

But - Ah - such pain when those you love,
 when those you cherish, turn aside
 - believing lies, puffed up with pride -
 and use their freedom to make chains;
 to sell their souls for worthless gains.
 But now, my child, you can go free.
 I've paid the price for liberty
 - your penalty, on Calvary.
 The choice is yours: I stand aside
 and ask, 'Will you choose love or pride?'
 Will you turn away, and wasted be,
 when you know how much you mean to Me?'
 But if I own you, at what price?
 Will I demand great sacrifice?
 There'll be no loss without more gain
 - and joy will follow all your pain.
 For you yourself mean more to Me
 than earth, or heaven, than sky or sea.
 And my conditions? There are just two.
 First, to know my love for you;
 and then, to walk this wide world through
 and show them, Dearest, show them, do
 - that, as I love **You**, I love **Them** too.

The Bible says that **God is love**¹. It's bound up in his very nature. He loves us unselfishly and passionately; and wants us to have that kind of relationship with himself and each other². But the Bible also says God hates all kinds of sin³. And there lies the problem: how can God still love us if he hates what we do?

God hates sin because of what it makes us – selfish, proud and rebellious – far short of the loving persons we were meant to be. Simple justice would condemn us as rejects who should be obliged to pay for our misdeeds.

But the damage is more than we could ever pay: so God, in the person of Jesus, paid the penalty himself on the cross (Calvary). All you need do to receive God's forgiveness is thank him for what Jesus has done for you and hand your life over to his control.⁴

¹ 1John 4:16 ² John 17:20-26 ³ 1 Corinthians 6:9-11 ⁴ 1Peter 2:21-25
 If you would like to discuss this further, please contact:

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Do I Own Your Heart?

I own the stars. I own the moon.
 I own the darkness and the noon.
 I own your life, your very breath
 - But do I own your heart?
 I made the worlds, the galaxies,
 the soaring mountains, foaming seas,
 animal, and flower and tree.
 But none mean half so much to me
 as **You**, Child of my Heart.
 For all these just reveal my power,
 reflecting Me from hour to hour.
 But **You** - I made you as my prize,
 of far more value, in My eyes,
 than any other thing I made,
 from burning star to Everglade,
 from protozoan to Cherubim.
 I did not make you as a whim.
 No... You I made to be my prize
 - not to be owned, but to be won,
 In proof of which I give my Son.
 I could not - would not - own one soul
 that had not given itself to me.

