Danielle gave the chart on the desk another thorough checkover, then, looking at the watch on her wrist, she sighed tiredly and rose to leave. "Another full day," she remarked to Kelly Sue, one of the other four nurses still with her at the Nurses' Station on the sixth floor, last wing.
"Isn't it always!" Kelly Sue exclaimed wearily, standing to her feet and straightening her aching shoulders. "Will a hot shower ever feel good!" she added.

"And a bed," Marilyn Stennis chimed in.

"I don't suppose you'll be getting to bed for quite some time," MariLou said, looking at Danielle as she directed the statement to her. "Did I hear right, when someone told me that you have a dinner date with that handsome young intern?"

Danielle felt her cheeks flush scarlet. How did the news get out? she wondered. She was the only one in the kitchen when Doctor Curtis Pannell floated in behind her and asked her to dine with him. Where he had come from she had no idea. She had gone into the small kitchen room to get milk for one of the patients whose medication had to be taken with milk instead of water, and when she turned to leave, and go to the patient, the young intern, two years into his internship, had stopped her with, "A few minutes of your valuable time, Danielle, please. . . ."

She had looked at him with questioning eyes, wondering if she had done something wrong. "What is it?" she had asked with sudden fear.

"I would very much like for you to go out to dinner with me tonight. Have you ever dined at The Alps?" he asked.

She had told him that she had not. Ever.

"It's the ultimate in eating," the doctor had remarked. "I'll pick you up at six. Okay?"

"Thank you, Doctor Pannell," she had replied. "It sounds delightful."

After his sudden exit, Danielle hurried to the patient with the milk and the medication, surprised that she had consented to go.

Her thoughts drifted often to James after she had made the commitment to the doctor. James was extremely special to her. She felt sure he loved her; and she loved him, too. But it had been so long since she heard from him. True, he was busy; her mother had tried to reassure her with this
fact. He was an intern in a distant state. They weren't engaged; but more than once James had inferred that she was the only girl for him and that she figured greatly into his future.

"No one but you, Danielle," he often remarked.

MariLou, always wanting to know what was happening and going on, asked quickly, "You are going, Danielle, are you not?"

"I consented, yes."

"Are you ever lucky!" MariLou exclaimed. "I've been trying to get his attention ever since he came here, and he hardly notices me even. Oh, he's civil enough, in a professional way, but it ends there. And I always thought men preferred blondes!" she added tiredly, running her fingers through her much-bleached hair.

"Not all men," Kelly Sue remarked quickly. "My husband likes my dark brown hair."

"That makes two men who do," Marilyn chimed in, laughing softly. "My husband often tells me how attracted he was, not only to me as a person but to my auburn hair as well. And I would imagine Doctor Pannell sees in Danielle what he doesn't find in most young women these days," she added with a twinkle in her eyes.

"Like what?" MariLou asked.

"Quality. If I dare phrase it like that. Genuineness. The ultimate in a future wife, a future mother and a future homemaker. Danielle is 100% natural; nothing at all artificial about her."

Tossing her head haughtily, MariLou exclaimed, "Oh well, to each his own. I'll always have Ryan Holden. He pursues me relentlessly. He's been an admirer for so long as I can remember. But he's so very dull and unexciting."

"He sounds like he just may be good husband material, MariLou," Marilyn remarked wisely. "Better by far to have a steady, unexciting man than one who is out after excitement only."
Danielle listened in silence as Marilyn talked to MariLou. Marilyn Stennis was a wise woman. Middle-aged and sensible, she was looked up to by her younger colleagues as a super nurse, wife and mother.

Danielle finished her last chart for the day, bade her friends good-bye, then hurried along the corridor toward the elevators. She had sudden misgivings about her decision. She was a born again, sanctified wholly young woman. Was Doctor Pannell a Christian? Did he believe in and embrace the Christian tenets which had been an integral and extremely vital part of her life for so long as she could remember? Did he go to church, even?

She felt a bit of panic wash over her as she mulled the unsavory thoughts over in her mind. If only she hadn't been so quick to accept and consent, she thought, wondering what James and her parents would think when they realized what she had done. Still, was there anything wrong, or evil, in going out to eat with a friend? she asked herself.

All the way home, Danielle had misgivings about what she had done. In the first place, she wondered if the young intern was a Christian. She had never kept company with anyone who was not a Christian.

She was unusually quiet when she got home and her mother, noticing the extreme quietude, asked softly,

"Tired, Danielle? Did you have a busy day?"

"Very busy, Mother."

"Oh, by the way, Danielle," her mother added "there's a box on the dining room table for you. From Spangler's Floral Shop. You have an admirer, I gather."

Danielle hurried into the dining room, picked up the box, then opened it. She gasped when she saw the roses A full dozen of the most beautiful long-stemmed velvety-red roses she had ever seen. The card denoting the giver read, Curt.

She carried the flowers into the kitchen for her mother to see. "They're from a young intern at the hospital," she explained. "I'm going out to dinner with him tonight."
Her mother asked simply, "Is he a Christian; Danielle?"

"I don't know, Mother."

"What about James?" came question number two.

"It's been so long since I heard from him," Danielle replied.

"But he told you he'd be extremely busy finishing up his internship at Mercy Hospital, honey. Young men don't come finer or more noble than James."

"I know, Mother. Where shall I put the roses? Aren't they lovely?"

"Beautiful, Danielle. Go into the dining room and bring the crystal vase out of the china closet. They do serve your great-grandmother's cut glass crystal vase to show off their exquisite beauty. But don't allow things such as these to buy you off."

"Thanks, Mother, I won't. It's a promise. And maybe I should not have accepted Doctor Pannell's dinner date. But he seems like a perfectly good moral man. And he doesn't smoke or drink. This I know. I would not have consented to eat out with him if I wasn't sure of these things," and Danielle hurried away after the beautiful vase.

She was ready and waiting when Doctor Pannell rang the door chimes to announce his arrival, and after introductions to her family and a bit of conversation, they were soon on their way to The Alps, conversing easily with each other.

"The roses you sent are beautiful, Doctor," Danielle said. "Thank you most kindly for them."

"Please call me Curtis, Danielle; I get doctored enough by my patients. And besides, I feel miles apart from you when you address me as 'Doctor.'"

"But hospital etiquette demands that I do so," Danielle reminded softly.
"We're not in the hospital now," he reminded her. "And will I ever be thankful and glad when I'm in practice for myself! I want to make money. Big money."

"But surely you have your sights set upon more than money!" Danielle exclaimed quickly, shocked at what she was hearing.

"Are you kidding! What could be higher or greater than money; lots of money?" the young intern asked. "Right now, I'm spending my father's wealth. I want some of my own. I'm working toward that goal," he admitted. "'True, I'll always have all I want from Dad. But I want to prove to him that I'm a man and as such, that I can amass my own fortune."

"But . . . your patients, Doctor Pannel; don't . . . don't they . . . count?"

"What do you mean by that, Danielle? And remember, I am Curtis now. Of course my patients 'count'; how else, or from whom, will I be collecting all my fees?"

Danielle was silent for a long while. When she spoke, she said simply, "I see. Your ultimate goal is to amass a fortune; it is not to give yourself in untiring service and dedication to the healing of the body and the helping of humanity."

"Don't be ridiculous, Danielle; of course I shall be using these hands and these fingers in wielding the surgeon's scalpel in healing. But my goal is money. Lots of money. And I mean to get it by means of my acquired knowledge and my surgical skill. I want the woman I marry to have the best and the finest. And plenty of it."

Danielle was silent. Her thoughts were racing back and forth in her head. Values! How different from James' and her values were these of the young doctor's? Both James and she had dedicated their lives in total commitment and unselfish service to Christ for time and eternity, to go wherever He may lead regardless of the cost or the cross. And with no dollar signs in the: bargain, either.

The evening was pleasant; the food was excellent and the drive back to Danielle's house was spent in a flawless impersonation of one of the doctor's instructors by none other than Curtis himself. He was not only brilliant, this
young intern, but he was witty and pleasant to be around, and with, as well. If he could ever get his values in proper perspective he would make some girl a fine husband, Danielle thought, as he led her up to the front door of her house.

"Thanks for the delicious meal, Curtis," she said "and for the pleasant evening. You'll be a great surgeon some day, with God's help. I'll be praying for you. Good night. God bless."

Danielle's heart felt wondrously light as she entered the house. She knew where her heart belonged and to what and Whom it was committed. And for her, there was no other way. Hers would not be a life of ease nor of luxury or wealth, she was sure. Rather, it was a commitment to the poor; to the down-and-outer, who had nothing at all with which to pay for services rendered. Her reward would come when she could hear the Lord's blessed voice say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto me."

She may have to go it on her own, she thought, as she prepared for bed. After all, she hadn't heard from James in such a long time. He may have found someone else.

That thought cut deep into her heart. She wanted to cry out. But her totally surrendered will said a yielded, "Thy will, O God; not mine." And she meant it. From her inmost being, she did.

She had just crawled between the crisply-fresh sheets when the phone rang. She hurried down the hallway to answer it. It was James. He sounded excited.

"I've just recently been appointed as a doctor to the Indians, Danielle," he said excitedly, naming the reservation and tribe. "Will you marry me and come with me? I don't have much to offer you, and I'm sure we'll have some frugal living, but God has shown me that this is His will for me for the present time."

"Oh, James, of course I'll marry you and go with you, God willing," Danielle answered brokenly. "I'm glad we have our values in proper perspective. I know a fine young doctor who needs his straightened out. . . ."
Sleep came easily and sweetly for Danielle after she hung the phone up. Her life was on the verge of fulfilling its commitment and she could scarcely wait.