

Boom-Chicka-Wow-Wow morgan young [Oakbrook church](#) 5.25.08

Let's start with a fable about all of us (feel free to modify the ages, and situation to fit your own):

Dillon met Madison at the office. She was the receptionist and he was the Fed Ex delivery guy. They were both in their mid twenties. Single. Decent jobs.

The first time he dropped off a package, he was in his usual **Fed Ex rush-mode**; got her signature, barely looked her in the eye and thanked her before hustling out the door.

After he got in the truck and zipped away from the curb, he had the delayed thought, "**Hmm—she was kinda cute**," and on to the next stop he went.

Back inside the office, Madison, whose work pace was much slower, had more in-depth thoughts, "For a sweaty guy who wears shorts to work, he's kinda cute.

I wonder what he's like outside of work?

I wonder if he has a house or an apartment?

What kind of car does he drive?

I wonder if he watches [The Office](#)?"

The next time he dropped off a delivery, even though he **could** read her last name, he asked her what it was just to make conversation.

When he got into his truck he said out loud, "**What's your last name? 'Great' conversation starter**," as he shook his head and sped down the street to his next stop.

The time after that, Madison found out that he **does** like *The Office*, and that she reminds him a little bit of [Pam Beasley](#), which is a good thing. And this time, Dillon **didn't** seem to run off at his usual Fed-Ex-pace.

And it continued. Longer stops. More smiles. Exchanging more cards from their "deck of life." And finally one day Dillon asked Madison out. And she said yes. And they had a great time.

Had such a good time that they went out again the next week. They dated seriously for months—hanging out, dreaming about [Schrute Farms](#), talking, sharing, being stupid, being real, being vulnerable.

They talked about the **weighty** things people in love who are **starting out in life** talk about:

aspirations, fears, their past—what they loved about their parents and things didn't. What they thought a family should be. What was wrong in the world and how they'd fix it.

But maybe most important, they were sharing those things with each other that they **rarely if ever** talked about with other people. The kinds of things you share, only when you're positive, that it's **safe**.

The more they shared, and the more the other responded with acceptance--- they mutually felt a very real, strong, sexual attraction to each other; a strong sexual attraction, also known as "boom-chicka-wow-wow!"

Somehow they managed to "save themselves for marriage" as the phrase goes. It was quite amazing they were able to---because as everyone knows, "boom-chicka-wow-wow" may be the strongest physical desire that we know.

In fact, to say “no” to something built on something so right felt wrong to Dillon. So for both he and Madison, the wedding and the honeymoon came none too soon.

Eight months into the marriage, Dillon still dropped-off Fed Ex packages to Madison’s office. But he didn’t stay to talk. After she would sign for the package it was more like, “**Thanks hon’—gotta run—see you tonight,**” as he headed towards the door.

A few months later they were expecting their first child. When he was born they named him James, but always called him [Jim](#).

They loved Jim fully and completely. But Jim was work. Jim was often wet and poopy. Jim was sleep deprivation.

And **before he was born**, in the latter months of Madison’s pregnancy, she didn’t feel “boom-chicka-wow-wow.”

What she felt was **fat**, short of breath, and more **unattractive** and more **un-sexual** than she’d ever felt in her life.

Frustratingly, Dillon somehow managed to put his sexual desires on a shelf. And they stayed on a shelf for a long time.

Because after Jim was born, there was **breast feeding** and a new labor-intensive lifestyle that seemed to take the **energy** they used to have for **sexuality**, and **reallocated it** towards parenting a new born.

And you might think that in a few months or a year, that everything between Dillon and Madison was back to normal. In fact they looked normal—like the great American family. But the excitement and passion of “boom-chicka-wow-wow” was now something that happened once in a while—and in fact, it wasn’t quite like it used to be. It was like Dillon and Madison put “boom-chicka-wow-wow” on a shelf in a room—and had forgotten where they’d left it.

To be continued...

Just to be clear. By God’s design, you and I and Dillon & Madison are human **sexual** beings. We aren’t animals & we aren’t angels.

In Genesis 1 (20-25) God created animals. And animals have an **uncontrollable** instinct to “be sexy.” Ever walk a male dog when a female dog’s in heat? Animals are programmed to be sexy but without control or restraint. We’re not animals.

Hebrews 1:14 says that an Angel is a spirit. A spirit is a being with no body, no physical presence. It’s hard to have a sex drive without a body. We aren’t angels.

We are not animals—(regardless of what we might think)we **do have control** over our sexuality. We are not angels---we **cannot ignore** our sexuality.

In Genesis 1 & 2, God creates man and God creates woman—**in His image**—not an animal, not an angel—but a **human, reflecting the image of God**.

And man and woman were together, **naked**, and comfortable in their nakedness—and **free to multiply**—the first account of “boom-chicka-wow-wow.”

But you might be here in church—and you might be uncomfortable thinking, “Hey—God created us to multiply, but I think the design was more ‘biological’—you’re little ‘boom-chicka-wow-wow’ thing misses the point.”

And I will remind us that there is an entire book in the Old Testament called *Song of Songs*. The NIV Commentary says this about it (**MS_1**)

“It’s is a collection of Hebrew **love poems** celebrating the experiences of a **lover and his beloved as they taste the beauty, power, agony, and joys of human sexual love...**

There are no references to law, grace, sin, salvation, or prayer. In fact there’s not a single indisputable reference to the Lord God in the text.”

It’s a **romantic book** in poetry form about physical intimacy---and it’s darned sexy!

And I so badly wanted to read the NLT of *Song of Songs* ch 7 to you, but...I can’t. It’s too sexy for church!

The first time I read *Song of Songs*, I was shocked. I was like, “Why when people were trying to get me interested in God---why were they trying ‘apologetics---why didn’t people show me THIS?!” Because it clearly had my attention the first time I read it. *Grrrrrr. “Boom-chicka-wow-wow.”*

I’m just trying to be really clear: God created us as humans with a **very real and undeniable sexy streak to us**. And you can’t read *Song of Songs* without getting the very clear idea that our sexuality is gift of passionate mutual enjoyment that is...(find the words? “Grrrr baby” -Austin Powers...)

We aren’t animals who **can’t control** it.
And we’re not Angels who can **just ignore** it.
We are humans who should embrace it.

And Genesis 2:24 says (**MS_2**)

“For this reason a man will leave his father and mother and be united to his wife, and they will become **one flesh**.” niv

And naturally “one flesh” IS about our physical sexiness. But it’s way more.

The Hebrew word for “one” is “echad” (eh-hod). And what that means is oneness made up of several parts or members---or ‘many connected to form one.’

And this word echad, that we use for man & wife, is the same word the Bible uses to describe God: (**MS_3**) “...The Lord is one.” Deut 6:4 niv.

Man and wife are echad.
God is echad.

Man and wife are connected—to each other—two but one. Echad.
God is connected---the Father, the Son, the Holy Spirit—three but one. Echad.

The three parts of God **intimately** know each other—what One knows, all Three know. Echad.

The two people in the marriage **intimately** know each other—what one knows and experiences, both know. Echad.

So one part of echad or “one flesh” that I want to **hang-out on** is **INTIMACY**.

Intimacy is what makes our sexuality different from animals.

Dogs don’t make small talk. They don’t flirt. “Fluffy” isn’t concerned that “Scooby” loves her for more than just her body.”

This idea of echad flesh—one flesh is about **intimacy**.

In my little parable that I started out with, when Madison and Dillon were talking at her desk—when they were dating---being stupid together, talking about *The Office*, talking about important stuff, talking about **Unimportant stuff**--

over time in all those connections, they were metaphorically **being “naked” with each other**---being **“open books”** not hiding things---they were creating **INTIMACY**—becoming echad.

And in the early weeks and months of their marriage, their sexual relationship, the “boom-chicka-wow-wow” was great, because they **first** had **relational intimacy**.

It wasn’t just physical—it was a combination of relational and physical intimacy. They were echad flesh—spiritually, emotionally, relationally & physically.

And then later, when the “boom-chicka-wow-wow” dynamic in their marriage seemed to be **waning**—it was because **this little baby** was getting all the attention AND TIME that they used to give to each other.

And it’s not always a little baby. Just like in the drama---it’s work, or our kids’ activities, or our recreation, or all the above and more!

But we’re humans—not animals—so sexual closeness **without** relational intimacy is a bit unfulfilling.

And intimacy **doesn’t** mean **living together**. There are couples who live together but in terms of intimacy, **live miles apart**.

A lot of us at some point in our lives have probably known someone who slept around a lot. And there’s a part of our culture that would say, “Man, that guy is living the American dream---no responsibility but getting all the good stuff.”

But if you knew that guy or girl—or if you **were** that guy or girl—you know that in the midst of a lot of just physical “love”—they were lonely. Unfulfilled. Empty. Looking for something they could never seem to find.

Because we’re not animals. God designed **us** for intimacy that’s much more than physical.

Let’s go back to our parable and see what’s going on:

Dillon and Madison’s son Jim was now 14 months old. And the reality of “boom-chicka-wow-wow” being “boom-chicka-lame-lame” was creating tension between them. One Sunday they went to church and heard a counselor with a theology degree, talking with Mark Malin. And Dr. Puffer said words they’d never heard in church before ;-) (Mark pop-up video...)

They heard people in church talking in real terms about sex—something God designed.

It got them thinking and talking about where they were in their relationship. Dillon and Madison began to realize that they **missed each other**. That even though they lived in the **same house** and shared the **same bed**, they weren't the same Dillon and Madison that used to talk over Fed Ex deliveries.

They realized that they were in a new phase of life, and "spare time" was now an **oxymoron**. Their life had changed, and so they **now had to adjust to it**. They eventually decided to get out of the house once a week **without Jim**.

There was a financial tension since sitters and dates can add up and the budget was pretty tight already. But they decided it was a small price to pay for a marriage where they could feel like "one" again.

They reasoned that they ("A") could put a few more dollars into saving for the future—**or**, spend the money on themselves **now**, and ensure they would still **love each other** when they got to their future.

Before they got married, they heard people say a million times, "Marriage is hard work." Dillon and Madison would say to themselves, "It's hard work because you didn't marry your soul mate. It will never be **work** for us."

But they were now understanding they were just naive. Back then, it **was easy** to love each other and hang out with each other. But when a baby and God knows what else comes into your life, it's **ironically hard work to make time** to share the deepest parts of your life, with the person you love most. They never saw that reality coming.

Now it's 6 months after their "sexy church Sunday" and they've done the hard work of making time just for them. Now they notice that they're more patient with Jim . And some days Dillon remembers that Madison still reminds him of Pam Beasley, and stays a few more moments when he drops off a Fed Ex package.

And without a doubt, they found the shelf where they left their "Boom-chicka-wow-wow,"—and did indeed, "bring sexy back" to their marriage.

The
End

So many times in our culture we talk about sex, when it's **not just** about sex:

It's easy for a man to say to his buddy that "the old flame ain't burnin' too hot." Which is a statement about his physical relationship with his wife.

But it's harder for men to understand that we can't have great sex without great communication—great intimacy---without having "one flesh" conversations **outside** the bedroom.

There's a great book about this called:

[*Sex Begins in the Kitchen \(because love is an all-day affair.\)*](#) Dr. Kevin Leman. The title says it all...

So we need to know that what happens **in the bedroom** is directly **connected** to all the time and conversations we have with our spouse **outside** the bedroom.

As Christian author Rob Bell says, "THIS is really about THAT."

Most discussions about **physical intimacy**, should really be about **relational intimacy**.

In our parable about Dillon and Madison, they didn't need a "**sex counselor**"—they needed to **make time to be relationally close**.

And THIS is really about THAT applies to teenagers too. (little off track, but this is important to cover.)

When parents have a situation where a teenage girl is being sexually active, it's instinctual to talk about sex—the physical—and that IS a part of it. But remember, THIS is usually about THAT.

(MS_4)

"Research data show that sexual promiscuity among teenage girls is almost always directly related to an absent father. And I don't necessarily mean physically absent; he might be home but emotionally withdrawn from his daughter. If he starves her for his words, his delight, his attention, she will look for those things elsewhere."

[-John Eldredge](#)

Daughters need relational intimacy from their fathers, or there's a very good chance they will find it physically from a teenage boy. (repeat) Because teenage girls don't understand that THIS void they feel is about THAT relationship with their father.

And this is an easy **miss** for dads. It's easy for dads to get caught up in the world of sons—because dads **were** little boys (some of us still are)—we know what it's like—we get it—we understand sons.

And it's easy to delegate the "**relating with the daughter**" to your wife—for all the reasons **we** easily understand sons.

But daughter's need us to **tell them they are beautiful—they are lovely**. And if we don't, we leave them **vulnerable** to teenage boys who will **gladly** tell them those things and so much more... (apologize for getting little off track.)

Today's subject is one of those personally ironic talks for Sandra and I. Right now we're 4 weeks into Little League baseball at Southside:

She kindly and generously volunteered to help **run the concession stand** this season...(because she didn't know any better ;-)

Slater's got about **3 games and 1-2 practices** a week...

I volunteered to put together a website for the league & update it...

I have been in the process of **selling my mother's house** for her...

And all those things are great—great things to do with our time. But in the last 4 weeks our relational intimacy has been low for the simple fact that we haven't had sizeable blocks of time together.

So, early in the week, Sandra said, "We've got to get out of town on a date Friday," and I was like, "Preach it, Sista Sandra!"

We can feel it in our relationship when we're too busy to feel like we're one; **echad**. We say we feel more like roommates during those times.

When we're **nit-picky** with each other, that's a sign that we're not echad.

When Sandra responds to something **innocent** that I have said with, "**What do you mean by that?**" that's a sign we're not echad.

When either of us is **defensive** and **quick to point the other's faults**, that's a sign that we're not echad.

And what we know after 16 years of marriage is that relational oneness—intimacy—is one of the hardest things to maintain. Because, culture, schedules etc are always pulling us apart...(elaborate)

But we also know that we are responsible for making sure our lives don't crowd out our relational intimacy. And we love relational intimacy because we think God's picture of *Song of Songs* is beautiful and we love that God created this whole echad idea of relational and physical intimacy coming together at the intersection of "Boom-chicka-wow-wow."

One of the things that breaks my heart is marriages that are just "surviving." Couples living like roommates.

Couples who like Dillon and Madison used to love to just sit and talk about all the stupid stuff and all the "naked" stuff they were too afraid to talk about with anyone else.

It breaks my heart when couples started out being vulnerable and accepting with each other. And somehow accidentally have allowed life to crowd intimacy out of their lives, leaving once passionately loving people, in the same bed, yet far apart.

Earlier we were singing [Mighty to Save](#)—and we sang, "*So take me as you find me. All my fears and failures.*"

A huge barrier to intimacy is pride. Being too proud to admit that our relationship isn't what we want it to be. Being too proud to say to a spouse or friend, "I don't know how to connect with my spouse."

This trek that we're all on to live like Jesus is all about humility. Humility is admitting to our spouse that we want more or want it to be like it used to be, **even if we don't know how to get there**.

Humility is about asking God to rekindle the romance between you and your spouse, not knowing if he will or not.

Humility is about willing to be metaphorically naked with your spouse, not hiding things from each other. And humility is going after relational intimacy before trying to satisfy our desire for physical intimacy.

God is echad: intimate within Himself—Father, Son, Holy Spirit, yet One.

God's vision for husbands & wives is echad: Man & woman, sharing the deepest and most important relational, spiritual, emotional parts of themselves with each other. Which is the foundation of a *Song of Songs* marriage, that we call Boom-chicka-wow-wow.

Book recommendations:

[Sex God –Rob Bell](#)

[Sex Begins in the Kitchen –Dr Kevin Leman](#)