

# ***A LOVE STORY***

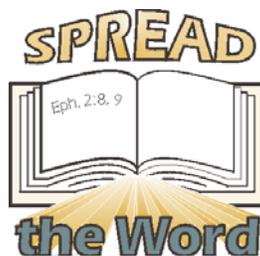
**“Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away,” Song of Solomon 2:13**

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## **A Love Story**

We have all dreamed at one time or another of a young man, in shining armor riding in on a white horse, swooping down and carrying away, and delivering fair young maid Marian. And they ride off into the sunset and live happily ever after.

Well it is not a dream but it is a reality. It is of like most everything else a Divine design.

Today this dream may not be thought of as much as it has in the past, but the principle of love romance and courtship, still exists. We know of Romeo and Juliet, and Camelot, and Cleopatra and Caesar, Josephine and Napoleon Bonaparte.

I remember reading about a French Catholic priest who was a well-known teacher by the name of Abelard. He had a student by the name of Heloise, whom he fell in love with. He had a tough decision to make, whether or not to marry or to remain a Catholic priest. Well after long deliberance he decided to remain a Catholic. He died miserably heart broken because he gave up the love of his life for the Catholic Church. And because he didn't chose for her, he put her in a convent so that no one could have her.

"It is better to marry than to burn."

When I enlisted in the Service after the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, as a teenager

I realized the importance of letters from home from loved ones.

I had no family, so I received no letters, I had never dated at that time, and when the G.I.s lined up for "mail call," which was the greatest event, other than victory that took place in warfare, I never received a letter from home.

They began to notice that I never received mail from my girlfriend or my wife and they wondered what was wrong with me, and they ribbed me all the time.

Finally, I couldn't take the abuse any more, so I wrote to a girl that lived next door to where I lived and asked her to send a picture of herself to shut the mouths of my buddies in Service.

When my name was called out for "mail call," it was great and I was no longer an out-cast. But joy didn't last for long, because the girl next door got married and wanted her picture back.

I was so hurt that I took a picture of everyone's girl that belonged to the soldiers in my outfit and mailed them off to her, and asked her to pick her's out and send the rest back.

## **A True-to-Life Love Story**

One of the most classical examples of this design is found in the life of our 26<sup>th</sup> President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt, and his right-woman, Alice Hataway Lee.

She was 17 when Theodore Roosevelt first saw her, October 18, 1878. He wrote the following after that meeting, "As long as I live, I shall never forget how sweetly she looked, and how prettily she greeted me.

"She is an enchanting creature of singular loveliness, quick intelligence, endearing character, unfailing sunny temperament, gay and exceptionally bright, and the life of the party."

His imagination, stimulated by such universal praise, delights to picture Alice Lee, "coming through the garden gate, and exquisite willowy blonde, smiling shyly, moving with a long, firm step of a natural athlete."

"She wears a dress of white brocade that glows in the late afternoon light. She is tall, five feet seven, holding herself proudly erect, her hair, drawn up to expose a graceful neck, honey colored."

"But when the sun strikes the water-curls that cling to her temples, or the thick rope piled high on her head, unexpected high-lights of gold shimmer in it."

"Her eyes are similarly chromatic, at times they seem a very pale blue, at other times, a pearly gray. Heavy lashes, when she glances down demurely, brush cheeks whose pinkness, blending into an irresistible poicet of shadow in the corner of her mouth, make her quite outrageously kissable."

"She is, in short, as ravishing a beauty as ever walked across a Boston lawn, or through the pages of any Victorian novel."

"Theodore Roosevelt, drinking her in at every pore, fell in love with her there and then. Just two more meetings were enough to convince him."

"He said that win her I would if it were possible, and he affirmed that, I had never before cared a snap of my finger for any girl."

Roosevelt was a guest at a party and he decided sourly that he, too, would not go the social rounds. His despair was such that he could no longer conceal it from his friends."

"See that girl, he exclaimed at a Hasty Pudding function, pointing across the room at Alice. I am going to marry her. She won't have me, but I am going to have her."

"Sunday, January 25, at last everything is settled but it seems impossible to realize it. I am so happy that I dare not trust in my own happiness. I drove over to the Lee's, determined to make an end of things at last, it was nearly eight months since I had first proposed to her, and I had been nearly crazy during the past year."

"And after much pleading, my own, sweet, pretty darling consented to be my wife."

"How bewitchingly pretty she looked, if loving her with my whole heart and soul can make her happy, she shall be happy."

"A year ago, Thanksgiving, I made a vow that win her I would, if it were possible, and now that I have done so, the aim of my whole life shall be to make her happy and to shield her and guard her from every trial, and oh, how I shall cherish my sweet queen.

"How she, so pure and sweet and beautiful, can think of marrying me I cannot understand, but I praise and thank God it is so."

"I still feel as if it would not turn out, as it so often was before, and that Alice would repent. But she did not. Now that her defenses were down, he could kiss and cuddle her as often as he wished."

## **Love Story**

Recently I read a book of a love story, in which there was a very beautiful young lady working in a vineyard. The vineyard was owned by some very wealthy, influential king.

Because of working outside in the vineyards, the weather and sun had darkened her skin, and she thought that she no longer looked feminine. She wanted to please her "Beloved" and since she was tanned from working outside, she thought he wouldn't be pleased with her appearance. She was in love and she wanted to do anything and everything to please him.

Her brothers, having discovered her love for her "Beloved," tried to break up the relationship so they sent her up north where she was now working, in order to separate and put distance between her and her Beloved.

She left her own home, and her own vineyard and was working someone else's vineyard.

Her courtship was with a very handsome young man, and he, himself was also working, doing pastoral work, as a shepherd, feeding a flock, in another city.

He was trying to provide for himself and also for her, as they planned to marry as soon as they could. The thing that attracted each of them in their relationship was not a physical attraction but it was in the soul.

Now they had been dating and courting for some time as they were waiting for the right time for them to be married. In their courtship they spent time banqueting and they enjoyed taking a picnic together. They took full advantage of the time they had together and made it quality time.

Through this courtship and romance they had come to know that there was no doubt that they were right for each other. She knew that he was designed for her and he knew that she was designed for him.

This recognition was their protection, and they both had no fear of any other person

being able to take either her place or his place in this relationship.

She knew that she belonged to him, and she knew that he belonged to her. She knew that he was one out of a thousand, the fairest of thousands. The more they were apart, the more they longed for each other.

Absence didn't make the heart to wander. Absence just proved that they were right for each other, distance did not cancel out their love for one another. He could be where he was, and she could be where she was, and they had confidence because he was in her soul and she was in his soul.

The more they were apart, the greater became their desire to be together.

In her longing for her "Shepherd-Lover," she wished that he could be one of her brothers, so that he could be living in the same house with her and her mother and her brothers, so that she could see him every day.

She wanted to share the affection that there is in family among brothers and sisters. She wanted to be with him, not even as her husband; but the relationship merely as a brother.

She knew that her desire was for him and his desire was for her.

Being apart so much of the time, one night, the Shepherd-Lover couldn't take it any longer and so he decided to visit her. He couldn't stay away.

When he arrived in her room, she was asleep. He opened the door and whispered to her, but he decided it would be better if he left, so he left, protecting her from both himself and her, being so emotionally involved.

He left without even touching or kissing her, protecting her virginity.

But she awoke and sensed that he was in her room. She heard his voice, and she became excited because love is tone oriented. She could smell his aroma as she reached for the door knob and it was familiar and exciting to her.

He left and she went out looking for him, but she couldn't find him. She knew that his love for her was protective and protected her by not taking advantage of her when she was extremely vulnerable.

Their relationship was challenged not only by her brothers trying to separate them, but the king on whose estate she was working, was causing them some problems.

When he saw how beautiful she was, he was attracted by her beauty and he tried to entice her and win her away from her Shepherd-Lover, to make her one of the many ladies in his harem.

He tried to attract her with all his possessions, he was the richest man on the Earth and had everything and he tried to win her, not only with wealth, but also offered her a prominent position, as being a queen, the first lady.

He tried to win her with money, riches, fame, and honour.

His vineyard produced thousands upon thousands of dollars, he had 60 men who carried him around in a chair, any where he went.

He had his own army. His men were expert in war, and they rode in ornate chariots, made of silver and gold with purple coverings.

He had so much money he didn't know what to do with it next, so he tried to bribe this young lady and give her anything and everything that she could ever hope or dream of when it comes to being rich and famous.

Besides offering her the whole world, he tried to win her by flattery, and he began to tell her how beautiful she was physically. He began describing her very graphically.

It was like he was going up and down her body as he described her. He mentions her eyes, and how rich and beautiful her hair was, and that her teeth are white and that not one tooth was missing or broken.

He speaks of her lips and her voice, and how she speaks, and the temples in her head and how her hair falls so beautifully over them. He speaks of her neck and breasts and thighs and naval and feet.

He is totally occupied with her physical appearance, but doesn't love her or even know what she is really like, He is just attracted to her physically.

Flattery from the wrong man is insulting and obnoxious, but from the Right-Man it is exciting, magnifying, and fulfilling.

This king has everything and he wants everything and sees this beautiful woman and he wants to add her to his collection, but this is something he can't have, and this frustrated him.

He has 1,000 women in his harem, and she would be 1,001, But if a thousand won't do it, one more won't. **But one will.**

But this young lady working in his vineyard remains faithful to her beloved and she resists his advances and fast lines, because of having her beloved in her soul, fulfilling and completing her.

Some of the other ladies in the palace try to put pressure on her, and try to get her to push herself on her beloved to force him to marry her before the right time to be married.

They try to convince her to go to the field where her Shepherd-Lover is feeding the flock, to visit him while he is on the job while he is working and try to entice him to marry her now. They think it is right for them to marry and they think that now is the right time.

There is a Right-Man and a Right-Woman and there is a right time

A relationship can be destroyed by a premature marriage, not giving any time for growth and maturity especially on the man's part.

With all these obstacles facing her, she waited and waited for the right time. She knew she had her Right-Man.

With her brothers trying to break them up, with the king trying to turn her head with fame and fortune, and these ladies trying to push her into an immature marriage, she waits ...

When he visited her, she went out looking for him. But she couldn't find him. She

wandered through the streets even asking the policemen if they had seen him and they said no.

She finally found him, and when she found him, she brought him home to her mother, but not as a brother, as she one time had wished. But she held him and would not let him go and took him into her mother's chamber where she was first conceived.

Soul love always precedes sex love before the marriage is consummated. The recognition and identification is in the soul, and sex is just one of many expressions of love.

The shepherd lover tells her the time is right and he proposes marriage.

He says, Rise up my love, my fair (beautiful) one, and come away.

They both know that the time is right. And he repeats the invitation.

Rise up, my love, my fair (beautiful) one, and come away.

And she responds by saying, "Make haste, My beloved."

And they ride off into the sunset and live happily ever after.

"I am my beloveds. And my beloved is mine."

*S.O.S. 8:6, 7. "Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire which hath a most vehement flame. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned."*

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