

“For she cares nothing about the path to life. She staggers down a crooked trail and doesn’t realize it.” Proverbs 5:6 NLT

## lectio // Proverbs 5:1-6

Cue dramatic music. The immoral woman! I don’t doubt that there were, are and will be immoral women - really. Not just stories shared by half-sloshed, creepy men in dark bars; nor a group of junior high boys discussing their self-taught knowledge of women learned from a slick magazine, but actual human immorals! I’ve written this before, but it’s not just women - duh! Immorals are probably broken people who are perpetuating pain from their past. There’s probably a small percentage that claim, they’re free of public opinion and moral restraints and “live” above the man-made, sexually repressed views of others. It doesn’t matter the reason. The immorals are destructive and consuming to all who open their door or curiously peek into their soul. The immorals don’t care about anyone. Fact: you (or anyone) exist for them to do what they like with you, and then discard you (if you’re lucky) or sadly convert you to their vortex of perversion. IF you escape (which is rare), you will wear invisible clothes of shame for the rest of your life. If you are trapped, you become the viral perpetrator, mimicking the cancer you were infected with. Is this stuff real? Absolutely. Is it as dangerous as the proverbs predict? Absolutely. Is it avoidable? Only if you don’t take the bait! Only if you don’t believe the lie of pleasure without consequences. It is interesting that young men coming of age are often offered two “rites of passage” in our American culture: have your first “drink” with dad and have your first sexual encounter with a prostitute, paid for by your own father. Was I offered these things? No, two of my dads were gone by the time I “became” a man. However, many of my friends’ dads were eager to push their sins onto their sons. Immorals are to be avoided, that’s the lesson. Don’t follow them, don’t admire them, don’t listen to them. They ARE death.

Dad,

You came into my life at such a critical time. I would have been consumed by several immorals if you had not fathered me. Instead of offering me my first beer or whiskey, you offered me your Holy Spirit and I was over-filled with your presence. Instead of offering me my first sexual encounter, you offered to be my dad and called me to be a son. You challenged me to wait until you provided a wife, a life-long companion that would be my very best friend for a lifetime. I got such a better deal. Thank you.

## contemplatio

rest in the presence of God, allowing the words revealed to take root