

"...I will set a plumb line in the midst of my people Israel..." (Amos 7:8) Volume I Issue 2

(the following is an excerpt from a manuscript in the 2002 Fort Worth Lectures)

<u>"THE LOVE OF GOD"</u>

...God loves us! Stanza one begins thus,

The love of God is greater far than tongue or pen can ever tell, It goes beyond the highest star and reaches to the lowest hell.

Language is inadequate to express the love of God. We know more than we can understand or explain. God's love is far beyond the expression of either pen or tongue. Lines from this poem say it well.

> Language, at its best, is but the crude husk that covers the kernel of the true feelings which flood our minds and surge up within our hearts.

> We cannot adequately express in frail symbols or by communication skills the magnitude, the sacrificial and enduring love of God. Words are the only mere shadows of reality. We stand in awesome silence as we contemplate His loving nature.

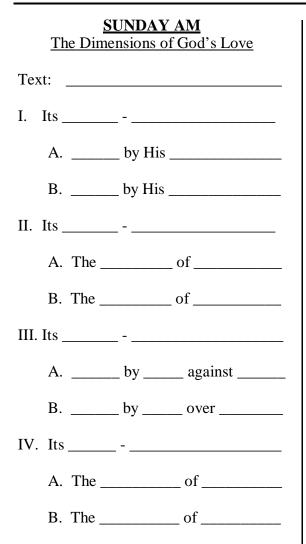
It was the holiness of His Godship that Habakkuk spoke of when he contrasted the nature of God with idols and wrote, "The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth be silent before Him" (Habakkuk 2:20).

The love of God is higher than heaven and the countless universes beyond. The love of God exceeds the depths of hell. In trying to describe it, one reaches the top and keeps going. He hits the bottom and doesn't stop. Idolatry is the result of men trying to limit the nature of Go. This makes God too small.

God's love is beyond the limits of time. Time passes and kingdoms fall, but God's love goes on and on. IN rebellion against God, men refused to pray. They become idolaters and worshipped rocks, hills, and mountains, but God's love still endured...measureless and strong. IT shall forever more endure...the saint's and angel's song.

A stanza in the song, "Amazing Grace," expresses this truth: "When we've been there 10,000 years...There's no less days to sing God's praise than when we first begun."

Lamentations 2:22-23 is a Scripture we now sing affirming the love of God, "The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases—His mercies never come to an end. They are new every morning. Great is Thy faithfulness."



a merry heart doeth well...

"How did the wedding go?" asked the preacher's wife. "Just fine 'till I asked the bride if she would obey, and she said, 'Do you think I'm nuts?' and the groom said, 'I do,' and then things really began to happen fast."

FOR THIS CAUSE

In Ephesians 3:14, Paul remarked, "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ..." This statement came as result of his desire to ensure his motives not be misinterpreted. He easily could have appealed to their emotions for all he had suffered., but his intent was much deeper than to selfishly receive sympathy. He had a higher calling toward which he pressed (Philippians 3:14).

There was a cause to every purpose Paul had as a Christian, preacher, missionary, and apostle. And in the same way there must be a cause to the purpose of each child of God today. But in order to determine the cause, the purpose must first be realized.

What is the purpose of a New Testament Christian? Perhaps Paul wrote it best when he continued in Ephesians 3 to say that it was to help all men see and know the love of Christ that passeth all knowledge (Ephesians 3:15-19). The Christian's purpose is to help man come to know the love of God and respond to it through the gospel's redemptive means.

Knowing the purpose, the cause of the New Testament Christian is clearly determined as that of which Paul was a beneficiary. "Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might shew forth all longsuffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting" (I Timothy 1:16).

For this cause we obtain mercy because our purpose should be to know the love of God and help others do the same.

-Andy Brewer

God's love is unmerited. He loves the unlovable. The quality of God's love is expressed by Paul.

For while we were still helpless, at the right time Christ died for the ungodly... But God demonstrated His own love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us...For if while we were yet enemies, we were reconciled to God through the death of His Son, much more, having been reconciled, we shall be saved by His life (Romans 5:6,8,10).

The words of the old gospel song says it well:

I was sinking deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Very deeply stained within, sinking to rise no more. But the Master of the sea, Heard my despairing cry, From the waters lifted me—Now safe am I...When nothing else could help, Love lifted me.

The love of God is extended in reconciliation, redemption, and forgiveness to all who will receive it. The proof of God's love was the sacrifice of His only begotten Son. John writes,

But when the fullness of time came, God sent forth His Son, born of a woman, born under the law in order that He might redeem those who were under the law, that we might receive the adoption as sons (Galatians 4:4-5).

The sacrificial nature of God's love makes reconciliation possible. We must not spurn the love of God. When time and earth shall pass away, it will be too late. When men willfully and stubbornly refuse to pray, they have gone too far. Don't run out of time. Don't reject the love of God. It is only by responding to the love of God that we can receive redeeming grace.

The third stanza paints a graphic word picture that cannot be forgotten.

Could we with ink the ocean fill, and were the skies of parchment made, Were every stalk on earth a quill, and every man a scribe by trade; To write the love of God above would drain the ocean dry; Nor could the scroll contain the whole tho' stretched from sky to sky.

Stretch your imagination and see the ocean full of black ink as far as you can see. Travel in your imagination to the highest mountain and look at the massive sky. Observe the ripened fields of wheat below. Pretend every wheat stalk is a quill. All the wheat stalks in Kansas and Texas and all the trees in the forests of Colorado and Washington are like worn our writing instruments.

Consider all of the oceans dried up to their bottoms—even in their deep canyons and remote sink holes.

Now look up to the sky and see the love of God written in huge letters in every language and every script. There is no more room to write, but there is more to be written. The half has not yet been told. Every stalk of every plant has been used up and the ink out of the ocean is depleted. The sky is fully crowded with the script of the message of the love of God.

This is a picture described in that song. Yet, even this is but a crude, dim, reflection of all that is involved in the love of God. *Jimmy Jividen*