



I write an article for the local paper, and so this week I wrote about Lois.
Steve August 31, 2011

Remembering Lois

I got notice this week that Lois had died. My high school classmates are passing away at an all too fast a pace. I had not talked to Lois in ages, and quite frankly, had not thought of her for a while. But the notice of her sudden death took me back to junior high days.

You see, Lois and I went “steady” for about two hours. I was the shyest kid on the block, especially around girls. I had three brothers, and all we talked about was sports. I knew more about touchdowns and fastballs than girls, and as far as I was concerned, it could stay that way forever.

And then along came Lois. She was blonde and beautiful, and one look at her, and I forgot about sports. And apparently she was fond of me. Maybe she liked my elbows and Adam’s apple (it looked like I had swallowed a text book), because that’s all I was. Or maybe she liked my thick, Coke bottle glasses, that reminded her of Clark Kent, aka, Superman. Or could it be that Lois liked boys who liked sports? I held out hope for all the above. All I knew is that she had a “hankerin’” for me.

And how did I know such a wondrous thing? Because her best friend, whom I had in fourth period, told me that Lois wanted to go steady with me. “Me?” I swallowed hard with that Adam’s apple, and stuttered and stammered a “yes.” Wow, I was going steady with Lois! Mind you, I had not yet seen Lois or talked to Lois; we had only communicated this commitment through her emissary.

Well, I then had a couple of periods to ponder what I had done. Would I actually have to carry on a conversation with her? This was uncharted territory. Would I have to kiss her? Yuck!! What would be next, no more sports? Marriage? Kids? This was too much for me. I wanted out!!

So, when sixth period rolled around, I had that same friend of Lois in that class. I emphatically told her: "I want to break up with Lois." And thus ended one of the shortest romances in history. No lawyer needed. No dividing up the property. No swapping weekends with the kids. Short and simple. "You tell Lois it is over."

Commitment was a scary thing for a little kid with pimples and Coke bottle glasses. Well, now the glasses have been replaced by contacts (then Lasik), the pimples have been long gone, and the shyness has been conquered. And commitments are no longer scary; I've made plenty of them since my two hour romance with Lois.

I've made commitments to my wife, to our kids, to our church, to community organizations and to Christ. And I don't stutter and stammer when I make them. And I don't swallow my Adam's apple hard when I do. Commitment is what makes life go.

Following Christ is all about making a commitment. "Follow me," Jesus said to those first followers. Marriage is the same: "I do." A few simple words carry within them the power to change a life. I don't regret any of the commitments I have made.

And by the way, Lois' obituary said that she and her husband of many years had two kids. It also said that she taught the "special needs" Sunday school class at her church. I guess she learned a thing or two about commitment as well.