

Yet have I loved you

*A BRUISED REED HE WILL NOT BREAK AND
SMOKING FLAX HE WILL NOT QUENCH, TILL
HE SENDS FORTH JUSTICE TO VICTORY.
MATHEW 12,20.*

Some verses are so loaded with the power of resurrection, the one above is like that. Strange that Jesus, name above all names, King of Kings should entrust His Kingdom building into the hands of mere mortals like us. It is too awesome to think it is through us He speaks, heals, loves, redeems, walks and builds His Kingdom. More puzzling than why He chose us, is the fact that JESUS NEVER GIVES UP ON US, no matter what. This has never ceased to amaze me that Jesus would so relentlessly love me, even when I could be totally unlovable doing all that would deeply grieve Him. But why, why does He still love me...? Listen to what the Father God says about His deep heart wrenching love towards Israel, "They say, ' If a man divorces his wife, and she goes from him and becomes another man's may he return to her again?' Would not

that land be greatly polluted? But you have played the harlot with many lovers. YET RETURN TO ME." SAYS THE LORD. Jeremiah 3,1...RETURN BACKSLIDING ISRAEL SAYS THE LORD, I WILL NOT CAUSE MY ANGER TO FALL ON YOU. FOR I AM MERCIFUL." SAYS THE LORD. Jeremiah 3, 12.

I never understand why He ever chose me in the first place and never understand even when I commit such a vile crime, He has not stopped loving me. And the culmination of this irrational love is the Cross. Neither can I comprehend the depth of that love.. Yet the good news is my Father waits that I come home and He is so hurt when I take time to walk back to Him. Why would He ever want me back. Can't He create something spotless and something dear to His heart? But yet the most wonderful thing is that His heart is still on me and He longs that I get back to Him. He has a plan for me and He has a purpose for me and He has a work for me in His Kingdom building that only I can do. He washes me with Hyssop once again, His precious, precious blood shed on that Cross and puts back the sword, His word in my

hand. He has not quenched His light in my life. All the time when storms were howling, my Jesus cupped His hand over the dying flame even when it singed His scarred hand, keeping it alive. And rejoicing to see it burning again. Even when the heart is bruised like a reed, He lovingly takes my heart in the hollow of His hands covering it that it would not burst and making me soft and tender again. Oh such love... O such trust... Could I ever say no to this Man...?

Father, Father , Father

You know it all, the secret sins, the abominations. Forgive me once more. In my place You sent Your Son, who paid it all for me and you love me again more fully. Why such love Lord, Why such trust...? Give me grace to walk worthy of your love and trust. Lord my God where can I run, where can I hide, where is the reason for my life if you are not the center.. Father whatever happens, never let me go, never quench Your Spirit, never never let me go. Love you Father. In Jesus name. Amen.