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FOR RENT: Werschem Community Room at the Fruitport District Library for private family events. For more information, contact Rose Dillon at the Fruitport Township Hall, or call 865-3151.

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Gone forever
By a Fruitport resident

I was born to a working dad
We never had that much
We always had food and clothes
Necessities and such.
We had a few toys
And places we could play
Summers seemed like they'd never go away.
I graduated from school
And moved out on my own
I found out what it was like
To work my fingers to the bone
But it was all OK
I was able to have fun
But it seems like my work is never done
I met you. We got married.
I was happy to the core
I thought that our love
Would last forevermore
You were so sweet
You knew how to melt my heart
But the beginning of the end began to start
I found out you were cheating
With another man
It happened time and time again
I didn't know how much I could stand
We all make mistakes
You know that that's a fact
Perhaps a few good deeds could erase the act
Eventually we broke up
I couldn't take no more
It was the hardest thing I ever did
My heart is now all sore
We were both so happy
From the bottom of our heart
But you went ahead and tore it all apart
The good deeds couldn't erase the acts
Of infidelity
I opened up my eyes
And it was clear to me
The only thing left to do
Was move out on my own
I now have a house, but not a home
I tried to move ahead
And leave it all behind
But it is so hard to do
You are always on my mind
I was so happy
I thought our love would never end
Now all I can do is just pretend
Every day I wake up
Hoping the new day will bring a change
But every night I go to bed
Everything is still the same
I just sit here staring
Teardrops falling on the floor
Knowing that you're gone forevermore. •

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SEEDS FROM THE SOWER
Michael A. Guido, D.D.
Metter, Georgia

Lord Garvagh, running as a liberal candidate in 1832, was greeted with such indifference by the British electorate, that he became the first person to poll no votes in a general election. But there's another person who deserves no votes – the devil. The Lord's voting for you, and the devil's voting for you. You must take sides. Pilate raised a question that must be answered by every person: "What shall I do with Jesus?" The choice lies between eternal delight and eternal despair, the Lord and the devil. To reject the Lord is to vote for the devil. You will receive the Lord, won't you?

Visit us at: www.TheSower.com

Wild about Harry
By Eric Wiggin

"What can I do with Harry?" Roxanne sounded desperate, and her worry about the father of her children caught my attention. I had been Roxy's adult Sunday school teacher, and since the church was between pastors, Roxy, a pretty, personable bank teller, had phoned me for advice.

"What's going on with Harry?" I'd met Harry, and though he seldom attended church, he seemed like a pretty decent guy. He held a steady job as a machinist in a small manufacturing plant.

"We've been divorced three years."
"Oh?" this was a surprise. Harry and Roxy still shared a neat, well-kept home with their two kids.

"I'm concerned about Junior," she said. And she ought to have been. Harry, Jr. adored his daddy. "He worships his father's shadow — I'm afraid he'll follow his footsteps. There was hurt in her voice as Roxy told me how Harry, Sr. came home every evening and plopped in front of the TV. Here he ate supper, drank a six-pack of beer, and fell asleep in his recliner for the night.

"So" ... I fished for a way to put things delicately, but I finally spoke plainly ... you're not sleeping together?"

"Not since the divorce."
"But he still lives there?"
"We own the house together. He still gives me his paycheck, like when we were married."

"Tell me about the divorce," I said. I could see this problem was bigger than simply having an inebriated man sleeping in her living room. "Adultery?"

"No." Roxanne was emphatic. "No other woman."
"Beat you? Did you fight?"

She began to spill the details of their unhappy life together, and she wished for someone to just bend an ear. But I don't operate that way. If I'm asked for advice about someone's personal problems — childrearing or marriage — I let them talk, but I then offer a nugget of truth. Maybe several nuggets. I'd rather that Harry, instead of Roxy, had phoned me, but I decided to go with the partner willing to talk. The couple had grown apart over the years. They seldom fought, but they seldom talked. They stopped sleeping together.

Then came her zinger: "I filed for divorce because of Harry's beer-drinking." Drinking, she said, was a deal-breaker with her. Somehow this nullified their marriage covenant. Currently, the woman petitions for divorce in 65 percent of cases. Dissatisfaction with her man is the usual reason. I was raised to believe beer is grease on the skids to hell. But I know many beer drinkers, most of them nice people. I've learned that sins like gossip, slander, dishonesty and shunning the one God gave you to love are far worse. Jesus said as much, as did Paul and Moses. "Love thy neighbor" hits very close to home.

And I told her this. "Tell you what — try this. Send the kids to spend the evening with their grandparents, and cook Harry's favorite meal. Take a hot bath and put on your sheenest negligee. Put clean sheets on the bed. Before he can plop in front of the TV get him into the tub and scrub his back." Shocked at my own brashness, I plunged ahead. "I think you know what a tired, hungry man wants most, Roxy, and I'm sure you know how to deliver it."

I had Roxy's attention, and we talked some more — about remarrying before she followed through on my frank suggestion; about church attendance with Harry, her relationship with God, and family devotions. Especially about Junior, who was likely to grow up angry at his mother unless she and Harry, Sr. reconciled.

I believe this situation is typical of thousands of marriages, even among many couples who consider themselves Christian. Quite a few right here in Fruitport, I'm sure.

Several things the Roxys and Harrys reading this should take to heart: Divorce is the curse that's ruining families and America. It's the main cause of the sexual promiscuity and increasing poverty running rampant in our nation. This assessment isn't politically correct in an era that values a libertarian model for postmodern women, but it's the ugly truth.

If you divorce, unless God intervenes, your children will reject your values, your church, your religious beliefs, your morals; they may turn to drugs, prescribed sedatives, binge drinking or drop out of college. Anorexia, and in extreme cases, suicide are part of his picture. Boys of divorced mothers typically take out their anger toward Mom by seducing a series of girls. Girls, desperate for Daddy, will let these same young men into their beds as a means of getting needed masculine attention. Both will call this "love."

Wives are called by God to respect their husbands. Not merely to love them. Not respect him only if he earns it. That's the devil's lie. He is to be respected, God says, because he is your husband. Even if he drinks beer or manifests other immature habits (see Ephesians 5:33).

Husbands are called by God to love their wives. To love her even when she nags and burns the beans or doesn't keep the house clean. To love her when she whines about that boat, ATV or snowmobile you just bought on credit. Come to think of it, it's your responsibility to protect her from your tendency to put yourself first in the use of your cash — or credit cards. That is love.

Buy her roses, and remember the adage that "a woman must have chocolate." Take her to church. Oh, yes, *rapture her with roses*. Some women will melt and run all over the floor when given a bouquet of roses (see Ephesians 5:33). •