

Title: Sex in marriage
Series: Song of Solomon
Speaker: Jared Kirkwood | Irvine Lead Pastor
Date: Mar 7, 9/10

[Narrator]

Who is this coming up from the wilderness like columns of smoke, scented with myrrh and frankincense from every fragrant powder of the merchant? Look! Solomon's bed surrounded by sixty warriors from the mighty men of Israel. All of them are skilled with swords and trained in warfare. Each has his sword at his side to guard against the terror of the night...Go out, young women of Zion, and gaze at King Solomon, wearing the crown his mother placed on him on the day of his wedding—the day of his heart's rejoicing. (Song of Songs 3:6-8,11)

[Man]

How beautiful you are, my darling. How very beautiful! Behind your veil, your eyes are doves. Your hair is like a flock of goats streaming down Mount Gilead. Your teeth are like a flock of newly shorn sheep coming up from washing, each one bearing twins, and none has lost its young. Your lips are like a scarlet cord, and your mouth is lovely. Behind your veil, your brow is like a slice of pomegranate. Your neck is like the tower of David, constructed in layers. A thousand shields are hung on it—all of them shields of warriors. Your breasts are like two fawns, twins of a gazelle, that feed among the lilies. Until the day breaks and the shadows flee, I will make my way to the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense. (Song of Songs 4:1-6)

You are absolutely beautiful, my darling; there is no imperfection in you. (Song of Songs 4:7)

Your lips drip sweetness like the honeycomb, my bride. Honey and milk are under your tongue. The fragrance of your garments is like the fragrance of Lebanon. My sister, my bride, you are a locked garden—a locked garden and a sealed spring. Your branches are a paradise of pomegranates with choicest fruits...You are a garden spring, a well of flowing water streaming from Lebanon. (Song of Songs 4:11-13,15)

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they will see God. (Matthew 5:8)

Woman

Awaken, north wind;
come, south wind.
Blow on my garden,
and spread the fragrance of its spices.
Let my love come to his garden
and eat its choicest fruits.

Man

I have come to my garden—my sister, my bride.
I gather my myrrh with my spices.
I eat my honeycomb with my honey.
I drink my wine with my milk.

Narrator

Eat, friends!
Drink, be intoxicated with caresses!
(Song of Songs 4:16-5:1)

Reflection Question:

How is God inviting you to trust in Him and His design for sex?