



The truth about sexual lust; Part 16.

The wives, Part 1



Up ahead, coming toward us on the trail, was a bountifully blessed woman in a low, scoop-necked shirt. The first thing we noticed, even from forty yards, were her breasts. We couldn't help it. Not even Billy Graham would have been able to have helped it. Even Mother Theresa would have said, "Cowabunga!" Gandhi might have been able to bounce his eyes, but not without saying, "Holy cow!" first.

Curiously, God had put this woman's breasts right out in front of her body where everyone could notice them. The owner of the breasts appeared to be happy with the arrangement. For sure, she was not ashamed of it.

I was hiking with my 53 year-old friend, Josh, his wife Stephanie, and their two grown sons. We were all believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. Every one of us had been known to weep at reverent renditions of "Amazing Grace." On top of that, God thought very highly of all five of us, and went out of His way to say so in the book of Romans. One thing that was obvious to the five of us on this particular day, however, was: *There is a woman coming down the trail who might actually be Dolly Parton, if Dolly Parton should ever dye her hair brown and wear cut-off shorts.*

I wish I could explain to you what it is about a woman's breasts that attract both men and women alike. One may just as well attempt to explain the petals of a flower, the eyes of a cat, or the rings of Saturn. All I know is: everyone wants to look. *Everyone.* Even babies. Well, especially babies. It is wired into humanity to look at an attractive female bosom. Whether one obeys one's instinct or decides to short-circuit it, does not alter the instinct.

The five of us on the trail that day faced two possibilities, then. We could either ignore the fact that

an Act of God was coming down the trail, or we could acknowledge and celebrate it. What we did depended on Stephanie.

Oddly, females are the ones with the biggest hang-ups about feminine beauty. May we be honest with one another? I am speaking only from my experience, and I address women now: Of the two genders, yours is the one most threatened by feminine beauty and the most prone to consider it evil. Left to ourselves, we men instinctively acknowledge and celebrate how God made women. We only act unnaturally in deference to a threatened member of your tribe.

"God's creation, coming down the pike!" said Stephanie.

"It appears so," we all said in happy unison.

The woman drew abreast of us—okay, *alongside* of us.

"Great weather for a hike," said my friend Josh.

"It sure is," said the woman.

Sorry for the lack of drama, but that was it. There were no catcalls, no face slaps, and not a single felonious act committed. We had all simply admired one of God's creations, just as we had admired a field of purple wildflowers ten minutes before. Since the reader will scarcely be able to believe what happened next (I'm speaking to both genders now), I will spell it out: Josh put his arm around Stephanie's waist and kissed her on the cheek. Since the reader will not in a million years guess what Stephanie did, I will spell that out as well:

Stephanie smiled.

After 27 years, Josh and Stephanie are still happily married. One of the reasons for this—perhaps the main reason—is that Josh can speak honestly with his wife about his sexuality, and Stephanie not only accepts it, but embraces and celebrates it with him.

The two principles

Allow me to set forth two principles that seem immutable and horrifyingly simple:

- 1) Men like to look at attractive females.
- 2) Women generally consider men who like to look at attractive females to be:
 - a) disloyal mates,
 - b) animals, and
 - c) perverts.

Any arguments so far? Splendid.

The above-mentioned truths will never explode in anyone's face unless two things happen:

- 1) The man becomes a husband, and 2) The woman becomes his wife.



Now we've got trouble. Let's reconsider our two immutable points, inserting the new reality. Prepare to duck:

- 1) Husbands like to look at attractive females.
- 2) Wives generally consider husbands who want to look at attractive females to be
 - a) disloyal mates,
 - b) animals, and
 - c) perverts.

As far as I can tell, husbands never stop being men, and wives never stop being women. But now, because of the legally binding arrangement, we have the ingredients for the breaking of it. A sexually connected couple in honest communication can weather all storms, including financial ones (financial troubles are supposed to be the number one reason for divorce), but if sexual resentments exist, love is on the rocks. I contend that the above two points—as simple as they are, and as directly related to sex as they may be—are responsible for the vast majority of

divorces in this country. Sexual issues, not financial strains, end marriages. The problem is resentment.

His resentment: I am forced to constantly stuff my sexuality because it will freak out my wife.

Her resentment: He notices other women, therefore he does not love me as completely as he should.

The double-standard

Many female readers will now counter, “Our resentments do not have to exist. All my husband—or any husband—needs to do is stop looking at attractive females. Just tell the husbands to stop looking, Zender.”

Oh. Okay. I will. In the meantime, here are a couple things you can do for me:

- 1) stop looking at beautiful flowers
- 2) stop shopping for attractive clothes
- 3) stop with the candles and the lilac scents, already
- 4) stop putting so many pillows on the bed; we only need two
- 4) stop decorating the house all the time; it’s fine, for God’s sake



Have I upset you? Good. Can you tell me why looking at flowers is fine for you, but why looking at beautiful women is a terrible sin for your husband? Is it because flowers are pure, but beautiful women are sinful? How can that be when the same Hand created both?

Is it because a husband looking at a beautiful woman is *lusting*, whereas you are doing something pure and holy with the roses—or when you buy an accent pillow?

Photo credit: ProFlowers; <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/2.0/>

To lust or not to lust

Do you not desire the flower? The pillow? Then you are lusting after these things. And I contend that *your* lust is worse than your husband’s. Let us assume that your husband is a good man. He doesn’t want to take another woman home with him, he just wants (even needs) to admire feminine beauty.

For example, here comes a girl on the beach in a yellow bikini. Your husband doesn’t desire *her*, he only wants to look; his desire is to look and appreciate, not take. He wants to be able to think freely to himself, or perhaps say out loud: “Now there is a beautiful woman”—and not be condemned for it. As crazy as this seems, he does not want to have to hide himself from you. He wants you to know him. He longs, deep down, to have his most inward parts exposed to you, and to be loved not only in spite of them, but because of them.

Meanwhile, you find an amazing pillow at Kohl’s. You look at the pillow and say, “That pillow is beautiful. I have to have it. Therefore, I am going to pay good money for it and take it home.”

If we’re going to consider lusting a sin, then your lust is worse than your husband’s. How can I say that? If your husband was as free to consummate his lust as you are to consummate yours, then he would say, concerning the girl in the bikini: “She is beautiful. I



The only thing missing here are some decorative pillows.

Photo credit: Corey Taratuta; <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/2.0/>

have to have her. Therefore, I am going to pay good money for her and take her home.”

I’m sure you would understand. Right? I mean, after all, he tries to understand the pillows.

Have I gone too far? I am aware you may be upset with me at this point, but you have taken a deep breath to compose yourself. Now you counter with the following:

“Why don’t you try comparing apples to apples, Zender. My husband is admiring another *person*. I am admiring an *object*.”

Oh. That’s a good point. You’re right. You’re worse than I thought, then. You lust after inanimate objects; how great. Perfect. You’re just fine; nothing to worry about *there*. Your husband is looking at a *person*, true, but he is not going to bring that person home and pay more attention to her than to you. You, on the other hand, are actually bringing home *things*—in this case a pair of mauve pillows with gold tassels—and in many cases you will pay more attention to these *things*, and to their kindred decorations, than to your husband.



A man said to me recently: “I wish my wife would spend half the time fussing over me as she fusses making the house presentable. If I were a pillow, I would at least get fluffed twice a day.”

God is okay with passing the buck

I realize that people are responsible for their own actions. Having said that, there appears to be a divine precedent for passing the buck. All actions have re-

actions and consequences. When Adam ate the forbidden fruit and God asked him why he did it, Adam pointed to Eve and said, “The woman that You gave me; she told me to eat.” If God had been a twenty-first century psychologist, He would have said, “You are responsible for your own actions, Adam. Stop trying to blame others.” Instead, He turned to the woman and said, “Well?”

That’s beautiful. I have never heard this emphasized or appreciated. It’s as if it made sense to God for Adam to implicate the woman. After all, the first man did not exist in a vacuum. In all of life, there are actions, re-actions, and consequences. There are also influences. So it’s as if God were saying, “Okay. Yes. Good point. I can see that.” So He turns to Eve and pretty much says, “What do you have to say for yourself?”

Then, *Eve* passes the buck. It’s a beautiful thing to watch. People are afraid to point it out, I think, because it is socially/psychologically incorrect in Christian healing/counseling circles to assign blame. A person is forever encouraged to be responsible for his or her own actions. In a sense, he or she is. But there is another sense. There are these nagging, powerful things causing people to do what they do, also known as “influences.” Even the apostle Paul says in Romans 7:15-17, concerning his sin—

For what I am effecting I know not, for not what I will, this I am putting into practice, but what I am hating, this I am doing. Now if what I am not willing, this I am doing, I am conceding that the law is idea. *Yet now it is no longer I who am effecting it, but Sin making its home in me.*

“Hey!” says Paul. “It’s not *me* doing these things. It’s this Sin making its home in me.”

This is a major buck-pass. *Major.*

A fire rages, and people run out of the building.

“Why did you run out of the building?”

a reporter asks one of the escapees.

“It was on fire.”

“Stop blaming the fire,” says the reporter. “You are responsible for your own actions.”

So Eve pointed to the serpent and said, basically, “The devil made me do it.”

If it’s true, why not say it? *It was the fire. It was the Devil. It was Sin. The fire made me run out of the building; the devil made me eat the fruit; Sin made me sin.* Why not be honest? Who cares if it is not socially/psychologically correct in Chris-

tian healing/counseling circles to pass blame? Can't we be personally responsible *and* pass blame? Why not? "Yes, I ran out of the building. I admit I did that. I made the decision, yes. But you see, there was the 1,500 degree *fire* burning my *pants* off, you see, and ..."

Eve was overpowered by the seductive powers of Satan. If not for the serpent, she never would have eaten the forbidden fruit. This implicates the serpent. We know God understands this. We know He grasps the concept of action, re-action, and consequence. God is smart. We know He is smart because, on the heels of Eve's buck-pass, He then turns to the serpent and curses it.

He also curses Adam and Eve.

My point is that passing the buck is legit. God recognizes it.



"No Christian book I've ever read implicates wives in the married-man porn epidemic."

All of this to say that, when it comes to pornography, there is an undeniable chain of events (long denied), that *leads* a man into seeking naked and scantily-clad women on the Internet. My bold (and apparently rare) contention here is that women—wives in particular—ought to be implicated in this chain of events. This is never done. And because it is never done, this book may die a slow death. On the other hand, it may finally provide a cure that works from the inside out (grace and acceptance) rather than the outside in (bouncing the eyes), and become a bestseller.

Outside-in is always a short-term solution that eventu-

ally fails. Inside-out is a life change that works forever because grace and acceptance are loved and embraced. No one ever loved or embraced the stone tablets from Sinai. Many embrace Christ.

No Christian book I've ever read implicates wives for the married-man porn epidemic. This is why most of the Christian "porn is evil" books (including *Every Man's Battle*) are given to husbands by their wives. For one thing, these are the only Christian books that exist on porn. No Christian book on sex and porn ever says, "Well, of course your husband is looking at porn. Wife, you hate your body, you resent that your husband needs sex all the time, and you either overtly or covertly condemn him for looking at other women." And so the wives always end up smelling like roses. The wives are smelling like roses while the husband's existence turns into a war/paddle-ball game (*bounce* the eyes, *bounce* the eyes, *bounce* the eyes, *bounce* the eyes) he can never truly win.

I actually think Arterburn and Stoeker have a secret deal with the National Ophthalmologist Society.

Every Man's Battle goes completely the wrong way. Men are already sexually constipated and walking on eggshells. What is needed, then, is a book that finally says, "Wives, please try to understand the sexual plight of your husbands."

NOTE TO WIVES: If you are asking yourselves, *What is in it for us? Why should we try to understand? Our husbands are the ones who are the sinners*, I would say to you that your exercise of grace and understanding will be the only thing inspiring permanent changes in your husband. If you want permanent

changes; if you want a husband who adores you; if you want a husband who is no longer addicted to pornography—then keep reading. If you want awkward, law-based, temporary changes; if you want a husband who secretly resents you; if you want a battle-weary husband who still thinks constantly about porn but tries to do the right thing every day and is therefore ready to explode—read *Every Man's Battle*.

But no. Instead of books that at least *implicate* wives in the porn struggle, authors like Arterburn and Stoeker must be getting wind that wives want husbands who are

“sexually pure.” There must apparently be a market for wives who insist on even stricter sexual constipation for their mates, and even more delicate eggshells for them to tiptoe upon. Either that, or the men are coming up with this on their own. Religion is a powerful force. Men tend to travel in packs, and if there are a bunch of Christian he-men becoming Sexually Pure Jesus People Who No Longer Look at Bra Ads, then that’s a powerful, primal draw. For men to start bouncing their eyes, there must be *some* kind of pressure—that’s all I know.

May God use *my* writings on this topic to liberate both men and women so that they may love each other and trust each other and give themselves to one another again apart from killing legalism and the unnatural prohibitions of Satan.

Christian wives dislike themselves

Most good Christian men want to love their wives, and to celebrate their sexuality with the women God gave them. It is in men to want to see the sexy bodies of their wives in the light of day. They want to see their wives in



sexy outfits. This is all as normal as it can be. But many of the wives are self-conscious about their looks. To put it more bluntly: they hate their bodies.

I realize that one of the reasons wives hate their bodies is because of all the svelte models in the magazines and on television leading us to believe that only a perfect body can

be sexy. I admit this doesn’t help. But it’s not the point. If it was the point, I would ask: “Why are the wives believing *Vogue* magazine more than they are believing God and their husbands?” But since it is not the point, I will move on.

A wife who in essence hates herself derails every natural instinct in a marriage. I speak here of the instincts of both husbands *and* wives. Even if one’s body is not perfect, it is wrong to hate oneself.

The double standard is back to haunt us. The man is condemned for looking at pictures of beautiful women on the Internet, but no one takes the woman to task for hating her body, and therefore herself.

Her husband loves her body and wishes she would accept it, but she hates herself so much that she rebuffs the husband’s advances. The husband tries to tell her how beautiful she is, but she keeps denying it. God tries to tell her how beautiful she is, but she believes *People* magazine instead. She doesn’t even want the light on during sex. Even candles are too bright. She thinks her husband is abnormal for wanting to see her in attractive nightwear. He comes to her with his passions, but she rolls her eyes at him for the umpteenth time. (Hmm. If the wife stops rolling *her* eyes, maybe the husband will be able to stop bouncing *his*.) Why is the wife pure and holy for hating God’s creation, but the husband is a sinning pervert for turning to women on the Internet who at least appear to love themselves?

* * *

I have a friend named John who lives in Michigan, where the winters are just like the winters at the North Pole, except that the North Pole gets more sunshine.

This guy was once so depressed that he was seriously considering killing himself. He called me and fished covertly for an immediate remedy to his mental difficulty.

I said to him: “Go on the Internet and look at pictures of beautiful women in bikinis.” There was such silence on the other side of the line that I felt compelled to fill it in. “The bikini,” I continued, “was named after the atoll in the South Pacific where the first atomic bomb was detonated. You see, John, when atom bombs are falling, people forget how depressed they are. It happens all the time. Imminent nuclear war will do that for you; it will take your mind off of all your nagging little troubles. And guess what? Women wearing tiny, two-piece swimsuits will do the same thing.”

John was taken aback at first. “That is an interesting idea,” he said.

Oh, but this wasn’t an idea—it was a cure. I told him my simple solution would relieve him instantly. It would



make him want to live again, at least for the rest of the afternoon. It was the free, legal, God-inspired solution to his problem. In some parts of the world, I told him, the sun actually reported for celestial duty. In some parts of the world, I said, beautiful women wore extremely small bathing suits.

John, at last somewhat recovered from his shock, said, “You know, I do feel better when I look at a beautiful woman.” It was all I could do not to roll my eyes, and say, “Duh.”

But such is the power of religion.

Here it comes

The previous section seems displaced, but I put it there for a reason. Many women will be angry at me for sharing what I just did. Those women who at least accept the premise that beauty is not evil and that women in bikinis are acts of God, will still want to ask, “Is John married? Surely you would not give this advice to a married man.”

Let me ask you something. Many couples go to the beach for vacation. On the beach are many beautiful women in swimsuits. Unless a man has fallen under the *Every Man’s Battle* delusion and become an unnatural, beauty-denying automaton, he is going to look at these other women and feel happy. Yes, even a married man. As the saying goes, “He is married, not dead.” If I told John to, “Go to the beach with your wife,” would anyone convict

me of wrongdoing? Why not?

Why does one go to the beach? Is it not because there is sun and water and waves and seagulls and other happy people? Women might go there purely for the sun. Do we men condemn you for basking in the beauty of the sun? Then why would you condemn us for basking in the beauty of *other* celestial bodies? Two reasons: 1) you are insecure about who God made you, and 2) you think we are perverts for finding other women attractive.

By the way, the commandments can be summed up in the saying, “Love your associate as yourself” (Matthew 22:39). Many of you women, however, do not love yourselves. If you did, you would be secure in who you are. But you are not secure in who you are, so you lash out at your husband, who actually *is* secure in himself and knows that he can look at other women and still love you and revel in your unique beauty. This is hard for him to do, however, when 1) you become angry at him, 2) you condemn him, 3) you’re jealous of the woman he’s casually looking at, and 4) you hate your own body. So you who are wanting your husband to follow all the commandments, why are *you* disregarding one of the most important commandments of all?

All of this is sin. But who ever discusses *these* sins? No one. *Ever*. It is always the male who is the sinner.

And what is he doing? He is only looking at a woman in a bikini; he is admiring God’s creation. What about the wife? She becomes angry. Watch what is happening here:

He *looks*; she becomes *angry*.
Which is the sin?

Sin Contest

I propose a contest. It will be a contest between a husband who has picked up a copy of *Maxim* magazine at the bookstore to admire the bikini-clad cover model, and the wife who discovers, criticizes, and condemns him. This is a sin contest. I am going to print three classic Scripture passages containing lists of sins, and we are going to see who is sinning more, the husband or the wife. In this example, it is assumed that the husband has no intention of obtaining the model’s phone number, calling her, meeting her at a hotel, and screwing her. The husband loves his wife, and shows her that every day; he simply likes to look at pictures of beautiful women in bikinis. Fair enough? Let’s go.

Passage 1— 2 Corinthians 12:20

For I fear, lest somehow, on coming, I may not be finding you such as I want, and I may be found by you such as you do not want; lest somehow there be strife, jealousy, fury, factions, vilifications¹, whisperings, puffing up, turbulences.

TALLY FOR PASSAGE 1/ROUND 1:

| 2 CORINTHIANS 12:20 | | |
|--------------------------|--------------|-------------------------------------|
| Husband | | Wife |
| admiring magazine cover | | becomng upset over it |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | strife | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | jealousy | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | fury | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | faction | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | vilification | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | whisperings | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | puffing up | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | turbulence | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |

1. From the Greek word *katalalia*, literal English elements: DOWN-TALK; Keyword Concordance to the *Concordant Literal New Testament*, page 319.

Passage 2— Ephesians 4:31

Let all bitterness and fury and anger and clamor² and calumny³ be taken away from you with all malice.

TALLY FOR PASSAGE 2/ROUND 2:

| EPHESIANS 4:31 | | |
|--------------------------|------------|-------------------------------------|
| Husband | | Wife |
| admiring magazine cover | | becomng upset over it |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | bitterness | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | fury | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | anger | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | clamor | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | calumny | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | malice | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |

Passage 3— Galatians 5:19-21

Now apparent are the works of the flesh, which are adultery, prostitution, uncleanness, wantonness⁴, idolatry, enchantment, enmities, strife, jealousies, furies, factions, dissensions, sects, envies, murders, drunkennesses, revelries, and the like of these, which, I am predicting to you, according as I predicted also, that those committing such things shall not be enjoying the allotment of the kingdom of God.



2. “A vehement expression of dissatisfaction” —*dictionary.com*
3. “False and malicious statement designed to injure the reputation of someone” —*dictionary.com*
4. From the Greek, *aselgeia*, literal English elements: UN-MOON-LEADING; definition, according to Keyword Concordance to the *Concordant Literal New Testament*, page 321: “Leading or going away by stealth when the moon is not shining, carousing in the darkness.”

TALLY FOR PASSAGE 3/ROUND 3:

| GALATIANS 5:19-21 | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| Husband admiring magazine cover | Wife becoming upset over it |
| <input type="checkbox"/> adultery | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> prostitution | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> uncleanness | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> wantonness | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> idolatry | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> enchantment | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> enmity | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> strife | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> jealousies | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> furies | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> factions | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> dissensions | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> sects | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> envies | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> murders | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> drunkenness | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> revelries | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Sin Contest; a summation

Here are the 26 sins listed in our three Scriptural passages: 1) strife, 2) jealousy, 3) fury, 4) factions, 5) vilifications, 6) whisperings, 7) puffing up, 8) turbulences, 9) bitterness, 10) anger, 11) clamor, 12) calumny, 13) malice, 14) adultery, 15) prostitution, 16) uncleanness, 17) wantonness, 18) idolatry, 19) enchantment, 20) enmities, 21) dissensions, 22) sects, 23) envies, 24) murders, 25) drunkennesses, 26) revelries.

Of the 26 sins listed (crossing out repeated sins), the husband—who is openly admiring the bikini-clad Maxim cover model at the bookstore—is committing none of them, while the wife—criticizing and condemning him—is guilty of committing 17 of the 26.

Is the husband committing prostitution with the model?

No. Adultery? No. Is he even *lusting* to commit adultery? No. Is his looking, by itself, unclean? Not by any Scriptural definition. Is he wanton? No; he's doing this in broad daylight. Is he idolatrous? Not by a long shot; otherwise, he'd be putting the cover model before God, and serving her *as* God.

The wife, however, is **jealous** of the cover model. She is not only jealous of her, she **envies** the model's perfect body. She is **furious** at her husband for looking at the cover model. Because of these feelings, she is now at **enmity** with him, creating **dissension**. There is **malice** in her heart; she feels the need to punish him. Her jealousy over the model and disappointment over her husband rouses her **anger**. This trip to the bookstore had been pleasant, but now it has become **turbulent** and **strife**-filled.

On the way out of the bookstore, the wife vents her feelings. There is **bitterness** in her voice. She is certain that she is right, and he is wrong; this **puffed up** view of her own moral superiority blinds her to her own sins. In the parking lot, she creates a **clamor** by vehemently expressing dissatisfaction with the man God gave her. She does this so audibly that several passers-by turn to see what's happening.





When she gets home, she goes into another room to call her sister. She **whispers** into the phone so that her husband will not hear. Now she can really **vilify** him, that is, down-talk him to her sister. “He doesn’t love me anymore,” she cries. “He doesn’t want me; he only wants beautiful models. He’s a *pervert*.” In saying these things, she commits **calumny** against her husband, that is, she reports false and malicious things concerning him to injure his reputation to her sister. She and her sister have now become their own **sect**, successfully creating a two-party **faction** that will oppose any defense offered by the “criminal,” that is, the husband.

Barking up the wrong tree, big-time

It seems to me that the first person we need to confront here is the one committing these 17 sins. And yet, it is the last person we confront. The person committing 17 of the 26 most terrible New Testament sins (the wife) is pure and holy and justified, whereas the person looking at God’s beautiful creation is an adulterating, idolatrous, wife-despising pervert.

The assumption of the wife (which is also a sin) is that the husband is now going to look at her and *not* feel happy. This assumption is embraced and camped upon by nearly every wife on God’s green planet. I contend this assumption to be *the* biggest contributor to marital discord. It is just as unreasonable as the assumption that the father complimenting and praising other parents’ children, will then despise his own. It is absurd. It is ridiculous. It is illogical.

“He looks at other women, *therefore* he despises *me*.”

It comes back to the erroneous assumption of *Every Man’s Battle* that our natural male tendencies are deadly, and that merely looking at a woman constitutes, “impurity of the eyes” (pg. 66), and admiring her beauty constitutes a “visual foreplay” (pg. 66) that inevitably (*inevitably*, mind you), “rockets us by stages until we go all the way” (pg. 66).

This is pure, unadulterated evil, and it needs to stop.

—MZ

(*To be continued.*)

Produced by Martin Zender/www.martinzender.com
© 2017 by Martin Zender/Published by Starke & Hartmann, Inc.
email: mzennder@martinzender.com