

The Greatest Gift of All is Love

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not Love, I am no better than sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

Though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not Love, I am nothing.

Though I give all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and yet have not Love, it is of no profit to me.

Love is patient and is kind; Love doesn't envy others or what they may have;

Love doesn't boast about itself, is not conceited.

Love doesn't behave itself in an unseemly manner, doesn't seek after its own good, is not easily provoked, doesn't think evil about others.

Love doesn't rejoice in wickedness, but rejoices in the truth.

Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes in all things, endures all things.

Love never fails: but where there are prophecies, they shall fail; where there is speaking in tongues, they shall come to an end; where there is spiritual knowledge, it will vanish away.

For now, we know in part, and we prophesy in part. However, when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away with.

When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a Man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then Face to Face: now I know in part; but then I shall know even as also I am known.

Now abides Faith, Hope, Love, these three; but the greatest of these is **Love** !!