

THE SONG OF SOLOMON

(Song of Solomon 1:1-3) Solomon’s Song of Songs. Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth—for your love is more delightful than wine. Pleasing is the fragrance of your perfumes; your name is like perfume poured out. No wonder the maidens love you!

Trouble in Paradise

(Proverbs 14:4) Where there are no oxen, the manger is empty, but from the strength of an ox come abundant harvests.

1. The \_\_\_\_\_.

(Song of Solomon 5:2-6) I slept but my heart was awake. Listen! My beloved is knocking: “Open to me, my sister, my darling, my dove, my flawless one. My head is drenched with dew, my hair with the dampness of the night.” I have taken off my robe—must I put it on again? I have washed my feet—must I soil them again? My beloved thrust his hand through the latch-opening; my heart began to pound for him. I arose to open for my beloved, and my hands dripped with myrrh, my fingers with flowing myrrh, on the handles of the bolt. I opened for my beloved, but my beloved had left; he was gone. My heart sank at his departure. I looked for him but did not find him. I called him but he did not answer.

Create \_\_\_\_\_.

Cap \_\_\_\_\_.

Control \_\_\_\_\_.

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2. The \_\_\_\_\_.

(Song of Solomon 5:10-13) My beloved is radiant and ruddy, outstanding among ten thousand. His head is purest gold; his hair is wavy and black as a raven. His eyes are like doves by the water streams, washed in milk, mounted like jewels. His cheeks are like beds of spice yielding perfume. His lips are like lilies dripping with myrrh.

(Song of Solomon 6:4-6) You are as beautiful as Tirezah, my darling, as lovely as Jerusalem, as majestic as troops with banners. Turn your eyes from me; they overwhelm me. Your hair is like a flock of goats descending from Gilead. Your teeth are like a flock of sheep coming up from the washing. Each has its twin, not one of them is missing.

I will intentionally \_\_\_\_\_.

I will seek to \_\_\_\_\_.

I will verbally \_\_\_\_\_.

I will resolve to \_\_\_\_\_.

3. The \_\_\_\_\_.

(Song of Solomon 6:11-12) I went down to the grove of nut trees to look at the new growth in the valley, to see if the vines had budded or the pomegranates were in bloom. Before I realized it, my desire set me among the royal chariots of my people.

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A good marriage is the union of two good \_\_\_\_\_ . – Ruth Bell Graham

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Trouble in Paradise

(Proverbs 14:4) Where there are no oxen, the manger is empty, but from the strength of an ox come abundant harvests.

1. The fight.

(Song of Solomon 5:2-6) I slept but my heart was awake. Listen! My beloved is knocking: “Open to me, my sister, my darling, my dove, my flawless one. My head is drenched with dew, my hair with the dampness of the night.” I have taken off my robe—must I put it on again? I have washed my feet—must I soil them again? My beloved thrust his hand through the latch-opening; my heart began to pound for him. I arose to open for my beloved, and my hands dripped with myrrh, my fingers with flowing myrrh, on the handles of the bolt. I opened for my beloved, but my beloved had left; he was gone. My heart sank at his departure. I looked for him but did not find him. I called him but he did not answer.

Create boundaries.

Cap time.

Control words.

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2. The choice.

(Song of Solomon 5:10-13) My beloved is radiant and ruddy, outstanding among ten thousand. His head is purest gold; his hair is wavy and black as a raven. His eyes are like doves by the water streams, washed in milk, mounted like jewels. His cheeks are like beds of spice yielding perfume. His lips are like lilies dripping with myrrh.

(Song of Solomon 6:4-6) You are as beautiful as Tirzah, my darling, as lovely as Jerusalem, as majestic as troops with banners. Turn your eyes from me; they overwhelm me. Your hair is like a flock of goats descending from Gilead. Your teeth are like a flock of sheep coming up from the washing. Each has its twin, not one of them is missing.

I will intentionally listen.

I will seek to understand.

I will verbally validate.

I will resolve to empathize.

3. The reconciliation.

(Song of Solomon 6:11-12) I went down to the grove of nut trees to look at the new growth in the valley, to see if the vines had budded or the pomegranates were in bloom. Before I realized it, my desire set me among the royal chariots of my people.

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A good marriage is the union of two good forgivers. – Ruth Bell Graham