

God maak sy
hande
vuil



FILIPPENSE 2:5-11





11“ Wie is soos U onder die gode, Here?
Wie is soos U, majestueus in heiligheid,
ontsagwekkend in lofwaardige dade?
U wat wonders doen,

Eksodus 15:11

⁷Die Here God het toe die mens gevorm uit stof van die aarde en lewensasem in sy neus geblaas, sodat die mens 'n lewende wese geword het.

Genesis 2:7



God maak sy hande vuil

- Hy is daar by die vreugde van ons geboorte

⁵Moses, die dienaar van die Here, het daar in die land Moab gesterf soos die Here beveel het. ⁶Hy het vir Moses begrawe in 'n vlakte in Moab, regoor Bet-Peor, maar tot nou toe weet niemand waar sy graf is nie.

Deuteronomium 34:5-6



God maak sy hande vuil

- Hy is daar by die vreugde van ons geboorte
- Hy is daar by die einde van ons lewens

⁶Dit het hulle gevra om Hom uit te lok, sodat hulle iets kon kry waaroor hulle Hom kon aankla. Maar Jesus het gebuk en met sy vinger op die grond geskrywe. ⁷Toe hulle aanhou om Hom te vra, het Hy regop gekom en vir hulle gesê: “Laat die een van julle wat 'n skoon gewete het, eerste 'n klip op haar gooi.”

⁸Daarna het Hy weer gebuk en op die grond geskrywe.

Johannes 8:6-8



God maak sy hande vuil

- Hy is daar by die vreugde van ons geboorte
- Hy is daar by die einde van ons lewens
- Hy is daar langs ons in ons skaamte

³⁹Hy het 'n entjie verder gegaan en daar gekniel met die gesig teen die grond en gebid: “My Vader, as dit moontlik is, laat hierdie lydensbeker by My verbygaan. Moet nogtans nie doen soos Ek wil nie, maar soos U wil.”

Matteus 26:39

⁵Dieselfde gesindheid moet in julle wees wat daar ook in Christus Jesus was:

⁶Hy wat in die gestalte van God was, het sy bestaan op Godgelyke wyse nie beskou as iets waaraan Hy Hom moes vasklem nie,

Filippense 2:5-11

⁷maar Hy het Homself verneder
deur die gestalte van 'n slaaf aan te
neem en aan mense gelyk te word.
En toe Hy as mens verskyn het,
⁸het Hy Homself verder verneder.
Hy was gehoorsaam tot in die dood, ja,
die dood aan die kruis.

Filippense 2:5-11

⁹Daarom het God Hom
ook tot die hoogste eer verhef
en Hom die Naam gegee wat bo elke
naam is,

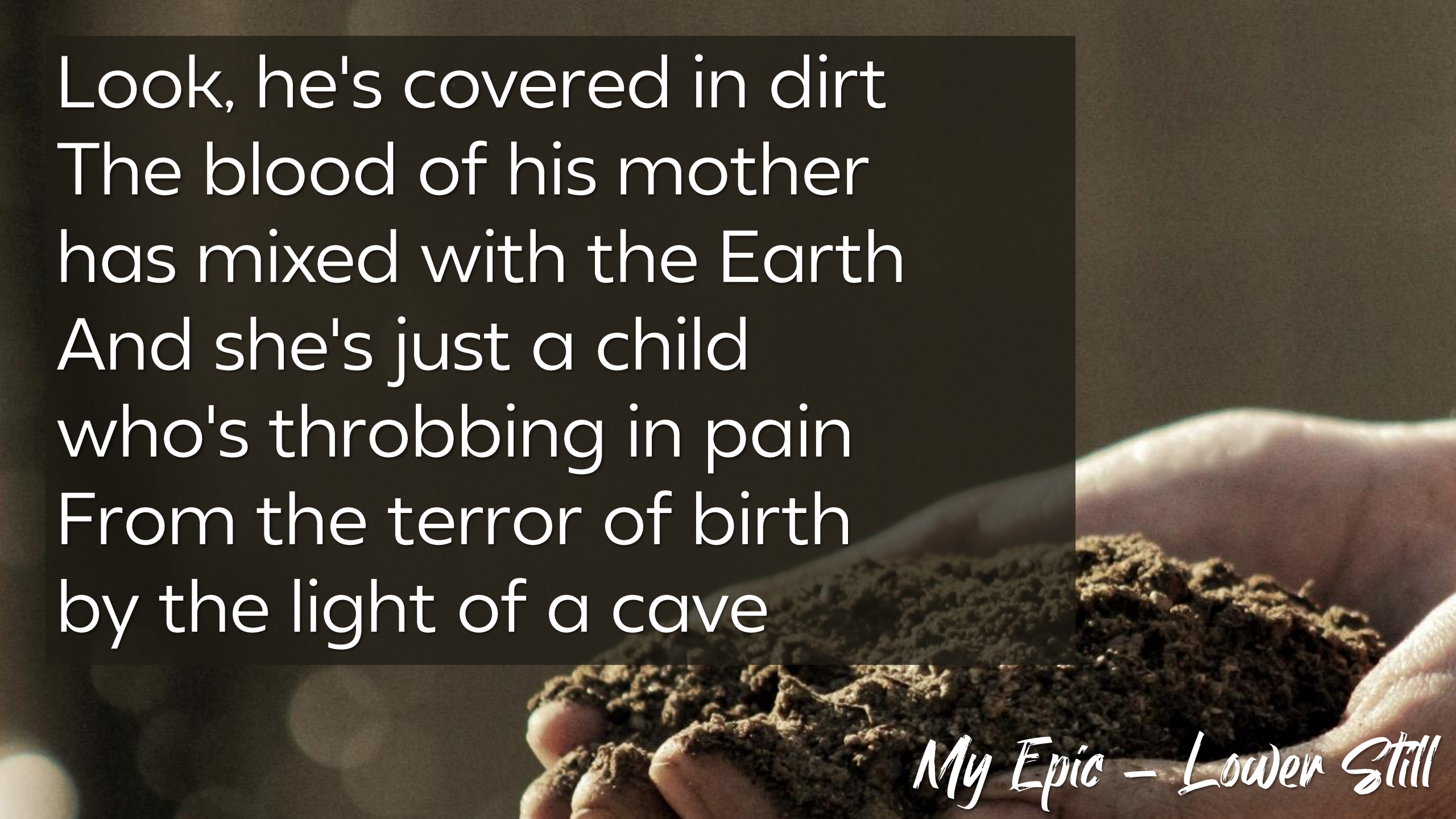
¹⁰sodat in die Naam van Jesus elkeen
wat in die hemel en op die aarde en
onder die aarde is, die knie sou buig,

Filippense 2:5-11

The background of the entire image is a close-up photograph of parched, cracked soil. The cracks are deep and irregular, creating a complex, textured pattern across the surface. The color of the soil is a mix of light tan and dark brown, with some small, dry plant matter scattered throughout.

¹¹en elke tong sou erken:
“Jesus Christus is Here!”
tot eer van God die Vader.

Filippense 2:5-11



Look, he's covered in dirt
The blood of his mother
has mixed with the Earth
And she's just a child
who's throbbing in pain
From the terror of birth
by the light of a cave

My Epic – Lower Still

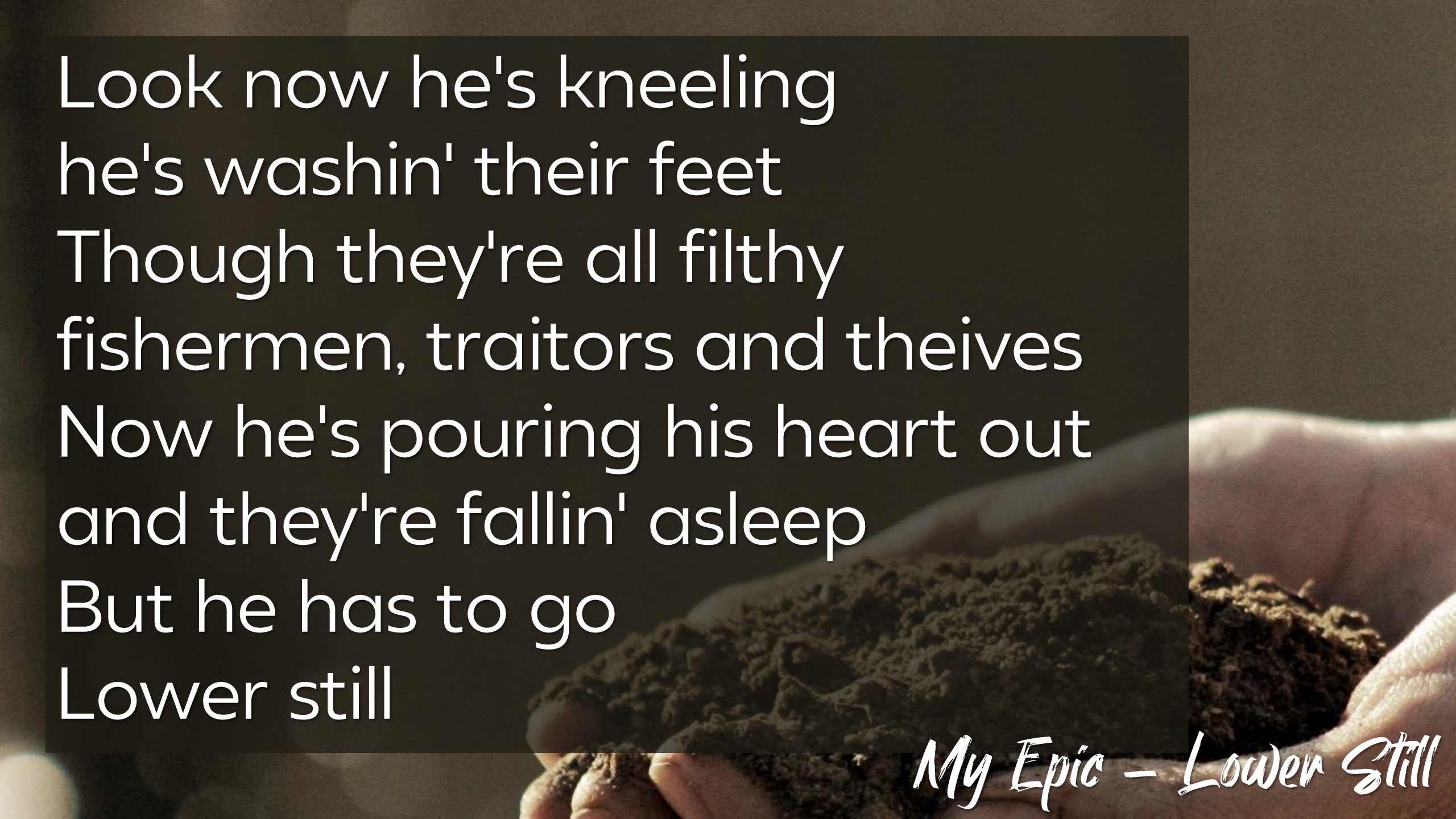
Now they've laid that small baby
Where creatures come eat
Like a meal for the swine
who have no clue that he
Is still holding together
the world that they see

My Epic – Lower Still

They don't know
just how low
he has to go
Lower still



My Epic – Lower Still



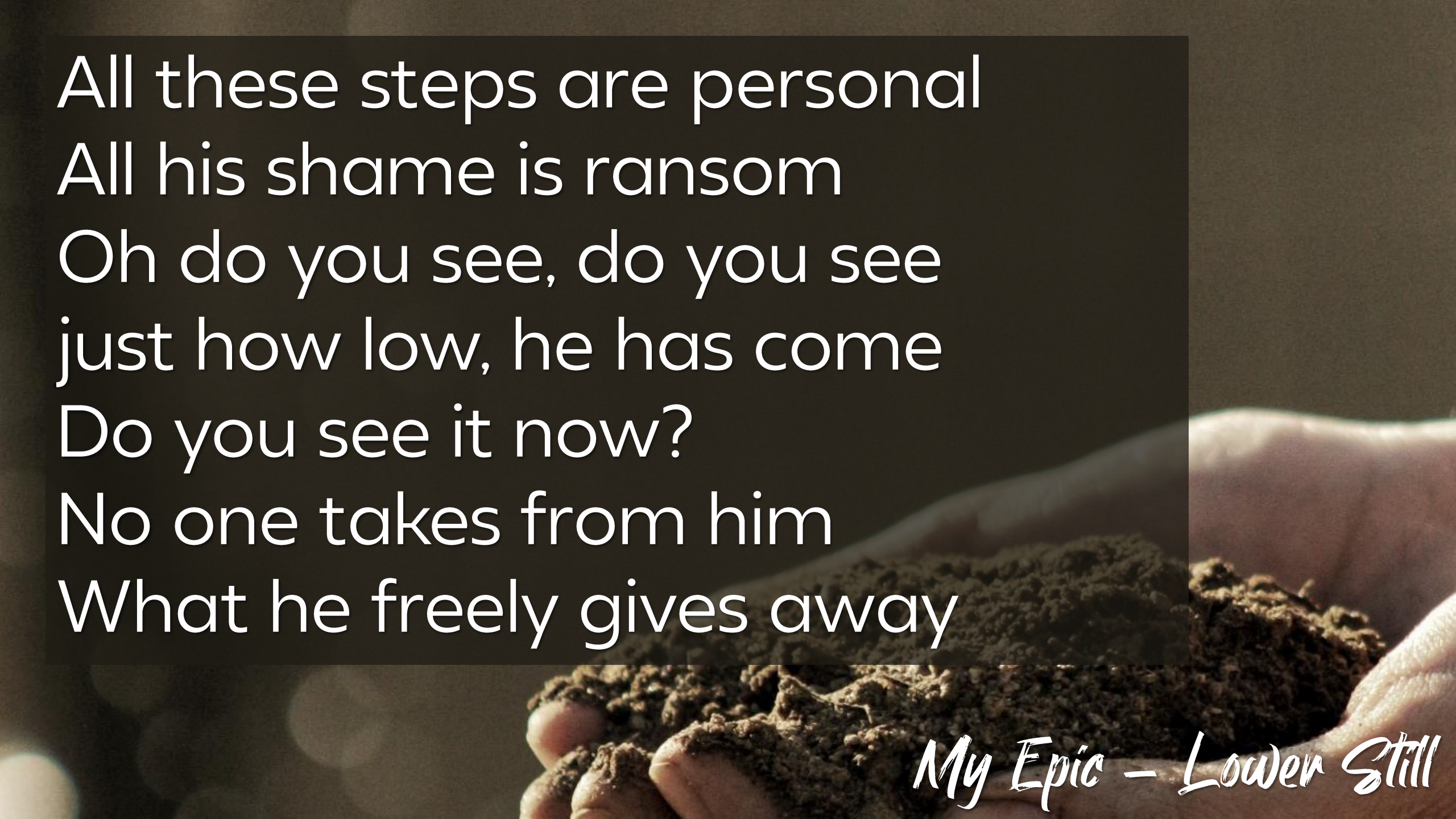
Look now he's kneeling
he's washin' their feet
Though they're all filthy
fishermen, traitors and theives
Now he's pouring his heart out
and they're fallin' asleep
But he has to go
Lower still

My Epic – Lower Still

There is greater love to show
Hands to the plow
Further down now
Blood must flow

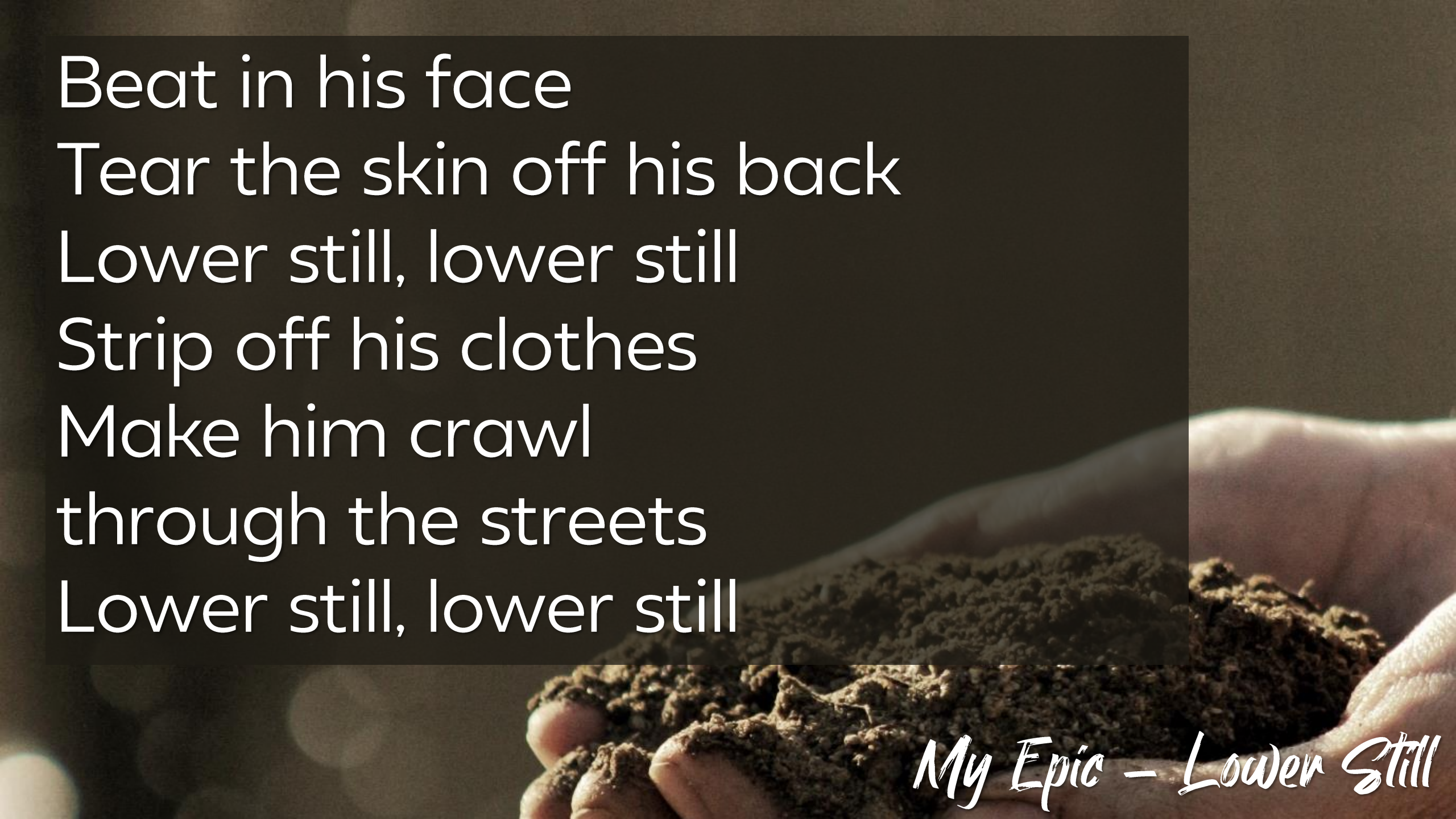


My Epic – Lower Still



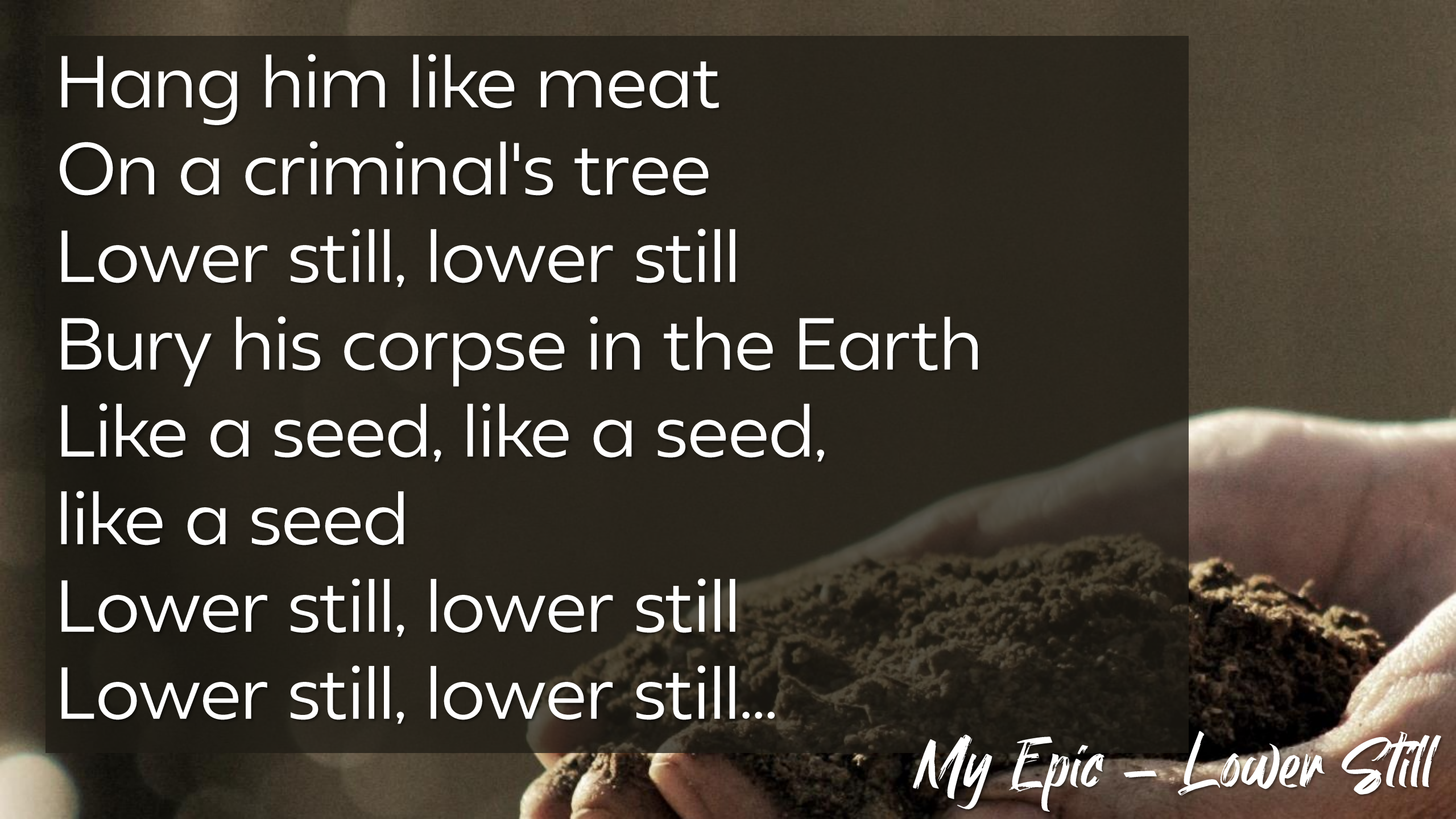
All these steps are personal
All his shame is ransom
Oh do you see, do you see
just how low, he has come
Do you see it now?
No one takes from him
What he freely gives away

My Epic – Lower Still



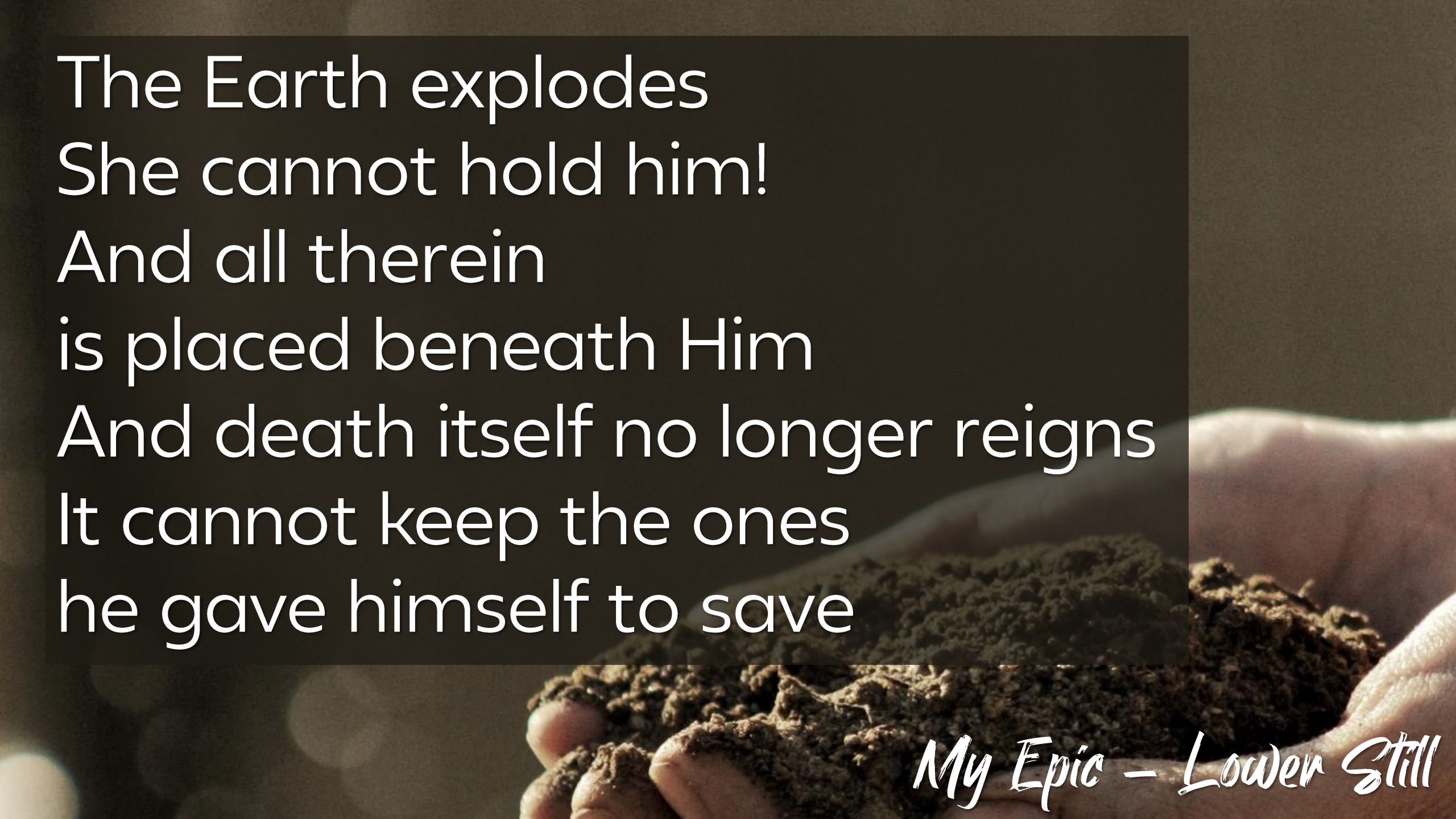
Beat in his face
Tear the skin off his back
Lower still, lower still
Strip off his clothes
Make him crawl
through the streets
Lower still, lower still

My Epic – Lower Still



Hang him like meat
On a criminal's tree
Lower still, lower still
Bury his corpse in the Earth
Like a seed, like a seed,
like a seed
Lower still, lower still
Lower still, lower still...

My Epic – Lower Still



The Earth explodes
She cannot hold him!
And all therein
is placed beneath Him
And death itself no longer reigns
It cannot keep the ones
he gave himself to save

My Epic – Lower Still

And as the universe shatters the
darkness dissolves
He alone will be honored
We will bathe in his splendor

My Epic – Lower Still

As all heads bow lower still
All heads bow lower still

My Epic – Lower Still

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