

# Jesus Loves Me

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*For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. - John 3:16*

As I write this devotion, I am sitting in the small apartment atop the Acts Bible College compound in Manila, Philippines. I've been given the privilege to return to the country of my birth, a place I haven't been able to visit in ten years. After living "off" the mission field for about eight years, returning to the Philippines is like coming home for me.

Sunday I attended an amazing service, and the power of God hit me like a flood. I spent the month of June in the States going to district Teen Camp, Senior Camp, and Camp-Meeting services but I must say, I haven't felt the power of God with such a strength and fervency as I did this Sunday afternoon. The worship of the Filipino people is purest and most rare form of worship I have ever encountered, and I am always struck by the sincerity and intensity of it.

Humbled, with tears stinging my eyes, I watched two hundred Filipinos of all ages stand to their feet, with hands lifted high and faces glowing with unabashed adoration and thanks when my father proclaimed from the pulpit, "Jesus loves *you*." Jesus loves you. How simple. How uncomplicated and brief. The room shook with shouts of praise, from the platform to the small sound room in the back – all because of three simple words. And suddenly, I felt so ashamed.

Why is it that we who have been raised with the legacy of Pentecost sometimes forget the basic principles of our faith? "For God so loved the world." That's where it all started. He loved us. Before the cross, before the outpouring of His spirit, even before his birth - He loved us. His overwhelming and unparalleled love is what made all of the things I just mentioned possible. We've become so

calloused in our faith that we just *expect* God to love us. Of course He always will, but have we forgotten how undeserving we are of that love? Somehow, along the road of our spiritual growth, we've become so "mature" in our faith that in order to be moved by God, we have to be dazzled, entertained, and provoked. What ever happened to being so awe-struck by the realization of "*Jesus loves me*" that we fall on our faces, overwhelmed and overcome with gratitude?

We've each been given an awesome gift: the unconditional and everlasting love of an eternal Father. I pray that each of us will be reminded daily to always treasure that obvious, but all-too-often forgotten fact.