

# Love of God - Part 1

by K.P. Yohannan

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*God's love is unconditional and demonstrated through Jesus' sacrifice, offering us the opportunity to experience freedom from sin and a life of love and forgiveness.*

**Duration:** 41:02

**Scripture:** Matthew 6:33, John 3:16, John 8:1, John 13:34, Romans 5:8

**Topics:** "Love Of God"

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## Description

In this sermon, the speaker describes a powerful encounter between Jesus and a woman who is filled with shame and guilt. Jesus holds her face and looks into her heart, healing her soul and removing her sin. He then tells her to go in peace and expresses his love for her. The speaker emphasizes that this is a beautiful example of God's love, which is also available to everyone. The sermon also mentions a conference called Renewing Your Passion and quotes a hymn about the immeasurable love of God.

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## Transcript

God's love under the spotlight today on the road to reality. Our love is so very often conditional. Many have a love based on feelings and emotions that can change from one moment to the next, but God's love doesn't work that way.

The Bible tells us that God is love and he also demonstrates his love toward us through his son. Today on the road to reality we'll open the word and uncover what God's love is all about and how to respond to it. Brother K.P. Yohanan of Gospel for Asia takes us now to Romans 5 and verse 8 which is a great place to start for a study of God's love.

Turn with me to the book of Romans chapter 5. We are reading verse 8, Romans chapter 5 verse 8. But God demonstrates his own love for us in this. While we were still sinners, Christ died for us. When Jesus died on the cross and the incredible agony, the pain that he suffered and shedding his blood, it was a public demonstration of the father's love for me and for you and for the whole world.

So it is said in John's gospel chapter 3 verse 16, that famous verse, for God so loved the world, he can say loved me, that he gave his only begotten son that whoever believe in him will not perish, they will not have to go to hell forever and ever to suffer, but they may have everlasting life. What a beautiful statement. When we come to the Lord's table, more than anything else, this kind of becomes a transport for us to travel back in time some 2,000 years and stand by the hillside and watch this historical event.

The mob, the soldiers, the priests, the leaders, the Lamb of God, God in flesh, the Lamb of God, you watch him, you see his face. If only he could have one glimpse of his face and his eyes, it will say to you, it's all because of love, no other reason. The nails in your hands, the nails in your feet, they tell me how much you love me.

The thorns on your bra, they tell me how you bore so much shame to love me. And when the heavens pass away, all your scars will remain and forever they will say how much you love me. So I want to say forever my love, forever my heart, forever my life is yours.

When you consider the rich man that went to hell, having lived with all the riches and luxury during his life on earth, and then he ended up in flames. It's not a story, it's not a parable, it's a historical event, it's really happened. The name is mentioned, Lazarus.

The rich man's name is not mentioned, for he represents the nameless multiplied millions, those who refuse to understand the Father's love. And after all the pleadings, all he could do was, please let someone go and tell my brothers that they will not come here. And I suppose in my imagination, he will now be crying out for how many centuries and for how many millions years more, never to end the cry, all I ask is, let me die, that's all I want.

But the answer comes again and again and again, you will never die, you will never die. If only we can understand the seriousness of sin and the consequence, we realize Christ's death on the cross was not just someone dying as a criminal, no, it demonstrated the awfulness of sin and God's wrath. And then how come, how can, why that God would love me and you so much that he would allow his son to die for us.

Frederick Lehman wrote these words long ago, the love of God is greater far than tongues 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 sin.

Oh, the love of God, how rich and pure, how measureless and strong, it shall for more ever endure the saints and angels song. Listen to these amazing words. Could we would think the ocean fill and where the skies of parchment made, where every stock on earth they 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.

If the entire sky becomes a piece of paper and every man a scribe, someone who write, the entire ocean made of ink and then the ocean can dry, but you never can write enough to explain the love of God. One man subjectively so moved about this love that he experienced, that he wrote these amazing words in Galatians chapter 2 verse 20. If you want to turn your Bibles to that verse, Galatians chapter 2 verse 20.

Paul the apostle write these words, I have been crucified with Christ and no longer live, but Christ lives in me. The life I live in the body, I live by the faith in the son of God, notice those words now, who loved me and gave himself for me. Can you say that? You can, but would you say that thinking deep about it? He loved me and gave himself for me.

Who is this man? From one of the richest family, his father was not an ordinary individual but truly rich, fabulously rich. And he himself acquired the highest education of the day, not a reprobate but a righteous man according to the law. But the same time he was the enemy of Christ and his followers.

You read his story in the book of Acts, how he went about persecuting the followers of Christ and seeking to imprison them and beat them up and kill them. That was his assignment and he believed by doing so he was serving God totally in the dark, misunderstands the whole thing. And now on the way to kill Christians, Christ encounters him.

He fell from the horse, this bright light blinds him, his colleagues can't figure out what is going on, but finally he asked, who are you, Lord? Who are you? The answer, I am Jesus, the one you persecute. Now you know the rest of the story. Later he writes about himself, paraphrasing his own testimony, says, I can't imagine that God would love me the least and the last, the chief of sinners, that he would come after me, the enemy, going after to kill him and his followers and against his entire kingdom.

And he loved me and gave himself for me. No longer I hold my life to myself. I have given my life for his life.

It's no more I that live. It's the exchange that is made when you realize, when you understand, when it get hold of you all of a sudden, wow, he died for me. It is not a myth.

It is reality. As you hear testimonies from the Asian mission field, KP will also be speaking to us and you'll enjoy heartfelt worship, prayer, and fellowship with other believers who share your passion for Christ and reaching the lost. Plan on joining us this year, won't you? It takes place in Dallas, Texas, July 11th through the 13th.

Register early and find out more information at our website, [winasia.org](http://winasia.org). That's [winasia.org](http://winasia.org) or call 866-WIN-ASIA. Well, back now as promised is KP encouraging us to get alone with the Lord. I recommend, as I have done many times, sit alone sometime.

Be alone. Not that you will not want friends, but for time, for a day, half a day, give up your friends and your wife, your children, your husband, whoever. Just walk away for a few hours.

Sit alone and ask with all honesty, oh Holy Spirit, reveal my Lord and reveal him to me. Let me understand him. And that's what happened to Paul.

For a lot of people coming to the Lord's table has a lot of strange meanings and ideas, but as we travel back in time, all we can hear that night, Jesus sit with his disciples and simply says, love one another as I have loved you. This body that's broken because of love, this blood of mine is spilled out because of love. And remember me, don't forget me.

When we read the New Testament, we read the names of so many people that experienced this love of Jesus. And there are some nameless people also. When we read the Gospel of John chapter 8, we read about that nameless woman who was caught in the act of adultery.

And the religious crowd now want a judgment from Christ. She has no defense. She failed, she sinned according to the law.

There's no negotiation here. There's no excuse. She must be stoned to death.

We read some of these incidents in the scripture and it never really touches us deep unless you put yourself in her shoes and then come to the end of the story and see, oh my, when no one, nothing could save me and help me, love and grace reached me. Reading the story, one night, as a matter of fact, just a

couple of months ago, it was late, late into the night, maybe one or two in the morning. And I thought I'd like to write this story and paraphrase it so I can better understand it.

I imagined myself to be one of those people watching this whole event transpiring right in front of my eyes. And maybe part of this I will read for you that can help you understand what love is all about. The sun was up, casting purple shadows among the mighty trees in the open space.

A large crowd gathered around Jesus, even at that hour, to hear him teach. Suddenly the silence was broken, surge of angry men rushing toward Christ, a pack of bloodthirsty wolves, the scribes and the Pharisees. They did not come alone.

In their midst was the nameless woman, a wounded lamb, being dragged and pulled by strong muscled men whose faces and hearts were made of stone. They spat on her, cursed her, called her names. She cried out with pain.

She struggled to get free from their iron grip, but what use? Where could she run to? Who would give her shelter? Finally she gives up. They shout her at Jesus' feet. There she lay in a huddled heap, trembling with fear, sobbing bitterly, had bowed in shame.

Her dust-filled hair fell on her face, body bruised from being dragged across the cobbled streets. Her dress was torn and stained with blood and dust. The irreligious self-righteous crowd spewed out their accusations at Jesus.

Their words were cruel and sharp. They had no mercy. They spoke for God.

They believed. They did not know they were talking to God. There was Christ surrounded by this angry mob.

I could not help but see his pain-filled face, his eyes with an infinite sadness. He raised his head. Their shouting suddenly ceased.

His head, he heard the demand. This woman was caught in the act of adultery. Our Lord demands that she must be stoned to death and it must be done now.

What do you say? I wondered if they caught her in the act of adultery, surely she could not have done it alone. Where is the man? Where is he to share in her shame? And I said to myself, it is not fair. Jesus did not answer them.

He stooped down slowly and deliberately begins to scribble in the dust with his index finger, the very finger that once etched the law on the tablets of stone. Then Christ looked in the face of these men, a piercing look, and said, he that is without sin among you, let him cast a stone at her. He continued writing in the dust.

What was he writing? I could not see, but suddenly I heard the thud of stone after stone falling on the ground. One by one they turned around, quietly hurrying away, running to hide themselves from the bright light that had exposed their sins. The crowd disappeared.

The wolves were gone. No one stoned her. I went closer to see her face.

I will never forget the look on her face, eyes so distant, so blank, no defiance left in her. It was obvious she had given up. Her shoulders slumped forward, her face looked all deep lines of pain etched upon it.

She was not humiliated by this experience, she was beyond humiliation. The stillness was broken only by her sobbing. Christ stretched out his arms, helped her to stand up from her heap of ashes.

Her head still hung down, weeping as she covered her face with her dirty hands. Then, with eyes full of grace and love, he said to her, woman, where are those your accusers? Has no one condemned you? She whispered, no one Lord, no one Lord. He did not ask her any more questions.

He did not ask her about her past, her sins, her failures, nothing. He did not ask her for any explanations. If only the stones could speak, how many stories they will say about the men that held them in their tight grip.

If anyone could have asked, should have asked, it was he about her past, but he wouldn't. For her sins were against him and no one else. But he was silent.

He understood her heart. Then he said to her, neither do I condemn you. Her face lit up.

The sun rose on her face. The wrinkles on her face suddenly disappeared. Her eyes no longer dull and colorless.

Her eyes no longer dull or colorless. Seems to flash in the morning sun. She looked into his eyes, trying to take him all in, trying to understand this strange man who acted like no man she had ever met.

Suddenly, the rivers of tears began to run down her cheeks. She cried a long time. As though her soul was cleansing itself.

I will never forget what Jesus did next. He reached down to her gently, tenderly, and wiped her tears from her face. Suddenly, she stopped crying.

A smile broke out on her face. Her tear-filled eyes lit up. He cupped her face in his hands.

He held her face a long time, not really looking at her, but through her, as though he was looking at her heart, at all the scars on her soul. It was as if he was healing her soul, looking her sin away, giving her beauty for ashes. And then, abruptly, he let her face go.

He turned to me and simply said, go in peace. I love you. A wonderful picture of God's love, huh? And that's the same love he offers so graciously to you and me.

So that's why we want to give you these dates now to mark on your calendar. It's in Dallas, Texas, July 11th through the 13th. And we have the information you need and how to register at [WinAsia.org](http://WinAsia.org). Again, the web address, [WinAsia.org](http://WinAsia.org). Or call, toll free.

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Again, the web address, [WinAsia.org](http://WinAsia.org). And that phone number, 866-WinAsia. The Road to Reality with K.P. Yohannan, brought to you by Gospel for Asia. We'll see you next week at the same time when we'll again turn to God's Word for encouragement.

After me, the enemy going after to kill him and his followers and against his entire kingdom. And he loved me and gave himself for me. No longer I hold my life to myself.

I have given my life for his life. It's no more I that live. It's the exchange that is made when you realize, when you understand, when it get hold of you all of a sudden, wow, he died for me.

It is not a myth. It is reality. Brother K.P. Yohannan underscoring the reality of God's incredible love here on the Road to Reality, a ministry of Gospel for Asia.

And before we return to K.P., I'd like to briefly tell you about this year's Renewing Your Passion conference. Come and be refreshed and encouraged in your walk with the Lord as you hear testimonies from the Asian mission field. K.P. will also be speaking to us and you'll enjoy heartfelt worship, prayer, and fellowship with other believers who share your passion for Christ and reaching the lost.

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This body that's broken because of love, this blood of mine is spilled out because of love. And remember me, don't forget me. When you read the New Testament, we read the names of so many people that experienced this love of Jesus.

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She has no defense. She failed. She sinned.

According to the law, there's no negotiation here. There's no excuse. She must be stoned to death.

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Amen.

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