

Lover of my Soul

ALAN D. WRIGHT

LOVER
— *of my* —
SOUL

DELIGHTING IN GOD'S
PASSIONATE LOVE



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LOVER OF MY SOUL

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For Mom

Did you know that...

*while your tears splashed into God's palms, you were teaching
my heart to be tender?*

*while your silly bursts of laughter made God grin, you were
teaching me to look for joy?*

*while the aroma of your intercession was inhaled by God, He
was breathing out the blessing upon me?*

*As your deep love has delighted me, may you delight afresh in God's
deep love for you.*

Acknowledgments

Thanks to:

Anne, my wife, friend, lover...Others marvel at your glow, slap their sides at your stories, and warm in your presence. But I spy your soft, secret soul, and my heart still flutters.

Bennett...I love you past the moon, around the sun, over the big oak tree, down the sliding board, and back through your bedroom window and...more than that.

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MEET THE LOVER OF YOUR SOUL

“You will call me ‘my husband.’”

Hosea 2:16



want a lover.

Don't gasp. I don't mean the made-for-TV version of a lover. I mean *lover* in its simplest definition: “one who loves.” I just want someone to love me. Don't you?

I'll admit it. I want someone to hold me, cuddle me, kiss me. I want someone who would climb mountains just to be with me. I want someone who smiles just at the thought of me. I want someone who believes in me. I want someone who absolutely adores me. Give me a lover and I'll be happy.

You might say that a lover shouldn't be a Christian's chief desire. You might say I should hunger for nobler things like eternal purpose, God's will, or personal holiness. I understand your protest.

For years I found it almost embarrassing to confess my longing for love—like admitting a glaring weakness in my life, a gaping flaw in my character. But why apologize for a simple hunger? Hunger was God's idea. Adam and Eve had to eat even before the Fall. It's a good thing our bellies crave food, or we'd all die from malnutrition. It's a good thing our souls hunger for love, or we'd never seek the intimacy we need. Unfortunately we don't often feed our growling

tummies wisely. Junk food stops the growl but contaminates the body. Likewise, lust and superficial relationships stop the heart's growl momentarily but contaminate the yearning soul.

I'm not alone in looking for love. The silly antics people undergo in the name of romance prove how desperately we search for love. The psychic hotlines are getting rich from people who want to know if love is in their future. Romance novels sell by the mega-thousands. A TV soap-opera character can lose one husband to death, another to divorce, and a third via a mysterious disappearance in six short months. But instead of throwing up their hands in disbelief and turning off the tube, viewers tune in the next day in hopes that a new love is on its way for their favorite character.

If you think yourself immune to the hunger for love, reflect for a moment with me. Didn't our hunger for affection start before we were even born?

I don't remember all the details, but I imagine it was the only reason I decided to come out into the world. The womb was cozy and safe. The voices outside my insulated home sounded loving. But I craved to see the faces that went with the voices. The hands that patted my uterine home seemed affectionate, but I wanted to be embraced by those hands. So as soon as I emerged, I cried until someone held me snugly and spoke to me tenderly.

Think about it. As babies, we weren't the least bit bashful about our longings for love. We soaked up every ounce of affection we could get.

Over time, my hunger for love changed but never diminished. As a toddler, if I scraped my knee, it was second nature to ask for a kiss on the sore place. As a kid, I wanted a best buddy who