

UNTIL THE HILLS ARE FLATTENED

-MESSY (BUT BEAUTIFUL) CHRISTIANITY, WEEK 56-

1 Corinthians 15:50-58 (NIV)

I. _____ GET _____

⁵⁰ I declare to you, brothers and sisters, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, nor does the perishable inherit the imperishable.

II. _____ I'LL BE _____

⁵¹ Listen, I tell you a mystery: We will not all sleep, but we will all be changed—⁵² in a flash, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet. For the trumpet will sound, the dead will be raised imperishable, and we will be changed. ⁵³ For the perishable must clothe itself with the imperishable, and the mortal with immortality.

⁵⁴ When the perishable has been clothed with the imperishable, and the mortal with immortality, then the saying that is written will come true: “Death has been swallowed up in victory.”

⁵⁵ “Where, O death, is your victory?
Where, O death, is your sting?”

⁵⁶ The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law. ⁵⁷ But thanks be to God! He gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

III. AND SHOULD MY _____, LET ME _____ YOU _____

⁵⁸ Therefore, my dear brothers and sisters, stand firm. Let nothing move you. Always give yourselves fully to the work of the Lord, because you know that your labor in the Lord is not in vain.

THE BOTTOM LINE

_____ His _____ high
Until the _____ and the _____ all _____.

...by submitting your _____ to the resurrected Christ.

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...by submitting your _____ to the resurrected Christ.

Isaiah 45:23

The Mountain Goats

If my prayer be not humble, make it so
In these last hours, if the spirit waits in check, help me let it go
And should my suffering double, let me never love you less
Let every knee be bent and every tongue confess

And I won't get better
But someday I'll be free
'Cause I am not this body
That imprisons me

I read the magazines somebody brought
Hold them to my failing eyes until my hands get hot
And when the nurse comes in to change my sheets and clothes
The pain begins to travel, dancing as it goes

And I won't get better
But someday I'll be free
'Cause I am not this body
That imprisons me

If my prayer goes unanswered, that's alright
If my path fills with darkness and there is no sign of light
Let me praise you for the good times, let me hold your banner high
Until the hills are flattened and the rivers all run dry

And I won't get better
But someday I'll be free
'Cause I am not this body
That imprisons me