

Saturday, July 19, 2008

My Dear Future Husband,

I do not yet know your name, and cannot begin to guess who you are or how we will meet; but that does not stop me from thinking of you and dreaming of all the moments that we will one day share with each other.

These last few months have been tormenting for me, as I have experienced loneliness to such depths that I never thought possible. Each day my longing for you increases, as I yearn for your companionship and love.

Since before I can remember, my parents have been teaching me to wait for you. They have shown me that God has a plan and a purpose for my life, and that He has someone very special in mind for me.

My parents held me accountable, and have fought on your behalf long before I even began to dream of you. For so many years my purity and faithfulness was little more than an act of obedience towards them. And many times I have doubted them and questioned the manner of lifestyle that they decided would be best for me.

But today, I have realized, in a new way, that they have given me the greatest treasure of all; and I find myself suddenly embracing the dream that they have so long been trying to give me: A beautiful love story that only God (the author of love) could ever write.

These last few months have been full of hopes, heartaches, and unfulfilled dreams. I have tried so hard to quench my loneliness - but all in vain.

I have tried to predict who you will be, and thought that I had solved the mystery of your identity and how each detail would fall into place; but in the end I was sadly disappointed, and found myself ready to give up hoping.

My parents have these dreams of old-fashioned courtships, and I, myself, have embraced those romantic sentiments. But my current setting is not very promising. I often blamed my parents for the lack of suitors, though I would never say it to their faces. They used to take us from one church to another, showing us that there are many like-minded families and young men out there. But we would never stay at one place long enough to make any acquaintances... and lately I've been feeling as if even God were mocking me, by calling me to the mission field. As He points out all the heroic missionaries who have been faithful to His calling, I feel a stab in my heart when I come to realize just how many of them were single.

I do not feel like I have the gift of singleness, and for many years I have been struggling over this matter with the Lord, trying to gain control of the situation rather than giving it all to God.

Today, all that has changed. In surrendering my heart to God He has taken full control of my life. I have handed over the pen, to allow Him, the author of love, to write out a beautiful love story. He has assured me that my secret desires will one day be fulfilled, and He is helping me to keep my heart for you.

I want you to know that I am yours -- **ONLY** yours! And that this letter (no doubt the first of many), is a sign of my commitment to you, before God. A commitment to love, honor, and respect you even before we meet. To keep my heart, my soul, my body, my all, only for you; until that delightful day comes when you will finally claim me as your own.

With All My Love And Devotion,

~Your Faithful Wife~