

Marriage: The Ripe Fruit of Learning to Love

We're entering the last portion of our earthly togetherness, my husband and I. Perhaps we'll have a decade or two more here with each other... perhaps not. As awareness of our mortality draws nearer, we're surprised by the intense sweetness of our experiences with each other.

- ✧ We've drawn closer to each other.
- ✧ We enjoy small things we'd have previously ignored.
- ✧ A glance at each other brings smiles to our faces.
- ✧ My heart lifts when I open the front door and see he's already home.
- ✧ He looks up as I walk into the room ... and it's so fine.
- ✧ Time together has an ease to it.
- ✧ Meals stretch into long conversations about the day's events, family events, theological musings, philosophical musings, puns, and stupid jokes.
- ✧ We sense each other with increased intensity; touch has a new electricity.
- ✧ Moments, even brief moments, have new depth.

We see each other's faults more clearly... but care about them less. Irritations have a context: love.

Two greeting cards he's given me capture this season of life well. One card reads: "*Sometimes when we're lying in bed, I look over at you and think, 'I am so lucky,' Then you start snoring in that snorty way, and I think, 'Well, that's annoying, but I'm still lucky.' Happy anniversary.*" The other reads: "*God must have sent you into my life so that there would always be love in my heart. Happy Valentine's Day to the one meant for me.*"

Oh my. Such sweetness this time holds! It's taken us years and years to learn, but now? Now we are tasting the ripe fruit of learning to love. Thank you, Lord, for giving us this precious gift.

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