

Looking For Superman

Acts 14:8-23

Sep. 12, 2021

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Video and audio versions available online:

<https://relentless-love.org/sermons/looking-for-superman-2/>

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This document was prepared by Brett Eades using Peter's notes and the video version of this sermon. If you encounter any significant discrepancies or errors in this document, please let Brett know. Thank you!

[Offertory song: "Superman's Song" by Crash Test Dummies]

Message

Video clip: *Superman*
Warner Bros. (1978)

Superman (Christopher Reeves) and Lois Lane (Margot Kidder) fly together over the city on a moon lit night. After delivering her back to her balcony and kissing her goodnight, Clark Kent knocks on her door to pick her up for a scheduled date.

Lois Lane (thinks to self) Here I am, like a kid out of school...holding hands with a god. I'm a fool. Will you look at me, quivering. Like a little girl, shivering. You can see right through me. Can you read my mind? Can you picture the things I'm thinking of? Wondering why you are...all the wonderful things you are. You can fly. You belong in the sky. You and I...could belong to each other. If you need a friend...I'm the one to fly to. If you need to be loved...here I am. Read my mind.

Superman, carrying Lois, lands on her apartment balcony and sets her down. They stand in an embrace, gazing into each other's eyes.

Superman Oh, we forgot to time ourselves.

Lois Huh.

Superman Oh, well, maybe next time.

Lois Oh.

Superman pulls away and walks to the edge of the balcony.

Superman You okay?

Lois Uh huh.

Superman Well, good night.

Lois Oh, good night.

Superman flies off into the night.

Lois What a super man. (She pauses and thinks) Superman. (She smiles)

Knocking heard on Lois's interior apartment door. She walks inside to answer it.

Clark Kent (Christopher Reeves) Lois? Lois? Anybody home? Hello? Lois?

Lois opens the door.

Clark Hi. Can I come in?
Lois Oh, yeah.

She walks away aloof, leaving the door open for Clark to come in.

Clark Lois, for goodness sake, did you even hear me knocking?
Lois Uh Huh.
Clark Lois, we did have a date tonight, remember?
Lois Oh.
Clark Lois? You haven't been...(motions sipping with his hand)
Lois Oh...no, no.
Clark Well, I should certainly hope not. Well, let's push off, shall we?

I would suppose that we're all a bit like Lois Lane. We're always looking for Superman and we just don't know where to find him. And for you youngsters, that was the real Superman Christopher Reeve, 1978.

I was in high school and I was looking for Superman, 'cause wouldn't it be cool to be best friends with Superman? But I was beginning to realize none of my friends were Superman. At the time it was guys like Alan Parsons and Andrew Trawick. Remember the day you realized: "Dang, none of my friends really have their act together—they've all got issues." Even my girlfriend, Susan, had issues—She was messed up, man. Cute, but messed up. They were all pathetic, like me.

Hey Bob, Supe had a straight job
Even though he could have smashed through any bank
In the United States, when he had the strength, but he would not...

Superman never made any money
For saving the world from Solomon Grundy
And sometimes I despair the world will never see
Another man like him...



We're all looking for Superman. Wouldn't it be cool to be in a Community Group with Superman? That would be the very best. We're all looking for Superman... maybe we'd even like to be

Superman. And yet the people that advertise themselves as Superman, or think they've turned themselves into Superman, usually aren't Superman.

[image: Muhammed Ali cheering over a fallen opponent]

Muhammed Ali took a flight from Chicago to Las Vegas sometime in 1980, when someone overheard the following exchange and reported it to Paul Harvey. When the flight attendant informed the Champ that he would need to fasten his seat belt before takeoff, Muhammed Ali exclaimed "Superman don't need no seat belt." To which she, the flight attendant, replied sweetly, "Superman don't need no airplane."ⁱ

It was 1938 when Superman first appeared in the DC comics and took our country by storm. But the idea of a Superman was popular in other places as well. In 1938 a philosophy of the Superman was taking some nations in Europe by storm—not a Superman to be revealed in mild mannered Clark Kent, but a Superman to be created with the "Will to Power."

[Image: Friedrich Nietzsche]

"I bring you a goal. I preach to you the Superman. Man is something to be overcome...You have traveled the way from worm to man, and much in you is still worm. Lo[is], I preach to you the Superman. The Superman is the meaning of the earth." [Das Uebermensch—the Superman.]

Those are the words of Friedrich Nietzsche, spoken through his mouth-piece Zarathustra in his book *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*. Friedrich's sister had special editions of that book made for the Nazis and Adolph Hitler had his soldiers carry a copy in their knapsacks. Hitler probably never read it, but in his mind, the Germans were the Supermen the next evolutionary step. "What is good? cries Zarathustra. All that heightens in man the feeling of power, the desire for power, power itself. What is bad? All that comes from weakness...The weak and ineffective must go under; first principle of our love of humanity. And one should even lend one's hand to this end. What is more harmful than any vice? Pity for the condition of the ineffectives and weak Christianity."

And you see, that's just super ironic because St. Paul called Jesus Christ "The Superman"—The "Eschatos Man" or "Eschatos Adam," usually translated "Last Adam."ⁱⁱ *Eschatos* is such a fascinating word for it can mean "last" or even "least," but also last in a series, as in "the ultimate" or "uttermost"—"the Super." Well, just like Lois Lane, we're all looking for Superman. Aren't we?

Let's Pray: Father we ask that through the power of your Spirit, and the preaching of your Word, you would reveal yourself, your heart, to us—reveal the Superman.



In Acts 13, on their first missionary journey, Paul and Barnabas, travel to a region of Asia Minor named Galatia. Years later Paul will write an amazing letter to the churches in Galatia, which we now refer to as Galatians. In Galatians, Paul urges the disciples not to be seduced by human religion—that’s what people do in the power of their own flesh, their own “will to power.” And he makes this incredible statement, saying “I have been crucified with Christ. It is no longer I who live, but Christ who lives in me. And the life I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God [literally: “the faith of the Son of God” – KJV], who loved me and gave himself for me.”ⁱⁱⁱ

Well in Galatia, in Acts 13, Paul and Barnabas first go to Antioch of Pisidia and preach the Gospel, until “the Jews” get jealous and run them out of town. Then they go to the next town, Iconium, where God grants signs and wonders as a witness to his “Word of Grace.”^{iv} The religious Jews see the signs but don’t read them, and so, once again run Paul and Barnabas out of town.

Next Paul and Barnabas go to Lystra. We know something of Lystra from antiquity: In Ovid’s *Metamorphosis*, Ovid tells of a legend that Zeus (the high god) and Hermes (his messenger, or word) once visited a valley near Lystra. And when they did, they went door to door in the likeness of mortal men. No one recognized them, except an elderly couple who took them in. In the morning, Zeus and Hermes flooded the valley in anger, but turned the elderly couple’s shack into a temple of gold.^v That’s the way we expect all religion to work... isn’t it? Well, anyway, in Lystra they were dreaming of a visit from The Superman.

⁸ Now at Lystra there was a man sitting who could not use his feet. He was crippled from birth and had never walked. ⁹ He listened to Paul speaking. And Paul, looking intently at him and seeing that he had faith to be made well, ¹⁰ said in a loud voice, “Stand upright on your feet.” And he sprang up and began walking. ¹¹ And when the crowds saw what Paul had done, they lifted up their voices, saying in Lycaonian, “The gods have come down to us in the likeness of men!” ¹² Barnabas they called Zeus, and Paul, Hermes, because he was the chief speaker.

What a scene! They think Barnabas is Zeus. If you know Greek mythology, you know that Zeus is a Superman in the sense that he’s incredibly powerful. But he’s not a very super man, in the sense that he has a very human heart. Zeus is about the best we can do when we dream our own dreams of Superman—he’s like one of us, just with just a boatload of power. They think Barnabas is Zeus—the strong silent type. And they think Paul is Hermes, probably because he’s doing the speaking;

he's like "The Word of Zeus." They bring oxen and garlands, and probably even offer their daughters, for they figure that's what Zeus would want.

14 But when the apostles Barnabas and Paul heard of it, they tore their garments and rushed out into the crowd, crying out, 15 "Men, why are you doing these things? We also are men, of like nature with you. [homoioopathes]

It's this great Greek word. "*Homoios*" means "like," and "*patho*" means "suffer" or "passion" as in "suffer the passion." They're saying, "Stop it. We're *homoioopathes*, We're pathetic like you." Turn to someone near you and say, "I'm pathetic like you."

15 "Men, why are you doing these things? We also are men, of like nature [homoioopathes] with you, and we bring you good news, that you should turn [or "would turn"] from these vain things to a living God,^{vi} who made the heaven and the earth and the sea and all that is in them. 16 In past generations he allowed all the nations to walk in their own ways. 17 Yet he did not leave himself without witness, for he did good by giving you rains from heaven and fruitful seasons, satisfying your hearts with food and gladness." 18 Even with these words they scarcely restrained the people from offering sacrifice to them.

Most religious leaders, like me, might think things are going very well at this point—garlands, oxen, and praise from the crowd. Why do you suppose that Paul and Barnabas think this is so terrifying?

18 Even with these words they scarcely restrained the people from offering sacrifice to them. 19 But Jews came from Antioch and Iconium, and having persuaded the crowds, they stoned Paul and dragged him out of the city, supposing that he was dead.

Did you catch that? The very same people who think Paul is a god, or the Word of God, in verse 18 are now stoning him to death in verse 19. How bizarre is that? That would be like chanting "Hosannah to the King of Kings" on Sunday, and then chanting "Crucify! Crucify!" on Friday as you flog the Word of God and hang him on a tree just outside the city.

[image: Captain Cook]

Somewhere I read that Captain Cook was revered as a god when he landed on the island of Hawaii. But he was killed after an angry native—forgetting for a moment that Captain Cooke was supposedly a god—struck him and he groaned. One of the other natives yelled, "He groans! He's homoio-pathetic!" And at that they all rushed him and killed him on the spot. Dreaming of Superman can be pretty hard on Clark Kent.

[image: Jerry Siegel (creator of Superman) and Joe Shuster (artist of Superman)]

Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster were skinny, shy, teenagers when they created Superman in 1933. You see, Siegel and Shuster patterned Clark Kent after their insecure selves.

- In 1938, they sold the rights to Superman for \$130.
- Both became poor, old men while the world paid DC Comics hundreds of millions of dollars to get to Superman.
- In 1966, Shuster stood on the sidewalk on the opening night of the Broadway musical: Superman.

“I couldn’t afford the price of a premier ticket.” He wrote later. “I just huddled out there while the celebrities arrived, and everyone gawked at them.” Everyone was looking for Superman, and they walked right past his heart: Clark Kent, that is, Joe Shuster. It reminds me of Christmas, around zero B.C.— everyone was dreaming of the Messiah and so all of them, except a chosen few, walked right past the manger in Bethlehem just outside Jerusalem.

[Image: George Reeves as Superman]

George Reeves really made Superman famous; He played Superman on TV. In 1959, he was found alone and dead in his home. It was ruled an apparent suicide caused by depression. He had been typecast as Superman.^{vii} Looking for Superman, nobody saw George Reeves...his heart. It reminds me of Good Friday. God hung his own heart on tree at the edge of Jerusalem and the entire world looked and said, “Nothing super here.”

Adolph Hitler frantically dreamt of Nietzsche’s Superman, who actually looks just like Zeus—Zeus, who exalted himself to the throne with “the will to power.” Zeus is what we try to make ourselves when we dream our dreams. Because Hitler frantically dreamt his dream of the Superman and a new community, that he called *The Third Reich*, he wound up murdering six million Jews. And that’s rather ironic. The Superman is the king of the Jews and of Heaven—the Eternal Community.

A couple weeks ago, John Pyrc read one of my favorite quotes. I think I’ve heard Chris quote it too. It comes from Dietrich Bonhoeffer, who as you know, was hung on wooden gallows in Flossenburg Germany just hours before the camp was liberated. Bonhoeffer had been implicated in a plot to overthrow the Fuhrer and his Third Reich.

In 1938, in his Book *Life Together* he had written, He who loves his dream of a community more than the Christian community itself becomes a destroyer of the latter, even though his personal intentions may be ever so honest and earnest and sacrificial. God hates visionary dreaming; it makes the dreamer proud and pretentious. The man who fashions a visionary ideal of community demands that it be realized by God, by others, and by himself. He enters the community of Christians with his demands, sets up his own law, and judges the brethren and God Himself accordingly. He stands adamant, a living reproach to all others in the circle of brethren. He acts as if he is the creator of the Christian community, as if his dream binds men together. When things do not go his way, he calls the effort a failure. When his ideal picture is destroyed, he sees the community going to smash. So he becomes, first an accuser of his brethren, then an accuser of God, and finally the despairing accuser of himself.”^{viii}

I think he’s saying that, when we dream our dreams of the Superman, we end up crucifying Clark Kent. So, look around this room. Do you see anyone in red spandex with a cape? But do you see anyone that looks remotely like Clark Kent? Well, we’re asking you to sign up for a “community group,” if you’re not already a part of something like a community group.

And so, this is my first point: If you expect the people in your community group to be Superman, you’ll end up crucifying Clark Kent. The very same people who think Paul is a god, or the Word of God... the very same people that think he’s the Superman in v.18 are now stoning him to death in v.19... because he looks like Clark Kent. That’s rather bizarre on their part. And it’s super bizarre on Superman’s part and Clark Kent’s part. I mean from previous events in the book of Acts, and what had just happened in Lystra with the crippled man, it’s clear that there are superpowers at work in Paul, but where are they now? Where is Superman now?

In the same way, it's rather bizarre that folks would chant "hosanna" on Sunday, and "crucify" on Friday. But it's super bizarre that Jesus would raise Lazarus from the dead and then, just a week later, choose to do nothing to save himself on Good Friday. Zeus would never do such a thing... or let us do such a thing to him. But just outside Jerusalem, dreaming of Superman, we crucified Clark Kent, ...and he let us—Superman let us! Why? Well, who could slap Clark Kent and get away with it? Lois Lane, right? And why was that? Superman loved her and so wanted her to know his heart—that he was faithful. We'll talk more about that next week.

But for now, in Acts 14, Paul is dead, or good as dead; he can do nothing. Dead things don't have faith, but perhaps faith, or the faithfulness of God, can have dead things. According to Paul we're saved by the faith of Christ—who is the faithfulness of God. Whatever the case, the crowd leaves, for Paul is not the word of Zeus. But a few stay... longing for a better Superman. They're called "disciples." And together they are the Church: The New Community.

19 But Jews came from Antioch and Iconium, and having persuaded the crowds, they stoned Paul and dragged him out of the city, supposing that he was dead. 20 But when the disciples gathered about him, he rose up^{ix} and entered the city, and on the next day he went on with Barnabas to Derbe. 21 When they had preached the gospel to that city and had made many disciples, they returned to Lystra and to Iconium and to Antioch, 22 strengthening the souls of the disciples, encouraging them to continue in the faith, and saying that through many tribulations we must enter the kingdom of God. 23 And when they had appointed elders for them in every church, with prayer and fasting they committed them to the Lord in whom they had believed.

My first point, is that Paul is not the Superman—he himself said "Who is not weak? And I am not weak."^{xi} "I am the chief of sinners."^{xii} My first point is that Paul is not Superman and the people in your community group are not Superman; they are weak sinners; they are *homoioopathes*; they are pathetic like you. My first point is that the people in your community group are not Superman. But my second point is that Superman is in the people in your community group... rising from the dead. And if you don't give up on them, you'll get to see him—the Superman. My first point is that they are not Superman and yet my second point is that in some mysterious and miraculous way—called Grace—they actually are.

Human words fail at this point, but It's like Paul wrote to the Lystrans, years later, in Galatians 2:20 "It is no longer I who live, but Christ who lives in me. And the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the son of God who loved me and gave himself up for me."^{xiii} My first point is that everyone in your community group is, or has, what Paul calls an old man, or old Adam. And my second point is that everyone in your community group is also a new and eternal man, who in some utterly miraculous way, is The Last Man, the "*eschatos* Adam", The Superman.

Now I believe that this is true of everyone. In Galatians 1:16 Paul writes that while he was on his way to Damascus for the sake of persecuting Christians, "God was pleased to reveal his son in me."—already in him, on the road to Damascus! That means that Jesus was the blinding light outside of Paul on the Road to Damascus and the light within Paul, already—"the true light which enlightens everyone," to quote the Gospel.^{xiv} So you see, this is true of all God's children (All the people he has made). But the Church is the community of his children that confess it to be true. And when you actually believe it to be true, it will always be Christmas and Easter when you go to your community group, because you will know that. Every member of your community group is like a

shitty old manger that contains the Christ Child—the very heart of the living God. And every member of your community group is like that tomb on Mt. Calvary and you're just like Mary, or Lois, waiting and watching as the Glory of God is being revealed.

I don't know how to say this strongly enough, but Superman is literally all around you... and you don't believe it. And now, this I think is the most mysterious and wonderful part of all: Jesus doesn't just pretend to be the people in your group, like Superman pretended to be Clark Kent. He doesn't just become "*homoiousian*" with them, to use theological language of the 4th century;^{xv} He doesn't just become like them. He has become "*homoousian*;" He's become one with them, just as he is one with the Father—fully God and fully man (and not just in the abstract, but in you). Fully man, such that whatever you do to them—the people in your group—you do to him. He has taken on their humanity. They are, right now, his body.^{xvi} So,

1. The old man is not the new man.
2. But the new man fills the old man like light fills shadow, or substance fills absence and makes it new, like Good fills evil and turns it into Heaven, like Grace fills sin and creates Christmas and Easter.
3. (our topic next week): Unlike Zeus, Superman (who is infinite in power) is revealed in weakness, even the very last and least of these.

So, what does it mean?

1. If you sign up for a community group, dreaming your dreams of the Superman—you'll end up crucifying Clark Kent. BUT
2. If you just do your best to love Clark Kent, Superman is bound to just mysteriously and miraculously show up.

In 1988 I got a job as Assistant Highschool Youth Director at Bel Air Presbyterian church. Because it was expected of me, I joined a men's group that met every Saturday morning at 7am at Denny's I hated it.

- Jack was an old, rather effeminate (in my mind) retired, interior decorator (didn't have much in common, I thought).
- Emil was a single Chinese banker who love to drop names.
- Bill was a dentist, Cheryl Ladd's brother-in-law, and my wife's boss.
- Larry was a Lawyer who told more Dad Jokes than every Dad that's ever lived combined.

I hated it but stuck with it and when my life fell apart, Jesus in those insecure, flawed, often boring and ridiculous men saved me. And he was super; he was beautiful.

In 1992 Susan and I moved to northern California and joined another small group. If I went to group, expecting the people there to be Superman or make themselves into Supermen, I would be intimidated if Superman actually started to show up. I'd hide my true self and begin to compete using my false self, as I began to crucify Jesus in my neighbor and in my own heart. I would be intimidated if Superman actually started to show up, or disappointed if I thought he didn't show up—and then start looking for another community group where the folks were more "super." But when I realized that the people in my community group were dirty mangers and, even, whitewashed tombs, over and over again, I was surprised by Christmas and Easter.

In 1997 Susan and I moved back to Colorado, and I took a job as pastor of Mountain Christian Fellowship, which became Lookout Mountain Community Church, which also morphed into The

Sanctuary. At the time I said to Susan, honey, things are going to get weird, cause folks are going to expect me to be Superman, and they might crucify me when they discover I'm more like Clark Kent. So, let's call some of our old pathetic friends, who call on the name of Jesus, but don't go to our church, yet know us, know that we're pathetic too.

So, I called Alan and Jennifer Parsons. I've known Alan since I was five years old. I know that Alan is *homoioopathes*. I get Alan and Alan gets me, my brother from another mother. Many of you know Alan and Jennifer—in fact, now, they're on the church board. And I called Andrew and Ann Trawick. Andrew kind of just showed up at my house in high school—I know his dirt. He's confessed it to me and I've confessed mine to him. And yet, I've also witnessed “signs and wonders” at his hands. That's what makes it Christmas and Easter. And I called Mark and Diana Reinke. Mark was the older Christian Cool Guy in high school (you know, every youth group has one), but I soon discovered that he was pathetic too. Diana is now our church business manager. We've been meeting, in some form, with a break or two, for 24 years now. I know their dirt, and they know mine. I know Clark Kent—and he's pathetic... AND he's Superman. Clark Kent is Superman because Superman has made himself Clark Kent. And that's what's so insanely *SUPER* about this whole thing.

Trust me, I could drop a bunch of Famous Christian names right now—supposed Christian Super men, and women, that I've gotten close to over the years. Invariably, I've been disappointed—disappointed that I didn't see Jesus. I know he was there, but I missed him because I couldn't see Clark Kent under the red cape and spandex.

But in my small group over 24 years of trauma, heart aches, tears, and prayers, I've seen Superman—especially in my pathetic wife. You know I asked her out because of white spandex (or, at least, polyester pants). She really looked Super. But over 38 years I've learned she really is pathetic like me and Clark Kent. And yet, I've seen signs and wonders through her that have utterly blown my mind. And that's not the best of it—the signs. The best of it is what the signs point to. We don't have time for the stories (they involve angels, demons prophecies—cool stuff) We don't have time for the stories, but I can tell you the most beautiful of revelations right now and we'll come back to it next week.

The most super thing about the Super man is not the infinite nature of his superpower; it's the infinite beauty of his super heart. And that heart is revealed when a body is broken, the crowd disappears, but the disciples gather round. It's happened time and time again in my community group: One of us gets broken, the disciples gather round, Superman appears, and we all enter the city—the New Jerusalem, as if, the Kingdom of Heaven really is at hand. Superman does have infinite power, but Lois, he wants you to fall in love with the Beauty that is his infinite heart. Truth in Love and Love in Truth, the Grace of God, is not a human idea; It is his very presence, romancing us in shared weakness—the broken body of Clark Kent.

On the night he was betrayed, he sat at table with 12 guys—his community group. Think about those 12 guys:

- Do any of them look like Superman or are all of them at least as pathetic as you and Clark Kent?
- Would you have picked any one of them for your community group?
- Would you have picked any one of them to change the world?

Communion

On the night he was betrayed, he sat at table with his community group, took bread and broke it saying “This is my body. Take and eat.” And having given thanks, he took the cup saying, “This is the covenant in my blood, poured out for the forgiveness of sins. Drink of it. All of you.”

In the morning, the crowd, took him outside the city and took his life on a tree. The crowd left, convinced he was dead, but some disciples gathered round. At first only a woman named Mary—which must be Hebrew for “Lois Lane.” And then the other disciples too—the Bride and Body of The *eschatos* Adam.

And now look: Here’s his body broken and blood shed, delivered up by us and yet, even though the crowd has left we’re gathered round. I know that you’re looking for Superman. So, watch what happens next. I expect that you’ll see some pathetic people gather round, none with red spandex or a cape, and yet, all looking a bit like Clark Kent. They’ll take eternal seed and place it in the dirty soil of their own heart. It might be worth your time to hang out with any one of ‘em, just a bit. Amen?

BENEDICTION

You know building community is so easy and yet so insanely hard. It’s so easy, because the Kingdom of God is at hand, I mean Superman is right here, right now. And yet it’s so hard because we don’t believe... all we see is Clark Kent. When we believe, we will be the church and the gates of hell will not prevail against us.

[Image: Nacho Libre (Jack Black)]

I said you don’t see people in spandex and a cape but you might see someone like this [Nacho Libre].

Endnotes

ⁱ Harvey, Paul, *For What It’s Worth*, pg. 47

ⁱⁱ *Thus it is written, “The first man Adam became a living being”; the last [eschatos] Adam became a life-giving spirit.* - 1 Corinthians 15:45

ⁱⁱⁱ Galatians 2:20 ESV and KJV. Most literally translated “in the Son of God” should probably be “of the Son of God.”

^{iv} Acts 14:3

^v What a crazy idea . . . that God might hide Himself in the likeness of human flesh, desiring to be received into the homes of men and women. Where do those stupid pagans get this stuff?

^{vi} *and saying, ‘Men, why these things do ye? and we are men like-affected with you, proclaiming good news to you, from these vanities to turn unto the living God... – Acts 14:15 YLT*

“Should turn” is simply the infinitive form of the verb “to turn.” In other words, the Gospel has the effect of making people turn; the Word of God implants Faith in us, which is himself in us.

^{vii} “George never fully realized how loved he was,” offers **Jim Nolt**, webmaster of the long-running site devoted to both Reeves and the series, *The Adventure Continues*. “He wanted to be admired for his talent and never knew the recognition he would have received if he had been around just a little while longer.” - <https://www.closerweekly.com/posts/superman-actor-george-reeves/>

^{viii} Dietrich Bonhoeffer, *Life Together* (1954 Harper and Row paperback edition, translated by John Doberstein) pp. 27-28

^{ix} It was obvious from the events in Jesus' life—raising the dead, walking on water and stopping storms—that he was the Superman.

But on Good Friday they must've all wondered why the Superman didn't show up... or maybe he did.

^x Jesus was crucified just outside the city walls of Jerusalem. In Matthew 27:52-53 we read that when Jesus died tombs (just outside the city) were opened and that after the resurrection, many bodies of the saints were also raised and entered the "holy city." In the Revelation we learn that we are the holy city. And so the Psalms instruct us to sing "Swing wide you heavenly gates and let the King of Glory come in."

^{xi} 2 Corinthians 11:29

^{xii} 1 Timothy 1:16

^{xiii} I think this is the best translation of Galatians 2:20. It's a combination of the ESV, KJV and NAS.

^{xiv} John 1:9 NRSV

^{xv} **Homoiousios** (Greek: ὁμοιούσιος from ὅμοιος, *hómoios*, "similar" and οὐσία, *ousía*, "essence, being") is a Christian theological term, coined in the 4th century by a distinctive group of Christian theologians who held the belief that God the Son was of a *similar*, but not identical, *essence* (or *substance*) with God the Father.^{[1][2]} *Homoiousianism* arose as an attempt to reconcile two opposite teachings, homoousianism and homoianism. Following Trinitarian doctrines of the First Council of Nicaea (325), *homoousians* believed that God the Son was of the same (ὁμός, *homós*, "same") essence with God the Father. On the other hand, *homoians* refused to use the term οὐσία (*ousía*, "essence"), believing that God the Father is "incomparable" and therefore the Son of God can not be described in any sense as "equal" or "same" but only as "like" or "similar" (ὅμοιος, *hómoios*) to the Father, in some subordinate sense of the term. -

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Homoiousian>

^{xvi} "He is God from the essence of the Father, begotten before time; and he is human from the essence of his mother, born in time; completely God, completely human, with a rational soul and human flesh; equal to the Father as regards divinity, less than the Father as regards humanity. Although he is God and human, yet Christ is not two, but one. He is one, however, not by his divinity being turned into flesh, but by God's taking humanity to himself. He is one, certainly not by the blending of his essence, but by the unity of his person. For just as one human is both rational soul and flesh, so too the one Christ is both God and human." - The Athanasian Creed