

A Charge to Young Women  
By Bryan Davis

She is born with a passion to uplift, empower, and support. She is the mainstay and sail for the captain's ship. She is the heat in the warrior's resolve and the salve that heals his wounds. She is the heart that pumps vitality to every joint and sinew. Yes, she is a woman.

Every girl in existence has been lovingly fashioned—from her caring and sensitive brain, to her tender and compassionate hands, to her tireless feet—to be a pillar of strength and resolve. While she might not be a warrior who draws a sword, she is the healer who strengthens the warrior's hands and heart. Without her, every weapon would drop in futility, every muscular arm would wilt, and every pair of tired legs would shuffle home in defeat, for the heart that drives the warrior forward has stopped beating.

Some young women choose to take up the sword themselves, to step out alone in the midst of darkness to carry a lantern to the lost, to battle oppression and bring relief to the abused and neglected, or to transport life-giving supplies to the destitute wherever they may be. Their partner is the Spirit of Christ, and their sword is His word. They must know Him well if they hope to shine His light and pierce the darkness without the help of an intimate human partner.

Speak the truth. Live the truth. Be the truth. Never let the faithless ones persuade you to abandon any of those three principles. Remember that you are an oracle of fire, as is every faithful follower of our Lord. For all true disciples possess the pure silver, purged of all dross, and the fire of God's love burns within, an everlasting flame that others, even those who merely give lip-service to the truth, will never comprehend until you are able to pass along that fire from heart to heart.

Many girls will choose to partner with another in this pursuit, hoping to be the light, the energy, and the drive that pulses within the breast of another. Yet, some never discover what it means to be such a heart. They never learn the secret of the captain's sail or the recipe of the

healing salve. Why? Because they listen to a counterfeit call, a trumpet blaring a falsehood—that their beauty is a lure to capture rather than an inspiration to set free. The inner desire to help and support becomes a lust to take and own. The hope to hear words of affirmation that she has been a good and faithful helpmate transforms into a hopeless search for eyes that admire and lips that speak words of appreciation for her outward appearance rather than for the beauty of her soul. And such a search never ends in true satisfaction.

You, however, are listening to your creator's call, a gentle voice within that whispers reminders of how you were really fashioned, to be a woman of virtue, of inner beauty, of priceless value. The trumpet announces your need to strut, expose, and seduce, while the inner voice sings of ways to dress your soul in virtue—to feed the hungry, cover those laid bare, infuse encouragement into the hearts of the downtrodden, and nurture the victims of poverty, disease, and abandonment.

As a young woman of virtue, you understand what will happen if you heed the trumpet's call to lure with flesh and flair. You will draw attention, but from whom? Someone who values face and form but not the heart. He will take, use, and abuse. His desire is for his own benefit, because what his eyes perceive is a girl who offers to fulfill the cravings of his body, and he responds, not with love, but with lust for his own satisfaction. And when your flower of youth fades, he will not perceive value in your soul, and you will never achieve the holy union of hearts for which you were created.

If you listen to the creator's call, you will suffer temporary loss. When you pour out compassion and pity instead of skin and superficiality, you will be considered old-fashioned, out-of-touch, a prude. Yet, within the fair bosom you are saving for a true warrior, you will be nurturing a heart of unspoiled beauty, for it has not been taken at a cheap price. It has not been hardened by a wolf who captures, abuses, and leaves. And with such a heart, you will be able to

reach out and be the captain's sail, the warrior's reason for drawing his sword, and the soothing salve for hearts less whole than your own.

The heart of a woman is more precious than pearls, and a man of worth sees it as a priceless treasure. He knows that she is the energy that drives his purpose, and without her, the pursuit of his vision for God's purpose will be sluggish indeed. For the honor of taking that heart to join with him in fulfilling that vision, he will give his life, his heart, and his soul. The woman who has prepared her heart for that adventure will never regret the small price she paid. Scorn fades, and satisfaction blossoms. Contempt crumbles to dust, and contentment rises in its place. Ridicule is forgotten, while refreshment of the soul lives for as long as the heart pumps its life-giving energy.

Whether you take up the sword yourself or choose to unite with a warrior, now is the time to live according to this standard. It might seem that you are walking the path alone, yet, you are never alone. The One who planted the heart within you will never leave your side, and He will continue to sing the song that fashioned you as a woman of virtue. Listen. It is there. You will have to tune out the surrounding noise, but the sounds of love and virtue will never be silenced, if only you know the Singer and His song.