

*This is a tale of a woman who lost everything and is now on the brink of suicide. A man that has everything except what he wants the most. Can God bring them together and will he save her, or does she save him?*

## **The Calling**

By DL Snider

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# THE CALLING



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# Chapter One

## About Caleb

He was sitting in his apartment thinking; he had actually been praying about a few things and studying the Word of God. He had been begging God to send him a wife. He was only twenty-six years old, and he was wealthy. He had some previous girlfriends but there was no love and they just wanted money from him. The last girlfriend he had, when he told her that he was not buying her anything else, she screamed “you don’t love me” and turned and walked out. He wondered what love meant to her.

Of course, he missed the intimacy with a woman, but as a Christian he could no longer live that kind of lifestyle. The conviction was so strong upon his soul that he told the Lord, “I just want one woman to love and marry.” He had pleaded with the Lord to please hurry; living a chastened life was not what he cared for or wanted, and he did not know how long he could hold out. It had been about a year since his last girlfriend, and he felt as if he was going to die. But he had remained true to the Lord. He reminded the Lord he was not Paul and did not care to be. (When he prayed, he spoke to the Lord as he would speak to a friend, and he believed that is how a man should pray.)

As stated before, he was a wealthy man; his father had started the business when he was young, and it had grown into an empire. Besides their business and manufacturing, they owned a lot of real estate. They owned office buildings and apartment buildings. He owned the apartment building he was living in now. The last office building they had purchased was a high-rise office building much like this apartment. It was

mostly attorneys that leased space in the office building, though a few other businesses were scattered throughout as well. He had an office on the top floor because there was a helipad on top of the building and he used it to fly out to the lake house, mostly on the weekends.

He did like to drive, but he hated traffic. He loved to fly and had learned how at an early age. He had his fixed wing and rotor certificates.

He had been brought up in the office with his dad and could probably run the business by himself by the time he was sixteen. He had gone to school and received his MBA to legitimize himself in taking over the family business.

So, most of the girlfriends he'd had were just in it for what they could get. There were a few other wealthy people he knew that had daughters, and some were very pretty. They were not in it for the money, but he did not feel any real connection with them. Besides this, they did not share the same Christian moral compass he had.

It was the dead of winter in Texas, and while it wasn't cold like it was up North, it still got cold, particularly at night.

While he was dwelling on these things and praying, he heard the Lord softly speak to his heart: "Go for a walk." He thought it was awful cold outside (around forty degrees), which may not be cold to some, but he was a Texican as the Duke would say. He grabbed his coat and bundled up, and he walked outside. He was looking around when he saw the golf cart; he thought he would take the cart and mosey his way down to the San Jacinto River, about a mile away.

When he arrived at the river, he parked the golf cart and got out; he thought he would walk across the bridge. He had no idea why the Lord wanted him to come out in this nasty weather. He

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looked up and saw a woman on the bridge. She was crying and holding onto the rail. She had started to swing back and forth as if she might jump. He called out to her, "Hey, come here." She heard him and looked toward him; he said again, "Come here," and he began beckoning her with his hand.

She didn't know why, but she felt as if she should go with him. Suddenly she heard a small, still voice in her heart saying, "Go with him."

## **Chapter Two**

### **Beth McKay**

She had been under the bridge for a week. There were other homeless people there also; they had built a fire and tried to keep warm. She had about five blankets with her that she covered up with at night.

She had been crying all night, every night, bargaining with the Lord. She had gotten away from the Lord, and now that he had brought her so low, she had begun to seek him and pray. She told the Lord, “I just need one good man, a small place to live. He doesn’t have to have money; I will work beside him to survive. Make him a Christian man and I will dedicate my life to serving you beside my husband.” She had been praying for this for some time, not just since becoming homeless.

She had come from a modest family; they were Christians, and she was brought up in church. They didn’t have much money, but they got by as best they could. Her dad worked hard every day and her mother did some odd jobs. Mostly she stayed home and raised her and kept an immaculate house. Her mother and father got along well, worked together well, and loved each other to pieces and did not mind showing it. They were not vulgar, but they always flirted with each other and kept the fire burning. They were a good example for her of what a marriage should be like. Other than that, she really did not have much in the way of relatives. All her grandparents were gone; her dad had a brother and sister in another state, but she hardly knew them.

Her parents had sent her away to college and while away she had basically backslidden. She no longer attended church

but still believed in God and retained her moral compass (for there were some lines she could not cross). For all intents and purposes, she was not serving God.

In junior high and high school all the boys had made fun of her or teased her because of her looks and because they were unable to articulate their infatuation with her shy, timid beauty. In college, all the boys were just plain vulgar, and many had tried to get into her pants. She had been raised to fear God. In her young mind, while still in high school, she worried that God might strike her down if she did something. After she was in college, she knew God was not going to just strike her down, but the boys were all rude and none of them appealed to her except for one. His name was Tom and she thought he was different.

She finally had given in to him—it was a cool summer evening. She decided why not—she had walked so far back on God and the lure of the world had gotten to her! It started out great, but he just got faster, pushed his way through, finished off, and rolled over. He left her high and dry, not satisfied and in tears. The guilt she felt was beyond belief. All she could hear were her parents' voices of stern caution in her head, and now she knew why. Tom had bragged to his friends, but never reached out to her again. This was God's doing—he had placed a fence around her, and so no male had been able to get close to her (of course, she did not know this). So, her first experience at sex was a dismal, lackluster, humiliating failure.

After graduating with a bachelor's in business, she found it hard to find a job. Unbeknownst to her, God had closed her in, for he had a work for her, but she had to learn some hard lessons first.



After receiving her diploma, she was out seeking employment when she received a phone call. The officer on the other end told her that her parents were killed in an automobile accident. They were on their way back from a weekend getaway when a driver ran a stop sign and broadsided them, killing them both instantly. This plunged her into deep depression. Not only for her parents, but she was left destitute. She had her parents' house, but no way to pay the bills or the mortgage. A few months later, they had foreclosed on the house and taken it away from her.

She tried living with a friend for a few months, but the only job she could find was at a grocery store that barely paid enough for her to help with the rent. Now the Lord had allowed someone to lie about her and cause her to lose that job. Her friend brought home a boyfriend and said he could help with the rent. Her friend told her she would have to find somewhere else to live. She was distraught and at the end of her rope. She just gathered up her things and left.

Now, under the bridge, she had been crying every night and praying unto the Lord. The squeeze was on, and she poured her heart out to the Lord. It was so cold, just bundling up with five blankets and trying to stay warm proved to be difficult. The ground was hard, and she could just not understand what the Lord wanted from her. The Lord whispered to her heart that he had everything under control and that he would soon redeem her. She was so miserable that she told the Lord she was going to jump off of the bridge—she could no longer take it!

## Chapter Five

### Getting to Know Each Other

Once dinner was over, she said, “I’m tired. I don’t even know if I have slept a wink in the last several days.” It was about seven o’clock. She went into the front room, slipped on the PJs he had bought her, and fell fast asleep as she hit the bed.

He stayed up for a while pondering all the things that had happened today. He looked over some notes for work the next day. He read from the Bible and studied some notes from past sermons. He prayed and went to bed early himself. He woke by five in the morning.

It was his custom to get up around 5:00 a.m. every day. He did his dedication, and he got ready for work. Also, he left several hundred dollars on the counter along with a cell phone and a letter with all the detailed instructions he thought she might need for the day. The extra cell phone was a work phone—it was the latest Apple. He had put his number in the phone under FAVORITES. He closed the door gently and locked it as he left.

Her eyes popped open when she heard the lock on the door.

She eased out of bed; she could smell the coffee and she made her way to the kitchen. She fixed herself a cup of java the way she liked it. She noticed the letter on the countertop and began reading: “Here are the keys to the apartment (I hope it is still there when I get back).” She smiled at that and understood how hard this must be for him to allow a stranger into his home like this. She continued reading. “Here are several hundred dollars if you need something for the house.” She had no idea as of yet what the house might need or what kind of touches she

would like to add. “Here is the code for the cell phone.” With that, she picked up the phone, swiped and put the code in. *Boom*, the phone came alive. His number was under FAVORITES; the note had said “call or text if you need something.” She continued to read. “Here are the car keys if you can drive. If you can’t and need to go somewhere, just Uber.” She got up and went over to the freezer; once she opened it, she saw steaks! She pulled out two rib eye steaks that had prime written all across them.

She put the steaks on a plate to thaw and thought she would cook for him tonight. She was a great cook; her mom had taught her well. She decided there would be a salad and potato or some other vegetable. She noticed there was blue cheese dressing in the fridge and thought he must like salad. She made herself breakfast and cleaned up the kitchen. She found everything she needed to clean the rest of the house and set out.

The house did not need cleaning, but if it was going to be her responsibility, she was going to go over every square inch with a fine-toothed comb. She cleaned the bathrooms, including the toilets; she vacuumed the carpets; she dusted everything. She would not lose her room for being lazy. She showered, dressed, and was ready for the day, but not without taking the time to thank the Lord. Of course, she could drive.

She found her driver’s license in her stuff, put it in the purse he had bought her yesterday, took the money, and she was off. She stopped at a few places looking for some nice touches, but she really didn’t know what he liked. She got a potpourri bowl for the living room and some pictures for her bathroom area—it was pretty much barren as one would think for a bachelor. She decided against anything else until she could feel him out. She went to the grocery store.

Once inside, she got a buggy and was trying to decide what condiments he might like with his baked potato. She could not decide, and just didn't know. She liked everything on her potato, so that's what she bought. She also bought everything for a salad, including dressing. The dressing she found in the fridge was getting old and she threw it out. She kept all of the receipts; she would not be accused of stealing. She headed back to the apartment.

Once inside, she prepped everything she had bought for dinner so it would be easy to put together later; she put it all in the fridge. She felt the steaks—they were thawing nicely. She wiped up the water that had accumulated under the plate. She looked up and saw the windows.

She walked over to the windows in the living room. She had not noticed how high she was (she knew she was on the twentieth floor). It was beautiful; she could see for miles. She could see the city and all the hustle and bustle in the streets. There was a pair of binoculars sitting on the ledge; she picked them up and peered through them. "Fascinating," she said to herself. She relaxed and did some light reading from one of the books in his study.

About four o'clock, she texted him. He was speaking with one of his employees when he heard the beep. He looked at his phone and it read: "How do you like your steak cooked?" *Okay*, he thought as a smile came upon his face. "I like mine medium rare," he responded. Then he texted that he would be home around five. It was almost exactly five when he opened the door.

As he came in, the smell of the rib eye steak cooking almost brought tears to his eyes as his mouth began to water. He was hungry—he had only eaten a small taco for lunch because they

had been so busy that day working on an upcoming proposal. She smiled when she saw him and realized the smell of the steak must have made him very happy. He seldom had a home-cooked meal, and if he did, it was because he cooked himself. She placed everything on the table, and they sat down. She wanted to say grace and he obliged.

She wanted to thank God for all that had happened over the last couple of days—she felt so undeserving and humbled by it all. After she prayed, they began to eat. He thought this was awesome, not only because she had cooked, but because she was good at it. His steak was perfect and everything else was delicious. He told her he liked everything on his potato also.

He asked her how her day was, and she did the same to him. She then brought out the receipts and placed them on the table along with the change. He looked dumbfounded and said to throw the receipts away and put the money in her purse—she might need it tomorrow. She was taken aback and could not believe he would trust her with his money, only knowing her a short time. She was determined that she would not be careless with his money and would build trust with him. While talking with her, he also learned she had a bachelor's in business. Things just got more interesting now. She also learned he had an MBA.

After dinner, she got up and started cleaning the kitchen, while he went into the study and began looking over some papers from work. After about thirty minutes they both found themselves in the living room, sitting and talking. He enjoyed talking with her and began to realize she was very intelligent. He didn't understand how she came to be homeless with her intellect. The Lord whispered to his heart, "I put her there." He

did not claim to understand the Lord's plan, but he stopped questioning the situation.

As they talked, he was already devising a plan in his mind to see what she really knew about business. Perhaps after they got to know each other a little better, he would bring home some proposals and let her look over them and ask for her opinion. He snapped out of his thoughts.

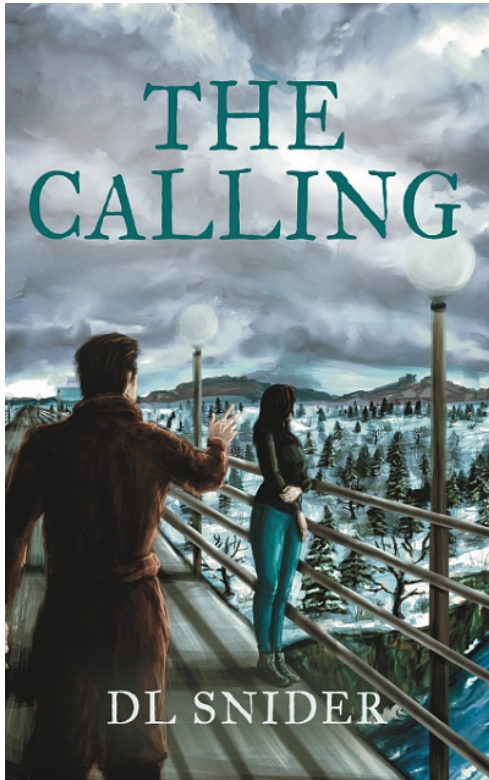
He spoke up and said, "I did not ask you to cook, only to clean!"

She said, "Let it be. I enjoy cooking and I'm going to need something to keep me busy." After tasting her food, he was not about to argue, he just wanted to let her know she didn't have to do it. She said, "My mother taught me to cook and clean and I love doing it." She said that she did not like living in filth and had never lived that way before becoming homeless. Things had gotten out of her control, but she was beginning to understand why the Lord placed her there, even so soon after being there. She did not know this guy either, really. She could be on the streets again tomorrow; so, she walked softly before the Lord and this man he had sent her way. He had certainly noticed what a sweet spirit she had about her. She was not presumptuous; she was not loud and obnoxious. She appeared to be a gentle soul; but she also looked as if she had a sternness in her eyes, that she would stand up for what was right. As he looked at her, he began to see her.

She had deep blue eyes and beautiful dark brown hair that came down to the middle of her back. She was gorgeous, but he had determined not to make her uncomfortable in any way. She had noticed some things about him also. His eyes were a shade lighter blue than hers. He would turn any woman's head but perhaps a blind one; though even the blind woman would turn

her head when he spoke, with the deep, rich voice he had. His voice had been gentle concerning her so far, but she could see how it could become very intimidating if he chose. Days turned into a week.

During that time, he had been coming home from work, and she had been cooking every night; he loved everything she had made thus far. From the outside they appeared to be a couple, except they were not sharing the same bed. They talked every night and she found herself falling in love with this person. He was everything a woman could want in a man, but, more than this, she felt as if they were connecting, that their souls were joining. One thing she did not know, however, was how he felt. There were no dirty jokes, no innuendo, no rude comments about getting into her panties like other guys did. She began to think it would only be platonic, and he was not interested in her. Little did she know, nothing could be further from the truth. She devised a plan to stir the pot at the end of the second week, just to know where she stood.



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