What a moniker! What a name!"

Caitlin wheeled on her heels and, spinning around, she came face to face with Curtis Mathis. "Is yours any better?" she asked curtly as she turned and walked away, briskly.
She felt the color rise to her cheeks then seem to drain out through her long, narrow feet. Why couldn't people accept her for herself; for how she was built and what she was named? After all, she had no choice whatever in either her name or in the structure of her body. Being tall was definitely not what she would have preferred, had she had her preference. But, again, she had no choice in what she preferred and/or didn't prefer. Why she grew so tall and lanky was beyond her comprehension. Still, there were some advantages to being tall. Unlike her best friend, Katrina Marer, she had no trouble whatever in reaching the top shelf in a clothes closet. Katrina, barely five feet tall, had to stand on a stepstool to get things off the top shelf. In this respect, she supposed she should and could be thankful that she was tall.

She shifted her armload of books and hurried down the sidewalk, making leaf furrows as she walked. Her mind hopscotched its thoughts from her tall frame to her narrow feet and then to her name and, finally, back, again, to her height and her name: Caitlin Nyree Phillips. That wasn't such a bad sounding name, she thought as she felt the weight of her books on her arm. Katy was what she was called more than anything, except, of course, when Curtis called her Ka-tee-e.

Sometimes she thought she liked Curtis; really liked him. Admired him, too. Other times, like today, well, she wasn't sure she liked him at all. This bothered her. A truly born-again Christian liked everybody. No, a Christian loved all people. Like Christ, they loved. Not, perhaps, what the individual was doing but the individual, for whom Christ died.

"Caitlin Nyree Phillips!" she exclaimed out loud to no one in particular, sounding the name out carefully to test its beauty or is peculiarity. It wasn't bad; in fact, it sounded rather pretty, she thought.

"Well, at least it's different," she declared with a note of finality and resignation. Shifting the books again, she walked on. She was troubled over her feelings toward Curtis. She shouldn't allow him to upset her, she knew. But he did. Yes, he really did. "Hey Katy, wait up."

Caitlin spun around and waited for her friend.

"Something bothering you?" Katrina asked as she came alongside of Caitlin.
"Someone, Katrina, not something."

"Curtis?"

"One and the same! Oh, Katrina, I shouldn't let him upset me like he does. It isn't Christlike. This bothers me dreadfully. Sometimes I'm not sure that I even like him, let alone 'love' him, like Jesus said we are to do. 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' He commanded. And, in my heart, I don't. I can't. Why does he pick on me? I can't help it that I'm five-foot six anymore than you can help that you're tiny. And neither can I do anything about my different sounding name."

"I think you have a pretty name, Katy. It's different, to be sure, but it's pretty. And just think of it this way, that not many others have your name. Yours, nor mine either. There are ever so many Lindas and Sherees in our school but only one Caitlin Nyree and one Katrina Janette. In this way we are unique, you and I. And really, Katy, it's not the name that makes one great or not so great; it's the person, who gives credibility and status to his name: The man -- or person -- brings either honor or infamy to his name, depending upon how he lives and what he does and such like things."

"You're so right, Katrina. I never thought of it like this. And I guess we're fortunate, you and I: at least, when Caitlin and Katrina are called, we know whom the person is wanting, or calling. We have no duplicates. Only, I do wish my inner feelings toward Curtis were more Christlike. I want to go to Heaven. I mean to go there. But will I get there, feeling like I do toward my antagonist?"

Katrina threw her head back and let out a soft ripple of laughter. "Oh, Katy," she said, "Curtis isn't an antagonist. He's a nice boy. Honestly he is. He delights in teasing you, that's all. He's super to his parents, and he's equally so to his two small sisters. Mother and Daddy have always told me that any boy who is good and courteous and kind to his mother will treat his wife much the same way. That being so, Curtis will make some girl a good husband some day, God willing."

Caitlin was silent for a long time. Then she said, "But Katrina, he calls my name a moniker! Imagine!"
Katrina laughed again. "He likes your name," she replied quickly. "He told me so. Only thing is, he can't remember it. Not until he calls you Ka-tee-e. Then it begins to come together, so he said. Know what I think?" Katrina asked.

"No, I don't."

"I think the boy has a crush on my best friend. I really do. And another thing. . . ."

"A crush!" Caitlin exclaimed. "Why Katrina, if I were a boy, and if I had a so-called 'crush' on a girl, I'd never, never, ever treat her the way Curtis Mathis treats me. It's shameful and it's degrading and embarrassing and. . . . and. . . . and. . . ."

"And what, Katy?"

Caitlin felt her cheeks blush red. In a small-sounding voice, she said, "Well, it's certainly not romantic."

Katrina patted her friend's arm. "Perhaps it isn't romantic, Katy dear; but I believe Curtis is trying to get a certain girl's attention and she's too ignorant and blind to read the signals. As to your attitude, you know what's going on in your heart and that's something only you can settle. Between God and yourself, I mean. But I wouldn't wait too long to get it cleared up: Jesus could come today, and it's only the pure in heart who are going to go up when He returns."

"Oh, Katrina, I want it removed! I do. These wrong feelings inside of me. . . . where no one can see but God. . . will certainly not be allowed to enter through the gates. Why, it would be the same wicked mess as we have down here on earth. Oh, I must get this settled! I think the Lord has just allowed Curtis to nettle me so that I'd see what's buried and hidden inside of me. Stop and tell Mother that I'll be at the church, will you please? I'm going there to pray, and I mean to stay at the altar until I know I'm thoroughly and thoroughly sanctified: until Curtis cannot upset me. Never again."

Tears shone in Caitlin's enormous blue eyes as she turned and started for the church.
"I'll tell your mother," Katrina called across her shoulder. "And I'll be in prayer for you, Katy. You can get it all settled. I did, and it's wonderful."

At the church, on her knees, Caitlin wrestled in prayer. The carnal mind was an enemy of God, she knew; furthermore, it wasn't subject to the law of God, neither, indeed, could it be. It wanted the supremacy. It demanded to have its way; its rights. Carnality was so ugly. So wicked. It must go! It must be crucified. She would stay on her knees in prayer until she had a funeral; a funeral for self. Herself!

It wasn't easy, but the young woman battled the forces of darkness and of hell and evil until the victory came. Her heart was made perfect in Love. Billow after billow of Divine Love washed over her soul, filling her entire being with its mighty power. The doubts were settled; every single one of them. She was now fortified with the Holy Ghost and power and she could face Curtis with inner feelings that were right. Pure! Her wrong attitudes were gone. They were crucified. It was glory and gloriously wonderful.

At school the following day, she looked for Curtis. When she saw him, she hurried to where he was. "I want to make a confession," she said humbly, "and to ask your forgiveness for the sharp answer I gave you yesterday. I've had wrong feelings and a bad attitude toward you, Curtis. Please forgive me. I'm changed now. I prayed until I prayed clear through and through clear last evening at the altar in the church. I got sanctified wholly . . . after I asked the Lord to forgive me for answering you so curtly and sharply yesterday, that is." Tears shimmered in her eyes.

"Oh, Ka-tee-e!" Curtis exclaimed. "I'm so happy for you, and of course I'll forgive you, But why did you have a bad attitude toward me? What have I done to bring this on? I guess I should not have teased you the way I have. But . . . well . . . to me, you have always been someone very special. You never seem to notice me. I guess it's been my uncouth way of getting your attention. So, if I brought it on by my teasing, I ask your forgiveness."

Caitlin threw her head back and laughed. "You are forgiven, Curtis. And, yes, it was your teasing. But that's past tense since last evening at the altar when I got all things settled between God and me."
"I . . . I think you're pretty wonderful, Ka-tee-e. And now that I have your attention, will you go with me to the young people's zone rally on Friday night, the Lord willing? My car's old but I keep it in good running order."

Caitlin was speechless for a moment.

"Will you, Ka-tee-e?"

"The Lord willing, Curtis, yes, if Mother and Father agree to it."

Curtis sighed. "You're the first girl I've ever asked to go anywhere with me," he said softly. "You're the only girl I've ever wanted to ask," he added. "Honestly, Ka-tee-e, it's quite miserable being so shy."

"I know," Caitlin replied as they walked down the hallway together toward their home room. At last, she was beginning to see the real Curtis. This time it was through a sanctified-wholly heart. She felt wonderful inside. Her attitudes were sanctified and, like Katrina said, Curtis was a fine young man. Yes, he was.