KENDRA'S DECISION
By Mrs. Paul E. King

Kendra Stanford left the camp platform after playing the piano and sat on the front seat, like always. Her mind was deep in prayerful thought and meditation. For two years now, her God-given talent at the piano had taken her to numerous camps and churches in different states as camp or church pianist for camp meetings and revival meetings. Unlike her once best friend, Heather, who married an unbeliever when she was eighteen and a half years
old, Kendra, at 23 was still unmarried. Above all else, she wanted God's will -
- God's choice -- where a mate for her was concerned. Everywhere she went,
young men wanted to date her. This camp was no exception.

She bowed her head in silent but fervent prayer, trying to push Walter's
face to the back of her memory till the service was over, at least. In all things,
she wanted Christ to have the pre-eminence. Too, she knew that if she
honored God He would honor her, in accordance with His Word. So she
prayed silently for a mighty outpouring of God's Spirit in the service and for a
special anointing upon the preacher, and soon she was lost completely in
prayer.

God heard and answered the fervent prayer: the long camp altar was
lined from one end to the other with souls. Kendra wept and praised the Lord,
praying around the altar until the last soul pushed through to clear victory and
went shouting out of the tabernacle.

She walked from the tabernacle to the sidewalk outside when a
pleasant baritone voice said, "How about a sandwich, Kendra? They serve
some of the best up at the lunch stand."

together they walked to the large, well-lighted, airy and clean lunch room.

There was something different about Walter Smithson; something nice
-- different -- she felt no restraint whatever; no checks of the gentle Spirit to
beware or stay away from Walt. Still, she wanted to be sure that everything
she did was with the Lord's approval. A lifetime lived with the wrong mate
could be nothing other than disastrous and remorse filled. Wasn't her dear
friend Heather experiencing this at this very moment! she thought, recalling
Heather's hasty and self-willed decision.

Her heart ached for her friend, but she knew there was nothing she
could do to reverse Heather's lot; not since she was married: marriage was a
life-long commitment-contract, a "till-death-do-us-part" commitment.

Walt led her to a table for two, away from the hustling, bustling counter
where people were ordering food and visiting and fellowshipping with each
other.
They visited while they ate, learning more about each other and laughing together like old friends. Kendra felt comfortable and relaxed around Walter. There was a transparency about him that she liked. Too, he was totally and completely unpretentious; he didn't try to make an impression upon her. She liked this.

They finished eating, then walked across the well-lighted grounds together, enjoying each other's company and discovering that they shared ever so many of the same likes and dislikes.

"I have one more year at college," Walt said, "then I'll graduate, God willing. The Lord called me to work for Him as a teacher, Kendra. The call was as clear as I've heard our minister say his call was to preach. There are so many needs for Christian teachers and Christian administrators and, truthfully, I'm getting anxious to enter this wide-open field. I have a feeling that someday, the Lord willing, I'll be working on a mission field somewhere. I'm seeking earnestly for God's will in a helpmeet for me. I think I've found her, but I must be sure. It's so important to marry the right one."

Kendra blushed. "I'm sure there are many wonderful young ladies in the Bible college, Walt. God will lead you to the right one, I'm sure," she said softly.

"There are ever so many lovely Christian ladies where I go, Kendra, but do you know what? Not a single one of those beautiful, lovely and talented young women has ever done to me what meeting you has done. Forgive me if I sound brash, and if that declaration has been a bit too premature; but God knows I've spoken the truth. I love you, Kendra, and God knows I speak the truth when I say that I feel you are the one for me.

"I feel like God has kept me from any serious dating all this time so that when you came to this camp I could tell you all I've just said and say it truthfully. Never have I told any lady that I loved her, other than my mother and grandmothers and my aunts and three sisters. But they don't count; they're relatives. If you will, I want you to pray about this, Kendra. Or do you think I am brash? Honestly and truthfully, I'm not. And frankly, I've surprised myself by all I've said to you. But it's the truth, every word of it, and I'll tell you again, I love you, Kendra. In my heart, I feel you are God's choice for me."

Tears swam in Kendra's eyes. Quickly, she brushed them away.
"Forgive me if I've offended you," Walt said kindly and apologetically. "I'm sorry."

"Oh, but you didn't offend me, Walt. Not at all," Kendra said, smiling up at the tall, clean-cut young man beside her. "It's just that . . . well . . . I'm overwhelmed. I . . . I feel the same way about you."

"Kendra!" Walt exclaimed in awe. "I've prayed so long and so openly for His leadership and now, all praise to His name, He has answered these many, many prayers by leading us together at this camp, you as the pianist and me as a representative for the Bible School in which I am a student and a member of the quartet. As you know, the only reason we have been here this long is because of our broken-down van and the subsequent delay in being able to get the part. Knowing that we'll be leaving for our next camp tomorrow, the Lord wining, spurred me on to tell you all I did. And, frankly, I see now that it was all in God's will and in accordance with His timing. Even the broken down van! Oh, Kendra, He is so good, so kind. We'll keep in touch with each other. . . ."

Kendra's summer, though busy and filled full with camp schedules, was one of the best she had ever experienced with spiritual blessings. Her love and devotion for the Lord increased and intensified more and more. She felt especially blessed and privileged to have a small part in the work of the Lord.

Summer ended and fall came on the scene with flamboyant color and splendor and Kendra started out in her revival meeting commitments. Walt went back to Bible School to finish his final year of schooling, keeping in touch with Kendra by way of letters and phone calls and, over the Christmas season paying a visit to her home, at which time they became engaged.

The late June wedding was both beautiful and sacred, with the presence of the Lord manifest through every part of the ceremony. Leaning on the arm of her husband, he escorted her to the car and, following the reception, he whisked her away, with the blessing of both sets of parents, to where he would be teaching in the fall. There he settled her in the neat two-bedroom house which the school provided for them. Then they left on a ten-day honeymoon.
Kendra could not help but compare her decision of leaving the choice of her mate with God to that of her dear friend, who rushed headlong into a biblically forbidden and deceitful-with-her-parents relationship with a sinner and an unbeliever. Nor, as the years came and went, could she help but shed bitter tears of sorrow and grief for her friend Heather, whose offspring were unchurched and who heard bickering and harsh words and arguing and strife, while Walt's and her three saw and heard only love manifested in their little world, where God was the center of everything and where church and revivals and camp meetings were as much a part of their lives as was playtime and work time.

More than once, while working or helping Walt with some school project, or when alone in quiet thought, Kendra bowed her head and gave thanks to God for holding her steady and for giving her the inner strength to leave all her decisions with God. She was happy beyond words. And why not? God was the All-wise Decision-maker and Mate-finder!