

## Love

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I have struggled with what to write in this article for many weeks. I had a topic in mind and then God spoke to me about trials and “counting it all joy” when we face trials. I thought that was what God wanted me to write about and I tried to do that. But it wasn’t right either.

All I have been filled with recently is God’s love and how much He loves us and how much He loves me. If you are like me you need to be reminded – often – about how much God loves you. It’s easy to believe in our minds that God loves us. We believe the Bible, and it tells us He loves us. But it’s hard to believe it in our emotions and our thoughts – what we sometimes call our hearts.

Do you have a hard time really believing that God loves you? Has anyone ever told you that there is nothing you can do to make God love you more and there is nothing you can do to make him love you less? His love is not based on what we do for God, but on what he did and continues to do for us.

God demonstrates (proves) his own love for us in this: While we were still sinners, Christ died for us (Romans 5:8).

See how great a love the Father has bestowed on us, that we should be called the children of God; and such we are (I John 3:1).

This is how God showed his love among us: He sent his one and only Son into the world that we might live through him. This is love: not that we loved God, but that he loved us and sent his son as an atoning sacrifice for our sins. (I John 4:9, 10).

Mike and I chose a song to be sung in Spanish at our wedding because many of my relatives, specifically my grandparents, didn’t speak English and we wanted them to hear, in their language, that God loved them. The song we chose is “The Love of God.”

### *The Love of God*

*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  
The guilty pair, bowed down with care  
God gave His Son to win*

*His erring child He reconciled  
And pardoned from his sin*

*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  
Though stretched from sky to sky*

*O love of God, how rich and pure!  
How measureless and strong!  
It shall forevermore endure  
The saints' and angels' song.*