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“You are surprised that the world is losing its grip? That the world is grown old and full of pressing tribulations? Do not hold on to the old man, the world; do not refuse to regain your youth in Christ, who says to you, Do not fear, thy youth shall be renewed as an eagle.”

St. Augustine

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## **Post Script: Take The High Road to Glory**

For the last few days I have been absolutely, out-of-my-mind silly. I have chased children around and around the house to tickle their knees. I have jumped from one silly accent to another in portraying the various and assorted kinds of “Mommies” that live at our house. My children say that I am “weird” but it’s not true; I am a multiple personality. I say to them, “Think of how boring it would be to

only have one mommie--you have a dozen or so all rolled into one.”

In truth, the reason that I am bouncing off the walls is because I am immensely happy. After years and years and years of reading and thinking, and writing and rewriting, and missing out on the abundance of life going on around me, I am gloriously happy to be finished with this writing project. Actually, I am not finished; I am spent. More could be said, and maybe one day. . .but not now.

Second to mothering, writing this book has been the most difficult task of my life, but for some reason--probably my German

stubbornness--I have stuck it out. However, whenever we say, "yes" to any task, we are also saying "no" to others. My whole soul seems now anxious to be released to do the "others."

A couple of days ago, while constructing a duck cage to keep the ducks off the patio and out of the garden, our daughter, Jessica said, "Isn't this fun, Mommie? If you weren't doing this you would probably just be working on your book or something boring like that."

While my heart is happy, my mothering instinct still worries: did I say enough? Will the reader understand? Have I stirred up more questions than I have answered? Will those caught in masquerades find their way out? Will those who have given in to the mystique of the dark side--like Stephen--find their way out? Did I make it clear that sexual intimacy is the most wonderful, glorious experience within the bonds of a loving marriage?

Like a mom worried over her babes, I worry for you. But it is time to part. What is unsaid must be left unsaid. I wish that there were time for you and I to sit on the porch in the warm sun and just talk things over. I'd like to leave just a few thoughts before we part.

### **To the unmarried:**

Don't sit around and wait to be in love, create a circle of love for yourself and your loved one by staying spiritually strong. I have this idea that we need to create our own heavens before God will ever accept us into His. There is nothing sweeter, on earth or in eternity, than having "the force" with us.

Surround yourself with friends who are part of the "honor society" of virtue. Share in wholesome activities and adventures. There are so many who are lonely and unloved; reach out to them.

Discover the exciting world of human treasures--people who are waiting for someone to come along and simply care to listen. Volunteer at the local hospital or elementary school. Share great movies together that portray love relationships of honor. You'll need all the help you can get to climb up and away from our sex-saturated society.

Invest in good, uplifting music, art, literature and movies. Reseed your mind with truth, wisdom, higher ideals, etc. Stay in school, and continue your education. Travel, if you possibly can, and discover God's wonderful children all over the world. Collect books that will become like friends, ever there to teach, to uplift, and to guide. If you cannot afford to buy, then borrow from the local library. Be adventurous: hike the beautiful mountains, swim in cold lakes, learn country dancing, chess, anything! Have fun adventuring.

Usually, we get caught into the negative because there are not enough positives in our lives. Seize every day! Capture a mission that will lift your sights high, and that will "add a measure of grace to the world." We cannot change the world, but we can make a change in our own hearts, our own families, and our own communities. Find a cause or launch your own.

Most of all, remember who you are; you are a child of God. What a tragedy to miss out on the soaring of the human soul because we have been convinced we're nothing more than "chickens" destined to spend our lives pecking out a living and "grabbing all the gusto we can." When we do not see the greater view, we settle for less. We are not simply animals with a more advanced computer. We are not slaves to appetites and passions unless we surrender to them. We have a divine purpose and destiny that extends beyond our mortal view.

When I began this writing project, I felt small and puny compared to the forces advocating the other side of the argument. It all seemed so hopeless. I recall distinctly one day, feeling this discouragement, wondering how what I had to say could possibly make a difference and how any of the children could escape from falling for the propaganda for sport sex. I cried out in my heart, "But how can the youth not get swept up in the sex craze? It's everywhere, and they are so young." The sweet impression came into my mind, "Where is your faith? They are children of light. They can tell the difference between light and darkness." You are children of light! Rise up and fly!

You may have already taken the first step--to want to be one of the stars to restore the forgotten virtue. I want to congratulate you! I have heard it said, "You'll never have a better opportunity to be a bigger hero than in this generation, because there are so few willing to do anything." Few are willing to pay the price to love "pure and chaste from afar," but if you are one of the few--the precious few--I promise you the greatest adventure of your life, and probably the greatest challenge.

In the beginning you will feel very lonely; few take the road less traveled. You may feel like you are fighting against a tidal wave, and that is just exactly what you will be doing. You will feel it even more every time you listen to the radio, watch television or go to a movie; honorable sex is rarely profitable. You will likely be surrounded by people who don't understand. They will say, "What? You're waiting until what? Are you serious? Why would you ever do that?"

Remember when Aldonza, shocked to meet a man without hidden motives, asked the Man of La Mancha, "Why do you do these things?"

He answered simply, "I hope to add a measure of grace to the world." Women of the nineties are like Aldonza; they're not used to men who love with honor. They don't know whether to be complimented or insulted by a man who won't jump into bed with them. A good man is hard to find, and with so few good men around, it takes time to trust the few. On the other hand, men who have known only women who surrendered too easily, or seduced too quickly might think that you--a woman of integrity--are strange, maybe even a prude.

Few will understand, but those few who do will bond together in respect and maybe later in romance. It is only natural. Men who have restored moral virtue in their own lives will search for women with the same values; women who have virtue will do the same. Those who choose to take the road less traveled won't be alone for long; there are others--however few. Maybe it will take more than one generation to see the restoration of virtue in our society. Maybe you won't ever be really understood until one day your grandchildren will say, "My grandmother (or my grandfather) lived during that dark period in America that they called the Sexual Revolution, but he/she stood against it and gave us children the legacy of loving honorably. I am so grateful."

My heart is with you, and I want you to know that whatever the price, the wealth of loving with honor is worth it. Even if no one ever understands, you will.

One of my favorite movies is "Man of La Mancha." As I have mentioned, it is the story about a man in his fifties who reads and despairs over the cruelty of life. Then in his blackest hour he makes a decision that changes everything for him. He decides not to look upon life as it is, but as it should be. In one scene he and his chubby

sidekick, Sancho, are riding horseback on a desolate and deserted road. Quixote asks, "Well, Sancho--how dost thou like adventuring?"

Sancho answers, "Oh, marvelous, Your Grace. But it's peculiar--to me this great highway to glory looks exactly like the road to El Toboso where you can buy chickens cheap."

Quixote replies that like beauty, "tis all in the eyes of the beholder." As we travel through life we can either decide that it's a highway to glory, or merely a road "where you can buy chickens cheap." Take the HIGH way to the wealth of loving with honor, and you will always be on the road to glory!