angels come out of the temple? Maybe they are the seven angels in the seven churches. Remember, we make up the temple.

I think the seven “angelos” messengers that seem like the seven spirits before the throne (which are the eyes of the Lamb, the Spirit of God sent out into the entire earth) are the Holy Spirit or closely connected to the Spirit who lives in us—the temple—the Church—the tabernacle. And each one of them is dressed like Jesus dressed in chapter 1 — He wore a white, linen robe with a golden sash around His chest.

Remember, Jesus said, “On the day of judgment the king will say, ‘Whatever you did to the least of these you did to me.’” Why will He say that? — Because the king was *in* them. He dwells in His temple, His brethren.

So this is judgment: How you treat Christ in His temple. And you are that temple, children of God. He knows every thought. The angel of Yahweh is in the temple — *us*. So these angels do not pour these bowls indiscriminately. It’s perfect and absolute. I believe wrath probably was being poured out at the World Trade Center. I believe it’s being poured out all the time. Paul said it in Romans 1:18: “The wrath of God is being revealed against all ungodliness and wickedness of men, who by their wickedness suppress the truth.”

So I bet wrath was being poured out in New York. But not *just* wrath. I bet . . .

Some saw seals broken revealing the glory of Christ.

Some heard trumpets, even the last trumpet calling
“Come home! Come home!”

Some heard the thunders speak wonders that cannot be
uttered on earth.

And yes, I imagine some drank from the cup of the fury of the wrath of God Almighty.

Seals,
Trumpets,
Thunders,
Bowls . . .

I believe they’re all happening. To the outsider they look the same and so indiscriminate. But to the receiver they’re not at *all* the same. His judgments are revealed, and they are not indiscriminate but a perfect wonder.

In verse 1 John writes that the sign or portent is great and wonderful, for with these seven plagues the wrath of God is ended—“*teleo*”—perfected. I’m just going to believe Scripture on this one. The wrath of God comes to an end. That means if souls are forever tormented in Hell, it’s not by the wrath of God. In fact, in the second death (chapter 20), death and Hell themselves get thrown in the Lake of Fire. “And death shall be no more” (chapter 21). No living death — annihilation. The wrath of God comes to an end . . . even better, a “*teleos*”—a perfection.

The seventh bowl is like the seventh and last trumpet. At the last trumpet “the dead will be raised imperishable,” writes Paul. The seventh bowl and the seventh trumpet anticipate the last plague on the Egyptians, which you remember was the death of the first-born son.

As the seventh bowl is being poured out, as God's wrath is complete, as mountains and hills flee away, in verse 17 a voice comes out of the temple from the throne. Who is on the throne? — A slaughtered Lamb, the first-born Son of God, only begotten of the Father. And the voice cries, "It is done." Lightning flashes and the earth shakes.

When Jesus hung on that cross outside Jerusalem, trampling the winepress of the fury of the wrath of God, John records that as He was dying, with His last breath He said, "It is finished ["teleo"]!" And the lightning flashed and the earth shook.

On that cross Jesus didn't just save us from Satan and death, He saved us from the wrath of God Almighty by bearing it Himself. There God fulfilled His fatwa against humanity, and the blood flowed a river over all the land to the depth of a horse's bridle. That is *enough blood*. On that cross Jesus didn't just die His own death, he bore the entire wrath of God for an entire "God-damned" world. That's a lot of blood.

Every bowl,
 Every sin,
 Every sorrow;
Every tear wept
 by every child in New York City,
 going to bed alone;

The anxiety of every mother,
 at the Afghan border
 trying to feed her children.

Every pain, every sorrow, every sin He Himself bore. God in flesh bore it. What does a good Father *do* with all His wrath? He bears it Himself. And on that cross the Father's wrath was "teleos"—perfected—ended.

The wrath of God *will* come to an end, either at the cross or in the Lake of Fire. The question is, where does it come to an end for *you*? Surrender wrath to Jesus, and it ends at the cross. Harbor wrath for yourself, and it will end with you in the Lake of Fire. *Fire*.

We say, "Well, that's fine, but why do we have to live in this world of fire and wrath in the *first* place?" The wrath of God will come to an end, but better than that, it will come to a "teleos"—a perfection—a goal.

This is the incredible news: The wrath of God has a *goal*. Satan's fury has no goal; it's a reaction. God's wrath is not simply a reaction to sin. That's not the deepest story. God's wrath is part of a glorious plan set forth at the foundation of the world: "Let us make man in our own image."

In chapter 15 it appears these saints pass through the sea of fire and glass, just like the Israelites passed through the Red Sea. The same sea that baptized, delivered, and created the Israelites consumed the Egyptians.

The saints stand on the edge of the sea and sing the song of Moses and the Lamb—God’s salvation. Only *they*, the children of God, can sing it. It is faith in the relentless love of the Father. Maybe the sea of fire not only consumes what’s evil but purifies what’s good . . . things like our “faith, more precious than gold, which though perishable is tested [refined] by fire.”

Maybe fire consumes evil and purifies the good.
Maybe it’s how we’re made — in His image.

What *is* the fire? This is wild . . . it’s a *huge mystery*, and I’m not saying I really understand it . . . The author of Hebrews says, “Our God is a consuming fire.”

John in I John writes, “God is love.” I don’t think that means He is *part* love and *part* fire. I think that means His *love* is fire. And Jesus did say, “I came to cast fire upon the earth. How I am constrained until it is accomplished. I did not come to bring peace on earth, but a sword.”

He taught us His Spirit would convict the world of sin. He taught that His cross was the judgment. That fire did fall at Pentecost—The Spirit of the Living God.

And the church *did* go to war.

And Satan *is* defeated.

And the gates of hell *cannot* prevail against the church.

And saints *do* conquer by “the blood of the Lamb.” For He has given us His blood to drink. It is the fluid. Love bled when it was cut on Calvary. Sweet wine to the children of God, fiery wrath to the Prince of Darkness, but the same fluid. The love of God in Christ is a consuming fire, and it is what we are to bleed. It’s called *forgiveness*. When we forgive, we bleed fire.

There *are* people who are called “Christian Pacifists,” people like Quakers, Mennonites, Amish . . . maybe even you. I *hope* you, at least in your personal life . . .

When you “turn the other cheek”
like Jesus told you to do,
When you hang on crosses,
When you bleed with Jesus.

People like that are hardly pacifists; in fact, I really believe they’re the most violent people on earth. It’s just they don’t battle any earthly kingdom. They battle the kingdom of Hell with the fire of God, the blood of Christ, the grace of God. They pour it unmixed on the head of the Evil One, and it burns him like hot coals, exposing every one of his foul arguments, obstacles to the glory of God.

They are people like John, exiled on the island of Patmos; Peter, crucified upside-down; Paul, beheaded; the martyrs in the seven churches that changed the world . . . people like St. Francis of Assisi, people like Mother Theresa . . . people like *you* every time you bleed Jesus' love for someone else. *You* are being made in His image.

The Lamb is the Lion. He *is* the consuming fire. I've seen it fall on demons in prayer, and it burns them like fire. But that very same Spirit on you is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, gentleness . . . *life!*

So if you've surrendered to Him and His grace, if you surrender wrath to Him . . .

The cup of wrath is not blood to you, but wine.

The Word is not the sword of Death but the scalpel of healing.

The rock does not crush you but it hides you—your refuge.

The cross is not your judgment but your salvation.

The wrath of God is not your horror but a blazing portent in the heavens of your Father's relentless love.

The fire does not consume you but refines you in His image. And you will stand forever with Jesus singing to the praise of God's glorious grace in Christ for you.

That's the "teleos,"
That's the end,
That's the perfection
Of the wrath of God;

In a word,
The Bride of Christ,
Spotless and
Without blemish;

Refined,
Precious,
Like a jewel
In the New Jerusalem;

Like gold,
Refined by fire,
Standing with Jesus,
The Great Bridegroom.

In the rubble of the Trade Center there are diamonds, and they are unscathed. Why? — Because they've already been through the fire. And in the rubble of the Trade Center there is gold. It's in new shapes, but none of it has been consumed. It has only been refined. And in the rubble of the Trade Center there is a cross. It was on the cover of the Rocky Mountain News. Some people say it was an accident. But there *are* no accidents. It's a portent. He's passed through the fire too, and He takes His Bride with Him.

One morning about three years ago my wife Susan woke me up early and said, "Peter, I just had a vision!" (It really kind of freaked her out, because it was a new thing for her. *I've* never had a vision, but she gets them every now and then.) She said:

I looked in the corner of the room, and I saw dark clouds. Then they parted and the sun came out. Before that I had a clear dream—it seemed so real! I saw thousands of people descending in a line down a spiral staircase. The people were like zombies, like the walking dead. And all along the line there were demons that were harassing them, poking them, and trying to hurt them.

The people didn't even move—they hardly even flinched—because they were *used* to it. They were *used* to being dead. It was *normal* for them.

Then all at once I saw this woman and her eyes weren't cloudy like everyone else's. They were wide open and awake, and she was *alive!* She kept protesting, "Something's wrong here. I'm not supposed to be here. Something's not right." The demons kept harassing her, trying to horrify her and mock her, but she kept protesting. And the line kept moving.

At the bottom of the staircase there was one huge demon, a beast with eight arms. It would take these zombies and throw them in the Lake of Fire, and they'd be consumed. Then the beast threw that woman in the Lake of Fire. But she wasn't consumed! In fact, she kept protesting, "Something's not right, I'm not supposed to be here."

It absolutely *infuriated* the beast! He went into a rage and was trying to push her into the fire, but each time she would just float back up protesting. He kept pushing her down and she kept rising up, and as I watched this, she gradually began to float out of the reach of the arms of this beast. It was like the whole lake shifted and she floated into this area of cool, clear water (like glass).

Then on the shores I began to see vegetation lush with life. Then I saw Him. I saw Jesus. And He reached in and pulled the woman out of the water and stood her right next to Him. And *she was gorgeous!* It was like she was refined, spun gold. I don't even know what spun gold *is*, but that's what she was! She was radiant.

Jesus looked at her and said, "Sweetheart, you were meant for *here*."

Susan had never read Revelation 15. So she said, "Peter, what *was* that? I understand that the end was Heaven, but where were those walking dead, and who was that woman?"

Where were all those people? — *Here*, in the land of the walking dead. And who is the woman? — *Us*, the Bride of Christ.

Revelation 15 is *not* a nightmare. It is one glorious and wonderful dream.

And this is the judgment, that on the night Jesus was betrayed He took bread and broke it, saying, "This is my body given for you. Do this in remembrance of me." In the same way, after supper He took the cup and having giving thanks He said, "This is the cup of the new covenant in my blood, shed for the forgiveness of sins. Do this in remembrance of me."

If you come to this table you're making a public profession and you're making an appeal to God. You are saying, "Jesus, forgive me and live in me." And you receive His grace. You had better lay down wrath. This is where it ends. You lay it down. You forgive everyone. For there's a lot of blood at this table, and He says, "It is finished."

Revelation is really hard to preach from, because it's so huge. Every little thing has a story tied to its tail, and it's all tied together. We talked about a whole lot of stuff today, and I don't understand all of it. We talked about mysteries that theologians have been arguing about for thousands of years. But get this one thing straight: If you come to the table in faith, God is not *mad* at you. It's *finished*.

You say, "Well, why is life so *stinkin' hard*?" Because you're being refined like gold, and He will finish what He started. Now change the world. How? Bleeding His blood. It's called grace.

In Jesus' name, amen.

Further Reading

When he opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of those who had been slain for the word of God and for the witness they had borne; they cried out with a loud voice, "O Sovereign Lord, holy and true, how long before thou wilt judge and avenge our blood on those who dwell upon the earth?"

-Revelation 6:9-10

Then I saw another portent in heaven, great and wonderful, seven angels with seven plagues . . .

-Revelation 15:1a

The wrath of God is being revealed from heaven against all the godlessness and wickedness of men who suppress the truth by their wickedness

-Romans 1:18

It may seem strange to say that Mark, having long lived in a world without charity, had nevertheless very seldom met real anger. Malice in plenty he had encountered, but it all operated by snubs and sneers and stabbing in the back.

-C. S. Lewis, That Hideous Strength

Anger is the fluid that love bleeds when you cut it.

-C. S. Lewis

"I came to cast fire upon the earth; and would that it were already kindled! I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how I am constrained until it is accomplished! Do you think that I have come to give peace on earth? No, I tell you, but rather division"

-Luke 12:49-51

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.

-Acts 2:1-3

"Nevertheless I tell you the truth: it is to your advantage that I go away, for if I do not go away, the Counselor will not come to you; but if I go, I will send him to you. And when he comes, he will convince the world concerning sin and righteousness and judgment: concerning sin, because they do not believe in me; concerning righteousness, because I go to the Father, and you will see me no more; concerning judgment, because the ruler of this world is judged. . . ."

-John 16:7-11

. . . calling to the mountains and rocks, "Fall on us and hide us from the face of him who is seated on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb?"

-Revelation 6:16

What if God, desiring to show his wrath and to make known his power, has endured with much patience the vessels of wrath made for destruction, in order to make known the riches of his glory for the vessels of mercy, which he has prepared beforehand for glory, even us whom he has called, not from the Jews only but also from the Gentiles?

-Romans 9:22-24

"Now is the judgment of this world, now shall the ruler of this world be cast out"

-John 12:31

When Jesus had received the vinegar, he said, "It is finished [teleos]"; and he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

-John 19:30

Then I saw another portent in heaven, great and wonderful, seven angels with seven plagues, which are the last, for with them the wrath of God is ended [teleos].

-Revelation 15:1

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!"

-Revelation 16:17

"But as for the cowardly, the faithless, the polluted, as for murderers, fornicators, sorcerers, idolaters, and all liars, their lot shall be in the lake that burns with fire and sulphur, which is the second death."

-Revelation 21:8

But for infidels is the fire of Hell; to die shall never be decreed them, nor shall aught of its torment be made light to them. Thus reward We every infidel!

-The Koran, Sura 35:34

Beloved, never avenge yourselves, but leave it to the wrath of God; for it is written, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, says the Lord."

-Romans 12:19

Since, therefore, we are now justified by his blood, much more shall we be saved by him from the wrath of God.

-Romans 5:9

For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life. For God sent the Son into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world might be saved through him. He who believes in him is not condemned; he who does not believe is condemned already, because he has not believed in the name of the only Son of God. And this is the judgment, that the light has come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one who does evil hates the light, and does not come to the light, lest his deeds should be exposed. But he who does what is true comes to the light, that it may be clearly seen that his deeds have been wrought in God. . . . He who believes in the Son has eternal life; he who does not obey the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God rests upon him.

-John 3:16-21, 36

"Son," he said, "ye cannot in your present state understand eternity: when Anodos looked through the door of the Timeless, he brought no message back. But ye can get some likeness of it if ye say that both good and evil, when they are full grown, become retrospective. Not only this valley but all this earthly past will have been Heaven to those who are saved. Not only the twilight in that town, but all their life on earth too, will then be seen by the damned to have been Hell. This is what mortals misunderstand. They say of some temporal suffering, 'No future bliss can make up for it,' not knowing that Heaven, once attained, will work backwards and turn even that agony into a glory. And of some sinful pleasure they say, 'Let me but have *this* and I'll take the consequences': little dreaming how damnation will spread back and back into their past and contaminate the pleasure of the sin. Both processes begin even before death. The good man's past begins to change so that his forgiven sins and remembered sorrows take on the quality of Heaven: the bad man's past already conforms to his badness and is filled only with dreariness. And that is why, at the end of all things, when the sun rises here and the twilight turns to blackness down there, the Blessed will say, 'We have never lived anywhere except in Heaven,' and the Lost, 'We were always in Hell.' And both will speak truly."

C. S. Lewis, The Great Divorce

Then Death and Hades were thrown into the lake of fire. This is the second death, the lake of fire

-Revelation 20:14