



## CHURCH, YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL - "BE RESTORED"

Apostle Stephen Smith, 10 August 2014

I do believe that the entire Bible is a revelation of Christ. It is a picture of Christ and His relationship with His Church. The Bible does not say we must MAKE UNITY; we are called to MAINTAIN UNITY!

***Wives, submit yourselves to your own husbands, as to the Lord.***

***For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church; and He is the Saviour of the body.***

***Therefore as the church is subject to Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything.***

***Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church and gave Himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word, that He might present it to Himself as the glorious church, without spot or wrinkle or any such things, but that it should be holy and without blemish.***

***So men ought to love their wives as their own bodies. He who loves his wife loves himself.***

***For no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourishes and cherishes it, even as the Lord loves the church.***

***For we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones.***

***"For this cause a man shall leave his father and mother and shall be joined to his wife, and the two of them shall be one flesh."***

***This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the church.***

***But also let everyone of you in particular so love his wife even as himself, and the wife that she defers to her husband.***

**Ephesians 5:22-33**

### THE BRIDE – CHURCH OF CHRIST

The Book of Solomon is a book speaking about the Christ. In describing "her", the Book is referring to the relationship between Christ and His Bride. We worship Christ because of His worth-ship. Only as we find ourselves in the spirit of intimacy, can we find ourselves in this kind of worship.

**Solomon 4:1-16; 5:1-16; 6:1-13 (Amplified)**

**<sup>1</sup> HOW FAIR you are, my love [he said], how very fair! Your eyes behind your veil [remind me] of those of a dove; your hair [makes me think of the black, wavy fleece] of a flock of [the Arabian] goats which one sees trailing down Mount Gilead [beyond the Jordan on the frontiers of the desert].**

He begins to describe her from her head and works his way down her body!

**<sup>2</sup> Your teeth are like a flock of shorn ewes which have come up from the washing, of which all are in pairs, and none is missing among them.**

**<sup>3</sup> Your lips are like a thread of scarlet, and your mouth is lovely. Your cheeks are like halves of a pomegranate behind your veil.**

**<sup>4</sup> Your neck is like the tower of David, built for an arsenal, whereon hang a thousand bucklers, all of them shields of warriors.**

**<sup>5</sup> Your two breasts are like two fawns, like twins of a gazelle that feed among the lilies.**

**<sup>6</sup> Until the day breaks and the shadows flee away, [in my thoughts] I will get to the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense (a place of killing). I am going away until the shadow has been taken away. You have seen yourselves in part, but I am going away to a “hill”, meaning I am going to Golgotha to produce, to make sure there is no flaw in you [to him whom my soul adores].**

**<sup>7</sup> [He exclaimed] O my love, how beautiful you are! There is no flaw in you! (Eph 5)**

In describing her from top to bottom, he says there is no spot or flaw in her. He is not insulting her. What would happen if we NEVER talk or refer back to our sin anymore, but all about His righteousness? It is not about what is wrong with us, but all about what is right about Him.

**<sup>8</sup> Come away with me from Lebanon, my [promised] bride, come with me from Lebanon. Depart from the top of Amana (meaning amen), from the peak of Senir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards.**

**<sup>9</sup> You have ravished my heart and given me courage, my sister, my [promised] bride; you have ravished my heart and given me courage with one look from your eyes, with one jewel of your necklace.**

He is not criticizing you but instead, He is head-over-hills in love with you! We don't preach sin or condemnation, because that is contradictory to the truth – He unconditionally loves you – in love with you. Do not be convict of your sin, but be convict of your righteousness – you are flawless! You cannot be less than what God says you are.

**<sup>10</sup> How beautiful is your love, my sister, my [promised] bride! How much better is your love than wine! (Pentecost – drunk with wine) There is something better than Pentecost – it is love. And the fragrance of your ointments than all spices!**

**<sup>11</sup> Your lips, O my [promised] bride, drop honey as the honeycomb; honey and milk are under your tongue. The ability to preserve your life is in your mouth. The Promised Land was a land of milk and honey. Your promised land is now in your mouth! And the odour of your garments is like the odour of Lebanon.**

**<sup>12</sup> A garden enclosed and barred is my sister, my [promised] bride-a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.**

You are a garden my beloved but you have built a wall around it, you have enclosed it. You are a spring but you have not let it flow.

**<sup>13</sup> Your shoots are an orchard of pomegranates or a paradise with precious fruits, henna with spikenard plants,  
<sup>14</sup> Spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense, myrrh, and aloes, with all the chief spices.**

You have the goods my beloved, you are loaded but you have enclosed your garden, closed your spring and sealed your fountain. You have not allowed anybody to taste your fruit.

**<sup>15</sup> You are a fountain [springing up] in a garden, a well of living waters, and flowing streams from Lebanon.**

**<sup>16</sup> [You have called me a garden, she said] Oh, I pray that the [cold] north wind and the [soft] south wind may blow upon my garden, Why...that its spices may flow out [in abundance for you in whom my soul delights]. Let my beloved come into his garden and eat its choicest fruits.**

This is the wind of Acts 2 – the wind of the Holy Spirit! I am going to blow down your enclosures, blow open your fountains and release your streams so that the spices can flow out. I am going to awaken things that are dead in you. I am going to awake the dream and potential that is in you. I am going to open your garden with my wind so that not only you can see and experience the richness of your garden, but so that the world can have a taste of your garden. The world is coming to people that have milk and honey in their mouth!

## Chapter 5:

**<sup>1</sup> I HAVE come into my garden, my sister, my [promised] bride; I have gathered my myrrh with my balsam and spice [from your sweet words I have gathered the richest perfumes and spices]. I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk.**

**(Message) I went to my garden, dear friend, best lover! Breathed the sweet fragrance. I ate the fruit and honey; I drank the nectar and wine. Celebrate with me, friends! Raise your glasses-"To life! To love!"**

Where was milk and honey? Under her tongue. Now He says; **I ate and drunk**. If it was under her tongue...he went for it! Christ is feasting on the words of your mouth. If you start speaking and saying what He speaks, allowing milk, honey to be in your mouth, Christ will feast with you, make love with you, and you will discover that the whole world is a better place for you to be – it is your garden!

**Eat, O friends [feast on, O revellers of the palace; you can never make my lover disloyal to me]!** The Lord Himself invites His friends to come and eat and drink of what she (bride) has to offer, but it took 4 chapters before He invite anybody to partake of her because up until this point she keep on saying, *I have spot, I have flaws, I'm weak, I'm nothing*. When he finally gets her to see who she is, He invites His friends. Not until we inside here are not saying what He is saying, He will not invite His friends to come and feast with Him. He is inviting hurting, poor people to come and find out whom they are. The harvest is not coming to a bride who has bitterness in her mouth. The harvest is coming for milk and honey!

**<sup>1</sup> Drink, yes, drink abundantly of love, O precious one [for now I know you are mine, irrevocably mine! With his confident words still thrilling her heart, through the lattice she saw her shepherd turn away and disappear into the night].**

**<sup>2</sup> I went to sleep, but my heart stayed awake. [I dreamed that I heard] the voice of my beloved as he knocked [at the door of my mother's cottage]. Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my spotless one [he said], for I am wet with the [heavy] night dew, my hair is covered with it.**

**<sup>3</sup> [But weary from a day in the vineyards, I had already sought my rest] I had put off my garment-how could I [again] put it on? I had washed my feet-how could I [again] soil them?**

Watch this attitude. Now she is going to sleep in the middle of this feast. Sounds like some churches we know. She go's from nothing to where she thinks she is superior. *I know what I have; I do not want to be touch by anything dirty. I have already done my part. I had put off my garment. I had washed my feet-how could I again get dirty by opening the door for you?*

**<sup>3</sup> But I'm in my nightgown-do you expect me to get dressed? I'm bathed and in bed-do you want me to get dirty? (Message)**

In other words: *If I have to get up and open the Door for my beloved, I might have to accommodate some dirty, unclean people. I might get my feet dirty (the willingness of spreading the gospel).*

**<sup>4</sup> My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my heart was moved for him.**

When she again saw the holes in the hand of her beloved by the hole of the door, she rose up to open the door.

<sup>5</sup> *I rose up to open for my beloved, and my hands dripped with myrrh, and my fingers with liquid [sweet-scented] myrrh, [which he had left] upon the handles of the bolt.*

<sup>6</sup> *I opened for my beloved, but my beloved had turned away and withdrawn himself, and was gone! My soul went forth [to him] when he spoke, but it failed me [and now he was gone]! I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer.*

When he calls, we have to act. We cannot miss our opportunity when He calls at the door. We do not have time to decide if we want to move with Him. We have to act immediately.

<sup>7</sup> *The watchmen who go about the city found me. They struck me, they wounded me; the keepers of the walls took my veil and my mantle from me.*

She went to the church for help. They slapped, beat, and bruised me, ripping off my clothes, these guards, who were supposed to be guarding the city.

You are not ready to let God do something in your life if you have not lost your credentials at least once. We have been slapping and beating people, telling them what they are not instead of telling them who they are. We are not supposed to take the wedding mantle off from the bride.

Once you have tasted the liquid [sweet-scented] myrrh, [which he had left] upon the handles of the bolt, you will not quit until!

Now she bumps into the women's meeting...

<sup>8</sup> *I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him that I am sick from love [simply sick to be with him].*

The sisters are now saying...

<sup>9</sup> *What is your beloved more than another beloved; O you fairest among women [taunted the ladies]? What is you're beloved more than another beloved, that you should give us such a charge?*

Look how the sisters see her. What's so great about your lover, fair lady? What's so special about him that you beg for our help?

<sup>10</sup> *[She said] my beloved is fair and ruddy, the chief among ten thousand!*

<sup>11</sup> *His head is [as precious as] the finest gold; his locks are curly and bushy and black as a raven.*

She starts to describe Him from head to toe! She's doing what he did to her. She's thinking...whatever He is, I am too!

**Now she is describing Him:** If we want to see a city change, all we have to do is to describe Him as He is!

<sup>12</sup> *(Message)-His eyes are like doves (same as mine), soft and bright, but deep-set, brimming with meaning, like wells of water.*

<sup>13</sup> *His face is rugged, his beard smells like sage, His voice, his words, warm and reassuring.*

<sup>14</sup> *Fine muscles ripple beneath his skin, quiet and beautiful. His torso is the work of a sculptor, hard and smooth as ivory.*

<sup>15</sup> *He stands tall, like a cedar, strong and deep-rooted, a rugged mountain of a man, aromatic with wood and stone.*

<sup>16</sup> ***His words are kisses, his kisses words. Everything about him delights me thrills me through and through! That's my lover, that's my man, dear Jerusalem sisters.***

## **Chapter 6:**

<sup>1</sup> ***WHERE HAS your beloved gone, O you fairest among women? [Again, the ladies showed their interest in the remarkable person whom she had championed with such unstinted praise; they too wanted to know him, they insisted.] Where is your beloved hiding himself? For we would seek him with you.***

The more these sisters are asking and she describing Him, she realizes He is NOT MISSING!

<sup>2</sup> ***[She replied] my beloved has gone down to his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens and to gather lilies.***

She finds herself saying...**He did not move off, he moved in!** She is saying: The more I described Him and went seeking for Him **I discovered that He was not missing, He is inside of me!**

<sup>3</sup> ***I am my beloved's [garden] and my beloved is mine! He feeds among the lilies [which grow there].***

He is just altogether lovely! When I look over this room, I see we are all together lovely because he moved in! As He is, so are we!

**Solomon 4:1-16; 5:1-16; 6:1-13 (Amplified)**