

3 ways to RUIN the purity of your marriage bed

Hey guys.....And today let's talk about the marital bed

There's a verse in Hebrews 13 that talks about the honor of marriage and the marital bed being undefiled then it lists 2 specific sins that will be judged by God. Those are the most severe sins that defile the marital bed and I think there are a few subtle ones the wife is to be mindful of. I have 3 for you to consider.

Memories of past lovers

One of the debilitating aspects of our sinful past is the memories we hold. We are reminded of our past selves and all of the memories attached to that and while we have been made new in Christ, the people surrounding us have not and I am sure they remember certain things about us. I remember when I first came to Christ, I constantly bumped into past lovers at the grocery store who probably noticed a physical change in me. I used to lower my head in shame, especially when I was with my husband because not only did those past men know me in an intimate sense, my husband now had my shame upon himself as well. There were even a few physical confrontations my husband was involved in concerning my sinful past that were beyond mortifying.

During the first few years of marriage, I found myself facing an unexpected and deeply unsettling emotional war. In moments of conflict, loneliness, or emotional dryness within my marriage, my mind became flooded with memories—not just any memories, but carefully curated, idealized versions of what I considered "better times" with past lovers. It was as though my emotions had taken on the role of a deceptive narrator, skillfully editing my history to convince me I had left something wonderful behind.

These thoughts weren't innocent strolls down memory lane. They were seductions. Invitations back to a life I had been redeemed from. In dreams, I would find myself in familiar places with familiar faces—men from my past who, in reality, had been broken, complicated, or even harmful relationships. But in these dreams, they were perfect: attentive, romantic, understanding. They represented ease and excitement—false intimacy and counterfeit love. It was as

if my subconscious, and perhaps the enemy of my soul, had created an entire illusionary world to lure me back into the very bondage God had rescued me from.

What made this even more dangerous was the emotional vulnerability I felt within marriage. Real covenant love is not always emotionally thrilling. It demands endurance, sacrifice, and maturity. It exposes your selfishness. It reveals wounds you didn't know you had. And in those raw, unguarded moments, my heart—still undergoing sanctification—craved escape more than healing.

These temptations weren't just fantasies; they were spiritual attacks on my commitment, my identity, and my wholeness. I realized that Satan doesn't always tempt us with overt sin. Sometimes he tempts us with nostalgia—an embellished version of the past that never truly existed. He preys on our weak moments, whispering lies that make sin look safe, exciting, and easier than the hard work of covenant marriage.

But in that valley, I began to understand the power of God's truth in a new way. I learned to bring these thoughts into the light—to confess them in prayer and to my husband.

These types of thoughts and dreams had to be dealt with each and every time they presented themselves because the stress of a new marriage produced all kinds of bitter envying and strife in my heart and was prime real estate for the wisdom that was earthly, sensual, devilish, meaning, the evil one could use whatever was at his disposal to shipwreck my marriage and turn me from the Way.

Another way the sanctity of the marital bed can be defiled is through legalistic restrictions imposed by church traditions, denominational cultures, or spiritual authorities who overreach into places they were never meant to occupy.

Early in my marriage, I found myself deeply conflicted and confused about submitting ourselves to restrictions placed upon our sexual fulfillment by our denomination or church traditions. Not to go into much detail but I was counseled on what was quote "allowed" in the bedroom. I was given several specific things that were forbidden and this produced much strife in my

relationship. Church elders inserted themselves into our most intimate space and their words were always ringing in my ears.

And so, I began carrying into my marriage bed the heavy weight of other people's expectations—rules made by people who would never be part of that union. Their voices echoed louder than my husband's. Their judgments created distance where there should have been closeness. I was trying to be both a wife and a "faithful church woman," and the two seemed constantly at odds.

It brought strife to our intimacy and I was bound by fear. And that fear didn't come from God. This reminds me of what Jesus said to the disciples in Matthew 23 For they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers.

Of course there is a properness to the marital bed but that is to be left to the couple to discuss and mutually agree on what is acceptable and inviting outsiders who won't participate to offer their suggestions is very stupid.

And lastly, one of the most subtle and underestimated ways the enemy creeps into the marriage bed is through overly stimulating media—movies, shows, and especially books—that shape a false narrative of romance and intimacy. These stories, often marketed as innocent entertainment, can quietly become seeds of discontent that take root in a wife's heart and grow into bitter disappointment and unrealistic expectations.

I speak from experience.

In high school, I didn't watch much TV, but I loved to read. A kind-hearted family friend, knowing my appetite for books, would drop off boxes of novels for me to enjoy. Most of them were fantasy romance novels—those sweeping, dramatic tales with castles, war heroes, tortured billionaires, and brooding men who would risk life and limb to win the heart of a fierce, untouchable woman. I devoured them. And unknowingly, they began to disciple me.

Can you imagine a teenage girl forming her worldview of love, marriage, and intimacy through the lens of characters like Trevor or Magnus—always rich, always emotionally available, always saying the perfect thing at the perfect

moment? How could the ordinary boys I dated in real life ever compare to Wellington the Third or Chancellor or the ever-persistent Nicholas who climbed cliffs and crossed oceans for the one woman who stole his breath?

They couldn't. And that was the problem.

These stories trained me to expect a kind of love that was not only unrealistic—it was unbiblical. I brought those same fantasies into my marriage. I had unknowingly developed a mental scorecard, and my husband—wonderful as he is—just didn't measure up to these fictional characters who had been crafted by authors to satisfy the deepest longings of a woman's heart without the inconvenience of real-life limitations.

He didn't make grand speeches. He didn't chase me down a crowded airport runway. And he certainly didn't have a royal title or a private island.

And the worst part? I didn't even realize I was doing it. I thought I was just enjoying a harmless escape. But my expectations—shaped by fiction—began to steal the joy from my reality. I missed the beauty in my husband's steady presence, his quiet protection, his daily sacrifices, because I was blinded by what he wasn't, rather than grateful for who he was.

One day, he picked up yet another romance novel from my nightstand and asked, "Is this where you're getting all of this craziness from?" I was stunned. Then he asked me to read a few pages out loud to him. After I did, he said—with both wisdom and frustration—"You know women write this stuff, right? This is what *they* want men to do. Most of this stuff wouldn't even enter a man's mind. It's fantasy."

That conversation was a wake-up call.

I laughed at his insight (because honestly, he wasn't wrong), but it also hit me like a brick. I was measuring my husband against imaginary men. And worse, I was holding him to a standard I would never dream of placing on myself. It never occurred to me that I wasn't *anything* like the heroines in those books—flawless, endlessly patient, perfectly sensual, and always inspiring men to climb mountains for them. Imagine if my husband expected *me* to be like the women in pornography? I would be devastated. And yet I was guilty of the same sin—comparing my real marriage to fantasy and finding it lacking.

That realization broke me. Because I saw how unkind, how unfair, and how spiritually dangerous it was to let fiction become my counselor. I had allowed books to disciple me in romance more than the Word of God.

I had to walk away from that beloved pastime—not because books are evil, but because those books had become *my teacher, my comforter, and my idol*. They stirred up discontentment and robbed me of gratitude. They taught me to crave drama over faithfulness, excitement over stability, and fantasy over covenant.

We cannot afford to live in fantasy land. Our hearts were not built to hold lies. The eye is the lamp of the body (Matthew 6:22), and if we keep filling our minds with fiction that contradicts God's truth, we will become blind to the glory of the very real love He has given us in marriage.

Sisters, let's be watchful. Not everything that is pleasurable is profitable. Let us not allow fiction to breed false expectations and destroy our ability to love our husbands as they are—flawed, human, and beautiful in the eyes of God. May we lay down the fantasies and pick up the truth that sets us free: that covenant love, though not always glamorous, is far more powerful, lasting, and holy than any fairytale ever written.

What about you? How do you keep watch over the purity of your marital bed? Let me know down below in the comments section.

That's it for today guys....