

What is the first thing that comes to mind when I say the word King? You would probably say, flowing robe, or crown. But you wouldn't mention the name of a king. If I asked you to make a list of 5 kings that are alive and well and ruling in the world today, could you do it? There just aren't that many kings today. However, there were plenty of kings in the Bible. There was king Saul - the first King of Israel - a head taller than anyone else in the kingdom. Later on, however, he met his Maker by taking his own life when the enemy was closing in on him. There was King David - a king after the Lord's own heart. He wrote half the book of Psalms, yearned to build the temple, and committed adultery and murder. There was King Solomon - the wisest man in the world. Except for the fact that he was a rank polygamist - marrying a few hundred too many women. Nebuchadnezzar, Herod Archelaus, and Herod Antipas... The Bible has plenty of Kings. And all of them had plenty of shortcomings

When you take a look at Jesus Christ, your first impressions aren't that impressive. But looks can be deceiving. You will find out today, that what appears foolish really displays the wisdom of our God. Jesus Christ is one king you want to follow in your life. So let's be sure we all "Follow A Foolish King!"

Behold his foolish subjects. The people he came to rule rejected him. They despised him. They hated him. They plotted to kill him. His own disciples deserted him. One even betrayed him.

Behold his foolish garments. He wasn't clothed with royalty and splendor. He wasn't wearing fine silk and linens. His kingly raiment wasn't hand made or custom-fitted. He was stripped and laid bare before his enemies. Then he was clothed in mock-clothing. A scarlet purple robe was draped on his shoulders.

Behold his foolish crown. He wasn't wearing a crown of gold or silver or platinum. This crown wasn't overlaid with jewels. It wasn't the sign and symbol of power, prestige, fame, and riches. The British crown jewels are said to be worth perhaps as much as \$3 billion. This crown wasn't even close to that. Such a foolish crown! This was a crown handmade by amateurs. It was woven together using the thorny branches of a bush. It was pressed down hard upon his skull. It dug in. It tore flesh. It drew blood. Such foolishness!

Behold his foolish staff. It, too, was not fashioned from gold or silver. This scepter had no jewels or custom engravings. No ornate orb adorned the top. Such a foolish staff! It was another cruel tool of mockery. It was another device of derision. Such foolishness!

Behold his foolish homage. Soldiers who only gave homage to their captain, to governor Pilate, or Caesar Tiberius knelt in front of him while barely containing their outbursts of laughter. Such foolish homage! Rather than washing this king's feet they spit in his face. Rather than kissing this king's hand as it held his scepter, they took the staff and struck him on the head again and again. Such foolishness!

. Behold his foolish death. He didn't die on a king's royal bed tucked away in the far corner of an impressive palace. He didn't have a historic funeral with thousands attending, a celebrity singing in his honor, and all this broadcasted on live TV around the world.

Such a foolish death! He was led away carrying his own instrument of execution. He

received the death penalty of a slave, a rebel, or the vilest of criminals. His hands and his feet were pierced with nails. He was hoisted in the air for all to see, a spectacle for all to laugh at and mock once more. He gushed blood. He gasped for breath. He bowed his head and died. He was buried in a tomb that didn't even belong to him. Such foolishness!

Behold his foolish actions. He didn't live in a palace. He didn't ride in a chariot or on a valiant steed. He didn't cause thousands to bow before him. He didn't command. He didn't conquer. He was born in a barn in Bethlehem. He walked and talked with prostitutes and sinners. He rode upon a donkey. He stooped down to wash feet. He stood silently before his accusers. He accepted an undeserved punishment.

Behold his foolish activity today. He hasn't made you rich. He hasn't made you famous. He hasn't given you the best of everything. He hasn't brought world peace. He hasn't fixed the economy. He hasn't fixed your marriage. He hasn't fixed your kids so that they actually listen. He hasn't taken your aches and pains away. He hasn't made it so that you get younger, thinner, and spryer. He hasn't taken away our problems. Such foolishness! This is the king that we worship? This is the king that we praise and adore? This is the king that a whole religion centers around? What a foolish king!

Listen to what the apostle Paul once wrote, "The foolishness of God is wiser than man's wisdom, and the weakness of God is stronger than man's strength . . . God chose the foolish things of the world to shame the wise; God chose the weak things of the world to shame the strong."

As we behold this king Jesus Christ with our human, worldly eyes, we scoff and scorn, too. Where's the power? Where's the prestige? Where's the honor? Where's the riches? Where's my help? Where's my hero? But that's just the problem. Human wisdom—worldly wisdom—is foolish and weak to God.

You see all the while, this man couched in such lowly and mean estate was also a God accomplishing the impossible. His foolish life of humility was actually a brilliant life of love. As he walked and talked with prostitutes, tax collectors, adulterers, thieves, and the other spiritual sick, he was living a life of love that we fall far short of. He was showing that he came not to help the righteous but to give treatment to the spiritually sick. He loved every one in every way—be it friend or foe, Jew or Gentile.

His foolish passion was actually a brilliant act of obedience. He knew what was coming. He knew what would happen to him. He knew the pain that waited. Knowing what would happen because of his divine nature, it even caused him to sweat drops of blood because of his human nature. Yet he prayed, "Father, not my will, but your will be done." He was perfectly obedient and submissive to the will and plan of his heavenly Father. Again, something foreign to our lives.

His foolish suffering and death were actually brilliant acts of love. The innocent suffered for the guilty. The righteous was tortured for the unrighteous. The God who has all the answers closed his mouth and humbly gave no answer. The holy and righteous one was made to be sin and to carry sin. The one who issued the curse and punishment for sins took that very curse and

punishment on himself. The crucifixion that was so brutal and so horrifying was in fact even worse—an epic battle with the prince of demons. And the death that seemed so humble and lonely was actually a death once and for all—for you and for me and for our sins.

His foolish activity today is actually brilliant love and tender shepherding for his dear sheep. Sure he could give us millions of dollars and massive mansions. He could give us happy lives with no problems and no suffering. He could take away all fears and dangers, aches and pains. He could bring us world peace. He could easily do any of those things.

But we would only forget about him then—even more than we already do. We wouldn't see a need for him. We wouldn't care about our sins. We wouldn't learn to lean on him and rely on his strength. We wouldn't look forward to an eternal life where there finally will be peace and joy and happiness forever. It's so foolish to the world. Shamefully and sinfully, sometimes it's also foolish to us. But yet this is God's infinite wisdom.

God wisely gives us what we need. He gives us true peace. A peace knowing that my sin is removed. A peace knowing that heaven is mine. A peace knowing that there is a place that I will soon be where I will dwell with him forever. He gives us true joy. A joy knowing that he provides for me. A joy knowing that he cares for me. A joy knowing that he loved me enough to die for me. He gives us true strength. I don't need power and prestige and wealth and fame and glory to be strong. I am strong knowing that he is with me always, even to the end of the age. I am strong knowing that he is the same yesterday and today and forever. I am strong knowing that never will he leave me, never will he forsake me.

And someday, Herod who hunted him down, the people who rejected him, Judas who traded him in for a few extra bucks, Pilate who washed his hands of him, the soldiers who mocked him and drove the nails home will all see it plainly On the last day he'll be surrounded not by wicked soldiers, but by “many angels, numbering thousands upon thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand.

He'll wear a robe “On his robe and on his thigh he has this name written: KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS” (Revelation 19:16). He'll have a glorious crown. We will see Jesus “crowned with glory and honor” (Hebrews 2:9).

He'll have a scepter for the Bible says, “He will rule them with an iron scepter; he will dash them (that is the wicked, the unbelieving) to pieces like pottery” (Revelation 2:27). People will kneel before him, not to mock him but to confess him. “At the name of Jesus every knee should bow, in heaven and on earth and under the earth, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father” (Philippians 2:10-11).

He came foolishly. He acted foolishly. He died foolishly. But hidden behind this foolishness to the world was the wisdom of God. For through this foolishness, my King forgave me and saved me. This is my King. This is your King. Hail your Foolish King, for he is not really foolish at all. He is the King of all glory and power. The King of life and death. The King for all eternity. The King of kings and Lord of lords. Jesus Christ, the King.