

"I Am He."

*"Now he had to go through Samaria."
John 4:4 (NIV)*

*"The woman said, 'I know that Messiah' (called Christ) 'is coming.
When he comes, he will explain everything to us.'
Then Jesus declared, 'I, the one speaking to you – I am he.'"
John 4:25-26 (NIV)*

The writer of the fourth Gospel, John, was an old man by the time he wrote the Gospel bearing his name. One feature of many old people is how they can recall the distant past in great detail. This shows up clearly in John's writing as he takes so many verses to tell a story of Jesus (42 verses for today's story).

As we read John 4, John wrote that Jesus "had to go through Samaria". Yet we know that most Jews of Jesus' time would never "go through Samaria". They all would go east, cross over Jordan, then travel north until above Samaria, turn west and cross over Jordan and into the Jewish province of Galilee. So why did Jesus determine to go against convention and enter Samaria when He had a perfectly good alternative?

Jesus had determined to meet a spiritually needy person in Samaria that day and so had to travel as He

did. He told her He was the One promised for centuries by the prophets. Can you see how important one soul is to our beloved Saviour? He Who travelled from the glories of heaven, walked a dusty road into Samaria to draw a sinner to Himself. Such is the love of Jesus for the lost.

My dear reader, do you have a similar love for lost ones who are in such great need of redemption? Would you go anywhere to tell of a Saviour's love for sinners? Do you even speak for Him to those near you? Will you pray for one opportunity today to tell of Jesus' love for them? If not, why not?

Jesus!
What a friend for sinners!
Jesus! Lover of my soul;
Friends may fail me,
foes assail me,
He, my Savior,
makes me whole.

Chorus:
Hallelujah! What a Savior!

Hallelujah! What a friend!
Saving, helping,
keeping, loving,
He is with me to the end.

Jesus! What a strength
in weakness!
Let me hide myself in Him.
Tempted, tried,
and sometimes failing,
He, my strength,
my victory wins.

Jesus!
What a help in sorrow!
While the billows
over me roll,
Even when my heart is
breaking,
He, my comfort,
helps my soul.

Jesus! I do now receive Him,
More than all in Him I find.
He hath granted me
forgiveness,
I am His, and He is mine.

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