"She makes me sick!" Trenton exclaimed to Jackie, as they walked into the drugstore together.

"But Trent, Sherry likes you. She really does. And she's not at all 'sickening,' as you say. I like her. She's outgoing; she's vivacious; she's a good student, and she's extremely attractive
"Sickening," Trent added before his sister could think of any more descriptive adjectives to sing-song back to him.

Jackie stopped dead still in her tracks and looked at her tall brother. "You shock me," she told him softly but candidly. "We're supposed to love everybody; this includes Sherry Murphy. She's sweet."

"Look, Sis," Trent said quietly, "we'll talk this over after we're through in here, OK? There are a few things you need to know. I'll take this prescription of Grandmother's back to the pharmacist so he can begin filling it while you and I get the other things she needs."

"OK, Trent. I do want to know why you feel as you do. See you later. I'll take the first half of Grandma's list; it's by far the longer of the two. Think you can manage that second half?."

"I'll manage fine, thanks. It may take me a bit longer than you; we men aren't the greatest shoppers. I'd much rather do something else. But since Grandma can't do these things anymore it's great to be able to do them for her. She's always been so independent and capable of helping herself that I'm sure it's a real trial to her, not being able to do them any longer."

They separated then, Jackie going her way and Trent heading for the pharmacist.

Jackie couldn't understand her brother's attitude and, in that frame of mind, she pondered over his remark. "There are a few things you need to know," he had said. Whatever could it be? she wondered. Well, one thing was sure; she would have to wait until they were out of the store to find out just what Trent meant. Too, it wasn't for one's best to become too curious about things he or she didn't know. Curiosity could sometimes get one into trouble; trouble which, if one had not been so curious about nor meddled with, could have been avoided and averted. So she, Jackie, would forget the whole thing or at least try to, and just wait until her brother took the initiative and told her. If he wanted to tell her, that is. If he forgot about clarifying her remark that was all right, too. In her eyes, Sherry was still sweet and fine.
Almost forty-five minutes later, Jackie pushed her cart containing the items from her grandmother's list up to the check-out counter and waited for Trenton. She enjoyed watching the people come into and go out of the big, modern drug store. People were interesting to watch, she mused, wondering how many were thinking the same thing about her. She was quite a "fixture," she thought, standing near the check-out lane.

Feeling suddenly quite self-conscious and conspicuous, she pushed her cart further away from the steady flow of traffic near the check-out counters. It could be quite some time before her brother would be able to pick up the prescription, she realized. The pharmacy was almost always extremely busy, she knew. Today was no exception, she was sure; the store was bustling with people.

Ten minutes later she spied Trenton. He was coming her way.

"Am I ever thankful I don't have to do this every day!" her brother exclaimed. "It's frustrating."

Jackie laughed in her ever-bubbly fashion, then she said, "Men aren't the greatest at shopping, so I hear. I guess you are an identical duplicate of Daddy where shopping enters the picture."

"And I'm kinda' glad I am, Jackie. That's time consuming and so frustrating. Up one aisle, down another, looking, looking. Searching and seeking. Whew! I'm glad it's over."

"Isn't it wonderful and amazing the way God made girls and boys different?" Jackie asked. "I love to go shopping. Even to the grocery store with Mother."

"I'm thankful I'm of the male gender," Trenton replied in little more than a whisper as he pushed his cart into one of the shorter lines at the check-out counter. "You go first, Jackie. I'll have to pay; Grandma gave me the money."

In a little while, the pair made their way out of the store. Once outside, Trenton broached the subject which he had mentioned earlier to his sister.

"About those 'things' which I mentioned to you, Jackie. . . ."
"I decided I wouldn't say anything until you brought the subject up, Trent. After all, the old proverb said that curiosity killed the cat. So I decided that maybe it would be better for me not to know. I will admit, however, that it had me quite curious for a while."

"I think it's time that you should know some things, my trusting little sister."

"Like what? Like how you feel about Sherry? I mean, why you find her 'sickening'?"

"I just think it's time for you to become enlightened on some of the things boys like and/or dislike in girls. Any fellow who has values of his own looks for qualities other than beauty and vivaciousness in a girl."

"Really? Well, yes, I'm sure of that."

"Yes, really, Jackie. The Bible has the answer regarding this: The young women are told that their 'adornment' is not to be the 'outward adorning of plaiting the hair, or of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; \"But let it be the hidden man of the heart.., even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. . . .\""

"Yes, I know that, Trent, and I think it is just beautiful. Each time I read this in the First Epistle of Peter (3:3-4), I ask the Lord to help me to be like this for all time, for the last clause of that fourth verse states that this meek and quiet spirit is 'in the sight of God of great price.' I want, above all else, to please the Lord."

"I know you do, Jackie, and I'm truly thankful that you aren't like so many of the girls I know. I believe God wants you to look your very best and nicest for Him -- with modesty. Carelessness in dressing is out; God's cause is hindered by slovenliness and sloppy dressing. But on the other hand, God's cause is hindered also by the other extreme. Sherry, because of the pressure from her peers to conform, wears clothes that are downright suggestive and immodest. This sickens me."

"I agree with you on this, Trent. I've talked to Sherry about it. She agrees with me."
"But she doesn't do anything about it. She's hurting and hindering the cause of God. The fellows have some pretty bad opinions about her since she's begun going this route. They think she's on the inside the way she dresses -- or 'adorns' -- herself on the outside. Her clothes are like a billboard advertising her physical person. And clothes that draw attention to one's figure communicate physical signals, Sis. This is what is so disgusting and sickening to some of us. If she only lived up to her profession of loving the Lord! But she doesn't. She professes one thing and lives another. This is what is so sad. It's displeasing and grievous to God, who is Holy! God hates sin and anything and everything that looks or acts like sin. But the fact that Sherry says she loves the Lord makes this sadder than ever."

"I know, Trent. I've shed quite a few tears over it. And like I said, I have talked to Sherry about this."

"If she could only see that the way a girl dresses is important, because the way a girl attracts a fellow is the way she'll have to keep him. If his attraction is based upon looks alone, he will constantly be comparing her to other girls. Since looks don't last, he won't either. The moment a better-looking girl comes along, he'll be gone. This is the negative side of communicating through physical appearance."

"I see what you mean."

"Clothes that honor Jesus Christ are modest and discreet. They don't draw unnecessary attention to any particular part of one's body. This applies to my own sex as well.

"Peter stated that inner beauty is a priority to God. Too, Jackie, it is a priority to a godly guy. He is looking for someone who is beautiful on the inside.

"Inner beauty is more important than outer beauty. When a fellow marries a woman of beauty but whose inner person is anything but beautiful, he's in for a rough and miserable life. He has anything but a 'gentle and quiet spirit' to live with, generally.

"Another thing a godly fellow finds to be sickening and obnoxious is a girl who's a downright flirt. Here again, I'm sorry to say, Sherry scores top
grade. A person with a gentle spirit is one who is kind and considerate toward, and of, others; that is, someone who is a friend. Too, a person with a quiet spirit trusts God to bring things to pass in his or her life; he doesn't flirt and flaunt himself. God controls his life; He leads and guides him."

"Whew, Trent! I guess I'm really in need of teaching. Is Sherry honestly and truly a flirt?"

"Is she ever! I'm sincerely thankful you like her; she's in need of a true friend. And you are indeed that, even though you are two years younger than she. This is why I feel you needed to know these things. You haven't reached the 'ripe old age' of sixteen yet, like Sherry, and you can't understand some of these things. But they're true, Jackie."

"It . . . it's sad," the sister declared softly. "Sherry's so sweet. She didn't use to be like this, did she? Or is it just that I, being a girl, didn't notice?"

"There was a time when Sherry wasn't like she's been in the past year or so. Since she's getting a bit more along in her teens, however, she's becoming more aggressive and . . . and boldly brazen. Here, too, it grieves me to have to say this, as I'm not one to be loquacious nor am I critical of others, though this may sound like I am. Let's just say that we -- you and I and our other church young people -- need to do a lot of praying for Sherry. She could be a real blessing to the cause of God if she'd dig down deep spiritually and strike the solid Rock. Well, here we are at Grandma's house. I just want you to know one more thing, Sis, and that is that I have nothing but pity and a deep Christian love in my heart for Sherry. I'm praying for her. I believe you may be able to help her."

Tears sparkled in Jackie's blue eyes; a certain idea popped into her thinking. She would do it! Yes, she would; she would talk to Sherry and tell her, ever so carefully and lovingly and prayerfully, that God's way of dressing and living and doing things couldn't be improved upon and always worked together for one's absolute and positive best and good.

"Thanks, Trent," she said, as she stepped upon Grandma's porch beside her brother. "Thanks for talking to me. I believe the Lord will use it to help Sherry, without involving you in any way. Thanks. Much!"
This time, when she talked to Sherry, she would be able to give her insight from a young man's point of view. A Christian young man's viewpoint, to be more explicit!