

Dear Heavenly Father,

Praise

When I hear the voice of wisdom, it's *your* voice that I hear. You long for the simple to learn prudence and the foolish to gain understanding. You eagerly call to all who will listen, "Come to me and learn my ways!" How wonderful to worship a God whose heart yearns for everyone to find life through fellowship with Him. Hallelujah!

Today in Your Word

Today you shared with me the conclusion of Solomon's call to the pursuit of wisdom. I joined Solomon at the window of his house and looked down at the simple young man passing along the street near *her* corner. I watched with a sense of foreboding as she persuaded him with seductive speech and led him to her home. This chilling story teaches me what to do and what to avoid in order to save myself from the "strange woman" (Prov 7:5 KJV). First, I must keep your words and treasure your commands in my heart. Your teaching must be guarded as the apple of my eye, and I must make your words a part of my very being. Next, I should know the streets and alleys that lead to her door and stay away from them. I must never think that I'm a match for her, "for many a victim has she laid low" (Prov 7:26). If I'm listening to her honeyed words and gazing on her sensual beauty, then I already have one foot in the grave. Instead, I must listen to the clear, compelling voice of Lady Wisdom: "O simple ones, learn prudence; O fools, learn sense. Take my instruction instead of silver, and knowledge rather than choice gold" (Prov 8:5, 10). She is a prize above all others. She was with you when you created the world, and she was daily your delight. Whoever finds her finds life and obtains your favor. Lady Wisdom has built her house and set her table (Prov 9:1–2). She calls to me to come and live with her and learn her ways. Yet across the way comes the shrill cry of Dame Folly: "Stolen water is sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant!" (Prov 9:17). The choice is mine: will I cling to wisdom and live, or turn aside to folly and perish?

Reflection

How often do I find myself pausing by the lane to *her* house? How many times have I said to myself, "I'll only go a little way down the path. I won't actually go inside"? Oh heart, do not "turn aside to her ways; do not stray into her paths"! Save yourself from death!

Request

Father, open my eyes to the true value of wisdom! Impress on my heart how precious and priceless she really is. May I always find delight in her and be satisfied with her beauty.

Thanksgiving

Thank you for inspiring Solomon to write a letter to me from your heart. How proud I am to hear you say, "My son," and how grateful I am to be called your child!

In Jesus' name, Amen.

Suggested Hymn: "[To us the voice of Wisdom cries](#)" – James Montgomery.

Meditation Verse: Proverbs 9:9.