

Psalm 139:1-10

1	You have searched me, LORD, and you know me.
2	You know when I sit and when I rise; you perceive my thoughts from afar.
3	You discern my going out and my lying down; you are familiar with all my ways.
4	Before a word is on my tongue you, LORD, know it completely.
5	You hem me in behind and before, and you lay your hand upon me.
6	Such knowledge is too wonderful for me, too lofty for me to attain.
7	Where can I go from your Spirit? Where can I flee from your presence?
8	If I go up to the heavens, you are there; if I make my bed in the depths, you are there.
9	If I rise on the wings of the dawn, if I settle on the far side of the sea,
10	even there your hand will guide me, your right hand will hold me fast.

I love Jane Evans. She is my Granny. She always had a smile and a hug. And grilled cheese. I am the oldest of the grandkids, but I hold no monopoly of love for her. I am one of 6 children, 10 grandchildren, and 15 great grandchildren. And all of you; cousins, daughters in law, sons in law, co-workers, friends. We are ALL here because we love Jane. We count ourselves blessed for having known her. I love Jane Evans. She is my granny.

But I did not know when she sat and when she rose. I did not perceive her every thought. I did not know the words she would say before she said them. When she left, she was out of my presence. My right hand was empty.

I love Jane Evans. She is my granny.

But I did not **LOVE** her. Not like this. Not like her creator. I did not track her every move as precious. I did not concern myself with her every thought. I did not pursue her as Jesus did.

He **LOVES** her. She is his daughter. He loves her like no one else has ever loved her - not were we to somehow combine all the love in this room.

He loved her to the point of death. He gave his life for her. He gave his life not because she deserved it. Not because she was a good person. Not because she lived a life free of mistakes. He gave his life because he loved her. He made her. He designed her. Her laugh and smile that brought me joy are there because He put them there. Because they brought Him joy first.

I love Jane Evans. She is my granny. But **my** right hand is empty. His is not. Hallelujah!

*Read at Alice Jane Sole Evans Memorial Service by Jason Sole
May 25, 2013, White River Christian Church, Noblesville, IN, 10am*