

A parable in blue jeans

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He was a simple man of few words. Those who didn't know him might call him shy. Then he met Christine. The man of few words became a man of fewer words, especially around her. But some how, they connected. After dating this special girl for months, he realized that he was head-over-heels in love. For last several weeks he had been trying to build up the courage to tell Christine that he loved her. But the words were not easy for him and they never seemed to come out right. Every time the opportunity came, he stumbled and stuttered. Not to say he didn't try. He rehearsed what he wanted to say to Christine over and over again, but to no avail. He had even practiced in front of a mirror. When an opportunity came to speak the words, however, the words stuck in his throat – and he choked. Maybe it was because he had watched too many movies and thought he needed to be moving in speech and romantic in presentation. Maybe it was just because he was trying too hard. Whatever the reason, he just could not get the words out.

Meanwhile, they continued going together. He recalled that Christine had mentioned that her car seemed to be running poorly, so he took her car to a service station and had the mechanic fix it. He didn't say much about it to her, but when he returned the car to her apartment she thanked him.

Christine had often mentioned that with her work schedule, she didn't have the time to visit her mother as often as she wanted. His work was a little slow, so he took an hour off for a short visit. Again, when they next met, he didn't say much, but Christine thanked him for what he had done. Little things like this continued to happen. Time went on and he could still not get the words out. He wanted to say that he loved her, but couldn't. Once again he mustered up the courage to invite Christine to a special dinner and try again. Christine noticed that he seemed to be unusually uncomfortable that evening. It seemed like something was on his mind, but nothing was happening.

Finally, biting his lower lip and clearing his throat, he tried to speak -- but Christine put her fingers to his lips, and told him, "Me first". Christine told him how much she appreciated all that he had done and all he was in her life. Christine then shared that she had wanted to tell him something for quite a while, but she had been afraid to. "You know," she continued, "All that you have done for me has touched me deeply. You have made me feel special. You have made me feel cared for. This must be what it feels like to be loved. I have known other men who said they loved me, but you are the only one who has cared and acted like this." Christine paused for a moment, and then continued, "Your actions have spoken love so much more eloquently than anything I have ever heard or anything I could ever say. I love you, too."

"They will know we are Christians by our love, by our love. Yes, they will know we are Christians by our love."