

A few moments with Samuel ~

*I sit in the barn office alone, watching the flame from the kerosene lamp dance golden light and dark shadows across my desk. I can't believe I gave in to a moment of unbridled passion. That's not like me.*

*When I see the damage I've caused to Rhoda's life ...*

*When I feel the depth of Jacob's hurt and anger ...*

*I ask myself, what have I done?*

*What ... have ... I ... done?*

*The question makes me long to seek forgiveness from Rhoda and Jacob and to distance myself from her for all time.*

*Then I catch a glimpse of her.*

*That moment undoes all that I know about right and wrong, and my desire to repent falters under the weight of longing to pursue her.*

*But I can't do that.*

*I won't.*

*Surely Jacob thinks lust has taken over my heart. But it's not like that. Not at all.*

*May God forbid, but if Rhoda were struck feeble tomorrow, I'd gladly stay by her side, helping her. Because love longs to make the other person's life better, regardless of what it gets in return. That's how much I love her.*

*I must remain silent. Still, my love for her does not fade. Can I manage to hide it for the rest of my life?*

*Must I?*

*Even as desire to pursue her overwhelms me, the question causes a new thought to enter my heart: what does Rhoda want?*