

Student Essay on Bad Signs for My Love Life

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Essay

It may be a bad sign for any would be suitors when I say that I want my love life to mirror a Jane Austen. Not a Harlequin mind you, which always ends up with no marriage license, and as C.S. Lewis put it, "four bare legs in a bed", but a Jane Austen. It will be sweet, gentle, slow and delicate, like the opening of a flower, resounding in chivalry.

The man must also be like one of the heroes of Miss Austen's books - a perfect gentleman, intelligent, with a quick wit, and a sense of humor. He should be a romantic, who enjoys books, and music, but also enjoys hunting, and skillfully uses firearms. Someone who will love and cherish me for the rest of our lives, he will be someone who I can respect. Having a gorgeous mansion on a lovely estate doesn't hurt either.

He must be strong, physically, mentally, and spiritually. Physically he doesn't have to be handsome, but I wouldn't hold it against him. Blond hair and blue eyes would be nice, but then again brown hair with brown eyes would be good, or black hair with green eyes...basically I don't really care what he looks like.

He must have read great books to enhance his mind. Chesterton, Lewis, and Tolkien are all on the required reading list. He must have studied the Bible intently, and be able to beat me in Bible trivia. He will be an intellect but not a know-it-all; he must be able to admit not knowing something.

Most importantly, he will be in love with his Savior, Jesus Christ, for our mutual love for Christ will be the foundation of our marriage. I know that there will be days when I really don't like this man, but by the grace of God I will be able to love him, and bring him honor all the days of his life.

I'm sure that you're all thinking I'm slightly crazy, "They don't make guys like that anymore, if they ever did." But I know that God has a plan for my life that includes the person I'm going to marry. And, if they truly don't make guys like that any more, I'll enjoy singleness for the rest of my life rather than compromise my ideals. After all, Jane Austen was never married.