

## Meeting the Truth Teller

Desi lived in a big city. She decided to go to college in a small town where the school was about the only thing there. She was quite unattached and acted as though she would be single forever. You see, Desi didn't like men. Several important men in her life had hurt her sexually, and she had promised herself that she would never be hurt by a man again. What Desi liked was her credit cards and the things she was now free to have in her life by using them.

But, the moment she stepped on to the campus of the college, she heard about a man who was supposed to be the greatest guy in the world. She ignored the talk. Certainly, she figured no man was that great; and if one was, he would never want to have anything to do with her. After all, she was used merchandise.

Weeks went by and still everywhere she went she heard about this guy - in the laundry mat, in grocery stores, and especially among the girls on campus. After several months she finally told the girls, "Your problem is that you so seldom see any good-looking guys in this hick town that you go bananas when you do see one!" The talk, however, went on and on.

After about 6 months, Desi was studying for exams when the phone rang. She picked it up, and guess who was on the other end? No, it wasn't the guy. It was his father.

He said "Desi?"

"Yes, this is Desi."

He told her who he was and she recognized him as the father of the guy her girlfriends were always talking about.

"I've heard a lot about your son," she told him.

"I trust it was good."

"Oh, yes. As a matter of fact it was too good. I don't think anyone could be quite as great a person as who people say your son is." Desi laughed sarcastically.

"Well, the reason I called is to give you the opportunity to be the wife of my son."

"What? Oh, no you don't. I would never marry someone I haven't met!" Desi threw back.

"I can understand that. He'll be over to pick you up for a date at 7:30."

"Well, I can't be ready that soon."

"I'm sorry, but you must be ready at 7:30. He'll be there then."

When Desi hung up the phone, she called her girlfriends to tell them what had happened.

The son came right at 7:30 and he and Desi went out on their date. Desi came home so dumbfounded that she just lay across the bed and cried.

“How could anyone be so amazing?” she asked herself. “He was ten times greater than anyone told me. I thought for sure he would be a let-down, but he was like no one I’ve ever known. If only I wasn’t so used and dirty. Maybe he doesn’t have to know about my past... I’ll just not tell him,” she decided. And she didn’t.

They continued to date until one day he popped the big question, “Desi, will you marry me?”

“Oh, yes! Yes! Yes!” was her answer.

Once Desi had made her decision not to disclose her past, she hadn’t let herself think about it. But now that she had accepted the proposal, it was all she could think about. The guilt and shame led her to start arguments with the man she loved. She knew that he knew something was wrong, but she couldn’t bring herself to be honest with him.

Finally the day she had dreaded ever since she accepted his proposal came. “We have to talk, Desi. You’re shutting me out of your life.” And Desi knew as she looked at the pain in his eyes that she would have to tell him the truth.

“I’m not the nice, good person you think I am. I’m really dirty and ...”

“Are you talking about the times you were sexually abused?” her fiancé interrupted her.

“You know about that?” The shock was evident in Desi’s voice.

“I’ve know about it since before my father called you about our first date. I’ve just been waiting for you to trust me enough to let me heal your wounds with my love.”

“You mean you still want to marry me?” Desi couldn’t believe her ears.

“I’m here, aren’t I? I’d never hold what was done to you against you. That wasn’t your fault, and I want to help you learn to believe that.”

Desi went to bed that night feeling on top of the world. He knew, and he didn’t blame her! But the next morning Desi remembered something else. Her fiancé didn’t blame her for what had been done to her, but what about the debts she had run up. She had done that all by herself.

You see, when Desi left home she had been so excited to be on her own with her own credit cards that she had acquired a lot of debt. She had bought a new Jaguar for

\$135,000 and still owed a large balance. She had also bought \$15,000 worth of furniture for her college apartment and had been a little excessive in buying new school clothes. [Au: How's that sound? You might bring up early in the chapter the fact that Desi liked credit cards and her new freedom; that could help build it up.]

Desi just couldn't drag all that debt into her marriage. She couldn't even bear the thought of telling her fiancé about it. She decided to go to each place she owed money and work out a plan, even if it meant giving back what she had bought.

She went to the Jaguar dealership office and told them that she was marrying a wonderful man and couldn't drag her debt into their marriage. She said, "I'm ready to give up the car. What else can I do? This man is just too great for me to burden him with my debts."

The dealership credit manager said, "Hasn't anyone informed you?"

"Informed me of what?"

"Well, just a little while ago, a man was here and paid your debt in full."

"What? You mean...?"

"Yea, it's all paid for."

Desi staggered out of the office, then ran back in. "What did he look like?"

"He had dark, wavy hair and dark brown eyes and a very nice smile."

"That's him! That's the man I'm marrying."

Desi was confused. She drove her Jaguar to the business office of the department store where she had bought her furniture and clothes. She went in and explained her situation and asked, "What can I work out with you?"

The office manager looked at her in surprise. "You don't owe us any money. Just a few minutes ago a man came in and paid the entire debt. I don't know how you missed him"

Almost cautiously Desi asked, "What did he look like?"

He had dark hair and eyes and a smile like..."

"That's him. That's the man I'm marrying. Oh, wow!"

On the way to her apartment, Desi began to cry. She cried because she felt so unworthy, and yet so special for being the bride-to-be of such a man.

When she got home, she ran into the house and called him on the phone.

"I don't know how to thank you. Everywhere I went today you had been there already. You knew about all my debts and paid every one of them for me. Thank you so much."

"Oh, you're welcome," he said. "Are you going to be free tonight?"

She said she would be.

"Good. I'll be over at seven."

The relationship continued until the wedding day was drawing near. Desi decided to go to Fifth Avenue in New York to buy the gown of the decade for her big day. She had the money now to buy the one she had always wanted...one with the gorgeous lace and a ten-foot train. She went to the cashier and said, "I want to purchase that gown over there."

The cashier looked at her. "You can't buy that gown. Just before you came in a man came by and said, 'Anything my bride wants to make our marriage the best, you give it to her.' Your wedding gown is already paid for. This must be some man you're marrying."

"Oh, he is. I wish you could really get to know him. He is wonderful!"

The wedding day came, and they were married. And what a marriage it was! Desi's entire motivation was the love of a thankful woman for a wonderful husband. She had only one desire: never to hurt him in any way, just to love him. Of course at times she did hurt him, but he never stopped loving her. She felt bad about some of the things she did, but he always forgave her.

[break]

Can you imagine someone loving you with that kind of love? Well, God does. He knows all about what's been done to you, and what you've done to yourself and others. And he still loves you.

As you might have guessed, Desi's story is a parable. I tell it to illustrate God's love for you. As a matter of fact, God created you because he wanted to share his love with you. He became a man so that you could know that he understands you. He died for you so that you don't have to pay for your own sins. He rose from the dead so that you can be his bride and live forever with him. He paid all your debts, and he's even gone ahead of you and arranged for all sorts of wonderful blessings that are yours for the taking just because he loves you.

And what does God want from you in exchange for taking all your sins and showering you with the blessings that come with being a member of his family and taking you to heaven to live forever in his love when you leave this earth? He wants you choose to join his family. To choose to let him be your heavenly father. To choose to agree to let him be in charge of how you think and act from now on. To choose to believe the

truth—about who he is, who you are to him and what who you are to him means for you

And while breaking free of your past is a journey and healing is a process, joining God's family is an event...like being born. But it doesn't take nine months like your physical birth did. Just a short trip on what's known as the Roman Road (It's called that because it's taken from Romans 10:9,10 in the Bible.) and you're ready to be born again. If you're interested in checking it out, close down this link and click [Joining the Truth Teller's Family](#).