

*Sheryl is in her forties. She is addicted to chocolate.*

Sheryl:

I've gotta have my romance fix, I mean, I've just gotta. I'm glad the pastor knows how to keep secrets because otherwise he could tell everyone how I once drove to his house at 2am because I just had to read the next book in this series by Beverly Whats-her-name. I woke him up by ringing his doorbell about four times and asked if I could borrow the church key so I could get into the library. It was worth it. I stayed up all night and was late to work the next day but I didn't care because they found the money to pay for the operation and she lived! Well you don't know why that's important but nevermind, it is.

I know I should be embarrassed but I'm just not. Those books are so good. And there's just something about the west, it's just so romantic. I mean I'm sure living in a cabin in Wyoming territory isn't nearly as nice as it sounds in those novels, but it seems so much simpler. And so pretty, with all the trees and the mountains and women in long dresses. Goodness knows what they did in the heat, or how they kept clean, let alone what they had to eat or where they went to the bathroom, but that doesn't matter when you're reading a book.

I need a little romance in my life. I was married for about five years but that didn't last. I guess I just don't know how to pick men. Oh I know those stories are fantasies and all, but the idea must come from somewhere. Some couples make it. Everyone wants to be in love don't they? Doesn't everyone say it's the greatest thing on earth? Oh I know we're supposed to love God and all that, and I do, but where's the excitement? Where's the romance? God isn't supposed to be romantic and church sure isn't supposed to be sexy. But that's what everyone wants to see. If they didn't then no one would watch Television.

So I try to follow the rules about purity and all that, but it's hard to want to be sanctified when romance just sounds like more fun. I guess God wants us to do without. But does He? I mean, he made marriage and all that. If church felt as good as romance, everyone would come. I know it's supposed to mean more, but I'm not quite sure how to want that. All I know is that when two people have this understanding, they look at each other and seem to know what the other is thinking, they sit in the same room, and it can be anywhere—a park bench or a waiting room or their living room, and as long as they're together life is complete. Everything is right when they're together. That's what I want, to feel complete. Don't you?