



Amaryllis flower

## WHAT A BEAUTIFUL NAME

February 2020

*Therefore God exalted him to the highest place  
and gave him the name that is above every name,  
that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow,  
in heaven and on earth and under the earth,  
and every tongue acknowledge that Jesus Christ is Lord,  
to the glory of God the Father.*

Philippians 2:9-11

Some people coming to the faith only find themselves able to believe in God at first, not Jesus. I'm just assuming that because that's how it was for me. If I remember correctly, I put my trust in God and felt his love before I could believe and understand about Jesus. When I did start

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believing what the Bible says about him, it took a while longer before I could say his name out loud.

Strange, I know. How could I believe in Jesus, but feel awkward—even afraid—to say his name?

It may be because, at that point of my life, the use of his name that most stood out for me was when it was used in ways it should never be used—in cursing. I wasn't one to swear and yet, as the unchurched individual I was at the time, I had heard Jesus' name used too often in this way.

More often than the name that was given to the One who died for us. More often than the name that was given to the One who deserved to be worshiped.

Is it this way for others? Are there others who are slow understanding the beauty in the name of Jesus? Others who find it hard to talk about him?

My prayer is that they will come to know him as I have come to know him. No one has greater love for us. He gave his all for us. Remember how he was persecuted, abandoned, and crucified, though he had loved so much?

All his suffering was for us, so that we won't have to live with perpetual sin. All so that we're freed to live a better, more meaningful, life. An everlasting life.

The Bible says, *"For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life."* (John 3:16)

Today, so many years later, Jesus' name has become precious to me. More and more so. I love thinking about him, writing about him, talking about him. I love saying his name out loud.

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