

Gerry & Julie Gutierrez' Update

“The Day the Sun Stopped Shining”

First Thought Series on Luke 23:44-49, September 17, 2015 GA

Jesus' Death

Luke 23:44-49

44 It was now about the sixth hour, and **darkness** came over the whole land until the ninth hour,

45 for the sun stopped shining. And the curtain of the temple was torn in two.

46 Jesus called out with a loud voice, "**Father, into your hands I commit my spirit.**" When he had said this, he breathed his last.

47 The centurion, seeing what had happened, praised God and said, "**Surely this was a righteous man.**"

48 When all the people who **had gathered to witness this sight saw what took place**, they beat their breasts and went away.

49 But all those who knew him, including the women who had followed him from Galilee, stood at **a distance, watching these things.**

“The Day the Sun Stopped Shining”

In Time's Square, New York at midnight of New Year's Eve there is an spontaneous plot where people in one mind meet together to welcome the New Year that arrives in the midst of light and darkness and great noise and happiness.

It seems as if Time Square is a gigantic elevator that all are pressing to enter before the closing of the door.

If you live long enough to make it to 00.01 minute, you are in and free from the power of the old year that has failed to claim you to itself. There is an artificial sense of relief that many celebrate more the New Year's Eve than Christmas Day.

The most celebrated birthday in the world where pagans and non-pagans celebrate together is the birth of the New Year.

But what is new and different between yesterday and the New Year's Day? Frankly nothing.

Is the birth of a nothing god whose name is Cronus created by our feeble imagination to whom we all pay too much respect and attention as slaves to a tyrant ruler. We say words such as "The tyranny of the urgent" and we run with speed but no direction"

As we go from year to year and or from day to day but we have not escaped from anything to nowhere. We are just as free or slave any day whatever our case may be. Time does not change anything. It is a powerless pseudo god of fool. Only **God IS**.

As soon as we are able to read and can afford to buy we wear its mark on our wrist. A watch, a clock at home or at the bell tower with numbers. (666?)

The wise say "Time is money." The rest believe that and manage time for dear life. After all time is life and how i spend my time is how i spend my life. Mammon and Cronus are gods that are more worshipped than the creator God of the Universe at whose arrival there was real light at midnight, and at his departure there was thick darkness at noonday.

The day that Jesus died was the day **the sun stopped shining** as if for three hours the sun wept with his one eyelid closed and closed for the first time. Previous to that, a dense darkness came over the whole land. There was enough darkness to scare the bravest of all men; the fear and conviction made out of a pagan Roman centurion the preacher of Jesus as the righteous.

Meanwhile at Jesus's house, the curtain of the temple was torn in two from top to bottom. That was the reason why Jesus came into to the world, to remove the curtain of separation between God and man.

Now we can enter freely without fear to die and pray in the name and mind of Jesus according the revealed will of God taught by Jesus and finally walk in alignment with our Father in Heaven.

Then Jesus with a loud voice called out "**Father into your hands I commit my spirit.**" While the wafer at the communion table is broken with a soft crack only audible to the Pastor who administers the sacraments; the broken bread of the body of Jesus was broken with a loud voice so we do not forget as we remember every time we break the bread of communion at the Lord's Table.

“Do this in Remembrance of me.”

Remember the body of Jesus broken for you. Let us make an echo of his cry of death every time we celebrate His broken body and poured out blood.

Let the broken bread and poured out wine cause us to thank Him who taught us to die saying:

“Father into your hands I commit my spirit.”

Shortly after I surrendered my life to the Lord I had a dream that I was being sprayed with a submachine gun by my former comrades **as a traitor**.

As I was falling I clearly remember not feeling the pain of the bullets and I knew that my departure had arrived. Instead of fear I remember a smile and saying a prayer

“Father into your hands I commit my spirit.”

I woke up thankful to be still alive and having another opportunity to teach others what I have always wanted to know. “The philosophy of life and death and to say in clean conscience

“For to me to live is Christ Jesus and to die is gain”

Jesus taught us to die!! At the same time he defined that death in the body is only the separation of the Spirit from the body.

My Ruthie showed me how to breathe our last. I by God’s grace have been taught by my husband Jesus and wife Ruthie, how to breathe my last before I go home. I have learn and by his grace alone I am ready to go home.

Death is to willingly give up in full trust the spirit of God back to God who gave it while the body goes to the dust where it came from.

Life is but the breath that God blew in our nostrils and death is to give back to God what is of God as we breathe our last and bow our heads to breath no more.

“Father into your hand I commit my spirit.”

Let the man of power and authority like the centurion bow his head in conviction and confession even without repentance before Jesus before walking away.

Let the noisy crowd who yelled “Crucify Him, Crucify Him” be convicted without confession or repentance walk away from Jesus beating their chest in guilt and worldly sorrow.

Let the follower of Jesus in togetherness stand at the distance of Him who came to be one with them. Stay where you are feeble believer but not for long. Seek the empowerment of Jesus through the Holy Spirit of God.

Let the secret followers of Jesus rise like Joseph of Arimathea rise to honor Jesus when no one any longer has reason to associate with Jesus.

Let the Lord rise as if from the stones and men like Luke to testify about Jesus.

Let the child like stand up for Jesus for he stood up for us.

Let the sun open his eyes to shine over the empty cross and the empty tomb.

Let the white cloud as soft cotton over a blue-sky welcome the Savior in the air.

Let the Son/Sun of Righteousness shine in fullness over the land.

Let the curtain remain torn and open for us to go in and out to confer with God in agreement in the mind of Jesus.

The Son (Sun) of God has come!!!!. He is coming again. Maranatha! Amen.

Gerry Gutierrez