

Let's start this year *together*.

I appreciate that, God. I truly do.

But . . .

But—well, You know. Sometimes it helps to have *people*. I'm still gonna feel all alone.

But you've already mentioned Heather and Natasha.

Well, yeah.

They're people.

Yeah.

And they're good friends of yours.

I know, but still . . .

That's not enough?

Right. Because, well, You know. They're girls.

Ah.

Father, it seems like everyone has a boyfriend except me. I really want a guy this year!

Why is that so important to you?

Because I want to be like everyone else. I mean—wait a sec. I didn't mean . . .

I think you did. My child.

Well, all right. But I didn't mean to sound so shallow. Like the only reason I want a boyfriend is just to be like everybody else at school. You know what? I absolutely adore honesty. And you're being honest with Me. Yes, there's a large part of you that *does* want a boyfriend for all the wrong reasons. But your reasons aren't totally out in left field.

Whaddya mean?

Everyone wants to feel included—a part of something. That's not necessarily bad. It's totally okay to yearn for acceptance. In fact, I created you that way—to belong and to be connected to other people.

Yeah! So are we gonna get me a guy?

BUT—to have a boyfriend simply to have a boyfriend is using someone for your own personal satisfaction.

Well . . .

Relationships are meant to be cherished. As you know, I place high value on people. I watched my Son die for them, remember?

I remember. And I'm grateful. I don't ever want to take His death for granted. But aren't we getting a little off the subject here? All I'm asking for is a boyfriend.

No. You're really asking for a lot more. You want to fit in—to be like everyone else—which again, isn't necessarily wrong. But how you go about it can *make* it wrong. And you're asking for a boyfriend as if he's a "thing," like the latest fad bracelet or the newest pair of athletic shoes. You're expecting that having a boyfriend will make you feel complete.

Finally! Now we're on the same track.

I don't think so. My child.

But You just said a boyfriend will make me complete!

No. I said that's what you're *thinking*.

Yeah! So let's get on with it. I really don't care what color his hair is . . .

No. My child. You're not listening.

Sure I am. We're talking about my guy here.

No. We're talking about *you*.

God, we are sooo not on the same page. I totally don't get where you're headed.

I'm headed into you. I am so in love with you, you'll never fully be able to comprehend it.

Yeah, but what's that got to do with me getting a boyfriend?

Everything. You see, My child, another person will never make you complete. No human being in the whole world can ever make you whole.

Well, I don't know about that. Eric Padescio comes pretty close!

Your fulfillment—your wholeness—can only be found in a solid, intimate, growing relationship with your Creator.

Wait a sec. Are You talking about *You*?