

# WHAT'S IN A SONG?

By Sally Campbell



## What Love My God

Jonny Robinson / Rich Thompson / Michael Farren  
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***What love my God would bring you down to earth?  
What king would take a low and lonely birth?  
Yet to this dark and broken place you came,  
To sleep beneath the stars that you had made.***

The modern world is predicated on a belief that we own it all, built it all and need it all. Our world has birthed a system of worshiping money, possession, and hedonism. Small pockets of civilization still “worship” some deity, but this is viewed largely as a strange and amusing practice, especially in North America.

Likewise, the gift of salvation would have been greeted with the same suspicion, in a world where the gods were believed to be all powerful and petty. What kind of god would lower themselves to meet us where we live, walk our path, feel our pain, and endure our suffering? This would have made no sense. To consider that God would even care enough to call us his own, to purchase us back, to want to commune with us on a personal level; this is unprecedented. It is a notion beyond our context. Modern culture left the age of “belief” so many years ago and replaced it with myth. But, if we believe God is fabricated from mythology then, why would we invent a god that would be so, well, “fluffy”?

So, my thought is that there is a deeper meaning to this decision; something that goes beyond our comprehension. It is the “deeper magic” that the witch of Narnia did not understand, the truth of redemption. Pure love is something we have failed to understand. Culturally, we are so far removed from it that we may not recognize it as strength but, instead, justify our belief that it is weakness. Do you not think that strange? The closest we get to the illustration of pure love is that of a parent for a child and even this has become twisted in many circumstances. Yet, it is pure love that purchased our redemption.

***O your love my God like a flood***

***As heaven opened up, pouring out on us***

***O praise the King who came to the world***

***In his love like a mighty flood***

John wrote in his first letter “Behold, what manner of love the Father has bestowed on us, that we should be called the children of God! Therefore, the world does not know us, because it did not know him.” -1 John 3:1 NKJV

When you think about it, God’s choice to lower himself to meet us, allow us to despise and reject him, nail him to a tree and put him in a tomb is preposterous to say the least. Unless, this is the only way? What I do see is that everything in his word points to a God that love me and wants to communicate with me...He is my Father, my Saviour, my friend. Zeus never offered that.

***What love my God, so gracious and extreme, was strong enough to come and fight for me?  
To go through hell and down into the grave and raise me up to see you face to face.***