

Hey guys, how's it going? This is Jacqueline the unimportant homemaker and Today let's talk about husbands.

It's strange but it never dawned on me that my parents dated and were in a relationship they were choosing to be in. I didn't understand my mom's behavior towards my dad and how she was actually working on their relationship constantly. I had 2 brothers under 8 years old when I married my husband and so she was very busy and didn't really help me understand that I was joining a man who was going to build a family to lead and provide for. I thought we were two individuals who were going to combine our things and have fun and basically play house...because we're barely adults. But that became a different story when I came home full-time and began to be washed with the word and transformed in my mind. The role of man, of husband, took on a whole different meaning and I learned some important lessons.

One way to love your husband is to take seriously his basic need to provide for and lead a family. It's serious to him. I know it's fun to be like oh I'm a wife and my husband adores me (laugh) but he is a man who is designed to get a woman and care for that woman and give her a home and children and enjoy his life with her and his children while providing for their needs and protecting them from harm and teaching them and loving them and he's serious about that stuff.

He wants to know you consider him and his stuff (home, children, laundry) as the most important things in your life. He is blessed when you make sure he has the things he needs. The care you dedicate to him communicates so much. It tells him you care for him, that he isn't bothering you by needing things, that he can leave and get the money the family needs because you saw to it that he was equipped with the stuff he needed.

Having access to his clothes, free of hindrances like piles of unfolded laundry or holes in his shirt, makes it easy for him to prepare for his day.

And don't forget, other people notice your man. They see if he comes to work wearing dirty clothes or if his attitude is very disturbing because he fought with the misses before he headed out. They can tell when he's off his game because you aren't answering his calls or you let him know he has a long list of chores you want done immediately on his way out of the door.

But when you are his fan, you are not on his team, working alongside him.

You are on the sidelines making posters to encourage him (which means speaking good about him) , you are waiting on the sideline to cheer him for once again getting out into the world to win goods for his family. You organize the meet and greet by being free and actually at home when he gets home so you can ask about his day and serve his meal.

You let everyone know you are team Brandon or whatever your husband's name is by speaking highly of him. You treat him to little special delights you learned about during your deep study of him. And you walk proudly beside him at the grocery store and watch as he takes out his card to pay for all the items he can afford for the family. All of these things are a way of loving your husband.

Understand him and his physical needs. Be wise and know, really know, that your mutual enjoyment is his highest goal. He isn't interested in just taking from you but he is very interested in taking what you lovingly offer him. So be mindful of that and see it as an important way of loving your husband. The tenderness, affections, kisses and hugs are things that smooth him out, make him feel human, minister to his deepest longings and desires.

You are the only person, most likely, who will ever see the absolutely truest version of your husband. That is a privileged position and is to be kept in that manner. I want to share a story with you that happened recently that emphasises this matter in a specific way.

Loving my husband means serving him in the way he needs it

Recently I have had some interesting things remind me that I am supposed to be a help to my husband, which means serving him in some capacity that he specifically needs.

I remember my younger sister calling me in tears a great number of years ago when her husband went to basic training for the military. She was bathing their little children when she missed his first call home. She was a total wreck so I immediately dropped what I was doing and rushed to her house to help. I had her go to her bedroom to go calm down while I finished bathing the children just in case he was able to phone her again, which he did. As I drove home, I was beaming with pride that I was a tremendous help to her in her time of need. I did what was expedient for her, serving her in a way that she truly needed. Well, tell me why I get so bent out of shape when my husband needs me? Like, why do I act like his needs aren't that important?

Brandon is working on a huge project up the lane at my parents house for which he had a lot of help in the beginning but now a few weeks in, he's all alone on one of the toughest parts of the entire project. Because I wasn't involved and

because I had no idea what to do, I just stayed at home, popping over occasionally to bring him a drink. Well, he asked me to go to home depot with him. Y'all why did I throw a hissy fit? Like, why? He goes to the hobby lobby with Haley and I when we want to look at every single item in the store and he doesn't complain too much when we don't even get anything because we got too overstimulated trying to decide what we want to blow a hundred bucks on. So I said ugh...FINE I'll be ready to go in with you whenever you get home (because I prefer to sit in the car unless he is going to buy plants). Anyway, I spent almost 2 hours with him while he looked over dozens of parts and basically told me how each part of the project was going to work. He does this to help himself make sure he gets everything he needs, which I totally understand. But on the way home, I didn't experience that High I had from helping a woman and I complained a bit, to which I am sure embarrassed him.

But I had to remember that I wasn't made to be a helper to my sister or to any woman, I was made to be the helper of my husband. This was eye opening to me.

So a couple days later, he casually asked if I wanted to go with him to home depot again so I was determined THIS time, I would be enthusiastic to serve him in this way that he needed. So I said Of course, let me change my shirt and I'll be ready. This trip took even longer but I kept up my cheerful attitude the entire time and I even caught a few mistakes because I was reading all the packages and he almost grabbed the wrong thing several times. I just wanted to tell you that because I was proud of myself. But anyway, this time, I felt the high of serving as I ought to serve. Maybe it was the snickers bar I grabbed at the checkout I don't know but I started to remember that serving means I help where and how I am needed, not how I want to and if I feel comfortable. Now I know it is not in any way as impactful and world-changing as what Christ accomplished but I thought about the statement we read in Hebrews 12 "& Jesus who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross". Is home depot my cross, probably not but it's about the joy that I had in knowing I would be a useful servant of my husband as a servant of Jesus Christ.

As wives, it's important that we understand that helping our husbands in the way he needs it is super important and communicates love to him. My mom used to tell me she tries to get everything done before my dad gets home because he was going to follow her around until she stopped working and we just laughed

about it. Well, I also practice a form of that in my marriage, resting alongside my husband when he gets home because he doesn't like to see me working while he's resting. But now, I noticed, I'm sorry, I guess I should have told you up front this was going to be a story time but I have a point, I promise.

So, anyway friend, i started thinking of more ways that i was missing opportunity to show my husband I love him by helping him where he needs it and i remembered that whenever he gets home, he tells me basically everything he had done on the project, what he's frustrated about, what he has to do the next day and i could tell he was exhausted and frustrated. So I, desiring more joy, casually said, I could come over and help you or just be around if you'd like that. To which he simply said okay, if you want to. Then about 10 minutes later, he said Okay I feel better about the whole project now since you'll be over there with me. YAY!! I just found another way I can serve him how he needs it. Me being around while he's doing hard things has always been our way, how did i forget that? So after I finish this video, I am going to do what I do best and that is prep: I will assemble our evening meal, pick out a cute outfit to wear, find my sunhat and mosquito spray and take a long nap so I will be prepared to be gone for about 4 hours to serve my husband in this specific way.

I guess what I am saying is that our husbands have a very specific way they want to live alongside us in our marriage...do we see it? Is it important to us? Do we work hard at being a good servant to him? Do we see that our very presence offers support and comfort? This is fruitful labor, my friend. It bears the fruit of **love, peace, patience, and goodness.**

What about you? Tell me of a specific way you are a help to your husband or tell me of that you will make it a priority to be a specific help in the future. How do you show your team spirit for your husband? I'd love to hear about it down below in the comments section!

That's it for today guys thank you for joining me. I'll see you next time.