SOMEBODY, Somewhere Love Me!

Please!

Isn't that the way many of us feel at one time or another? Alone. Beaten down by the world. Sometimes we bring it on ourselves. Regardless, it may seem as if nobody really cares. Others are concerned with self and barely notice as we pass by. Sam Cooke and many others sang, "Nobody knows the trouble I've seen; nobody knows my sorrows." Oh, if there was **just one** who really really cared about us!

Madalyn Murray O'Hair, the devout and active atheist who fought religion at every turn, wrote in her diary in 1976, "Please: somebody, somewhere, love me."

Somebody did love her. Someone loved her so much that He went to the greatest extreme in His love for her. Someone love her so much that He died for her.

Jesus.

If only Madalyn Murray O'Hair had known and believed the truth! The Son of God loved her so much that He died a cruel death upon the cross for her. Jesus knew of that atheist's total disdain of all things divine and still died for her. He loved; He cared; He gave. He REALLY loved her!

He loves YOU just as much. Reflect upon that for a minute.

He died for you, knowing all your sins and all your problems. He's done His part in taking care of your biggest problem – sin. So, if you trust Him and obey Him and love Him in return, He'll one day take care of all your problems so you're left with none – forever and ever and ever. He'll one day wipe away your every tear because He loves you so much.

On that next cloudy, gloomy day when you look around and can't see a single person who really cares and the world is falling in – there's one you can't see, but cares so much that nothing else matters. Love Him, because He first loved you (I John 4:19).

by Dennis Lange