



My Lover is to me a satchet of myrrh resting between my breasts.

Song of Songs 1: 14 NIV

I've been spending a lot of time in the Song of Solomon, and have found myself grappling for words to express the awe I experience when considering the love that my Lord has for me. Like many Christians, I "know" Jesus loves me; I know the Father and the Holy Spirit love me. But that knowing is so often tainted by my earthly experiences, by earthly relationships, and by my carnal mind, if you will.

It is a "knowing" that is from inside me, within the framework of how I presume God either would or should feel toward me. It is based more on MY thinking than on HIS thinking. While I tend to think His love is conditional (though I know this flies in the face of truth), the fact is that His attraction for me dwarfs the drawing power of the two biggest magnets ever built in the world. Think of the clamping power of such magnets. God's drawing love for me is a million times that. This is the real truth about His love

Even though I know better, I so often think of Him like I imagine others think of me. Maybe I think of Him the way I think about myself (apart from His Word.) When I "do

well,” when I am faithful to Him in my walk, it is easier to believe He loves me at least somewhat. When I “do poorly” in a given day or circumstance, I’m not at all so confident of His love for me. Amazingly, I find this kind of thinking is as common to many as dandelions in a lawn on a June day in Indiana.

Now that Song of Songs is where I’m living, I am beginning to lay hold of more and more of Him - - and experience more deeply my Lord, my Lover, My Savior, my Friend.

In His book, Song of Songs, the Journey of the Bride, Brian Simmons points out that the Shulammitte maiden, having entered into relationship with her Beloved has professed her love for Him. She says to Him early on, “Take me away with You. I will run after you.”


She is brought by Him into His chambers, (verse 4), then to His table where they recline together. (verse 12) I say they recline together meaning their tables were reclining tables, places to rest and share food and fellowship. He has brought her to His place of rest. And He rests there with her. She rests there too, content to be His, to be loved by Him, to be the object of His attention and affection. Here she drinks Him in.

In this place of privacy with Him, in His chambers, at His table, she begins to comprehend in ways she never before thought of just how deep His love for her is. Her spontaneous praise of Him arises to fill the room like perfume. In what must have been a new language for this one who moments before was talking about how wounded she was by her brothers, she speaks words of sheer worship, “My Lover is to me a sachet of myrrh *resting* between my breasts.” And there it is again, resting.

What is a sachet? Simply put, it is a bundle. A bundle that has been tied up. What is myrrh? It is a symbol of suffering. It was a perfume that was used to prepare a body for burial. We are told that the Wise men from the East brought a gift of myrrh to Jesus when he was a child. When He cried out in thirst on the cross, the soldiers offered Him wine mixed with myrrh. Surely Mary Magdalene and the other women who went to the tomb Sunday morning to prepare His body for burial carried myrrh with them.

So a bundle, something tied up, something or someone connected with suffering. I was just amazed to ponder Brian Simmons’s comment on this. Let me share it with you.

“The Hebrew word for myrrh is a form of the word, “bitter.” the ancient Hebrews describe myrrh as “tears from a tree.” It is from the Sacred Tree that liquid love(tears) pour down, whispering - - ‘It is finished!’ The Cross is a bundle of myrrh.” p. 56-57



When I read this and considered her words, I suddenly thought to myself that her bundle of myrrh resting so close to her heart was a prophetic act pointing me to this: if I love Him, I need to receive this incredible Lover and allow Him to rest in my heart. To rest is to abide. Jesus speaks of His desire to rest, to abide in us in John 15:3-11 “Abide in Me and I in you. - - - that your joy may be full.”

Oh, to have such love! Let’s say with the Shulammite, “Your love, yours and no one else’s, is better than wine! I will run after you! Take me into your chambers! You are a sachet of myrrh resting between my breasts. Come and rest in me. I accept your invitation to find rest for my soul in you. And I invite you to rest , to abide in me.”

Lord, forgetting about myself, praise rises from my innermost being to you, to you, who have loved me like no one else. Might my praise be a sweet fragrance in your nostrils, as incense, pleasing and fully acceptable to you. May I delight your heart as my own is filled with unspeakable love for you who love me so.



*My Beloved is to me a satchet of myrrh resting between my breasts.
Song of Songs 1:12a*

