

Romans, pt.10, 6.6–11, 11.12.06

Moving Day

Ch.5 we looked at how Jesus lifted us from the penalty of sin; in ch.6 we consider how he delivers us from the power of sin.

One of theological teachings. On the one hand, my sin is pardoned; on the other, my sin is subdued.

Look at how God subdues our sin.

Romans 6 – moving day (radical & really good); 7 – the adjustment period (Hard; uneasy; some setbacks and great strides); 8 – the establishment phase (confident building tg, things happen easier)

Read Text

### **Baptism not only identifies me with Christ, but it illustrates my new freedom in Him (6.1–5)**

Just as Jesus died for our sins and was raised victoriously, so also I died with him and was raised to live a new life.

Verses 1 – 2a: Paul was anticipating their response to a salvation by grace message. Some were thinking, “If there’s more grace when there’s more sin, then let’s sin!” Throughout history, there have been those individuals and groups that advocated such a lifestyle.

V.2b – Paul’s response is, “no way.” You died to sin and therefore you can’t live in it.

“we died” – What does he mean? 1. It’s an association with Christ’s death; 2. A decisive shift in relationship with Sin; there was a dramatic turn of events at the time of your conversion. Sin has no legal ground

v.3-5: Jesus' was put to death for sins; when I came to him in faith and identified with him in baptism I too died to sin. Sin no longer has it's death grip on me. When Jesus was raised from the dead so was I. Sin was defeated/ crushed in me.

Why does Paul bring up baptism? It is a clear picture of death and resurrection.

### **I am no longer dominated by sin because of Jesus' death and resurrection (6.6-11)**

v.6 - 7: My old sinful self was crucified. What is this? Some think our old nature was totally removed; some think he's talking about the two natures inside of us; he is referring to me being a part of Adam's race...in light of Romans 5 this is referring to what we were in Adam...it wasn't a part of me called my old nature, but the whole of me as I was before I was converted....my spiritual genetic makeup with Adam was completely wiped out and I received another genetic make up.

When did this happen? Baptism or conversion...NT mentions conversion initiations. Words or events in the minds of the NT authors that describe the conversion experience: faith, repentance, baptism, receiving the HS...There's a whole series of events that make up conversion

NIV: "the body of sin might be done away with (rendered powerless" Our identification with Christ means we are no longer dominated by sin. Therefore, we are no longer slaves to sin. Sin no longer characterizes me...I'm no longer white trash...I'm a child of God.

Positionally, I have been moved out of one field and placed in a better one.

How does it lose its power? There is a disconnect with former thinking and activities; you see yourself & life differently.

v.8-11: Jesus not only moved me out of one field and placed me in another, but he's also given me the power through the Holy Spirit to fully enjoy the new field.

Jesus took this impaired spiritual DNA and replaced it with his DNA.

v.8 - Our death in Christ assures our victory with Christ.

v.9f. - Jesus' death and resurrection is our assurance of victory over both sin & death; He defeated sin by dying; he defeated death by rising.

Application: There is no need to fear death, because the One I'm following completely defeated it.. Imagine death being a huge bully that is pummeling every person that passes by...everyone is scared...one day Death comes outside to be met by a large leathery object...object comes off the ground...lifts right over his head...Death looks up and sees the face of Jesus...sees his body...sees his leg...sees the shoe...then Wham! Death isn't dead, but he isn't the man he used to be...one day Jesus is coming back to pitch his pitiful body in the Lake of Fire!

I was in Christ & I died to sin and I was raised with him to live a new life, both now & eternally.

v.11 - I was ensnared by sin, but once I placed my faith in Christ I was released. Now, because of his resurrection, I no longer have to go back into captivity.

### **Moving Day**

Your standing in front of a small house...front yard has been burned up by the sun, ruts alongside the driveway, huge oil stains in the driveway and weeds growing between the cracks, old car sits in the middle of the

yard up on block & four tires are gone, the shrubs have grown up to the edge of the roof, backyard is overgrown, several dead trees, an old garden that hasn't been tilled in years...the brown paint on the house is flaking off the rotting wood, the shingles are curling up and breaking to pieces

Move to the front door, disconnected washing machine sits next to the door, collecting both dust & old papers, scurrying from behind it is a litter of kittens it reaks. You knock on the old wooden screen door, the screen is lose and partially open in the corner. There's no response to your knock, you cry out, "Pop, you in there...Pop, where are you."

You enter the house, the linoleum tile has a trail worn through it, must be 40 years old. The once white walls are a dirty yellow and the smell of cigarette smoke is heavy in the air. You enter into the living room and the little tv is blaring. The lazy boy recliner with it worn out arm rest stand ready for guest to plop down into it.

The couch is in the same place it has been for the last 35 years. It's torn and faded. It's fabric is oily to the touch from the bodies of family members and assorted pets.

You stick your head in the kitchen. "Dad you there" Nothing. The oven is covered with pots & pans, most of which contain contents that have far out lived their shelf life. The faucet is leaking. Every available counter top and kitchen table is filled with utensils, half eaten food, a box of motor oil, old magazines, and pet food. In the floor, is your dad's latest dog, a hair mongrel that shed enough hair to make an afgan.

You make your way to the back of the house through a hallway that is filled four feet high with every newspaper since 1973. You pass the bathroom that is too wretched to describe. You knock on your father's bedroom door, "Dad, dad, can I come in...." No response.

You open the door slightly and stick your head inside. The air in the room is heavy. Halfway up the it looks like a fog is on the ceiling. The bed is a mess, clothes are pitched in every corner, the venitian blind's are shut, the light filtering through them turns the room into a hazy yellow.

There he is. Your father. With a Miller Lite in his hand. Passed out from another day of binge drinking. You shake him, "Dad...you okay...just wanted to check on you...Got to go see the wife and kids...want me to bring you some food..."

No son...I'm fine...just a little tired...why don't you stay a few minutes and visit...get yourself a drink....let's talk about the good old days...remember all the fun we had...

You're halfway tempted to stay...sometimes you want to go back to that little bedroom...lay down & try to pretend...you forgot all the bad times...the drunken rages...absentee father...broken promises...there were a few good times...but mostly empty...you lived there as a young adult, moved on and now your married.

You tell your dad, you'd like to stay, but you need to get home to see the wife and kids. He tempts you a little more, "c'mon son, we can watch a little football and go get some hamburgers..." "No day, I got to go to my family..."

You get in your car and travel home. You pull into your new home. The driveway is still white w/o one stain; your garage is clean & orderly. Your yard is emmaculta and every shrub and tree is shaped and trimmed. The front porch is wide & deep with a large porch swing on one end. The house is made out of Texas limestone with large cedarpost shaping the front porch.

Your large nine foot door is made out of solid mahogany. As you enter the front door, you are greeted with the most aromatic smells – hot bread and grilling meat...everything inside your house is new...the wood floor,

carpet, wood paneling, paint and the furniture. There's not a scratch on any wall despite the fact you have three children.

Your golden retriever barks a welcoming greeting...the children here this and come tumbling down the stairs in a headlong charge for you. One slams into with a giggle and the others slam into him. You roll on the carpet and your automatically pinned to the ground.

Your wife laughs and smiles. You stick your head up from the pile of kids and catch her endearing smile. She's beautiful. Your life is good.

With the kids swarming around you, you think back from the house you just came from. The darkness...filth...sadness...no hope...into light...life...joy...and love.

You wonder, "Why am I drawn to that dump?" Occasionally, you find yourself driving to that house and parking in the driveway and trying to move in...what is it when I have all this?"

What's going on? You have to remind yourself, "That isn't my home...I have a new home...with a new family...I'm not going back there...My old home has nothing to offer me but heartache and disappointment.

Beloved, when you came to faith in Jesus, you moved out of Adam's home & placed in the home of God's family. There is no comparison between the two...it's the difference between night & day; love & hate; heaven & hell.

But, it takes a while to break old habits and thought patterns. You can free a slave from the captivity of a plantation in a day; but to free a slave from the captivity of thinking can take a life time.

There is one problem that will always exist between the two houses. They sit next door to one another. So there's always a slight pull to return home..

When I came to faith in Christ, my address changed and I moved into a new relationship with God. But, I still like sitting on the old furniture...I have to adapt to a new way of both thinking & living...my new house is far superior, my new relationship is far greater and my new riches are far wealthier than anything the old home place can offer me.

Moving day: Jesus not only moved me out of one home and placed me in another, but he's also given me the power through the Holy Spirit to fully enjoy the new relationship.

We're going to express our thanks to God this morning for moving us by the blood of His Son from the old way of life into a new & better way.

Moving day analogy – that's not your address anymore; you have a new address; you may still get mail with the old address, but don't open it up...it ain't your mail any longer...

The newly relocated person's mind has to change. You have to quit going back to the old house and trying to get back inside. Here's the deal, if you're truly converted you may try to return, but it will never be the same...like returning to your childhood house...you can't...you have to remind yourself this isn't my home...I'm no longer a part of this household.

His resurrection gives me the ability to live in this new house...you say you can't live up to the standard, can't pay the bills, too much to take care of, all of it has been paid for and he'll deepen your understanding so you'll know how to take care of it.

**We are a slave to whomever we obey (6.12–23)**

**We have legally been released from the law & our sinful nature  
(7.1-6)**