

# Lovers' **Gratitude Journal**

SAMPLE ENTRIES



by **Pat & Tash**

The sharing and distribution of this handbook is highly encouraged.

# By Her

Patrick. My constant. We've hit a few bumps in the road recently (a lot earlier in our relationship than I expected) and although we are still so new to each other and learning each other's habits and expectations, I'm flooded with gratitude at your constant ability to love me during and after each one.

This is something foreign to me and an area of my life I had no idea was so broken. I am emotional. I am defensive. But these are statements I am letting go of. Because of you. You give me a reassurance that you are not going anywhere, that no matter what issues arise between us; your love for me is not dependent on the outcome. I can depend on you.

I appreciate so much that this choice is a reciprocation of the love Christ has for us, that no matter what we do, He will never stop loving us, and His love for us never changes. It's a difficult concept for many people to grapple with and I feel so blessed to have a man in my life who emulates it.

I thank God for allowing someone like you into my life. I thank Him for the work He has done in you to prepare you for this relationship. And I am thankful for your faithfulness in your Yahweh.



# By Him

For the best part of my love life, I drew the extra twinkle in my partner's eyes.

The romantic surprises were my job. I loved it. But I often wondered if a girl would jump those same hoops for me.

For a time, my ex partner did. I liked her for it, probably because it was the first time I was on the receiving end of those. What I didn't realise then was that what I thought was awesome didn't scratch God's best.

So when that relationship tanked, i wondered what the odds would be of finding in one person the fundamental things I was after, alongside a romantic nature.

Again, the best request i could muster couldn't reach the fringe of what God had in store for me: Natasha.

With her, I have become the happy target of romantic gestures, ambushed by kisses, hit by love notes, drowned in fresh meals, seized by morning messages and put down by her gentle palms against my skin.

I thank God because Natasha is romantic.



I thank him for her nose tuck under my chin...

For her hidden notes in my jacket and under my doormat...

For the times she sneaks into my room to drop food...

For the snacks she hid in my computer bag...

And for every time she exhales in the warmth of my chest.

This time the twinkles are in my eyes, and I thank God for each one of them.



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