

Breezing through some old posts today from nearly six years ago, and came across this interesting little anecdote. I'd forgotten I had written about it. A funny personal story about something that actually became important for me.

My first serious girlfriend was Lynn, whom I met when we were starting our sophomore year in high school. She was funny, personable, attractive, intelligent, and Jewish. I'm not sure I had ever known a Jewish person before her.

I don't recall that we ever talked about religion, and looking back I suppose it's a bit surprising. She and her family certainly weren't observant Jews and my uninformed sense is that they were completely secular. I don't know if they went to synagogue or kept any of the holidays, but I kind-a doubt it. In any event, at that point in my life religion wasn't really my main concern when it came to a girlfriend.

We were a hot item for months, and then at the end of my sophomore year, disaster struck. Her mom got a new job in Topeka, which was only about 20 miles away but seemed like light years. I got along great with her mom, but she (the mom) was quite firm that with the move, it would make better sense for us not still to be "going together," as we used to do in those days. So that was that.

We kept in touch over the course of high school, though. And the big thing that happened to me the next Fall was that I started going to a Youth for Christ club (called "Campus Life") that met once a week at someone's house. It was always a social event with a devotional talk at the end. And pretty soon I was getting mesmerized by the religious aspects of the meeting. I learned that even if you thought you were a Christian but had never asked Jesus into your heart, you weren't really. It didn't matter if you ...

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