

Show Me Your Glory - Week Thirteen

Love & Jealously

1 John 4:7-12 Beloved, let us love one another, for love is from God, and whoever loves has been born of God and knows God. ⁸ **Anyone who does not love does not know God, because God is love.** ⁹ In this the love of God was made manifest among us, that God sent his only Son into the world, so that we might live through him. ¹⁰ In this is love, not that we have loved God but that he loved us and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. ¹¹ Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another. ¹² No one has ever seen God; if we love one another, God abides in us and his love is perfected in us.

God's Love

John 1:12
John 13:1
John 13:34-35
Romans 5:8
Romans 8:38-39
Romans 9:13
Ephesians 1:4-5
Ephesians 2:4-5
Ephesians 3:17-19
1 John 1:5
1 John 3:1, 23-24
1 John 4:8-12
1 John 4:19
Jeremiah 31:3

God's Jealously

Deuteronomy 4:24
Proverbs 3:11-12

God's Steadfast Love in the Psalms

Psalms 103:8-11
Psalm 139:1
Psalm 145:8
Psalm 100:5
Psalm 106:1
Psalm 107:1
Psalm 118:1-4
Psalm 36:5-7

The Love of God

Frederick M. Lehman, 1917

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.

Refrain:

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

When hoary time shall pass away,
And earthly thrones and kingdoms fall,
When men who here refuse to pray,
On rocks and hills and mountains call,
God's love so sure, shall still endure,
All measureless and strong;
Redeeming grace to Adam's race—
The saints' and angels' song.

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.

How Deep the Father's Love

Stuart Townend

How deep the Father's love for us,
How vast beyond all measure
That He should give His only Son
To make a wretch His treasure

How great the pain of searing loss,
The Father turns His face away
As wounds which mar the chosen One,
Bring many sons to glory

Behold the Man upon a cross,
My sin upon His shoulders
Ashamed I hear my mocking voice,
Call out among the scoffers

It was my sin that held Him there
Until it was accomplished
His dying breath has brought me life
I know that it is finished

I will not boast in anything
No gifts, no power, no wisdom
But I will boast in Jesus Christ
His death and resurrection

Why should I gain from His reward?
I cannot give an answer
But this I know with all my heart
His wounds have paid my ransom