

IF ANYONE THIRSTS

A FINAL INVITATION FROM KERRY

On the last and greatest day of the festival, Jesus stood and said in a loud voice, "Let anyone who is thirsty come to me and drink."

JOHN 7:37

The passage he chose, studied, and carried with him in his last season. He believed it was meant for someone who would hear it. We believe he was right.

Picture Jerusalem.

The Feast of Tabernacles has reached its eighth day — the GREAT Day. For seven mornings a priest has marched from the Temple to the Pool of Siloam, filled a golden pitcher, and borne it back through streets lined with palm branches and the long, breaking note of the shofar. The whole city has remembered how GOD sustained their fathers in the wilderness — a pillar of cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night, water drawn from a rock.



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But today is different.

Today the priest carries the pitcher down to Siloam — Siloam, which means Sent One — and returns with it empty. Empty. The wilderness is behind them. They are no longer waiting for water. They are waiting for Someone.

The shofars fall silent. Tens of thousands hold their breath. The priest lifts the empty vessel above the altar, and a single voice rings out the words of Isaiah:

I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground.

Into that silence, a man stands. And HE shouts.

"If anyone thirsts, let him come to ME and drink. He who believes in ME — out of his heart will flow rivers of living water."



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That man was JESUS.

The verb in the original is not spoke. It is cried out. JESUS did not whisper this invitation. He thundered it across a packed temple courtyard so that not one thirsty soul would miss the sound of it. Kerry came to know it in the marrow of him: the cry has not stopped. It rings still — through two thousand years of history, across this very room, into every weary heart that has ever wondered whether anything could be enough.

He had wandered the wilderness himself. He knew the long walk through hard country, the grief of waiting, the slow work of endurance. And in JESUS he had found, at last, the One who could not merely soothe the thirst but quench it. Not numb. Not distract. Quench. Rivers — plural — out of a single believing heart.



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He would not want a tribute today. He would point past himself, as he always did, to the same invitation that rang out over Jerusalem two thousand years ago — still ringing, even now, into your tired heart.

"IF ANYONE THIRSTS, LET HIM COME TO ME AND DRINK."

Dad came.

Dad drank.

And Dad, at this very hour, is no longer thirsty.

The invitation he spent his life carrying is still standing. It is free. It is for you. It does not ask that you have it all together. It asks only that you be thirsty enough to come.

