

The Gospel of John

Kristine Kolontay

Knowing

1. Yes, John also wrote 1, 2, 3 John and Revelation. But what moves me isn't simply what he wrote - it's how he writes. John doesn't speak like someone who studied Jesus from a distance. He speaks like someone who lived inside the heartbeat of God. He writes like a man marked not by information but by encounter. His words carry the tone of someone who didn't just walk behind Jesus, but walked with Him, leaned into Him, felt His warmth, His laughter, His tears, His breath.

When John writes about love, it's not theory, it's testimony.

When he speaks of glory, it's not theology, it's memory.

John writes like someone who has been pierced by beauty and cannot un-see God again.

2. "In the beginning was the Word... and the Word was God" John 1:1-3

Time bows here. Eternity steps into view. Jesus wasn't created. He is. He begins things.

"Before Abraham was, I AM" John 8:58

Those words shake me. There is a holiness in them, a claiming of divinity without apology. This is not a humble rabbi making gentle claims, this is Yahweh standing in human skin.

"I and the Father are one" John 10:30

Not similar. Not aligned. ONE. Jesus is the very face of the invisible God walking in dust to reach us.

These verses pull worship out of me. They remind me I'm not following a moral teacher or a comforting idea. I am following the eternal, living, uncreated God who chose to draw near.

Reflecting

2. The Gospel of John is different not just in content but in atmosphere. It feels less like a biography and more like worship. Less like history and more like an invitation into the eternal life of God. Where the other Gospels move like narrative, John moves like breath, like a quiet room where sacred truth is whispered to the hungry and the humble. John lingers on identity, not just action. He slows the reader down to study

Jesus but to behold Him. the Gospel of John is not merely a story. It is a revelation. It invites me to stand barefoot before mystery and find myself loved inside of it.

3. John calls them signs because the point was never the miracle itself. The point was the One, the miracle pointed to. A miracle can amaze a crowd. A sign invites the heart to believe. Water becomes wine, not only to save a wedding but to reveal God who brings joy and new life. Bread multiplies not only to fill stomachs but to reveal the Bread of Life. Lazarus rises not only to restore a friend, but to reveal the Resurrection Himself. John doesn't want us to chase wonders. He wants us to follow the Wonderful One. He wants our faith to rest not on events but on the eternal Christ those events reveal. It teaches us to not look at God in what He does, but to rest in who He is.

4. The Gospel of John is a mirror where I see the God who sees me. It is where my striving meets His invitation: "Abide in me". For so long I thought God wanted my effort, my strength, my improvement. But the Gospel of John confronts that lie with tenderness and power. Jesus doesn't ask me to perform but He asks me to stay close. To lean in. To breathe with Him. To trust His love more than my fear or shame. There are days I feel too fragile, too inconsistent, too human and John reminds me Jesus did not choose disciples because they were strong, but because He loved them and His love is what changes hearts. John teaches me that eternal life doesn't start when I die. It starts the moment I receive His love and let Him make His home in me. I don't want a distant faith. I want union to dwell in Him and He in me. Not striving but abiding. Not movement but nearness.

Communicating

If someone asked me why God gave us four Gospels instead of just one, I wouldn't answer quickly. That question isn't academic - it feels holy. It reaches into the mystery of how God chose to reveal Himself. We don't have four Gospels because God was uncertain, we have four

Kristine Kolontay

because He is extravagant. God could have given us a single story with one perspective, one voice. But love doesn't speak in monotone. Love pours itself out in full color, full depth and full dimension. One Gospel could tell you what happened. But four Gospels let you enter into it. They don't contradict; they harmonize like four instruments each playing a different line, yet all declaring the same melody. Jesus is the Son of God, the Savior of the world, and the One who came for us.

Matthew shows me the Lion, the promised King, rooted in covenant and prophecy, fulfilling every ancient longing. Mark shows me the Lamb in motion, the God who runs toward broken humanity, urgently rescuing, healing and casting out darkness. Luke shows me the Shepherd, the God who sees the lost, the sidelined, the overlooked and lifts them with compassion and dignity. The Gospel of John reveals the Five, the Eternal One, the God who was and is and always will be, burning with love that draws me into Himself.

It's as if God said: "You will not miss My heart. You will not misunderstand My love. You will see My Son from every angle because I want you to truly know Him."

The four Gospels weren't necessary for information. But they were necessary for revelation. For intimacy. For encounter.

Because a single view of Jesus gives me faith. But four views give me worship.

And honestly I need all four because my heart forgets easily. Some day I need to see His authority. Other days I need to feel His compassion. Some day I need teaching. Other days I need to rest in the mystery of His eternal nature. And there are moments... quiet moments... where I don't need a story at all - I need a Person. I need the voice that says "In the beginning was the word... and the word was God." I need the Savior who looks into human confusion and whispers, "Abide in me". The four Gospels remind me the God didn't just

give us information about Himself but He gave us Himself.

So if someone asked me why, I would say: we have four Gospels because God wanted us to be captivated, not just informed. He wanted us to encounter His Son, not just analyze His life. He wanted us to hear the heartbeat of Heaven in stereo, from every angle, until the truth becomes undeniable:

Jesus is not just a figure of history

He is the living God,

and He came for us.

And somewhere between Matthew and John

between the manger and the empty tomb,

between the Upper Room and "Do you love Me?"

now my heart realizes

I don't just believe in Him

I belong to Him.

That is why there is four Gospels.