

**Title:** A vision of love  
**Series:** Song of Solomon  
**Speaker:** Eric Geiger | Senior Pastor  
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Set me as a seal on your heart,  
as a seal on your arm.  
For love is as strong as death;  
jealousy is as unrelenting as Sheol.  
Love's flames are fiery flames—  
an almighty flame!  
A huge torrent cannot extinguish love;  
rivers cannot sweep it away.  
If a man were to give all his wealth for love,  
it would be utterly scorned.  
(Song of Songs 8:6-7)

### **Tell. Touch. Time.**

#### **Tell**

How beautiful are your sandaled feet, princess!  
The curves of your thighs are like jewelry,  
the handiwork of a master.  
Your navel is a rounded bowl;  
it never lacks mixed wine.  
Your belly is a mound of wheat  
surrounded by lilies.  
Your breasts are like two fawns,  
twins of a gazelle.  
Your neck is like a tower of ivory,  
your eyes like pools in Heshbon  
by Bath-rabbim's gate.  
Your nose is like the tower of Lebanon  
looking toward Damascus.  
Your head crowns you like Mount Carmel,  
the hair of your head like purple cloth—  
a king could be held captive in your tresses.  
(Song of Songs 7:1-5)

#### **Touch**

How beautiful you are and how pleasant,  
my love, with such delights!  
Your stature is like a palm tree;

your breasts are clusters of fruit.  
I said, "I will climb the palm tree  
and take hold of its fruit."  
May your breasts be like clusters of grapes,  
and the fragrance of your breath like apricots.  
Your mouth is like fine wine—

### **Woman**

flowing smoothly for my love,  
gliding past my lips and teeth!  
I am my love's,  
and his desire is for me.  
(Song of Songs 7:6-10)

### **Time**

Come, my love,  
let's go to the field;  
let's spend the night among the henna blossoms.  
Let's go early to the vineyards;  
let's see if the vine has budded,  
if the blossom has opened,  
if the pomegranates are in bloom.  
There I will give you my caresses.  
The mandrakes give off a fragrance,  
and at our doors is every delicacy,  
both new and old...  
(Song of Songs 7:11-13)

If only I could treat you like my brother,  
one who nursed at my mother's breasts,  
I would find you in public and kiss you,  
and no one would scorn me.  
I would lead you, I would take you,  
to the house of my mother who taught me.  
I would give you spiced wine to drink  
from the juice of my pomegranate.  
May his left hand be under my head,  
and his right arm embrace me.  
Young women of Jerusalem, I charge you,  
do not stir up or awaken love  
until the appropriate time.  
(Song of Songs 8:1-4)

### **Reflection Question:**

How does this vision of love in Scripture challenge and encourage you?