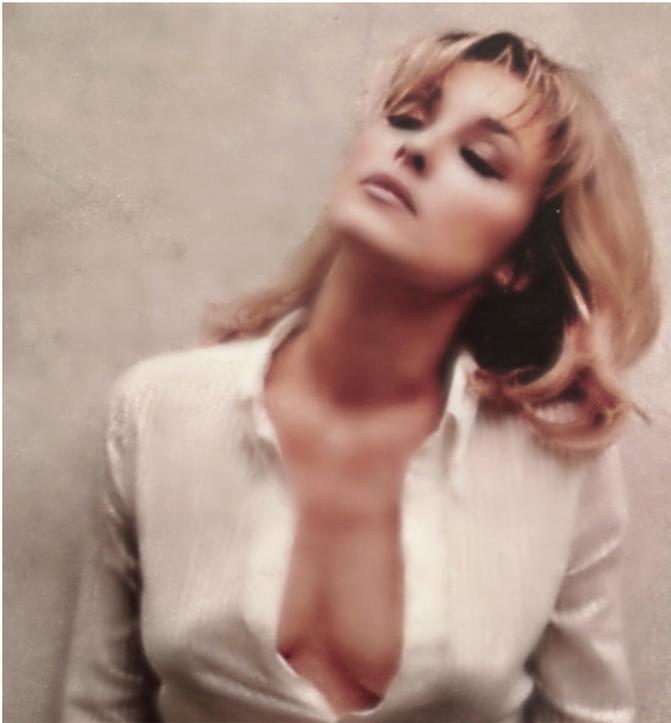




The truth about sexual lust; Part 10.

Feminine Beauty

(Or, “The Eyes of God Don’t Bounce.”)



In Genesis, chapter 24, Abraham dispatches a servant to his homeland to find a wife for his son Isaac. The servant ends up in the city of Nahor, in the land of Syria. The servant has his camels kneeling outside the city at a well one evening, the precise time (in the cool of the day) that the women came out to bail water (verses

10-11). This was a great strategy. If you want to find a woman, go to where they congregate. And do it in the early evening, when the sun is low and the lighting fine, allowing you a better look at the, um—at the physical attributes of the women.

The servant laid out his plan to God:

O Lord, the God of my master Abraham, please grant me success today, and show loving-kindness to my master Abraham. Behold, I am standing by the spring, and the daughters of the men of the city are coming out to draw water; now may it be that the girl to whom I say, “Please let down your jar so that I may drink,” and who answers, “Drink, and I will water your camels also”; may she be the one whom Thou hast appointed for Thy servant Isaac; and by this I shall know that Thou hast shown loving-kindness to my master (Genesis 24:12-14).

God got right on it:

And it came about before he had finished speaking, that behold, Rebecca who was born to Bethuel the son of Miclah, the wife of Abraham’s brother Nahor, came out with her jar on her shoulder. And the girl was very beautiful, a virgin, and no man had had relations with her; and she went down to the spring and filled her jar, and came up.

The King James here says that the woman “was very beautiful,” but the *Concordant Version of the Old Testament* has, “And the maiden is of exceedingly good appearance ...”

I wish God had not mentioned that Rebecca was “of exceedingly good appearance.” Why? Because what happens next is a crying shame. I hate to write about this, but I have to, because I am a writer. The servant does a bad, bad thing.



This servant was an Israelite, which means he was holy, separated unto God. Not only that, but he was the servant of Abraham, who was double holy and double separated unto God. What I am about to write will expose a terrible weakness of this man of God, the same weakness that you, my male reader, no doubt suffers under. But I must tell you anyway because this is a book about sex and beauty, and the servant's crime has very much to do with these two treacherous things.

First of all, why does God feel it necessary to mention that Rebecca was “of exceedingly good appearance?” I

don't know what difference it makes. Women should be judged on character, not looks. Doesn't God know this? In fact, good-looking women are the downfall of men, marriages, and society-at-large. I wish all women looked like Phyllis Diller, I really do. But no. God made a lot of women beautiful, and then He made the mistake of giving men eyes. Not only that, but He finds it necessary to *point out* that the women are beautiful; He does this repeatedly in—of all places—the Holy Bible.

But before I get to the actions of the servant, I ask you this: What exactly does God mean, when referring to Rebecca, that she is “of exceedingly good appearance”? Does she have high cheek bones? Shapely hips? Large breasts? Long legs? High arches? All of the above? I'm curious because I love God's Word. But as I look into it, I find myself become more and more sexually intrigued. Must I now bounce my eyes from the pages of Scripture? I'm seriously asking.

Dig those burkas

One more distraction here before I talk about the servant of Abraham and his terrible male crimes. I like what is happening out East these days, that is, in our modern Middle East. If all women were as conscientious as these Eastern women, they would all wear burkas.

A burka is a garment that looks like a four-person tent inside of which mountain climbers seek shelter at high altitude. The burka shrouds the entire woman so that male lust is headed off at the pass. Apparently, the men of the East do not have copies of Arterburn's and Stoeker's book, and so do not know about bouncing the eyes. Since *Every Man's Battle* has, unfortunately, not yet infiltrated such distant regions, the men there must cover their females from head to toe on the assumption that one would not need to bounce one's eyes from a walking, four-person tent with an oversized rain fly and a vestibule for cooking.

Back to Rebecca

So anyway, there is Abraham's servant, looking at this very beautiful virgin. The first thing he does is the first thing he should *not* have done—verse 17:

Then the servant ran to meet her, and said, “Please let me drink a little water from your jar.”

Lord have mercy—he *ran* to meet her. Note that, as the servant is running, he has not even asked her the question



yet about the water. I presume that, since many women came to the well at this hour, there were many other women besides Rebecca at the well. That the servant *ran* to Rebecca, and that the only thing thus far he had to go on—as far as her fitness as a wife for his master Abraham’s son—was that she was “of exceedingly good appearance” tells me that, not only was this servant shallow, but he was also disobedient. Instead of running *away* from beauty (which all men—even single men—ought to do in order to be sexually pure and remain right before God), he runs *toward* it.

I wish my sad tale ended here, but it does not. When the servant laid out his line about the possibility of a drink,

the woman—Rebecca—said all the right things about watering the camels as well as the servant. Now the servant *really* made a mistake, as I shall demonstrate by quoting verse 21:

Meanwhile, the man was gazing at her in silence, to know whether the Lord had made his journey successful or not.

May the Lord protect us from such unnatural lusts! First the servant *runs* to this woman’s beauty, then he *gazes* at it.

In case none of you *other* sinners out there have



noticed: *Gazing is the opposite of “bouncing the eyes.”*

Obviously, the book *Every Man’s Battle* would have been a great help to this servant. As soon as the servant noticed the “exceedingly good appearance” of Rebecca (not just “good appearance,” mind you, but *exceedingly* good appearance”), he could have practiced what Stephen Arterburn advises on page 126 of *Every Man’s Battle*:

You can win this battle by training your eyes to “bounce” away from sights of pretty women and sensual images. If you “bounce your eyes” for six weeks, you can win this war. You need to build a reflex action by training your eyes to immediately bounce away from the sexual, like the jerk of your hand away from a hot stove. Let’s repeat that, for emphasis: When your eyes bounce toward a woman, they must bounce away *immediately*.

It is true that the servant did not have six weeks available to him, but he would have gotten a good start had he at least gone through the motions of resisting feminine beauty. If he’d had an ounce of the spirit of

God inside him, he could have *immediately* bounced his eyes from the exceedingly good-looking Rebecca, as quickly as he would have jerked his hand from a fire. Then at least his eyes could have settled upon a woman “of exceedingly *awful* appearance,” and all would have been well. We all know that there is no sin associated with gazing upon ugly women.

“We all know that there is
no sin associated with gazing
upon ugly women.”

Think of all the lust—present and future—that this one act of prudence (that is, the servant bouncing his eyes) would have saved. Not only would the servant have been spared his personal stumbling over this jar-bearing specimen of camel-watering eye candy, but think of all the male lust headed off at the pass on that long trip home. With Rebecca in tow, all the men on that road would have gazed at her, unblinking, until their eyes dried up. Since *Every Man’s Battle* had not yet been published, none of these men would have known about eye-

bouncing, and therefore none of them would have obeyed God’s standards for sexual morality. The result? These men would have been unable to even begin their six weeks of training, and their prayer lives would have been ruined. After all, without a full six weeks of training, how in the world can a man hope to win the great battle against the “exceedingly good” appearance of women?

Esther—God help us

I have a problem with Esther—not with the *book* of Esther, mind you, but with the woman herself.

I cannot read about Esther without becoming, um, hormonally distracted. Or, as a friend put it more bluntly to me recently: “I get hard reading Esther.”

Esther’s name, in Hebrew, means, “Star,” and that pretty much fits the following account of her. Here is our first glimpse of Esther. I am quoting Esther 2:5-7 from the *Concordant Version of the Old Testament*—

There was in the castle of Susa a Jewish man. His name was Mordecai, son of Jair, son of Shimei, son of Kish, a Benjamite man, whose family had been carried away from Jerusalem with the deportation that had been carried away with Jeconiah, king of Judah, whom Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon had deported. And Mordecai had become foster father to Hadassah, that is Esther, his uncle’s daughter, for she had no father or mother. The maiden had a lovely shape and was good-looking in appearance. At the death of her father and her mother Mordecai took her to himself as a daughter.

The first thing God wants us to know about Esther is not that she is a godly woman, or that she tithes regularly, or that she has tended the nursery during temple services three years running. No. Rather, God desires, first and foremost, that we know this:



“The maiden had a lovely shape and was good-looking in appearance.”

Help me, God. We are all just barely getting over Rebecca back there in Genesis chapter four, and now here comes Esther. Just when we are beginning to get all holy again (after all, we’re reading the Bible), God mentions a physical characteristic of Esther that not even the exceedingly beautiful Rebecca warranted. Just when I begin to feel a tad sorry for the merely “good looking” Esther, I notice that God adds a detail about her that He omitted in describing Rebecca, namely:

“The maiden had a lovely shape.”

Here are the exact quotes concerning these women:

Rebecca: “Exceedingly good-looking.”

Esther: “The maiden had a lovely shape and was good-looking in appearance.”

I am quoting from the *Concordant Version of the Old Testament*, which is the most accurate translation in existence. As quoted, these are the exact things God said, and the exact way that He described these two women. My point is that there is a difference between, “exceedingly good-looking,” and “the maiden had a lovely shape.” This is no accident. Words mean something, and God used different words here on purpose. In Scripture, differences are important and not to be disregarded.

Without a doubt, God continually notes female beauty. I think He’s proud of it. He is showing it off. Apparently, God is not a Christian. It looks to me that God Himself (Who one would have to consider the most sexually moral Being in the universe) is having a hard time bouncing His eyes.

You would have to admit that, if anyone could bounce His eyes from a beautiful woman faster than anyone else, it would be God. In fact, I would venture a guess that God could bounce His eyes so fast from feminine beauty (a human hand flying off a hot stove would appear to be moving in slow-motion by comparison) that His corneas would become but a blur. And yet here He is noting the subtle differences in the beauty of these two attractive Bible women.

Is God running a beauty contest? One has to wonder. I can almost picture Him holding up placards:

Rebecca: 9.5

Esther: 8.9.

Would not moralistic Christians flee His presence?

God loves the waist/hip ratio

All right then. My speculation in the previous section, concerning what God considered “exceedingly good appearance,” was premature. Remember? I wondered if the “exceedingly good appearance” of Rebecca included her body as well as her face. Now it seems as though it included her face only, because God elaborates here in Esther 2:7 about the body of Mordecai’s adopted daughter, noting that, “The maiden had a lovely shape.”

What makes a woman shapely? It is four things: 1) her breasts, 2) her hips, 3) her waist, and 4) her ass.

Here is the Martin Zender paraphrase of Esther 2:7—



The size of the maiden's breasts, in conjunction with the proportion of her waist and her hips, and the waist and the hips together, in proportion to her ass, lent to this "Star" a most pleasing and feminine curvaciousness, which is to say, she had a lovely shape. Oh, and her face was great, too.

Don't look at me that way. It was God Who said:
"The maiden had a lovely shape."

If this were the end of the story, my sacs would soon burrow away for the night and I could get past this beauty business. But no. It gets worse. Or, as I would tend to judge things, it gets better. Esther 2:8-9—

Now it came to be, when the king's decree and his edict was announced and when many maidens were brought together at the castle of Susa under the hand of Hegai, then Esther was also taken to the king's house under the hand of Hegai who was in charge of the women. The maiden was well pleasing in his eyes, and she obtained kindness before him, so that he speeded up her beauty-treatments and her assigned rations, and he provided her with the seven selected maidens, assigned to her from the king's house. Then he let her and her maidens occupy the best quarters in the house of the women.

I must be honest with you. The mental vision I have of dozens, if not hundreds, of young, beautiful maidens, gathered together in a castle—specifically in a place called, "the house of the women"—undergoing exotic beauty treatments, sends so much appreciation for women into my "appreciate women" storage areas, that I am very near to taking the name of Dr. James Dobson in vain. For it is Dr. James Dobson—yes, *that* Dr. Dobson—who described to me (on page 64 of *Every Man's Battle*), the dreadful hormonal influences sensitizing me to "all sexual stimuli."



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The respected doctor apprised me of the inevitability of my body's response to all sexual stimuli, which surely must include the words, "maidens," "castle," "beauty treatments," and "the house of women," especially all in the same context. My agony is that the "sexual stimuli" I am here imbibing of are not those which I receive daily from various goddesses on the street, or from those who grace magazine covers at Wal-Mart. No, but these sexual stimuli are coming from goddesses in God's Word.

The Bible.

Song of Solomon

Don't get me started on *Song of Solomon*. Oh, all right then. There are so many sexual images in *Song of Solomon*, I don't see how any man can read it and then stand comfortably. Is the husband who is reading *Song of Solomon* becoming aroused by his wife? No. He is being aroused by Abishag, the Shulammitite.

WIFE: Why are you so frisky tonight, Charlie? You are so spiritual, because I just saw you reading the Bible. You are such a good man. But now you are all over me, like grass stains on white pants. What has motivated you so?

HUSBAND: It is Abishag, the Shulammitite. You cannot believe how hot she is, Sue. But please do not take it personally.

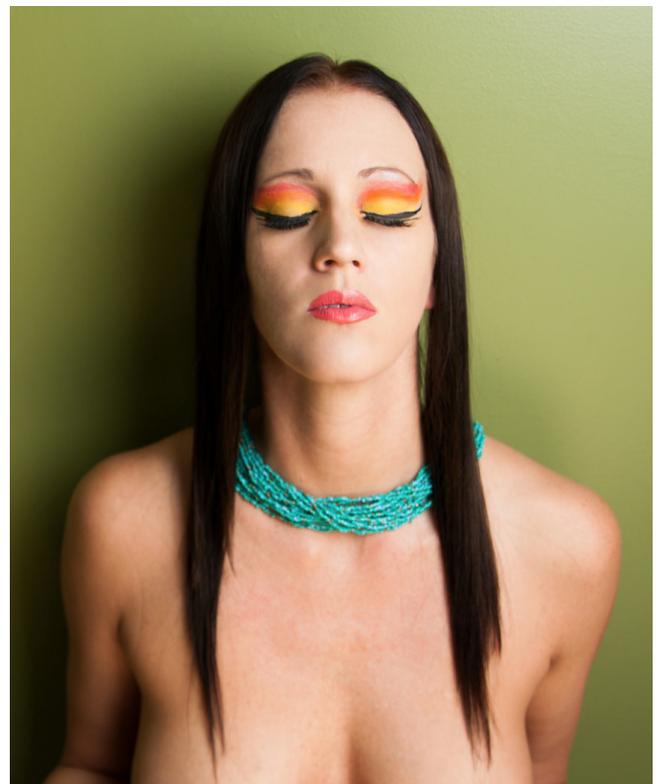


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Abishag's first words, in verse two, are, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth." Her lips, by the way, "drip with honeycomb" (4:11). Solomon sniffs her clothes (4:11) and falls into a sex trance merely by looking at her necklace (4:9) We not only read about Abishag's breasts in



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chapter four, but how they hang and move (4:5). Her belly button is not merely the place where she received nourishment through the umbilical cord while gallivanting inside her mother's womb. If only! That would have been a PG-13 rated anatomy lesson, and all would have been well. But no. Rather, Abishag's navel is "a well-rounded goblet which does not lack liquor" (7:2). My God! What does *that* have to do with Abishag getting food from her mommy?

In addition to his infatuation with Abishag's clothes and necklace, Solomon has a foot and sandal fetish. This is from chapter 7, verse 1, *New American Standard Bible*:

"How beautiful are your feet in sandals, O prince's daughter!"

As long as Solomon keeps clear of mentioning Abishag's hips, I should be all right. I have successfully bounced my eyes from the liquor of Abishag's well rounded goblet of belly button. I do love female belly buttons, but I have somehow survived this initial onslaught. But Lord, I do have a major thing for hips. You know this. You made me this way. I have a big fat lust thing going with the curves God put on women. When it comes to hips, I am like Gomez Addams of the Addams Family who used to, on national television, "machine gun" kiss the black-clad arm of his beautiful wife Morticia, whenever she spoke French.

I just transferred it to hips.

Whatever you do, God, please do not engage my attention—or point out anything at all—about the hips of *any* Bible woman, but especially not those of Abishag.

"The curves of your hips are like jewels, the work of the hands of an artist" (7:1).

That does it, Stephen and Fred! I don't really feel like cursing God today, so I turn my attentions to *you* morons. Unless you tell me to bounce my eyes from the Word of God in the same way I am to bounce them from the magazine covers at Wal-Mart, then the two of you are pure *&\$%<@~#@! hypocrites.

I'm sorry I had to use scissors and eyeglasses there, but I'm that upset.

If I am to bounce my eyes from the feminine beauty on the street, and the feminine beauty on the "worldly" magazine racks, then should I not also bounce them from the Word of God, which has, today, sent more semen into my sacs than the covers of *Vogue*, *Shape*, and *People* combined?

That is my question, Stephen and Fred. Should I bounce my eyes from the Word of God? Tell me!

Test or treat?

God is the One Who gave me sacs and semen. Simul-



taneously, He also wrote about beautiful, shapely women. But no. That is not stating it strongly enough. He not only wrote about them, He elaborated upon their feminine charms. Arterburn and Stoeker would say, “This is a test.” Is it really? Where does God call it that? Why would God want to trip me up in the book of Esther? It is you, Stephen and Fred—not God—who say it is a test. You are the ones insisting that any beauty other than that of a wife is to be shunned as though leprous. And yet I find no hint of this in any “feminine beauty” passage of Scripture. Rather, God Himself seems to be reveling in the details. He is definitely not bouncing His eyes.

**May I compare women to cars?
Thank you so much.**

A man takes a regular car, soups it up, and turns it into a sports car. Then he has all his friends come over and admire it. This is fine. No one is expected to bounce his eyes from the car. I’m not sure why, but no one is. What is the car? To me, it’s a dumb pile of stupid metal. My point is that a man

creates a car, and men come from all over to admire the beauty of a bunch of stupid metal, attractively arranged.

Now here comes God, Who creates the most beautiful thing the universe has ever seen—better even than a sports car—and puts it to flesh: WOMAN. I contend that God outdid Himself with the creation of Woman. Think about it. God has not created one thing since creating Eve. This could not be said of the car. Is Woman not more wonderful than a collection of metal? Then why must I bounce my eyes from Her, but not from the goddamn GTO?

God wrote Scripture, and He calls upon everyone to admire the beauty of His premier creation. One gets the sense He is proud of it. In the Garden, He called His creation, “Good.” It is as if God is saying: “Come. Come and see what I have done!”

Only a weak-minded, faith-impaired, religion-trapped, hormone-denying, limp-dicked hypocrite could possibly say: “Oh, no, God! Don’t You realize what this does to us? Do You not realize what Your beautiful creation of Woman does, in deadly combina-



tion with the sacs, semen, and eyes that You, Yourself, gave us?”

Let us slap God in the face, then. Let us tell Him He was wrong—that He *sinned*—at the creation of Woman.

“Desire” is not “stealing”

It is religion telling us that desiring beautiful women is wrong. Is desiring beautiful women the same as *taking* them? Is it the same as putting one’s penis in them? Let me ask this: Does the man who looks at his friend’s car not desire it? And yet does this desire make him break into his friend’s garage when his friend is not home, and steal it?

Is it possible that God intends for feminine beauty to be a *treat* for sore eyes, rather than a *test* for them? Is it possible that the *Battle*-inspired religious qualms of husbands, and the self-motivated insecurities of wives,

are causing both husbands and wives to call evil what God calls good? Is it possible that turning away from God’s beauty and adopting rigid, law-based programs to battle the way God made us, has caused both husbands and wives to miss a source of healing in their marriages, treating beauty, rather, as a source of trial and woe?

The sexes are perishing from misunderstanding, and it is Religion that is killing them. Arterburn and Stoeker are warning us against the very source of our restoration. (More on this important thought later.)

Isaiah 5:20-21—

Woe to those who call evil good, and good evil; who substitute darkness for light and light for darkness; who substitute bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter! Woe to those who are wise in their own eyes, and clever in their own sight!

In other words, woe to the authors of *Every Man’s Battle*.

The eyes of God don't bounce

Here are several more places in Scripture where our careless Deity carelessly points out and then elaborates upon feminine beauty:

Genesis 12:11—

“And it came to be just as Abram got near to Egypt that he said to his wife Sarai: Behold now, I know that you are a woman, lovely of appearance.”

Genesis 12:14—

“It came to be when Abram entered Egypt, the Egyptian men saw the woman that she was very lovely.”

Deuteronomy 21:10-12—

“When you go forth for battle against your enemy, and Yahweh Your Elohim delivers him into your hand, and you capture his captives, and you see among the captives a woman of lovely shape and are attached to her and would take her to yourself as a wife, then you will bring her into the midst of your household.”

2 Samuel, 11:2—

“It was at eventide, and David rose from his bed. When he walked about on the housetop of the royal palace, he saw from the housetop, a woman bathing. The woman was exceedingly good in appearance, and David sent someone to inquire about the woman.”

2 Samuel, 13:1—

David's son Absalom had a lovely sister; her name was Tamar, and David's son Amnon became infatuated with her.

1 Kings 1:3-4— King David was old and had come into this last days; though they covered him with cloaks, it was not warm enough for him. So his servants said to him, Let them seek a maiden for my lord the king, a virgin; and let her stand before the king. Let her come to care for him, and let her lie down in his bosom, so that my lord the king will feel warm. When they sought for a lovely maiden throughout the entire territory of Israel, they found Abishag the Shunammite¹ and brought her to the king. The maiden was exceedingly lovely; she came to care for the king and ministered to him. As for the king, he did not know her.

Good enough for me. —**MZ** (*To be continued.*)

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1. Oh, no! Not *her* again! And yet, I would not have turned down a role in that interview process.

