

Drink to Be Drunk by God

John 4:3-29

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Peter Hiett

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Transcript document prepared by: Heather Eades (eades.heather@gmail.com).

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Prayer

And so, Lord God, if the truth were to be known, I think most of us came here this morning to get something...which means we probably didn't come here to serve you something...and this is called a worship service. So Father, I pray that this morning we would give you something, that the hallelujahs would be multiplied. And Father, I pray that you would remind us that we can't give you anything that you haven't first given to us. Lord, I pray that you would help us to preach and that it would all be worship. In Jesus's name, Amen.

Message

I read about Kathy in a support letter that I received from Covenant House Shelter in New York City. Kathy came to the front door of the shelter one Tuesday morning. She was dressed in dirty rags, holding a paint can. She was a mystery to the sisters at the shelter. Whatever she did, wherever she went, she clutched that little aluminum paint can. Even in the shower, the paint can was only a few feet away. When the tiny homeless girl would change her clothes, the can would rest alongside her feet.

"I'm sorry, this is mine," she would tell the counselors when they'd ask about it. "This can belongs to me."

When Sister Mary Ellen would inquire: "Would you like to tell me what's in the can?" Kathy would respond, "Umm...not today...not today."

When her little soul seemed especially dry, when she was sad, or angry, or hurt (which was quite a bit), Kathy would take her paint can by herself to a quiet dorm room on the third floor and just hold the can, all alone.

Many times, Sister Mary Ellen would pass by her room and watch her: She'd rock gently back and forth, the can wrapped in her arms. Sometimes in low whispers, she'd talk to the paint can. She would kiss the can... as if she were worshipping the can.¹

Early one morning, Sister Mary Ellen asked Kathy to sit with her and have some breakfast. They sat, rested, and ate for a while, talking quietly about nothing in particular. Then Sister Mary Ellen took a deep breath and said, "That's a really nice can... What's in it?"

Kathy did not answer... not for a long time. She rocked back and forth, clutching the can, her hair swaying across her shoulders; she looked at Sister Mary Ellen with tears in her eyes. "It's my mother," she said.

"What do you mean, 'it's your mother'?" asked Sister Mary Ellen.

"It's my mother's ashes," Kathy said. "I went and got them from the funeral home. See, I even asked them to put a label right here on the side. It has her name on it." Kathy held up the can for Sister Mary Ellen to see then pulled it close and hugged it.

"I never really knew my mother," said Kathy. "I mean, she threw me in the garbage two days after I was born." (They checked Kathy's story later, and sure enough, the year Kathy was born, the New York papers ran a story about the police finding a little infant girl in a dumpster two days after Kathy's birthday.) "I ended up living in a lot of foster homes, mad at my mother. But then I decided I was going to try and find her. I got lucky. Someone knew where she was living. I went to her house. She wasn't there, Sister. She was in the hospital. She had AIDS. I went to the hospital, and I got to meet her the day before she died."

"My mother told me she loved me," Kathy cried. "She told me she loved me!"

Sister Mary Ellen reached out to hug Kathy, but it was difficult to get her arm wrapped all the way around the desperate little girl because she would not let go of that can.

Just a taste of Love, and she would not let go of that can. She would not stop worshiping that can of ashes. She thought it was her life; although, it was literally a can of death.

I don't know if Kathy ever put the can down... not yet, anyway. Have you?

We all carry a can of ashes—ashes of broken relationships and shattered dreams, yet we are addicted to those dreams and broken relationships. So in secret, we drink the ashes, and only get more thirsty. We only become more aware of our sorry, empty selves.

So, Sister Mary Ellen asked, "What's in that can?"

And Jesus asks, "What's in that can you are holding so tightly to yourself?"

Let's talk about that thirst of yours...because I'd like to give you a drink."

John 4:3• [Jesus] left Judea and departed again for Galilee. ⁴ And he had to pass through Samaria. ⁵ So he came to a town of Samaria called Sychar, near the field that Jacob had given to his son Joseph. ⁶ Jacob's well was there; so Jesus, wearied as he was from his journey, was sitting beside the well. It was about the sixth hour."

The number six is loaded with meaning. It's the day that humans are made in the image of God. Sychar actually means "drunk" or "drunken." In Old Testament times, the town was named "Shechem." But now that the Samaritans occupied it, the Jews called it Sychar... "drunk town."ⁱⁱ

"...About the sixth hour [that's noon.] A Samaritan woman came to draw water."

Strict Jewish men would not even address a woman in public, let alone a Samaritan woman... let alone an estranged Samaritan woman—she was alone. It was customary for women to go to the well in the cool of the day together...just as still, to this day, women will go to the restroom at fine restaurants together.(Just saying, some things don't change.) Well, anyway, this Samaritan woman is alone for a reason.

Jesus tells the guys to go on ahead, and he sits down for a reason. It was strange that they were travelling through Samaria in the first place. But Jesus went this way for a reason. He was thirsty.

v. 7 · “A woman from Samaria came to draw water. Jesus said to her, “Give me a drink.”⁸ (For his disciples had gone away into the city to buy food.)⁹ The Samaritan woman said to him, “How is it that you, a Jew, ask for a drink from me, a woman of Samaria?” (For Jews have no dealings with Samaritans.)¹⁰ Jesus answered her, “If you knew the gift of God, and who it is that is saying to you, ‘Give me a drink,’ you would have asked him, and he would have given you living water.”¹¹ The woman said to him, “Sir, you have nothing to draw water with, and the well is deep. Where do you get that living water?¹² Are you greater than our father Jacob? He gave us the well and drank from it himself, as did his sons and his livestock.”¹³ Jesus said to her, “Everyone who drinks of this water will be thirsty again,¹⁴ but whoever drinks of the water that I will give him will never be thirsty again.ⁱⁱⁱ The water that I will give him will become in him a spring of water welling up to eternal life.”¹⁵ The woman said to him, “Sir, give me this water, so that I will not be thirsty or have to come here to draw water.”

¹⁶ Jesus said to her, “Go, call your husband, and come here.”

Let me paraphrase:

“What’s in that paint can you hold so tightly to your chest?”
“What’s in that terra cotta water jar you carry everywhere you go?”
“What have you been drinking that leaves you so thirsty?”

v. 17 · The woman answered him, “I have no husband.” Jesus said to her, “You are right in saying, ‘I have no husband’;¹⁸ for you have had five husbands, and the one you now have is not your husband. What you have said is true.”

Jesus does not skirt the painful issues, does he?

In that culture, only the man could divorce the woman, so more than likely, this Samaritan woman had been rejected five times by five husbands. Yet each time, she would desperately return to the source of her wounds, marrying into the same situation. And now, she is living with the sixth man.

You are drinking men, said Jesus. “What you have said is true.”

V. 19 · The woman said to him, “Sir, I perceive that you are a prophet.²⁰ Our fathers worshiped on this mountain, but you say that in Jerusalem is the place where people ought to worship^{iv}.”

It appears that she’s evading the subject. But she’s stumbled into the very heart of the subject: worship.

V. 21 · Jesus said to her, “Woman, believe me, the hour is coming when neither on this mountain nor in Jerusalem will you worship the Father.^v ²² You worship what you do not know; we worship what we know, for salvation is from the Jews. ²³ But the hour is coming, and is now here, [that would be the seventh hour] when the true worshipers will worship the Father in spirit and truth, for the Father is seeking such people to worship him. ²⁴ God is spirit, and those who worship him must worship in spirit and truth.” ²⁵ The woman said to him, “I know that Messiah is coming (he who is called Christ). When he comes, he will tell us all things.” ²⁶ Jesus said to her, “I who speak to you am he.”

Literally translated, he said, “I Am...” (as in, “I Am that I Am.”)

“I Am...the one speaking to you.”

So, God just asked to drink from her cup and offered her a drink from his cup—that would be a drinking party, a communion. “Just then:”

V. 27 · Just then his disciples came back. They marveled that he was talking with a woman, but no one said, “What do you seek?” or, “Why are you talking with her?” ²⁸ So the woman left her water jar...

I mean, she left her paint can. She left her ashes and broken dreams. She left her earthen vessel, her terra-cotta water jar...



It's like she forgot why she had gone to the well in the first place. It's like she came for a drink... and now she's drunk.

So, the woman left her water jar and went away into town and said to the people, ²⁹ **“Come, see a man who told me all that I ever did. Can this be the Christ?”**

Pretty intriguing story. And it leaves you wondering, did Jesus ever get his drink—in the town named “drunk?”

Andrew Trawick preached a wonderful sermon on this text last year. And we’ll preach on this text again next week. But for now, I’d just like to point out a few things and then ask you about your water jar, your paint can, and what you’ve been drinking.

I hope you noticed how Jesus engineered that dialogue from thirst, to promiscuity, to worship—three apparently unconnected topics, that upon reflection are not unconnected at all.

This woman was attempting to satisfy her deepest thirst with men. (Which is entirely understandable because... us men? We’re pretty darn good!) But she’d drink, and each man would leave her even more thirsty than before.

She’d drink...

- ... Just as Kathy drank from her mother’s paint can, and the ashes didn’t satisfy but left her even more thirsty than before.
- ...Just as an alcoholic drinks. And over time, each drink satisfies less and less and leaves the alcoholic more and more thirsty.
- ...Just as every sinner sins, takes a little life, drinks a little life, the life dies, and the sinner dies. And we’re all sinners.

Well, Jesus reveals a few fascinating things about himself and our paint cans, and then makes an outrageous promise. He reveals that:

#1. He knows us. It’s like he swims in our paint cans.

He knew all about the six men; maybe he—or his Father—even arranged for the six men in order to reveal the seventh man, at the sixth hour. It was about the sixth hour, on the sixth day, according to John, that Pontius Pilate said to the Jews, “Behold the man,” and “Behold your King,” and delivered Jesus up for crucifixion.^{vi}

God doesn’t will evil, and yet he clearly wills that we would encounter evil. So maybe the six men prepared this woman for the seventh man, the last man, the *escahtos* Adam—her bridegroom. They made her thirsty for Jesus. Maybe the six prepared for the seventh, like the six days of creation prepare for the eternal Seventh Day.

Maybe the ashes of all your broken dreams and shattered relationships prepare you to meet the King of Kings, and then ask him for a drink. You think that no one knows, but he knows.

And #2. You know him, more and more every day.

He’s the Good in everything that’s anything. He’s the Life in your veins. He’s the man in all those stories in the Bible. And even better, He’s sitting by your well in the dust and ashes right now.

The world worships what they do not know, but you do know him a bit. Jesus said, “I Am... the one who is speaking to you.” Jesus is the Word of God speaking to you, and speaking you into existence, and asking you for a drink right now.

#3. God the Father is looking for worshipers.

If you ever ask, “What does God want?” here’s your answer: “Worship—right now and always.”

To worship something is to exalt that something. Everything we do is the worship of something; we are always exalting God, ourselves, or something.

God is looking for those who would worship him in Spirit and in Truth.

- In Truth—perhaps that means from your paint can. You don’t need me or Vince and the band, just your paint can...
- In Truth and in Spirit—that’s a little more confusing... because where is the Spirit, where is the Breath of God, right now?

Well, God desires worship and:

#4, If we don’t worship God, we’ll worship something, and thereby turn that something into an idol, and so destroy ourselves and that idol.

This Samaritan woman was on her sixth man. It’s entirely possible that she was not an easy woman to live with. Perhaps she expected each man to quench her thirst, none of them could, and so she sucked ‘em dry.

Larry Crabb used to say, “Most marriages are like two ticks... and no dog.”

So, here’s the very best marriage counseling I can give: Worship God, so you don’t expect your spouse to be God and so suck the life out of your spouse trying to satisfy an infinite and eternal thirst, leaving only dust and ashes in the wake of your idolatry.

- Expecting Susan to be God, I end up addicted to Susan, all the while hating Susan and cursing God because of Susan.
- Expecting men to be God, this woman became addicted to men, but probably hated men and herself and the Creator of both.
- Expecting her mom to be God, Kathy became addicted to ashes, and yet became more and more thirsty for Love... and God is Love.
- Expecting wine to be God, you’ll become a slave to wine—hating your master, but constantly serving your master...^{vii}

You’ll drink to get drunk by an unworthy master... an idol.

But #5, If and when we worship God, idols turn into temples.

- Wine isn’t God, and yet God can be in wine, like oxygen in blood. So when we drink it in memory of him, an idol becomes a temple—we call it communion.
- Kathy’s mom wasn’t God, and yet any love in Kathy’s mom was God in Kathy’s mom. And so once Kathy worshiped God, she could thank God for her mom but ditch the paint can, for she would know: You can’t keep love in a can.
- Those six men weren’t God, but any Life in those men, any Good in those men, was God in those men. And once the Samaritan woman met the seventh man, perhaps she could praise God for all men and women and things.
- Susan isn’t God, but I’ve been blown away to find God in Susan. She is my favorite temple.

#6. You are the last idol, and you are the temple of the Living God.

You are your own last idol: Satan tells each of us that we must make ourselves into the image of God, and believing him, we create an idol—you know it as your own ego. But when we come to believe that God is the one who has made, will make, and is making us in his own image, we stop exalting ourselves and begin to exalt our Creator and become the temple that, in truth, we actually are.

Jesus said, “The hour is coming (the seventh hour) when neither on this mountain (Mt. Gerizim, where the Samaritans said the temple should be located) or in Jerusalem (Mt. Zion, where the Jews said that the temple should be located) will you worship the Father.”

You see, in truth, this Samaritan woman is the temple... and so are you.

#7. In the Temple, there is a fountain that was once a well.

Jesus says, “The water that I will give him, or her, will become in him or her, a spring of water welling up to eternal life,” ... like a water fountain.

Have you ever noticed that that’s just a strange thing to say?—Because the water is going the wrong direction.

If somebody gives you a drink of water, it doesn’t well up from the inside; it drops down your throat and deep into your belly... like a well. But the water Jesus gives is going the wrong direction, unless of course, he gives it to you on the inside, so it would flow out of you like a fountain. Perhaps, he gives it to you from behind a curtain where he has always been in some hidden form... ever since God breathed his Breath, his Spirit, into the terra cotta jar of clay that you call yourself?

Jeremiah claims that the Lord is “the fountain of living water.”^{viii} You know, in Jesus’s day, “living water” referred to flowing water, as opposed to stagnant water sitting still in the bottom of a well.^{ix}

In the Song of Solomon, the Shepherd sings, “A garden locked is my sister my bride, a spring locked, a fountain sealed.”^x

The Prophets prophesied that “on that day... a fountain [would be] opened,”^{xi} a “fountain from the house of the Lord.”^{xii}

Ezekiel has a vision of the fountain flowing from the Sanctuary and turning into a river—a river of life that flows into the Dead Sea, and wherever the river goes it brings life.^{xiii}

In the Revelation, John sees that the river flows from the throne, and on the throne is enthroned the Lamb of God, who is now asking this Samaritan woman for a drink... and offering living water.^{xiv}

Why would God in flesh ask anyone for a drink? Why would God in flesh ask anyone for anything? Well, perhaps he’s fixing to reverse the flow and turn a well into a fountain. And if you are that fountain, perhaps your thirst can only be satisfied by satisfying another’s thirst, as the other drinks from that fountain which is you—he drinks you drinking him, as you drink him drinking you.

Well, anyway, if God in flesh were to come and sit by your well and ask you for a drink ...and you said, “Why would you ask me for a drink?”

... And if he said, "If you only knew who I Am, you would ask for living water."
... And you said, "I want living water... give me this water."
What would he say next? Maybe...

"Great, tell me about your divorce..." or "Great, let's talk about your finances..." or "Great, let's talk about your addiction; let's talk about your job; let's talk about the ashes you've been drinking."
What would he say next?

To me, he might say, "Peter, let's talk about your dad." If I have a can of ashes, it might be this:

[Image on screen of box of Dad's Ashes]

This is literally a box of ashes. These are my dad's ashes.

Unlike Kathy, I had two very loving parents. But just as Kathy experienced the greatest love she knew through her mother, I experienced the greatest love that I knew through my dad.

My dad was a shepherd, a pastor to our Lord's Bride, the Church. As a boy, the Church really blessed my dad, and she really felt like my Mother; she really gave her life to me. But there came a time when I watched the Church literally suck the life right out of my dad, leaving me with a can of ashes.

About 24 years ago, in an utterly miraculous way, the Lord showed me that I had gone into the ministry because I was so angry with the church. Because I watched the Church suck the Life out of my dad, something in me was attempting to suck the Life—suck "my life"—back out of the Church, and in the process, fix my dad.

And yet, to everyone around me and to myself, it seemed just the opposite.

I mean, no one worked harder than me, appeared to sacrifice more than me for the church—but you see, I wanted something from the church. I wanted Love, and Life, and Glory... and I still do.

So, there are these moments when I'm preparing a sermon, and then most of the time that I'm giving the sermon, that I feel so free, so alive, and so happy; for in those moments, I'm glorifying God, giving Jesus a drink, and the fountain is welling up in me.

But then sometimes, even before I can sit down, it's like I start choking on ashes—something whispers in my ear, "What does she think? You looked at your notes way too much— everybody noticed. Last week you hardly had any 'likes' on Facebook. You probably are a heretic."

You see, when I'm seeking approval, acceptance, and glory from people... when I'm trying to save myself, create myself, and justify myself... when I'm trying to fix my dad by fixing the church—I just choke on the ashes: ashes of broken dreams and shattered relationships.

But when I glorify God, I don't only drink, I feel like I'm drunk... by God; I lose myself and find myself in God, and am happy. You see, when I worship for any reason other than giving a drink to my Lord, it's not worship—it's not worship in Truth.

It's not giving glory; it's taking glory.
It's not exalting God; it's using God to exalt myself.
It's not worship in Truth, and it's not worship in Spirit—the Spirit of Love.

But when I am intent on my Lord's thirst, I forget my thirst... and yet I drink and find myself drunk, by God, as if I am his water fountain. And he's more than happy to share all of his water with me.

Song of Solomon 5:1 • "Drink and be drunk with Love," or even "by love."

Well, it's a beautiful story in John 4, but John leaves us wondering: Did Jesus ever get his drink... and is he still thirsty?

John, who is an absolute artist, mentions the thirst of Jesus only twice in his Gospel: here at the well on Mt. Gerizim, and then by another well—actually a pit or a tomb—a well that turns into a fountain on Mt. Zion.^{xv}

As his Bride takes his life on the tree in the garden on the side of Mt. Zion, on the sixth day around the sixth hour, Jesus cries out, "I thirst."

[John 19:28-30 is shown on screen.]

And Israel, the Bride, the Vineyard of the Lord, gives her Lord sour wine to drink.^{xvi} (For two thousand years Israel had worshiped, but not in Truth, and not in Spirit. Now she crucifies the Truth... and drains him of Spirit.)

We have all crucified the truth and drained him of Spirit—the Life, the Spirit, the Breath that is in the Blood.

John 19:30 • "When Jesus had received the sour wine, he said, 'It is finished,' and he bowed his head and [*paradoken*: delivered up] his Spirit."

A trickle of blood flowed down the cross where Jesus was enthroned, and that trickle began to form a river. The Life is in that river.

On Pentecost—the Feast of Pentecost—the disciples would have drunk the cup in memory of Jesus. And on Pentecost, tongues of fire fell, and those disciples were filled with the Spirit from the inside out, for they began to worship in Spirit; they worshiped in ecstasy—*ecstasis*, having lost themselves. People thought they were drunk; they were happy.

Today you will drink from the cup in memory of him, and if you then worship in Spirit and Truth, Jesus will get his drink.

And what does he drink? Well, he drinks you.

And what are you? You are dust and spirit, ashes, and water; you are broken dreams and hope.

You think you're just a paint can, or a terra cotta water jar.
You think you're just a container in which water is stored.

You are an earthen vessel but not a storage vessel; you are more like a blood vessel, and through you will flow a river—the river of life.

If a blood vessel decides to only drink, to only take, it clots and dies. But if a blood vessel gives its life away, more life flows in; it becomes a fountain of life... and the entire body is happy.

[On screen is previous image of the box of ashes]

These are my dad's ashes, but not my dad, for he surrendered his Spirit. He worshiped, and now he lives and will never die.

It turns out that no one took his life—he freely gave Christ's life, and is happy. I didn't need to fix him; it was me that needed fixing.

All your problems are due to the fact that you do not worship God in Spirit and in Truth. The solution to all your problems is worshiping God in Spirit and in Truth. But if you worship God in order to fix your problems, you are not worshiping God; you're using God to fix your problems and worshiping yourself.

So how do we worship God in Truth and in Spirit? Well...

On the night he was delivered up by all of us, in the darkest depths of humanities' paint can, when it was obvious that we could not save ourselves, but only damn ourselves...

Communion

...On the night that he was betrayed, Jesus took bread and broke it saying, "This is my body given to you. Take and eat, and do this in remembrance of me. And in the same way, he took the cup saying this cup is the covenant in my blood, poured out for the forgiveness of sins. Drink of it all of you, and do it in remembrance of me.

In the morning, as he hung on the cross, the tree in the garden, as we attempted to take his spirit, he delivered up his spirit. It was then that the veil in the temple ripped. It was then that the fountain was opened.

You are the temple, and in you is a well that turns into a fountain.^{xvii}

Eat, Friends; drink and be drunk by Love.

Jesus is thirsty. Let's give him a drink.

Benediction

So, did you feel that? The flow reversed, right, on that last song? "Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to thee..."

[Peter makes downward hand motions] That's called death. [Peter motions his arm to flow upward.] And this is called Life. And worship is the resurrection of the Christ within you.

Each of you has a paint can filled with ashes of broken relationships and shattered dreams. For those of us who are older, there are paint cans larger than some of you—but you have a paint can. And you have a paint can for a reason; it's there by design, for worship in Spirit and Truth begins at the bottom of your paint can.

[Peter points to the cross] You may notice that the bottom of your paint can looks an awful lot like that. And you see, that's where you meet Him.

So, talk to Jesus about your paint can; you'll meet him there, and one day everything you do will be worship. It is actually the only thing that is anything that can be done.

So, believe the Gospel in Jesus's name, and worship.

Endnotes

ⁱ *Proskuneo* in Greek. Literally “kiss toward,” usually translated “worship.”

ⁱⁱ And yet every Jew knew that this land and this well were the promised inheritance of Joseph—and we know Joseph is a picture of Jesus. Both Joseph and Jesus are rejected by the sons of Israel, and both save Israel, both are thrown into a pit or well, and both are deep wells that turn into a fountain in a very dry place.

ⁱⁱⁱ literally “*will not thirst again to the age*”.

^{iv} "Worship:" *proskuneô* (to kiss toward).

^v Notice: He said, "the Father," as if Samaritans and Jews and Jesus all have one Father... and she hasn't even said the sinner's prayer!

^{vi} John 19:5-16

^{vii} The fact is, at this point in our journey, we have only three options: (1) to be alive and thirsty, (2) to be dead, or (3) to be addicted. There are no other choices. Most of the world lives in addiction; most of the church has chosen deadness. The Christian is called to the life of holy longing.

- John Eldredge, *The Journey of Desire*, p. 182

Is it any wonder these swimsuit models are often called "goddesses"? . . . What the Old Testament calls idolatry, enlightened Westerners call addictions. These, too, are often good things—sex, food, work, chocolate—that outgrow their rightful place and begin to control a person's life. . . . I was thinking some of these thoughts as I read again the account of Jesus' conversation with the Samaritan woman who had been through five husbands and was living with yet another man. . . . I was also struck by Jesus' skill in connecting thirst—physical, parched-throat thirst and also the thirst for intimacy—with a thirst for transcendence that only he could resolve. "Everyone who drinks this water will be thirsty again, but whoever drinks the water I give him will never thirst," he said. This Samaritan "outcast" woman was the first person to whom Jesus openly revealed himself as the Messiah. After the conversation beside a well, this same woman led a wholesale revival in her town. When her deepest thirst was quenched, a thirst she had never even recognized before Jesus named it, all other thirsts took their rightful place.

- Philip Yancey, *Finding God in Unexpected Places*

^{viii} Jeremiah 7:13

^{ix} Stagnant water is water often water that has lost its oxygen, just like blood that's delivered its life (it's Spirit, It's Breath) to the cells in a body or blood that's stopped moving, like in a clot or a man that's dead. Living water is moving water and it's moving water that gets oxygenated through its movement. We know the "River of Life" is also a "River of blood" which carries the life to all the members of the new creation, the body of Christ, as we worship God and the lamb on the throne, from whence the river originates.

^x Song of Solomon 4:12

^{xi} Zechariah 13:1

^{xii} Joel 3:18

^{xiii} Ezekiel 47:1-12

^{xiv} Revelation 3:21, 5:6, 22:1-2

^{xv} John also only uses the phrase "about the sixth hour" here in the story of the woman at the well, and also in describing the moment Jesus is sentenced to death on a tree in front of his bride.

^{xvi} For the vineyard of the Lord of hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah are his pleasant planting; and he looked for justice, but behold, bloodshed; for righteousness, but behold, an outcry! – Isaiah 5:7

^{xvii} When you see that God is Good and gives his life to you, you will give your life—that was always his life—back to him. And he will drink from his fountain, even as he fills his fountain with himself.