

Love Is of God

Love's Source

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"Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." ~ I John 4:7

“**L**ove is of God.” God is the Creator of the universe and all love comes from Him. He is its only source.

Love can be natural or supernatural, both of which are divine because they spring forth from God.

Take natural love. Our Father is the God of nature. Love which is associated with nature, of that which is natural, has its source in Him – He is its Originator.

For example, one may love a particular season of the year best – the freshness of spring, the warmth of summer, the colors of autumn, or the crispness of winter. Or, perhaps one loves all of them in their splendid variety. Whatever one's preference, they are all crafted by God.

Then there are the rich colors of creation. Look about us throughout the year – what variety! God well could have painted our world with black, white and gray. We would not have known the difference; but such is not the nature of the God of nature.

Men find their inspirations to paint their canvases rich with His colors. They borrow from His vast spectrum to paint their own little worlds – their cars, their houses, their clothes. What is your favorite color, the one that you love the best?

There are also flowers that we love, and trees, and animals. Some love the daffodil best, or the tulip, or the rose. Some love the dogwood, or the weeping willow tree. There are cat lovers, dog lovers, and horse lovers. All are the splendid designs of His hands.

Including, of course, food – look at the culinary variety that our Creator has supplied! We each have the foods that we love. On and on we could go throughout the vast array of God's nature, with each of us uniquely designed with distinct appreciations of particular expressions of His handiwork.

These all are the simplest forms of love; and yet even these are rooted in Him, for, “*Love is of God.*”

There would not be any appreciation of these things without Him. Whether men are conscious of this or not, it does not change the source. Those who know God can choose to live in the enjoyment of the simplest of these loves as worship to Him. After all, Paul describes our Father as,

“*The living God, Who giveth us richly all things to enjoy*” (I Timothy 6:7).

Our Father is good and gracious, desiring that we *richly* enjoy His creation! With this understanding, we have the freedom to worship God in the love of our favorite aspects of His diverse creative bounty.

Thus Paul wrote,

“*Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God*” (I Corinthians 10:31).

Yet there is more to the natural side of love – there is a much higher plane. There is also the love of family – of mother, of father, of wife or husband, of children, of brothers and sisters, of grandparents. This is a grander love. Oh, for the love of family! How precious it can be! These are natural bonds of love, designed by God, for, “*Love is of God.*”

We also worship God here, in the love of our family.

All of these are the natural loves that find their root and source in Him.

Then there is that supernatural love – love that goes far beyond nature, or that of a natural design. This love comes directly from the life of God Himself to the heart of the believer. Indeed, this is the specific love of which John the apostle wrote in our text. Here he speaks directly of God’s own love – a love that transcends that which is natural.

Natural love comes as a result of the natural creation. It is a wonderful bounty from God that can be freely enjoyed and a part of our worship of God; but supernatural love comes as a result of the new creation. It is *above* and *beyond* mere natural love.

“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 from his sin.

Could we with ink the ocean fill
And were the skies of parchment made
Were every stalk on earth a 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.

Oh Love of God, How rich and pure!
How measureless and strong!
It shall forever more endure
The saint's and angel's song.

– Frederick M. Lehman (1917)

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