

Here's the story. I think I can tell it in just a moment. We are not in the New Testament yet; we are in the Old Testament, and before there is that which is real, what is there? There is the picture. Praise the Lord. There is the picture. Brothers and sisters, there is a picture in the Old Testament. What is that picture? The picture is the picture...I don't think I'll tell you. I think you know well enough to follow me. Do you know that it's interesting to me...perhaps you can find this as you follow the line... God begins with the creation of man and says to man, "It is not good for man to be alone."

The last time we met, I said to you, the day came when Jesus Christ—no, let's not say it that way—when God reached into mankind and put the essence of mankind on Him, and He dressed Himself in soul, though He was spirit. He took the essence of man from mankind and clothed it on the Almighty, omnipotent God. What did God, standing there clothed with the essence of man, refer to Himself as? The Son of Man. And God was the Son of Man.

Now then, having taken on man's essence, that One standing there before us...what shall we call Him? God? Or shall we call Him man? I don't know, but that One standing before us has to say, I have all the essence of man. I am bound to him irreversibly, permanently. Now He must cry out, "It is not good for Me to be alone. It is not good for Me to be alone." The Lord Jesus Christ has to say, because I am a man, it is not good for Me to be alone. Brothers and sisters, is He still alone? Here is what we see in Genesis 1 and 2, but in Exodus, we haven't got a clear picture. In Numbers and Leviticus, no clear picture. It isn't until Deuteronomy that something breaks into the open.

So let us stand in the garden now and follow the type, because the type is a picture of what we are in reality. Can you follow that? The type is what we are in reality. Man fell, and God lost what? He lost His bride. It's a tragic hour. For a time, all you see is bad. It's as though God stepped back and let the whole thing take its final, ultimate turn. It goes down with Cain murdering his brother. It goes down with the sons of God marrying the daughters of men. The whole race is corrupted. Finally, it gets so low that God says, "I'm sorry I even thought this idea." I will destroy the earth, and God keeps Noah. The flood comes, and out of the flood comes Noah's family, and it all starts over again. Man's race is still there. God's making no progress. We're still in Genesis. It's a very tragic picture.

Then one day God says to one man, "I will one day make you a great corporate person." Who is the man? Abraham. How long is it before there is a great corporate person? Over 400 years. Because he had only that man, and that man had one son. And that man had only one son. You see, he had many sons—not by the right wife, he didn't. He had one son, and then one son. Then there comes a family of 12, what? Twelve sons. That's no fun. All men. I think they had one sister, didn't they? Or did they even have a sister? I think they have one sister. God takes them where, brothers? Who allows them to go there? Don't you think that is a small thing? Brothers, when God wanted to get down to impressing you in Isla Vista, He was willing to show you, to take 400 years to make one point...when God finally got something big enough and worthy enough that corporately together, if it became what He wanted it to be, it could be a picture of His bride...He started off with a rescue. Let me see if I can make that clear.

Twelve men go into Egypt. They grow and grow and grow and become very large. They are an entire nation of people. God looks upon them. Here is something big enough to be a type. It's big enough for the brothers and sisters in Isla Vista to see. How many people are there? Just guess a number. Around 800,000, I'm told, plus all their servants and so on, and a lot of Egyptians who came with them. They didn't like Pharaoh either. I guess they were Republicans or something like that. A huge number of

people. How many people returned to Jerusalem after the captivity of Babylon? Fifty thousand. So God has big pictures, doesn't He?

Is there anyone in this room who has the faith to believe the reality can get bigger than the picture? That was the picture. I don't think anybody in this room is really aware that I believe that, so I'll tell you tonight: I am a dangerous man. Every day you look at me, you point within your spirit and say, there goes a man who believes the reality can trump the picture.

At this time, He said something to them. What did He say? He said it in Deuteronomy. Well, I'll read it this way. He said, "*Do not think that I love you because of your size, because you are the least of all people.*" Then He gave the reason why He loved them. What was it? It was not based on their size. *The Lord did not set His love on you nor choose you because you were more in number than any of the people, for you were the fewest of all people, but because the Lord loved you.* The Lord did not love you and choose you because you were the greatest of all people. You were the fewest. He chose you because... Now, why did He love them? Why did God love Israel? Because He had fallen in love with them. Chris, why does He love you? Because He fell in love with you.

Brothers and sisters, do you realize that I grew up a young man and I don't know how many girls there were in the whole world, but one day it was probably destined, given a natural course of events, for me to fall in love. Did I know ahead of time who I would fall in love with? Tell me, did I? Did I fall in love? The answer to that is yes. I didn't fall in love with an Italian. I didn't fall in love with a Greek. My wife told me I'd better find some way tonight to explain to you that I am French, because otherwise something I said the other night might have sounded different from how I meant it. Do you know who I fell in love with? Unexpectedly, without a plan, capriciously, without forethought, and I assure you, without good judgment. No, it's true. One day, I simply fell in love with a British girl.

Why did I fall in love with her? *Because I fell in love with her.* I want you to know this presented a tremendous problem. You ask my wife if it did not present a tremendous problem. There is only one girl in the whole world I have ever said, "I love you." Only one. Only one. I once said, when I was a little kid, that if I ever told a girl I love you, I would marry that girl. I only said it to one girl in the whole world, and I married her.

We're quite different, I tell you. We are very different. Typically British, very French. But I fell in love with her. God fell in love with His people, and He began showing that love by taking her out of slavery. She was an unloved, ugly thing. No one in all this earth cared for her. But God, capriciously, unexpectedly, fell in love with her, and He brought her up out of Egypt. Such a rescue undid her.

First, I want you to know this was a love affair. I don't mean to be light, but it was like God on a white horse. Here were the Jews in Egypt, in slavery. None of them were free. No one in the universe cared for them. They were the scum. In our generation, we have seen the black people in this country and other parts of the world throw off their yoke because they have been considered the bottom of the pile. Brothers, that's what the Jews were in that day. They were at the bottom of the pile. No one cared for them. They were the lowest of the lowest slaves...and they were in Egypt. They were fed by Pharaoh's soldiers. They had no freedom. All they had was food to eat, and they were being overworked, and their people were being killed.

In this terrible state, what did the Lord do? What did He do? He fell in love with them. And then what

did He do? He came with a mighty hand and rescued them from Egypt. Then what did He do? He took her into the wilderness, and there she learned to love the Lord. And the Lord said, “I love you. Love Me. Love Me...with what? All your heart. All your soul. All your mind. What does that mean? *Love Me with all the passion of all your being*. Love Me that much. I don’t think three weeks ago you would say you had that idea, did you? To love the Lord with all the passion of your being.

Brothers, sisters, in the wilderness she learned to love Him. She grew, and she grew, and she grew. God took her out of the wilderness and put her where? Where did He put her? In the land. What was the name of the land? Canaan. Belonged to the Canaanites. What are some of the other names for that place? The promised land, Israel, Palestine, and someone called it Beulah. He often called them ‘the land.’ “This land has gone to sinning.” “This land shall prosper.” “This land shall be called Beulah.” And you all know what Beulah means, but in case there’s anyone who does not... “The day will come when I will call you Beulah. I will call you *married to Me*. I will call you *married*.”

Brothers and sisters, the Lord led her into this place. She was ugly. She was despised. Her father was an Amorite, and her mother was a Hittite. You couldn’t have said anything lower than that, and even the mother and the father would have nothing to do with her. She was thrown out, still in the encasement of birth. No one cared for her on this earth, but the Lord walked by, cared for her, and in the land of Canaan, He raised her up.

Did she grow up to be something beautiful? During the days of King Solomon, she was the most beautiful thing in the whole world. She was decked in gold, silver, and precious stones. You’ve probably read II Kings, about the seventh chapter, I think, a description of what the land of Israel was like during the days of King Solomon.

Please listen to me very carefully, because what I’m going to say must be deeply impressed on you, or the next message that is built, the one that is the reality of the picture, it will totally miss you...If you do not see this simple thing. She was nothing. God fell in love with her. She went into the land. She grew up and became so beautiful. Brother and sister, He had told her, “Love Me with all your heart. Love Me.”

I have heard many of you talking about how deeply the Lord has impressed you with how much He loved her. When you get back here Friday night, will you tell us that? I’ll have to end tonight on a negative note, out of necessity, but what the Lord has shown you in the Old Testament has been very positive. I know there is more here than I will tell you tonight. I myself am hungry to know more, especially passages...just some of the most unseen, unnoticed verses come alive. Some of you have found the Song of Solomon to be a whole new book for you. So, don’t let my negative note discourage you from telling us the rest of the story, would you?

Now I ask the brothers to help me. Brother, what kind of love story should we have here? Did Adam have a lovely wife? Was she beautiful? Now I’m going to ask you a strange question: did Adam deserve such a beautiful wife? Say yes or no. You bet your life he did. Isn’t it marvelous that Adam got a lovely, pure, wonderful bride? I told you the other night: she stood before Adam, and the word pure would not even be enough. Tell me, did David have a lovely wife? Did he? Yes, he did. What about Boaz? Did he have a lovely wife? Did he deserve her? Yes, he deserved her.

Who else? Abraham. Did he have a beautiful wife? Was she a deserving wife? Yes or no? Yes. Even

recently, there were some archaeological discoveries, and some of the ancient traditions of the Jews were dug up, that Sarah was such a beautiful woman and so pure and so holy. You know, one of the kings of - I've forgotten where - out in the Gaza Strip, I believe, up in northern Egypt, fell in love with her. He didn't know she was married. God's wrath fell on that king just because he had affection for Abraham's wife.

What about Jacob? Did he have a beautiful wife? Did he deserve her? Brothers, you bet your life he deserved her. He worked for fourteen years. God used those fourteen years to begin changing that man from the supplanter to a prince of God. Every one of those is a beautiful love story, and they are very, very precious, are they not? Yes, they are.

I show you now a picture. She grew up and became beautiful. Did God deserve a beautiful woman? Did He deserve one pure and holy? Yes or no? Who of all creatures in all time or eternity should have and deserve the loveliest of all women? Who? The Lord. She grew up so beautiful. She was so loved. Who was the greatest possible love to whom she could turn? Tell me, who of all would she turn to to be her counterpart? The Lord. Brothers, what did she do? She turned...to Egypt, the very place from where she had been rescued.

God created this one called man to have a counterpart, and what did man do? He fell. Then God brought forth a picture...a picture, and this was the picture of an unloved, unlovely thing, and He redeemed her. He brought her forth and made her pure. And what did she do? She became a harlot woman.

When I was nineteen years old, I was in the seminary, and I read the book of Hosea for the first time, and I read the statement, the word of the Lord, which came to Hosea when the Lord first spoke to Hosea. The Lord said to Hosea, "Hosea, go take to yourself a woman of harlotry." I stepped back in horror. If you learned anything about Hosea, you will find him a man so sensible, a man so full of love, a man so full of compassion, a man who abhorred anything impure, and a man who loved the Lord.

One day the Lord came to him and spoke to him with a voice and said, Hosea, go and get married, and marry a fallen woman. How repellent. Then I said to myself, Lord, You cannot do that. That breaks one of Your Ten Commandments. You can't order a prophet to go marry a fallen woman, one in such sin.

Why did He tell Hosea to do it? Why? Because God Himself - listen, I want you to listen, and may the Lord cover—because the Lord was bound to the same situation. Brothers and sisters, God wanted a wife. Did He love that girl? Tell me, did He love her? Did He love her? Oh, anybody can fall in love with a girl pure and beautiful. We all feel a fine man should have a fine wife, and no story is more beautiful than a man finding a beautiful woman, falling in love with her, and marrying her. That is true love.

That doesn't get close to the love of God. God pushed that standard back so far. God picked up a nobody, fell in love with her, brought her up, and she fell, did she not? Now, I ask you...you tell me, according to your nature, what will God do? By your nature, what will God do? What? Forget her. Turn from her. Worse than that. Pour out wrath upon her. Judge her.

Brothers, sisters, here is the holy God, and He has fallen in love with a girl who is finally, by His grace, lovely and beautiful...and she falls into sin. She turns away from the lover of all lovers. Brothers, if any woman ever made a mistake in all history, if any woman was ever a harlot, it was when she turned from the very God and was attracted away by gods.

Now, I ask you, what did He do? What did He do? He pursued her. While she was in this fallen state, she had oil and wine and clothing and jewels and grain, and who gave it to her? The very Lord whom she had turned from, until finally she drank of her sin until it became hollow, and she said, "I will go back." To whom? The One to whom I was betrothed.

Two messages ago, I began by saying to you that there was once a God, and He was what? Tell me... Alone. One. Reality. What else? Light. Spirit. Young. He was all of those things. You might even say He was youth. And then I said, but if there was any essence to His being, it was what? *Love. Pulsating love. Love.* And behind that incomparable, indescribable love was the power of God driving that love.

One day, God found a place to express that love, and He fell in love, and that love, that new standard of expression...He loved a no one. Who was it? Tell me. Who was it? *It was me. It was you.*

One day, reality sat atop a hill and looked down at the picture; what did He say? Say it. "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often I would have embraced you and put My arms around you, but you would not. She would not love the very God who created love in the breast of man. She would not turn to love the most beautiful, lovely Lover of all, who loved with a love that surpassed all love; with the passion and love He has displayed.

I tell you, brothers and sisters, He is still the reality. He is still the living One. Don't look at Him as someone sitting around, hoping someone will pay Him obeisance or some terrified favor of worship. He is still the relentless pursuer. He is the bachelor, still alone, with a passion to put His arms around her and love her. He is waiting for her to stop and say, "My Lord, my God, my Love, do what you have always wished. *Love me.*

Tomorrow morning, before the sun comes up...if this does not get a hold of you, what can I say? What can God say? My brother and sister, when you get up tomorrow, would you just come and sit down in the Lord's presence and say, " My Lord, my God, and my Love, I will give You the desire of Your heart. I offer You one whom You can love."

"Lord, what a lover. We never knew You this way. Our eyes were blind. We did not know. I bow my knee before the Father of creation that your eyes might be opened, that you might see the riches of the inheritance of Jesus Christ in the saints.

Lord, we did not know. How dare we? We did not know how beautiful. Lord, we did not know the passion that brought You to this earth. Oh, my Lord, open our eyes to the picture. Father, I pray that when we reach the reality, we are so overwhelmed that this people and this earth never recover from the revelation of the passion of Your love. Lord, we mean to be about the business of being Your lover.