Looks

She: At first there was the glance.

He: I saw her in a crowded room,

She: through the noise and the obstacles

He: I saw her.

She: I was suspended in time,

He: weightless.

She: It was back when we both were skinny,

He: motionless.

She: He said he was frozen by my beauty.

He: Or maybe the air conditioning was up too high.

She: There I was.

He: And there I was.

Both: We were both there,

He: together,

She: and yet we knew not each other.

He: We were void of name and telephone number.

She: We were strangers.

He: I glanced.

She: And I glanced.

Both: Oh, what glances!

She: At first, short glances, but very soon the glances turned

into stares.

He: We stared at each other, and we liked what we saw.

She: We stared over dinner

He: at fancy restaurants.

She: We stared at each other during church

He: when we should have been staring at the pastor.

She: He would even stare during football games.

He: She would even stare during clearance sales.

She: We ogled.

He: Funny word, but quite fitting.

She: Ogle—Webster defines it as “to stare with great desire.”

He: We were in love!

She: And our glances turned into stares.

He: Then we wanted to see more of each other.

She: We desired each other.

He: We wanted to stare at each other all the time—

She: day and night,

He: in sickness and in health,

She: till death do us part.

He: So we stared at the altar.

She: And we received a license to stare.

He: Then,

She: very shortly after we received permission to stare

He: day and night,

She: night and day,

He: all the time,

Both: we saw everything.

She: And the stares turned into glares.

He: Sorry I'm late! We played an extra nine holes.

She: Glare.

He: Happy birthday, Honey. You'll love this new power drill I got you!

She: Glare.

He: How about tonight?

She: I'm too tired . . .

He: Glare.

She: Then

He: Football.

She: Glare.

He: More football.

She: Glare.

He: No more football.

She: Great!

He: But more basketball.

She: Glare.

He: Then . . .

She: Another pair of shoes.

He: Glare.

She: Waiting while I curl my hair.

He: Glare.

She: Facebook binges at bedtime.

He: Glare!

She: And so the story goes.

He: And the more we glared, the less we stared.

She: We never again thought about ogling, but a stare every now and then would be nice.

He: We can raise kids, climb the ladder, go to church.

She: We can do just about anything without looking at each other.

He: Don't we want to see?

She: I'm his wife. He once glanced my way and said, "Wow!"

He: I'm her husband. She used to love to look at me; and now it seems that the only time she looks is when she wants something.

She: Not only does he not look at me, he doesn't even look at what I do! Ladies, he thinks that clean socks just somehow fly from the laundry hamper into the washer and dryer, and then back into the magic drawer.

He: She used to look at me with such respect! Now she doesn't even care about my needs.

She: Making love . . . what a misnomer! It’s turned into a duty. How can I enjoy intimacy with someone who doesn’t even look at me? Deeply.

He: Before I was married, I used to laugh at the way the King James Version describes sex as “knowing.” Now I understand. How can you make love with someone who doesn’t even know you . . . much less someone who doesn’t look at you?

She: Is there a cure for blindness?

He: Is there surgery that can remove emotional cataracts?

She: It all started with a glance.

He: Can we find that glance?

She: Will we look at each other?

He: Deeply?

Both: Will we?

He: If anyone is in Christ

She: he is a new . . .

He: she is a new . . .

Both: creation.

He: God has reconciled us to Himself through the incredible gift of Jesus Christ.

She: And now God has given us a new ministry.

He: The ministry of reconciliation.

She: That look—the fire of the relationship lost because of circumstance,

He: hurt,

She: fear,

He: anger,

She: and misunderstandings.

Both: That look can be found through Christ.