

True Discipleship Stories  
A Heart That Was Unfaithful

I stepped on the scale and groaned. “Freshman fifteen is no joke!”

The next day I met Naomi, a senior involved with CRU. We discovered we both love to dance. An idea was born.

“Hey! What if we offered aerobic dance classes in a dorm for free? That could be a great way to reach out!”

*And, I think, to lose weight . . . “I’m in!”*

We put up fliers announcing our class, to be held twice a week at 9 am in the basement of North Hall. Naomi would teach Tuesdays, I would take Thursdays.

This was the ‘80s. I arrived sporting a bright pink leotard, purple tights, yellow headband and leg warmers, lugging a cassette player.

One girl showed up. I recognized her. She was in my introduction to speech disorders class. Sweat poured down as we moved to the music, not only because we were dancing: the basement was not air conditioned. As we shook, lunged, and twirled, I prayed she would come to know Jesus.

Weeks went by. Charlotte was still the only one coming. One Thursday a new friend asked after class, “Want to get some yogurt?”

I was supposed to go teach aerobics, *but hey*, I reasoned, *this is still reaching out...* And frozen yogurt sounded better than sweating.

The next Wednesday, I ran into Naomi. “Charlotte said you didn’t show Thursday?”

I mumble an excuse. Naomi pressed in. “Deb, we said we’d be there. Even if it’s just one person, she is counting on us. And you never know when God might bring someone else. It’s important we do what we say we’re going to do. Remember, we are teaching aerobics to reach out. What kind of picture are we giving of the God we follow if they have no idea whether we’ll do what we say we’ll do or not?”

Ouch! Point taken. I didn’t miss another Thursday. But eventually Charlotte stopped coming and the whole thing fizzled.

*Oh well, at least we tried.*

Fast forward seven years. I am married and seven months pregnant, heading into my first Lamaze class.

As Jim and I walked in, I gasped! On the other side of the room was that girl! Charlotte! The one, the only one, who came to that aerobics class my freshman year. The one I prayed for.

Later that week I ran into her in the grocery store. She'd already given birth once but it was such a difficult experience she decided to take Lamaze again.

As we talked we discovered not only did we live near each other, we both love cooking. "Any chance you'd like to get together once a month to cook our way around the world?" I asked. She was so excited! Starting with Armenia, we created meals from countries beginning with each letter of the alphabet.

After our babies were born and we cooked our way through Germany (our seventh month and country), Jim and I started a Bible study for married couples. When we asked Charlotte and her husband if they'd like to join, they jumped at the opportunity.

Want to guess who eventually became believers?

Eight years after our first meeting in that sweaty dorm basement, Charlotte and her husband began to follow Jesus!

You never know what our Almighty God might do with fizzled failures!