

The Intersection of Two Crowds

Series: Encountering Jesus (through the Gospel of Luke)
Joel Moses – April 7, 2019

Luke 7:1-17

Soon afterward Jesus went with his disciples to the village of Nain, and a large crowd followed him. ¹²A funeral procession was coming out as he approached the village gate. The young man who had died was a widow's only son, and a large crowd from the village was with her. ¹³When the Lord saw her, his heart overflowed with compassion. "Don't cry!" he said. ¹⁴Then he walked over to the coffin and touched it, and the bearers stopped. "Young man," he said, "I tell you, get up." ¹⁵Then the dead boy sat up and began to talk! And Jesus gave him back to his mother. ¹⁶Great fear swept the crowd, and they praised God, saying, "A mighty prophet has risen among us," and "God has visited his people today." ¹⁷And the news about Jesus spread throughout Judea and the surrounding countryside.

"Since you cannot do good to all, you are to pay special attention to those who by accidents of time, or place, or circumstance, are brought into closer connection with you."

St Augustine

THE LOVE OF GOD

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 every sin.

O love of God, how rich and pure; how measureless and strong!
It shall forevermore endure, the saints' and angels' song.

When time at last shall pass away and earthly thrones and kingdoms fall;
When those 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.

O love of God, how rich and pure; how measureless and strong!
It shall forevermore endure, 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 everyone 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.

O love of God, how rich and pure; how measureless and strong!
It shall forevermore endure, the saints' and angels' song.

Frederick M. Lehman (1868-1953)