

Glimpsing God's Breathtaking Majesty in Worship

"You are worthy, O Lord our God, to receive glory and honor and power. For you created all things, and they exist because you created what you pleased" (Rev. 4:11, NLT).

The sight of our exalted God and resurrected, glorified Christ must be so overwhelming that the only logical response is extravagant praise and worship. A glimpse into the throne room pulls from the heart unrestrained worship and adoration.

The biggest, most flamboyant words language can produce—*glory, honor, power, worthy*—don't quite give full expression. Those standing before the throne throw their crowns at the feet of the Lord God Almighty, as if nothing they could have accomplished or that might honor them belongs to them. Every position or success has no worth other than to be offered as gift to the King.

This song of worship states that the King created all things and that those things are in existence still because it pleases Him for them to exist. Translate that into your heart this way: *You exist because you are a pleasure to God.* He created what He pleased, and He pleased to create you.

Even in the midst of this breathtaking vision of the majesty of heaven's throne room and the glory of heaven's King, there is His love for you. It is part and parcel with His glory, honor and power that He loves you beyond comprehension.

Isn't it beautiful—this scene that only our hearts can see? Does it sweep you away in its pageantry and splendor? Yet the glorious, all-powerful, eternal God at His most exquisite is mindful of you. He's not aloof from the adoration poured out on Him but returns it in equal measure. Not in worship, certainly. But in boundless love.

Let your heart see this scene. In the inner sanctuary of your

own soul, worship with abandon. Let the wonder that you are precious to Him, known by Him, created because you please Him just by being—let it all wash over you and capture you in the great undertow of love flowing from Him and drawing you in.

King of kings, Lord of lords, Creator, Sustainer, only God, I worship you with my whole life. I pour out my life at Your feet. May it be a sweet-smelling aroma of worship. May it please You and give You some small echo of the joy You give me.

“Ordinary human motives will appeal in vain to the ears which have heard the tones of the heavenly music; and all the pomp of life will show poor and tawdry to the sight that has gazed on the vision of the great white throne and the crystal sea.”
—Alexander MacLaren (1826-1910)

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