



Sunday, December 15, 2013 Zapping-you Whenever Thoughts Flow

The Humanity of Christ Jesus.

(The Romans series will resume next week.)



Greetings to one and all, in Christ. This newsletter will be shorter than those in the recent past, to which some may say, “Amen!” I can’t shut up about the book of Romans, though; it is the most amazing letter of Scripture. Once you fix in your mind how it trickles down from heaven through the lips and pen of a man with normal human problems, everything becomes so real. The most vexing human problem is, *How can I even look up from the shadow of an absolutely righteous God? If I even look at Him, I will die.*

Only God could have concocted the plan to reveal Himself as love and a Condescender to His creation, through a person like us—namely the apostle Paul. This was thoughtful of Him. It’s the best of both worlds. God packages His purity and perfection into a “magic pill,” then channels it through flesh and blood. This gives it that slight yet comfortable stench of reality. To make sure the flesh and blood doesn’t screw up what He said, God infuses it with doses of the spirit uncommon to it. He amps up the voltage, in other words. He then withdraws that extra voltage when the task is done, just to keep the flesh and blood humble. Blood, by itself, is humiliating. We’re the only beings in the universe (besides animals) with it. It’s a viscous substance unknown to the celestial world. It’s an intoxicating cocktail, however this mix of the divine and the human: the airy and the viscous. It’s ever fascinating, ever wonder-making.

Isn’t this the definition of Jesus Christ? He is the perfect mix of the divine and the human. The difference between Him and us is that, being tempted in like manner as we, He did not sin. Other than this, He was as human as we. There is nothing wrong with being human. Jesus Christ’s assumption of this present form proves the worthiness of it. It’s not stupid; it’s not lost forever; it’s just devitalized by death and sin.

THE FIRST CELESTIAL MAN

Speaking of Christ, it’s easier coming into the likeness of humanity when you *are* a human. Don’t misunderstand. Jesus Christ is the Son of God (Romans 1:4). He is the image of the invisible God (Colossians 1:15). He is the firstborn of all creation (Colossians 1:15). Having said that, He is also literally a human being. I believe He has always been so, even while retaining these other glories. Scripture calls Him, “a human, Christ Jesus” (1 Timothy 2:5). This is not me talking, it’s Paul. It’s also the *Concor-*

dant Version of the New Testament (so very literal), spoken through Paul.

What if He was the first celestial man? I say He was. Nothing about it compromises His glory. Keep in mind that He is creating a new humanity “in Himself” (Ephesians 2:15). This puts Him *in* the new humanity, not outside of it. As I said, Paul called Him, “a human, Christ Jesus.” Just so. “Christ Jesus” is the term of His glory, as opposed to “Jesus Christ,” His earthly appellation. My suggestion is that Jesus Christ was always a human, even before Bethlehem, even in His glory. He is the inaugurator of a new humanity. New humans continue to be humans. The common denominator between “the old and the new humanity” is the word, “humanity.” Jesus Christ is not ashamed to call Himself a human (John 8:40). Why would He be ashamed of it, if He *is* one?

On the road to Damascus, revealing Himself to Paul, Christ shone with a light brighter than the noon sun. He was still a man, but was appearing now as the human that antedated Bethlehem, prior even to the terrestrial Adam’s existence.

Humanity can and does take different forms. It is still humanity. It is still a race of beings. It is still a race of beings subjected to death.

SUBJECT TO DEATH

I believe this to be the chief earmark of earth-bound humanity: a race of beings subject to death, then destined to escape the terror and rise to become the most experienced beings in the universe. The celestial world is immortal. Celestial beings never experience death, nor the fear of it. This lends earth creatures a depth of experience unknown to celestial citizens.

You don’t like the form you’re in, I know. Neither do I like mine. We assume this shape—that is, the presence of arms, legs, a head and such—to be essential to our being. It isn’t. We also assume our kind *must* live upon earth. It needn’t.

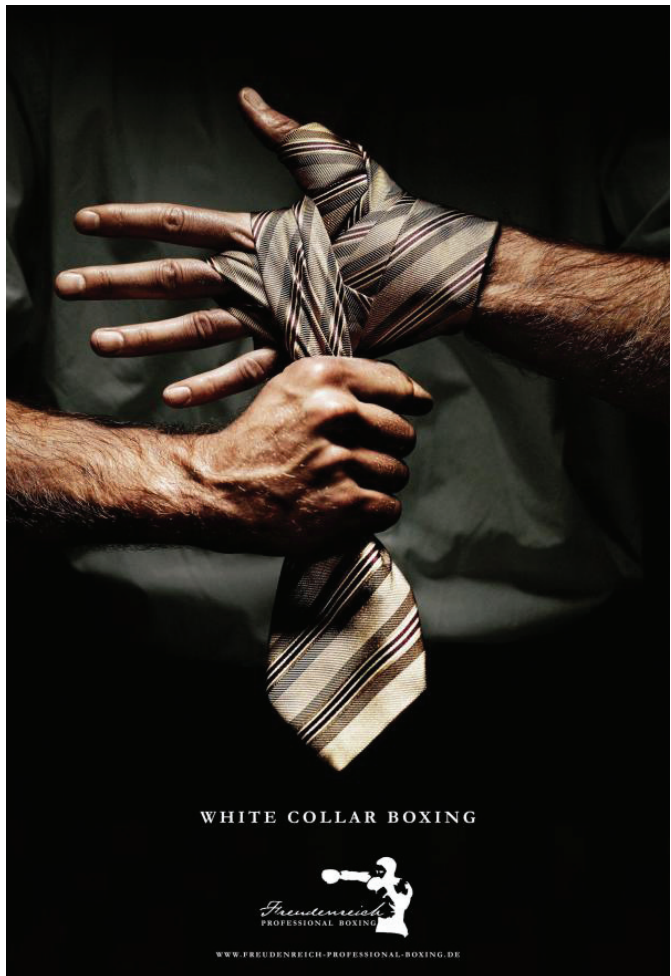
The lowest become the highest. Christ is the extreme example of that. Since we have been subjected to a depth of degradation untasted by angels and other heavenly magistrates, then even the lowest among us will be as elders to even some of the most ancient (chronologically-speaking) beings in the universe. I am talking about even the rankest of humanity, including the last person saved at the consummation of the eons. Even the last person saved then will shine in wisdom beyond the greatest native celestial. Credit this to the experience of death, the fear of it, living under its specter, being continually failing, and

then being suddenly lifted from the mire by God. The celestial beings never felt that, and never will. The stun of the contrast will forever inform our existence, making us Einsteins of experience to lesser traumatized entities.

We will never forget this damned/blessed place.

“IT’S THE PLANET, STUPID”

Consider it’s the *planet* that is embarrassing and debilitating. Maybe better to say that this planet was created as a temporary home for a race “made a little lower than the angels,” debilitated by death and sin.



Compare this Earth to a boxing ring, if you will. Men create the small ring for combat. Ring participants don’t get married there, they don’t eat dinner there, they don’t bathe there, they don’t sleep there, they don’t live there. They only fight there. Likewise here. We are not supposed to “find our everything” here. This is our field of humiliation. It is a battleground. Are you comfortable here? You’ve got a problem, then. You’re not getting the purpose of this.

The celestial world is relatively even. Ours is not. Our extremes are polar, whereas they've known nothing but life. I doubt heaven has poles. (Some of you doubt heaven—period. Are you ever in for a shock.) I doubt one part of heaven freezes while another melts. Above our atmosphere, weather is non-existent. Enjoy high-pressure cells while you can. Enjoy hurricanes and droughts while you can. Enjoy numb toes and high heating bills while you can. We can't relate to the other just yet. Paul says,

But, according as it is written, "That which the eye did not perceive, and the ear did not hear, and to which the heart of man did not ascend—whatever God makes ready for those who are loving Him" (1 Corinthians 2:9).

If eye, ear or heart *has* ascended to any of this, then this isn't what God has made ready for us.

Again, Jesus Christ is the exception. Death never owned Him, inherently. He subjected Himself to it voluntarily. As I write, I realize the wonder of it. It means that death is a temporary expedient, both on the scene (this boxing ring) and on the human race, the people. It's all we've known, so we're excused for thinking in a box. I want us to think in a new way, and so does Paul. We should now look to Christ, Who is the Inaugurator of the new humanity, even prior to assuming the form of the old humanity. Otherwise, it appears He's reacting *to* the old humanity. Ephesians 2:13-15:

Yet now, in Christ Jesus, you, who once are far off, are become near by the blood of Christ. For He is our Peace, Who makes both one, and razes the central wall of the barrier (the enmity in His flesh), nullifying the law of precepts in decrees, that He should be creating the two, in Himself, into one new humanity, making peace.

Therein lies my point. Our present distress is the strange thing. Our destiny is beauty and wholeness. Neither is this planet the permanent home of the race. It's all a blip—a hell of a long and protracted blip, but a blip nonetheless—along the way of a stellar humanity that began with the pre-Adamic Christ.

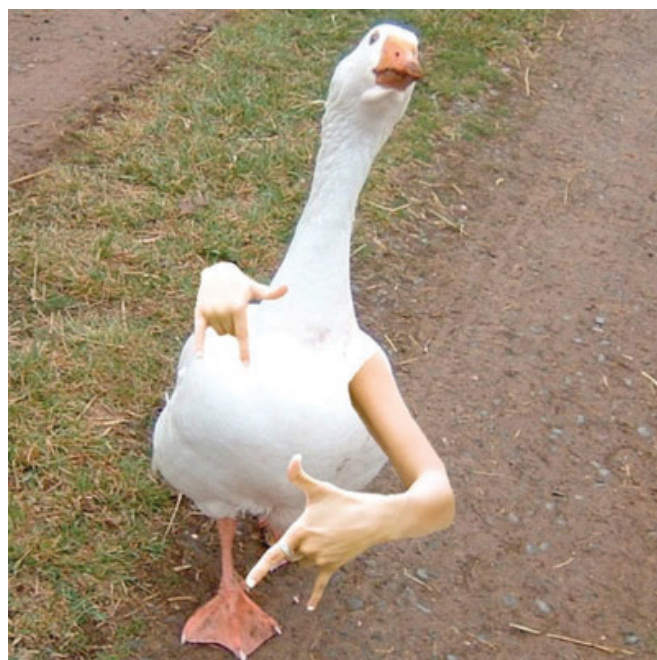
This explains why I am rarely comfortable here. Humanity with arms and legs and heads serves a temporary function. It's all very awkward. Even beautiful ballerina dancers look awkward to me. Arms and legs are a hassle. They get in the way. We bump our heads, not because

of pipes and cupboard doors, but because our heads get in the way. Who gets cozy in a boxing ring? Did I mention that the earth is a temporary expedient? If not, I should have. As soon as the thousand-year kingdom runs its course, this earth is immediately destroyed (2 Peter 3:10-13). It's almost as if the Powers That Be are thinking, "Let's hurry and get this over with." Things aren't meant to stay thus. We are an unnaturally stretched rubber band. Eventually, the band snaps back to its original form richer and better for the experience of evil.

We are meant to be like the Inaugurator of the new humanity, Christ Jesus—and we *will* be like Him.

TERRESTRIAL MAN MODELED AFTER HIM

Jesus Christ is the Inaugurator of the new humanity. I know that Jesus Christ existed before coming to earth (He prayed to His father to give Him the glory that He had with Him before the world began, John 17:5) and possessed an amazing pre-earth glory, but I'm speaking of whether or not He was a human. Forget what you know about humans; forget what you see every day in the mirror. Forget what other people say and think of you. Forget weakness, death, failure. What if this is not our inherent state? What if the last Adam (Christ, 1 Corinthians 15:45) was actually the first Adam (humanity was made in His image—Genesis 1:26), but is called the last Adam only because humanity will never again return to death and sin? In other words, Christ is not the last chronologically speaking, but in kind. I have a hard



time thinking of Him as Last in anything, chronologically. After all, “He is before all” (Colossians 1:17).

Which came first: the new humanity, or the old? When Paul calls Christ “a human, Christ Jesus” (1 Timothy 2:5), I’m thinking that the new humanity came first. The old followed it to prepare us for realizing what already existed. God promised Abraham something by faith (Galatians 3:16), but then brought the law in four hundred and thirty years afterward to obscure the prototype (Galatians 3:10) for a purpose: The law came in to make sin



abound and highlight the coming faith (Romans 5:20), which superexceeds the prototype as life superexceeds death. Don’t worry: the prototype is still the go-to image.

Now before the coming of faith, we were garrisoned under law, being locked up together for the faith about to be revealed. So that the law had become our escort to Christ, that we may be justified by faith” (Galatians 3:23-24).

Faith comes first (to Abraham), then law intervenes (through Moses), then faith is now revisited, but to radical new proportions (Christ), thanks to the contrast of law. We always have the prototype; however the best always comes first, but just a hint of it. Then away we go into the distasteful contrasts. For now we can look at the prototype (Christ) to sustain us, a real-life demonstration of what we will become.

The germ of the thing will always preexist. This is why I think Jesus Christ is inherently human. Otherwise, we would be tempted to think that He somehow imitates us, rather than we Him. Are we to believe that He looked down from heaven, saw humanity and said, “That’s a nice race of beings. I think I’ll become like one of them so that I might elevate them.” Or, did He create humanity in His image? Is it possible that He was the original? Did He take the original race—of which He was the inaugural Member—and then purposely wreck it (on earth) to create contrast? If so, then He could bring that race into what He had always been in His pre-Bethlehem glory.

I believe Jesus Christ to be the prototype human. Again, this does not compromise His other glories.

We know that the tabernacle shown to Moses on Mt. Sinai was based on a heavenly model (Hebrews 8:5). Could it be that the humanity on Earth was also based on a celestial model, that is, Christ?

Paul does call Adam “the first human” in 1 Corinthians 15:45; but then Paul calls Christ, “the last Adam” in the same verse. Again, I cannot imagine Jesus Christ being the last of anything. Again, I don’t think “last” pertains to time, but rather to kind. Concerning Adam, might we consider him to be first human of the earth variety? Paul says in Philippians 2:7 that Jesus Christ “empties Himself, taking the form of a slave, coming to be in the likeness of humanity.” Again, I can take this to mean Christ coming into the likeness of Adamic humanity, that is, the scaled-down model with which we are familiar.

CREATED IN THE IMAGE OF GOD

Genesis 1:26, “And saying is the Elohim, “Make will we humanity in our image.”

God created us in His image. This doesn’t mean that God possesses our shape. God has no shape whatsoever; He is invisible (2 Corinthians 4:4). For part of His life, Jesus Christ was a human with what we would term human physical characteristics. He

was an Adamic human. Before that, He was a glorified human. Our human experience is limited. We know only death. We do not know humanity glorified. We do know One of that kind, however: Jesus Christ. He is our fore-runner into the holy place. He is the Firstborn among many brethren (Romans 8:29).

The Lamb was slain, from what? From the disruption of the world (Revelation 13:8). God had the Cure in mind (Christ) before the disease. God is not reacting to the disease of sin and death. He does not develop a Savior on the heels of it. The Cure came first. Likewise, the Last Adam was last only in the sense of fulfilling humanity's destiny, as if to say, "You will never need another like Me."

The Elohim (God) made humanity in Its own image.

**"I reject
the popular
teaching
that humanity
is a dump."**

God is not a human—either now or before—but Jesus Christ was, and is. Paul says that the new humanity starts in Christ (Ephesians 2:15). The new humanity is new, only to us. What if it was the *original* humanity, the pure humanity, the

humanity bereft of the necessary contrast of death and sin? What if Christ came to bring us to it?

This would mean that we really *are* made in His image, and that this humiliating phase of the game is temporary. It also means that we can't condemn ourselves for being human. You can do that only if you believe humanity to be evil. If you're looking at Him (Who is also a human, albeit a glorified one), you can't condemn yourself, because you'd be condemning Him.

"We have been crucified with Christ" (Romans 6:6).

"There is a new creation, the primitive passed by" (2 Corinthians 5:17).

NEED AN OIL CHANGE?

I dislike and reject the popular teaching that humanity is a dump, or that's it's permanently wrecked. It is merely and temporarily beset by death and sin. This is not its natural state. Somehow, this helps me to survive another day. I'm not a piece of junk. Like the tin man, I simply need more oil. Give me more oil, God. Fill me with Your spirit. Then I will rise to be what humanity was always meant to be, by virtue of Your modeling it before the cons. You entered *humiliated* humanity at Bethlehem.

That's when You visited this "boxing ring"; but You came here to perfect us, not to shame us. Maybe a little shame first, but then the right way of looking at things, explained to us in Your words, given to the apostles and prophets.

This further justifies me for thinking that I don't belong here. This boxing ring cannot be ultimately right.



My legs and arms feel foreign to me, some days. My head doesn't feel like it belongs on my shoulders (the apostle Paul got relieved of this burden, and cared little for it). Nothing in my present experience is permanent. Tear me up—what does it matter? 2 Corinthians 5:1-2,

For we are aware that, if our terrestrial tabernacle house should be demolished, we have a building of God, a house not made by hands, eonian, in the heavens. For in this also we are groaning, longing to be dressed in our habitation which is out of heaven.

Walking is therefore temporary. Wrestling to form a thought and express it is temporary. I make the best of it.

Having to eat to sustain my energy is temporary; I don't like it. Having to sleep to survive is humiliating. Some nights it doesn't even work. My body can't even use all of the food I give it. How embarrassing. Bless God, in His mercy He makes even some of these humiliations pleasant. Now that's a miracle; it feels great to sleep, and to expel unused food. (I emailed a friend the other night: "God, it feels so good to void the liquid waste." It really does. I thank God for it every time. I thank Him for the nerve endings inside my urethra, allowing me to feel the poisons leaving my body through that narrow tube. He didn't have to do that, but He did. If you are too comfortable with these things, however, you're failing to grasp the impending new creation and its inaugurator: Jesus Christ.

"Our realm is inherent among the celestials." Therefore, this realm of death and sin is a necessary blip in our existence as a race.

RABBITS AND THEIR TRAILS

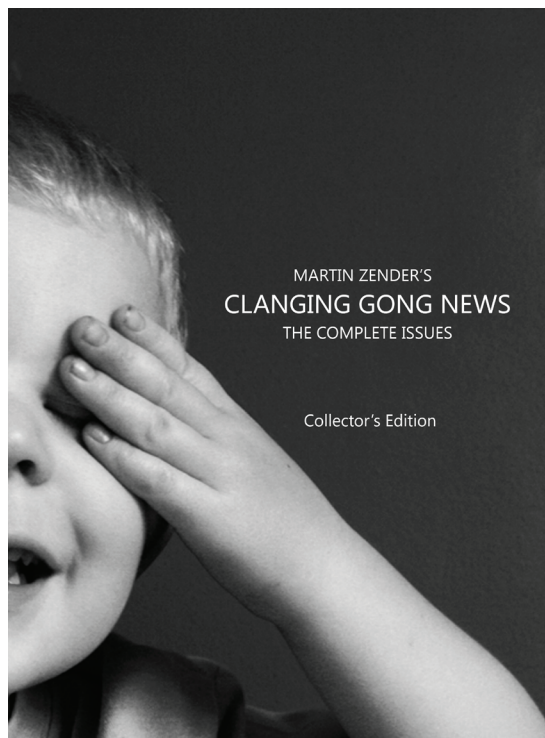
I had not intended to do this. I intended to write another installment of the Romans series. I said in the first paragraph, "I cannot shut up about the book of Romans," but apparently I can. These thoughts about Christ came to me as I began writing, and I pursued them. I pray it has been valuable to you.

I am so busy right now; I am in the middle of making the new Crack O' Dawn Report (finished editing it Friday

night at 11:00), and we will be filming a different kind of 801 News on Sunday. The Monday through Friday Internet show continues on the book of Hebrews. Yesterday, I finally got the paperback version of *How to Quit Church Without Quitting God* out the door. There are new words, new illustrations, and a new cover; you're going to like it. The day before that, I got the *Clanging Gong News Collector's Edition* out the door. Clyde III helped me fashion and upload all of the files. It took us all day, both days. Both of these books are en route to the printer. The printer is sending proofs. I will look those over, and if they pass as presented I'll tell you, "Come and get it." Otherwise, it will be one more tweak, and then the feeding frenzy. Other books are on the way. They're all lined up, like paratroopers at the door of an airplane.

I have not had time to exercise, which is not good for me. Because of this, I have been extra careful with my eating. I dip my bacon in butter, and you should too. You won't get hungry that way. If you want to lose fat, you have to eat fat. If you eat enough fat, the body won't think it's starving of it. Your body needs fat to lubricate your organs, including your brain. When your body is satisfied, it will rid itself of the unsightly fat around your stomach, legs, and under your chin. Cut the cheap carbs and sweets, is the key. One piece of candy will wreck everything. I am not kidding. We are that finely balanced. Insulin is your mortal enemy. Its presence in the body grinds the fat incineration machinery to a halt.

I wanted to get so many more books out by the end of this year. The problem is that I cannot stop answering email. It is so important for me to answer the letters you write me. I really thought I could set it aside and concentrate solely on books. I could not do it. Had I been able to do it, more books would be out now. But I can't do it. I need to talk to you, and you to me. Even so, I am behind in my correspondence. Take heart. I read everything you write. I need you. I want you in my life. I can't stay encouraged in this walk without you. I say this to Clyde and Dan as well: I need you guys. We talk to each other all the time.



STOP “SUING” ONE ANOTHER

We are social beings, all of us. It is tempting to hide away, I know. It is tempting to get mad, say “humph,” and pick up your toys and go home. This is the way of the Corinthians. It is not the way of spiritual maturity, neither is it human nature—the new humanity.

Already, indeed, then, it is absolutely a discomfiture for you that you are having lawsuits among yourselves. Wherefore are you not rather being injured? Wherefore are you not rather being cheated? But you are injuring and cheating, and this to brethren! (1 Corinthians 6:7-8.)

We may not be taking one another to court, but others hurt us and we refuse to fellowship with them. We cannot sustain the injury without injuring back. We can't stop hurting without hurting someone else. It doesn't take a lawsuit, only an attitude. We take so many people “to court” in our own estimations of them, biting and devouring one another. This is not good. Rather, we ought to allow ourselves to be injured and cheated without retaliation, legal or otherwise. I'm not saying we shouldn't explain our gripes to others. There is room for that, and need. I am only saying don't retaliate. Can you do it? It's called swallowing the pride. Swallowing the pride is the most spiritual thing a human can do. The opposite of it is immaturity. It's easier to swallow pride if you don't have it.

“Swallowing the pride is the most spiritual thing a human can do.”

TOGETHER TO THE END

Thank you for walking this walk with me. If you want to help this ministry with money for living, printing, recording, filming, and driving expenses, there is a new feature on my website that allows for automatic, monthly contributions. This may take a load off for you. If it works for you, it's there. Go to my homepage, click on “Donate to the Ministry” under the leaping Zender, then scroll down to “Set up a monthly donation.” Then you can stop thinking about it and stop feeling guilty for getting free food from me without recompense. (I'm speaking only to those who do feel guilty. If you can't afford it, then for-

get it. If you don't feel guilty, forget it. Except for books, all of my stuff is free and always will be. I'm speaking only to those who feel the twinge, to make things easy on you. I'm not doing this work to make money. If I was interested in making money, I would have stayed with the Postal Service twenty years ago. Instead, I have a mission in life. This work is my God-given task. Some money is needed, but only incidentally. I'm doing this because I have to. I can't *not* do it. I'm running a race whose reward is chiefly future and does not involve money.

Go to the homepage if you want. It's easy. Ten dollars a month would be important to me, and to the work. It's the only way the work keeps going and keeps reaching people who truly cannot afford to assist the cause and the human behind it with the old car. To those of you who have been giving more than ten dollars a month—thank you from the bottom of my heart. I couldn't do it without you, literally. You're backing the right horse.

I am not getting wealthy here. I have not made a dollar from book sales in more than five years. All of that money goes toward company printing debt and monthly expenses. So it's all you. I'm still driving my '99 Ford Contour with 180,000 miles on it. I hope to be driving it until the snatching away. I hate cars; I don't belong in them. Airplanes are better, but I don't have easy access to one.

I'm still living in the upper room at Clyde's: a bed, a kitchen, a bathroom, a few walls with nothing on them. Everything is focused on the work. It is a modest existence, but the work is not modest. Far from it. The Word goes forth with power, sparkling like the gems of the empyrean. Hard to believe the contrast, I know. —*Martin*

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PEACE.

(Next week, back to the Romans series.)