Angie can be so . . . well . . . shall I say frustrating? confusing? puzzling? mysterious? I guess, in a way, that each of the three verbs and the one adjective fit Angie, and describe my predicament and my feelings rather candidly too. About her, I mean.
Angie's my sister. My only sister, to be totally frank with you. But I find it difficult to understand her at times. Now don't go thinking that I don't care for her; I do. She's pretty wonderful. Super! Great! But she's still a total mystery to me sometimes.

You'd have to know Angie. Like I said, she's my sister. But more than being an only sister, Angela Jean's my twin. She's diminutive, petite and quiet. She seems always to be thinking deep thoughts. We're twins, like I stated, but that's about all that can be said where our similarities enter the picture and come into focus.

I'm extroverted and constantly active and talkative. Not that Angie's idle, mind you; she isn't. But her activities and mine are motivated differently and run in absolutely opposite directions it seems. And Morn says this is as it should be, that God made Angie every inch and ounce a girl and that I am made, every pound and rough-and-tumble of me, a boy.

So much for that. I think you get the picture. Or should I say, the point? About us being different, I mean.

Each of us is a Christian. I think you should know this. And when I say Christian I am speaking about a truly born again -- of God, and from Above -- experience in the heart. No mere head knowledge nor light hearted acceptance of Christ; we prayed until we prayed clear through and knew that Jesus had forgiven each of us our sins. The radical, beautiful change in our lives gave testimony to the glorious transformation that took place. Nor did we stop there: Each of us sought God for a pure and a holy heart. I never will forget the day and the hour when the Holy Ghost came in a burning, purging, cleansing, refining fire and I was filled with His Divine Love. Angie, too, had her personal Pentecost. She's a living testimony and a shining example for the Lord.

So, you may ask, why do you find Angie so utterly confusing and puzzling? Especially since she's a wonderful Christian. Well, I'll tell you why. Happening number 1. The setting? Mount Victory Camp.

Angie and I are eighteen, almost nineteen. Since I am dating Judith Carter (a really fine Christian), I thought maybe Angie would appreciate my help in getting her a date. So I did the natural (I thought brotherly thing: I set up a date for her with Russ Pounds, a truly great fellow on our church district.
Russ has been liking Angie since way back there. Angie's civil enough to him, I must admit, and she even seems to enjoy talking to him since Russ is quite a scholarly sort of young man with a computer type brain beneath his shock of thick auburn hair. But when Angie found out that I arranged the date, it was a zero thing all the way. Needless to say, I was left "holding the bag," as the old saying goes. And you can imagine my humiliation at having to tell Russ.

Poor Russ! I guess my bungling (or maybe it was meddling) left him humiliated too. At any rate, I felt I owed both Russ and my sister an apology; so I apologized. Russ slapped me on the shoulder and said something about Angie's womanly, lady-like refusal only making her more wonderful and more desirable in his eyes. And Angie? Know what she said? "Andrew, I prefer letting God do my choosing. When He gets ready to choose, I mean."

That's what she said. I was pleasantly amazed at my quiet, timid sister making a declarative sentence such as that. But, like I said, she thinks deep thoughts. And I discovered (through that experience) that she has a mind of her own, too. Perhaps I should clarify that "mind of her own" part, since she's such a very devout and wonderful Christian person, by giving you a bit of our conversation regarding that set-up date. So, here goes. . . .

Like I stated, Russ is a super wonderful young man. And in my brotherly concern for my twin, and, too, since afore-mentioned twin seemed in no big hurry to date, I felt that a bit of prodding-help was in order. After all, a brother is concerned that his sister get only the very best man. At least I was, and I am. Why, if Chub Verro had ever tried, even, to date Angie, I'd have stepped in and stopped that before it began.

Chub's not my sister's type. He's anything but a Christian; not to elaborate on his not being a gentleman either. So, when we met Russ at our District Camp a number of years ago, I had a green light where Angie entered the picture. Green, and wondrously clear and bright all the way.

I tried cajoling Angie to go "Just this one time" with Russ and Judith and me, adding everything good that I knew about Russ and even stating that someday I wouldn't mind at all to have him for a brother-in-law.

Angie looked greatly shocked by my words. For a long while, her enormous dark eyes searched my face as though she couldn't believe what
she had just heard. Then she spoke. In that soft, well-modulated voice, she said, "You mean you don't know? You, of all people! Oh, Andy, you're my twin; I thought by now you'd now. Hasn't Daddy told you? Nor Mother?"

It was my turn to be shocked. "Told me? What?" I asked. I was in absolute and total shock. We were a closely-knit family and here I was, ignorant about something or other concerning Angela Jean, my twin. Did she have a secret boy friend? And was she, perhaps, planning to get married? Or was she terminally ill, and not expected to live long? I wondered. Coming to think of it, I had noticed the meals she had been missing, and the tell-tale red swollen eyes, too. Without a doubt, my twin was ill!

Coming out of my state of shock, I demanded quickly but kindly, "Tell me, Angie; what's wrong? Why won't you go through with the date I set up for Russ and you? Are you . . . are you dying from . . . from . . . some horrible disease? Remember, I'm your twin: If you need a transplant or . . . or whatever, I'll donate and. . . ."

If I thought Angela's eyes were huge before, I was in for another shock. Fluttering her eyelashes like she always does when she is either nervous or amused, she pursed her lips then opened her eyes wide and looked at me with another one of her penetrating glances. And before I knew (almost) what was happening, she was laughing as only Angela and Judith can laugh.

I stood watching her, hands in my trouser pockets, a worried expression on my face, not seeing anything humorous to laugh about. "What should I have known?" I finally asked again. "Please," I begged, "tell me. What's your problem?"

"It isn't a problem, Andy," my twin declared, sobering suddenly.

"You like some other boy, huh? That's it, isn't it?" Angela Jean became even more sober then.

"No," she said quickly. "No, Andy. That's not the reason. . . ."

"You scared to date Russ?"

Angela's countenance dropped. Her cheeks became a rosy-pink.
"Russ is all right," I said, trying to allay any fears she may have had. "And besides, the four of us will be together, the Lord willing. We'll be double-dating, if that's any consolation to you."

"It . . . it's not that, Andy. I know Russ is a wonderful young man . . . ." Again her sentence trailed, unfinished.

"Then what are you afraid of?" I asked gently. Kindly.

With her big, honest eyes, my sister fixed her gaze upon me. "Do you really want to know?" she asked, with what sounded like a catch in her voice.

"I do," I answered immediately. "Are you sick, or . . . or . . .?"

Without preamble or pretense, Angela said, "God wants me to be a missionary, Andrew. The call has been burning on my heart. I dare not . . . must not . . . date anybody with a lesser or a different call. Russ is wonderful. Oh, so very wonderful. It would be an easy thing for me to care for him the way I know he cares for me. But I dare not; God's hand is upon me for missionary service. The wrong mate could reek havoc in my life, where God's plan is concerned."

So that was it! I thought. "But how do you know that Russ isn't called?" I asked quickly.

"He never mentioned it if he is," Angie replied. "And you must never say anything to him about this conversation. No one will make it, and be at his very best on the mission field, unless he is called of God. The call of God is an absolute must, so I have heard and read."

"That's a for sure fact, Angela. But one date. . . ." I exclaimed. "And with as wonderful a Christian as Russ Pounds!"

"Surely, just this once isn't going to do any harm nor any damage to the call you say you feel upon your heart!

"It's more than just a feeling, Andy," my twin corrected; it's a burning knowledge: A know so call. And, lest I fall in love with Russ and become involved emotionally and it not be the will of God for me, I shall have to
refuse and decline. I haven't meant to hurt you; you know this. And I'm sorry if this is placing you in an uncomfortable situation and an embarrassing circumstance. But you will remember that I had nothing whatever to do with its making. I am an innocent victim of another's "cupidity." The hint of a smile was on her face now.

I didn't know what to answer to those last few sentences of my sister's other than to say humbly, "That's the truth; you are innocent, Sis. But, Russ. . . ."

"The will of God means more than anything in this world to me," she stated softly. Her voice was filled with emotion and with the utmost sincerity. "I dare not become involved with anything, nor anyone, Andrew, until I am sure of the will of God in relation to said thing or person."

"But the Bible says marriage is honorable, Angie. It even states that "He that findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth the favor of the Lord." I'm sure God doesn't intend for you to go along on life's journey without giving you a worthy husband. Especially so since you have a call to foreign soil. You'll need a husband, Angela, more than ever now. And I know of no finer husband 'material' than what you'll find in Russ Pounds," I said.

Angela's eyes filled with tears. "It's plain to see that you don't understand," she said softly, "so I'll not say anything more except this, I must obey the checks of the Spirit, and where Russ is concerned, I feel checked of the Holy Spirit."

I drew my breath in quick-like. "I've had a green light on Russ and you from the beginning," I said quickly.

Angela looked at me with those dark, enormous eyes of hers. Then she said, "Andy, do you believe in me."

"Of course I do. There's no one I have more confidence in. But I think you're . . . well . . . you're overly cautious and too . . . too. . . ."

"Forgive me for interrupting you and for breaking into your unfinished sentence," she said quickly. "But God deals with us on an individual basis. His gentle check is enough for me. Joyously, I obey. I delight to do His will and His bidding."
And that's when she told me that she wanted God to do the choosing for her. So, after I had explained the situation-circumstance to Russ and he made that wonderful statement about my sister, I excused myself from Russ' company and hurried to the prayer chapel to pray and to do some thinking.

All her life, Angie had a "pull" to things deeply spiritual. I marveled over her knowledge in the Bible. But I should not have; she was an avid Bible reader from the first years when she learned to read. Her favorite book was the Bible. Her mind was a storehouse of Its rich treasures. We were twins; and now, when the time came, we were going to be separated. The mission field! My twin, a missionary! The shock was great. But knowing Angie's spiritual depth, I should not have been surprised over the call.

I prayed and cried and cried and prayed. I was both happy and sad; both joyful and sorrowful. Not that I didn't want Angie to obey God and do whatever He asked of her. No. No! A thousand times no. God's will at any cost, was our heart cry. Each of us. But she seemed too fragile to be going to a heathen country.

I stayed on my knees in earnest and fervent prayer until I knew I had touched God and made contact with Heaven. And when I finally arose, I was a far more sober young man than I was a few hours earlier. My petite, mysterious, puzzling and wonderful sister had taught me something; not by words but by her daily constant living: To be close to God and deep spiritually, one had to break ties with the too-frivolous, all-time-together crowd and spend much time alone with God.

Suddenly, I felt my spiritual roots breaking a new depth with God and climbing to higher heights in Christ. Now I understood the reason why those red, swollen eyes of my sister, and the meaning of the meals which she had missed. Through her life of discipline and sacrifice, her devotion to God was heightened and became the most important thing of all. Her supreme delight and joy was in keeping God's smile and His favor upon her life and her heart. And the wonderful thing was that I, too, could have as much of God as I wanted to have -- by paying the price like my twin, and sacrificing some meals and some of the things which I so much enjoyed doing. Little, everyday, all-right things.
With joy in my soul and a new determination and resolve in my heart, I opened the door of the prayer chapel and stepped out into a world of sun and dappled shade. I thanked God for my sister Angie, whose dedication, devotion, and consecration to God was a bulwark of strength for the brother who purposed to take the same pathway of sacrifice and self-discipline.