

SECURITY

By Steve Stutzman

She walked into my office like she owned the world... not cocky, just very confident and self assured. She was young, I thought- too young to be selling TV ads for the top station in the state. Usually advertisers had to work their way up from Yellow Pages thru Newspaper to Radio, etc. But not her. She was already at the top of her game.

We bought some ads from the station. In the process, there were several encounters with the sales lady. One such encounter happened when my wife was running the sales desk.

They talked together, and connected, I suppose, in a way I did not as the business owner, and a man. After some time, the conversation turned personal. It got interrupted, occasionally by customers, or one of my little dippers toddling around the premises. But eventually the questions came blurting out.

Who are you? What do you believe anyway? Why are you so happy? What is that thing on your head? My wife laughed.... and you have to understand, that laugh is pure music. She explained salvation, and God, and Christ. She spoke of our relationship, of God's order, of the security she found in it, and how God's ways work.

Then after a moments distraction, she turns to see the lady is gone. Looking through the window toward the parking lot, she saw the car, still sitting there. The lady did not return, so my wife went on a concerned hunt for her.

She found the girl crumpled down against the office wall, around the back of the building. The confidence had fled, the self-assurance was running out of her eyes and streaking the careful make-up. My wife, horrified, tried in vain to remember what she had said that wounded this lady so deeply. It took just a little for her to compose herself enough to reply.

"They told me, I am in charge of my own life. They said to never depend on anyone else, to look out for #1, " she sniffled. " I did. I did it all. I got A's in school, and graduated College at the top of my class. I got who I wanted, and what I wanted. I landed a top position sales job, right out of school. I have money to blow, a new car, my own house and a live in boy-friend. I have it all- but you..." and she burst into tears again. When she composed herself, she went on. "But you have EVERYTHING I WANT." More tears. I knew right away when I heard the story. I knew she wasn't talking about me, even back then I wasn't that hot. And she wasn't even talking about my little girls, even tho they could melt a statue with their eyes. She wasn't even referring to anything that could be seen. But way down inside, something awakened in her that day.... something that cried out, a hunger and a desire that all women feel in their deepest heart of hearts. She was dying to feel secure.

Her heart was longing to be loved.... truly loved. To be cared for and protected, to be given not only what it wanted, but what it needed that it could not even understand. To cast off the heavy yoke of day to day cares in the battle of the work scene, and be a little care-free girl again, full of joy, with laughter that sounded like music. And to feel the security of someone who cared enough to say NO.

I don't know what became of her. I have sometimes wondered. What could she do, after she realized the system had lied to her and trapped her in a scenario of having everything, yet being completely devoid inside.

Young Bride, what you are about to throw your life down for, is that feeling of security. Teen girl, this is what you are actually seeking. Satan promises it to you in the next txt, or the next friend, or new make-up, or designer jeans, or hair-do, or sport..... but you will never find it there. Cheated wife, this is what makes the situation so painful: the security has been stolen from your grasp.

Fathers, this is what drives or leads the girls in your care, from the 1 month old, to the 80 year old girl on the rocker. They want to feel secure. Those little girls on the floor with their big eyes, they need to be held, and talked to gently. Those school-age girls need to have attention that lets them feel like someone cares. Those teens need to have their dads approval, and affection, and feel his big arms giving them a hug once in awhile. They NEED it, like a flower needs sun, like a bee needs nectar, like a sunset needs an outline of golden glow.

Dads, don't starve them. Satan is already holding out his 'apples' with a 'yea hath God said' smirk on his face. Feed your little girls need to feel secure, and the evil plans will lose their allure.

Wounded, starving girl-hearts..... Jesus is the answer. He alone can truly fill the desire for security, that was left cold and bare by an absent daddy. He has oil for your wounds, payment for your sins, healing for your pain, help for your hopelessness and value for your shame.

I know not everyone reading this is in the same place in life. I realize that for some, the pain is too deep.... and for others, the whole thing clangs like a gong, and you feel nothing. It's just buried too deep. But somewhere down there, somewhere, beats the heart of a little girl that just want to feel safe.

And it is for that girl that I fight.

Steve Stutzman

PS... if the images of a girl being loved on by her daddy bring up any kind of ugly feelings, please get help. It is not natural, and you can be set free.