

## --Anonymous 2

When I was 20 years old, I was obsessed with finding my Mr. Right. I took special care with my hair and clothes, all in an effort to attract that special one.

Finally, I met a handsome young man I'll call Ben, and asked him to go with me to my friend Joy's (not her real name) party. When we got to the party, people were stumbling around drunk--even my friend Joy! I was so embarrassed because I didn't want Ben to think I was a hoodlum. I said "Oh, I don't drink," and surprisingly Ben said "Neither do I." So we got out of there and drove around in Ben's Cutlass. We had a great time talking and getting acquainted.

The next evening, Ben phoned me and told me that he was a Christian and what great things God had done for him. We arranged to go out again. As I hung up the phone, I thought "How nice that Ben is religious."

Over the course of the next six weeks, Ben took me to various church functions where I heard the Gospel clearly presented for the first time. However, I was more interested in Ben than walking down the aisle to receive Jesus. Besides, I was just as good as Ben's friends and family. I didn't need to do anything as radical as going "forward." Well, after this short period, Ben could see that I was just waiting to get my hooks into him. So he gave me the dreaded "Let's just be friends" line.

I didn't cry in front of Ben, but when I got back to my parent's house late that night, I knelt by the couch and prayed: "Lord, I'm so tired of being rejected. You promised You would never leave me. Would You be my boyfriend?" There was no thunder or lightning. No sign that God had heard me.

For two weeks I read the Bible and prayed. One afternoon as my brother (unsaved) wrestled with the dog; he looked at me queerly and said, "She's a born-again Christian." I said "I am not!" Immediately, I felt so guilty that I ran to my bedroom and knelt by the bed. I felt like Peter when he had denied our Lord.

That's when I realized that I'd been carrying Jesus around with me since I had asked Him to be my boyfriend two weeks earlier. I felt alive and knew that God couldn't let me rot in the grave because He couldn't let Jesus rot in the grave.

I've paraphrased Colossians 1:27 for myself, and it has become dear to me:

*"Christ in me, the hope of glory."*

Ben and I remained friends and continued to go to concerts and church events, but our relationship gradually petered out. I always think fondly of Ben as the handsome young man who led me to Jesus.