

## PRAYER

(all scripture quotes are from the Message):

Father God, oh Lord, my God, my love, my hero, my life, my everything. As I write these things my heart breaks because I am not as earnest or involved in this relationship as you are. I am not working as hard to let you love me as You are in loving me. Help me, oh Lord, my King! Help me lay down the burdens of my labors to look deep into Your eyes and listen to the beat of Your heart...that beats for me.

You say in the Song of Solomon, the Song of Songs, the one that expresses Your heart and Your love, the one that IS Your heartbeat...You remind me of Pharaoh's well-groomed and satiny mares. Pendant earrings line the elegance of your cheeks; strands of jewels illumine the curve of your throat. I'm making jewelry for you, gold and silver jewelry that will mark and accent your beauty.

Lord, You see me in the morning when I smell of sleep and am disheveled and uncomely. You see me in the afternoon after the heat of the day has caused my skin to become moist with perspiration and odor. You see me in the evening after the day has worn me to a frazzle and taken all my strength and attention. You see me at night after the days affairs have stolen my heart, my mind and my soul and I fall into bed with barely a thought or a whisper other than, "...keep me through the night." You see me through the darkness as the unpleasant noises of my body have neither care nor thought that I am on display before the King of the Universe. And yet, you call me beautiful and fairest of all the earth.

In Your Song of Songs, you call me not only Your love, but Your friend, and Your heart burns to tell me about Your day, Your secrets, Your love and show me something You just created for me...right this minute. You call me Your love and Your friend despite the fact that I have not shared but a passing minute and thought about You. And yet, You say in Your word, "A lotus blossoming in a swamp of weeds – that's my dear friend among the girls in the village."

Do not look upon me, for I am dark though you say I am comely. I have the sweat of my own labors upon my face, the sweat of my own endeavors upon my heart, the sweat of my own passions upon my mind. I have not tended myself to make myself lovely for you for I have been too busy in the garden of others to make sure they are presentable and have what they need.

You say, "...Your smile is generous and full – expressive and strong..."

When was the last time I smiled because I caught Your eye or felt Your love wash over me?

You celebrate our love...help me to celebrate our love! Lift the burdens from my heart.

You say, "Let me in, dear companion, dearest friend, my dove, consummate lover!"

I let You in! You call me companion – teach me to be a proper companion, one with a heart that overflows with love for you. You call me dearest friend – teach me to be a friend that listens instead of always talks, that hears and understands. You call me dove – when was the last time that I realized that you have given me wings so that I can fly away and be at rest in times of trouble (Ps 55:6). You can me consummate lover – teach me that our love is complete and perfect so we both know it.

You say, "...Your beauty is too much for me – I'm over my head. I'm not used to this! I can't take it in!"

Oh my God, my lover, my Lord, my King, my life...work that into my heart that You would think of me in that way so deeply, so greatly. Teach me to take not lightly what you are overwhelmed with.

Oh, Lord, I know You love me...help me with my unlove!

You say, "One day I went strolling through the orchard, looking for signs of spring, looking for buds about to burst into flower, anticipating readiness, ripeness. Before I knew it my heart was raptured, carried away by lofty thoughts! Dance, dance, dear Shulammitte, Angel-Princess! Dance, and we'll feast our eyes on your grace! Everyone wants to see the Shulammitte dance her victory dances of love and peace."

You sound like I already have the victory, and yet, how is it that I don't know it? I get caught up and pushed under. I am tossed here and there by strange winds that play havoc with my emotions which seem to direct whether I feel victorious or not. But You are the King. It is You who fight the wars...I share in Your victory and Your peace. Lord, help me to look on You instead of my circumstances. Help me to lift my feet and dance – I know everyone in the universe is waiting to see our victory dance, the dance of victory, love and peace.

I am my lover's. I'm all he wants. I'm all the world to him!

Oh Lord, teach me to rest in Your arms and just love You. Teach me to receive Your love entirely...and rest in that.

In Jesus' name, amen.

God bless you all

Jessica and Susan

Ask For The Ancient Paths Ministries