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MITZI'S DECISION
By Mrs. Paul E. King

"Oh Mitzi, it's beautiful. All that lace and the long train. I can't believe this is happening, though. Are you sure you're doing the right thing?" Glenna was in tears when she asked the question.

Mitzi donned the matching veil and stood admiring herself in the full-length mirror in the bedroom. Then she spun around quickly and faced her

best friend, asking suddenly, "You wouldn't be jealous of me, Glenna, would you? Of course, I'm doing the right thing. Thad and I knew we loved each other after our third date, so why have a long drawn-out engagement? I'll finish school, and since Thad's already graduated-two years ago, to be explicit -- and has a full-time job, we'll make it fine. We have that cozy apartment in the Thrones' lovely old house and, already, we have some of the furniture and the dishes in it. I can hardly wait until week after next. I'm so excited, Glenna. I want you to be excited for me, too. I don't like your negativism."

Rushing over to her long-time friend, Glenna threw her arms around her, saying, "I'm sorry, Mitzi. I haven't meant to be negative, nor, even, to sound that way. I know this is an exciting time for you. I know this; and it should be this way. Only. . . ."

"What? Only what, Glenna?"

"I . . . I hope you won't be sorry, Mitzi dear, and regret what you're doing -- later on. We're so young, you and I. And truly, I'm not jealous of you: the Holy Spirit removed every bit of this when He sanctified me wholly and filled me with His Divine Love. I . . . I'm scared for you, that's all."

"Poof! Away with your fears, Glenna. You sound like my mother. I told her she has nothing to worry about. Thad and I love each other. We'll manage and we'll have a great life together."

"I wish you'd have waited until after graduation; a year from now, Mitzi. It's going to be really hard on you, holding down your part-time job and finishing up your schooling too."

"What difference would it make, Glenna? I've been doing this for the past two years as it is. Personally, I think it will be easier than ever and lots more fun; after all, I'll be in my own place starting a beautiful life with the man I love. And you? You'll be graduating from Springbrook Christian School, dateless. You don't understand, Glenna. You can't understand because you've never been in love."

Glenna laughed. "I guess you've forgotten about Kenneth Allen Jones," she stated with a giggle.

Mitzi apologized, saying, "Forgive me, Glenna; I did forget. You really loved Ken, didn't you?"

"Thought I loved Ken, Mitzi. It seemed so real for a while. But the more I prayed about him and sought God's will about it, the more I realized Ken and I weren't meant for each other. And then I knew I didn't really love him. I guess I could say I was in love with love. It was as Mother so aptly and wisely told me, an awakening -- a going from young adulthood into a more mature and stable adulthood. And truthfully, Mitzi, since I'm a year older and have had plenty of time to think about what I thought was love, I see now that I'd have made one of the greatest and biggest mistakes of my life were Ken and I ever to have married."

"I'm sure glad I don't feel this way about Thad. I'm too excited to think about much else. And just think of it, within thirteen days I'll be Mrs. Thaddeus Walker. Now stop worrying about me, whether I'm doing the right thing, Glenna. I want my maid of honor to be every bit as excited for me as I am for myself. OK?"

Tearfully, Glenna said, "I'll try, Mitzi. It's a promise: I'll try."

All the way home, Glenna's thoughts troubled her. Living on the same street most of their lives, Mitzi and she had become close friends, playing with dolls and jump ropes and such when they were small, and having their mothers make identical dresses for them when they became young teens.

Until Mitzi met Thad, she had gone to church with Glenna and her parents. She had even given her heart to the Lord when she was less than fourteen. Things changed when she began dating Thad, however; she dropped out of church completely. Time after time Glenna had tried to persuade the dashing young Thad to bring Mitzi to church, telling him how wonderful it was to know and serve the Lord, only to be told that he was too busy for church.

Would the marriage survive the many storms of life without Christ at the center? she wondered, as she walked. It wouldn't be easy, she knew. No, it wouldn't be easy.

Mitzi was a lovely bride. Glenna had never seen her look more radiant or happy. The weather cooperated wondrously for the garden wedding. Everything seemed perfect.

Kissing Glenna before Thad and she left on their honeymoon, Mitzi said, "I feel like Cinderella, Glenna. I can't believe this is real. I'm so in love with Thad. I want you over for a meal when we get back. Our new living room furniture and bedroom suite are coming day after tomorrow. Mrs. Throne's going to have them place everything where I want it. Just think of it, Glenna, a brand new living room and bedroom suite, complete with end table, coffee table and lamps and an additional chair for the living room! Is it any wonder I feel like Cinderella?"

She laughed lightly as Thad whisked her up in his arms and dashed for the car which his best man drove up for him.

Week after week, Glenna heard nothing but praise and words of commendation from Mitzi about Thad and their marriage.

"I'm beside myself with happiness," she said one day as the two met in the grocery store. "Being married is wonderful. Sure, it isn't as easy getting my lessons done with all the cooking and cleaning and laundry. But I'm making passing grades and I'm sure I'll be graduating with my fellow classmates in June."

The weeks passed into months and Mitzi graduated with her class. Barely. But she did get her diploma. Glenna graduated too, as Valedictorian of Springbrook Christian School. She was seeing less and less of Mitzi, whose work schedule now kept her busy. Too busy.

"Oh, Glenna," she lamented one evening as their paths crossed inside the drug store, "I'm so exhausted that I feel I'm about to drop. Holding two jobs down is no easy thing, believe me."

"Two jobs!" Glenna exclaimed in shocked surprise. "Why two, Mitzi? One is plenty."

Mitzi sighed and leaned against a counter tiredly. Dark shadows were under her eyes, making her look haggard and much older than she was. "Debts, my friend," she answered. "Bills. Thad said I had to get another job to

help pay on all the new things we bought after we were married. We're even now still paying on our living room and bedroom furniture -- after three years! I guess we went overboard in thinking we had to have the best of everything, including the two cars. We don't want to lose what we have; so it's work, work, work. Two jobs for both of us. Honestly, Glenna, sometimes I wonder if it's worth it."

"I'm sorry, Mitzi. I mean it."

Sudden tears sprang to Mitzi's eyes. With their coming, it seemed to have opened Mitzi's mouth and loosed her tongue, as she said, "How I wish I could go back to that day I modeled my wedding gown for you, Glenna; when you asked me if I was doing the right thing. Oh, Glenna, Thad and I are cross with each other almost all the time anymore. He thinks I should have supper ready for him the minute he gets home, even though I haven't been home from my job for more than forty minutes. He gripes about the laundry not being done and the house not being as tidy as before. It's just one continuous gripe and complaint after another.

"I'm nearly done in from working two jobs, and when I get home I must start in with a third job-cleaning and cooking and washing and ironing. Oh, Glenna, sometimes I feel I don't even love Thad. I feel like a slave. He's hateful and mean to me. I wish I could go back to that day: I promise you, I'd not marry as young as I did. I never thought things would be this way. For life is a long, long time when one's marriage turns sour and bitter, like ours is doing."

"You left the most important Person out of your marriage, Mitzi dear," Glenna said softly. "Without Jesus in one's heart and at the center of things, anything can happen. Give God a chance to help you.

Come back to Him, Mitzi. He knows how to put broken pieces together again and how to heal broken and hurting hearts. He wants to heal your marriage. Only He can do it, you know."

"Thad has no time for spiritual things. I mentioned this to him some time ago, telling him that I feared for our marriage unless we asked the Lord to change our hearts and to help us. He laughed in my face and said we could handle our own affairs, that we didn't need God's help. Knowing Thad like I do, he meant it, Glenna. Oh, if only I could go back, I'd still be single. Like

you. Sorry to have unloaded on you, but it got rid of some of the pressure and I feel better. Well, I must run or I'll be late for work. I love you."

"I love you, too, Mitzi, and, please, think about what I told you. Jesus is waiting to take you back into the fold. I'll be praying for you."

"Thanks, Glenna, I need it. I'm glad you weren't as foolish as I. See you. . . ."

Tearfully and prayerfully, Glenna left for home. To pray for her friend's marriage. And her soul's condition.