

Intro

To Be or Not To Be

The first time I really noticed the trend was when I was about 21 years old. I was at the grocery store in the fruit juice aisle, trying to decide if it really mattered if I mixed Vodka with cranberry juice, orange juice, or grapefruit juice. To me, none of the mixtures really tasted good. I drank to get drunk—not for the taste, so I decided to pick based on the appearance of the bottle. As I scanned the shelves for an appealing bottle of juice, I noticed someone pass by at the far end of the aisle who then leaned back around the corner shelf for a second look. It was a female employee wearing khaki pants, a white button-down and blue vest. Our eyes met and she acknowledged me with a smile. She had a small gap in the middle of her teeth that added character to her bright and pretty smile. She approached me with a confident yet conservative walk. Her complexion was a medium brown color, which was accented by her jet black hair and dark, yet soft eyes. In spite of the khaki pants and company vest, I could tell she had a nice figure underneath.

I am being hunted and I like it, I thought to myself. The closer she got to me, the prettier she appeared. Her name tag read “Grace.” This was exactly the type of female I was looking for. She seemed very straightforward. She must have noticed my Gucci shirt. I think she was feeling me, and if that was the case, she got points for her taste in fashion and, of course, for her taste in men. I decided I was going to come pick her up as soon as she got off work. She greeted me first with a professional, customer service approach.

“Are you finding everything you need, sir?”

I lowered my head and raised an eyebrow. “Even more than I came looking for.”

She didn’t seem to catch my seductively raised eyebrow. “Can I ask you a question?”

“Sure.” I already knew she was either going to ask if I were “seeing someone,” or the more subtle question, “Who helps me pick out my clothes.”

She held out her hand. “I don’t mean to be too forward but my name is Grace, and...”

I interrupted. “Grace. That is a pretty name. I hope to use it again.” I shook her hand then held onto it as I rubbed my thumb across the top. That was my signature move. “My name is J.D. and I’m in the process of getting the party started and I would hate to start it without you,”

She smirked. “Jadie?” she asked. I nodded. “That’s unique. It sounds more like initials than a name.” Her casual smile eased into a more formal expression. “I have been led to ask you if you know the Lord?”

Oh shit! Where did that come from? I never saw that coming. It seemed as though the whole world was silenced and shopping carts appeared out of nowhere being pushed by old, nosy ladies who too, wanted to know if I “knew” the Lord. Grace then covered our hands with her other hand. She overpowered my flirtatious grip with her nurturing, “I’m here for you” hold.

“Yes, I know the Lord.” I thought about how I was going to get away while making sure that I did not tell a lie about God in the process. I knew *about* God, I just didn’t go to church. My once-player move had now trapped me in an uncomfortable situation. She now had my hand in a death grip. I tried to regain interest but her sex appeal was gone. She now appeared very disciplinary. Even if she were to fall prey to my game, I knew that God would punish me for seducing a young lady who was trying to do the right thing. I didn’t know how I had fallen for this trap again.