

*A* **Hand**  
*to* **Hold** *Along*  
*the Road*



*Rena  
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Henson*



**Lessons From The Backseat**

Lesson 5

# **Wow!** **He *Finally* Got It!**

*For nothing is impossible with God.*

**Luke 1:37 NLT**

We were on the road again, heading to Virginia! My man and I were on a mission to buy a salvaged 2000 Heritage Springer Softail. We may not have been on a bike, but we were going to get one, which was almost as good.

As men often do, mine wanted to conquer this trip and claim his prize. He was thrilled about the deal he had found. He had come across a slightly wrecked, but prayerfully fixable, piece of “man toy,” and the price was right!

Upon beginning our adventure, Allen laid out the ground rules so I would know what to expect. Wasn't that sweet of him? He said, “We're gonna drive straight thru to Virginia and make the deal or not, depending on the condition of the bike. After that, we can do whatever you want. We'll even get a hotel room for the night *and* get you a rock from every state. Whatcha think?”

I have to tell you, right then and there my heart swelled with that wonderful warm feeling of gushy love toward my husband. I was thrilled and eagerly agreed to his plan.

## The Journey Begins

As we made our way to Virginia, we had a blast and actually enjoyed each other's company. We reached our destination in good time and in good spirits. When we arrived at the sales lot, Allen didn't waste any time; he immediately began checking out the bike. After a good once over, he knew it would take some effort, skill and grace from God to fix the wrecked front end. But he decided to go for it. He made his offer, and the deal was done.

Surprisingly to both of us, I trusted his judgment. This was one of the first times I remember fully trusting a decision of his while I was sober. It felt so good to be able to allow myself to relax in his leadership.

With the new bike strapped in the bed of our truck, we began cruising the scenic route through Virginia's Blue Ridge Mountains. I was bursting at the seams with excitement to see God's awe-inspiring scenery. Such beauty He has created!

Allen was very pleased with the way things had gone with the bike deal as well as with me. In my totally rapturous state and agreeable spirit, he couldn't help but pour out his love on me. He did this by offering to let me hop in the back of the truck and sit on the bike as we finished driving through the scenic highway. He wanted me to finally be able to say I had ridden through the mountains on a bike, something neither of us had done yet.

Again, my heart warmed as I was overwhelmed with the realization that he was *finally* getting *it*. It was such a sweet offer full of his love toward me. I kindly declined his loving proposition and decided instead to scoot real close to him and lay a big smooch

on his cheek. There I remained, next to my man, clinging tightly to him as we enjoyed the view together.

The rest of the trip was just as amazing as the beginning. We stayed at a hotel for the night and began making our way home the next morning. We traveled through West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois all the way to our home in Missouri.

As Allen promised, we picked up a rock in every state...until we got to Illinois. The rock-free fields we passed through were quite a disappointment. For several hours we searched and searched and had almost given up hope. Finally, just before crossing the border into Missouri, we snagged a *little* gem for exportation. Mission complete!

We accomplished everything my man had said we would. I was very impressed with his dedication to keep his word. After spending several extra hours hunting for that final rock, it was obvious he was really trying to give me what he knew I wanted. This definitely earned him extra bonus points! As a sweet friend once told me, “When you have a man that is trying, you’ve got a lot!” And boy was she right.

### **He Really Was *Finally* Getting It!**

What is “it,” you ask? “It” is that I am just GOO-GOO over rocks. As I mentioned in Lesson 1, I love ‘em! I can’t get enough of ‘em! I want some more of ‘em! Now, I know that may sound weird coming from a chick, but I tend to lean toward weird. So much so that Allen has declared, “One day I will write my own book, *Life with the Weird Chick*.”

What it took for Allen to get *it* was for him to see my friend's husband bring me back a rock from Colorado a few weeks before we left on our trip to buy the bike. This was not just an ordinary rock either, it was an *awesome* rock.

Di and "Daddy" Bruce, as we call him, go to Colorado every year to ride four-wheelers and dirt bikes in the mountains. When they go, they always bring back lots of rocks, and I just go goo-goo over them.

After returning from their last trip, they invited us over to visit and look at pictures. As we were leaving, we walked outside among all the rocks lying in their driveway. Yep, you guessed it; I was drooling and coveting those big, beautiful rocks.

Now you have to know our friend Daddy Bruce. He's a funny guy. While we were outside admiring his new "little babies," he began asking me which ones I liked the most.

"So, Rena," he said, as he pointed to one rock and then another, "How ya like that one?"

Again and again, he asked me the same question, all the way up to the last rock. With this one, however, his goofy ear to ear grin really shined though his Fu-man-Chu mustache. "And what about this one right here?"

"Well...it's great," I replied. "But it's not as cool as that one!" as I pointed to one we had already gone over. Suddenly, the grin left his face. He began to share how he had handpicked the last rock he pointed to especially for me.

I was blown away. I couldn't believe he had taken time while on *his* vacation to pick out a rock just for me. Wow! Much to my

delight and rock *goo-goo-ness*, he gave me my favorite pick and loaded it into the back of our truck. Not only was I blessed with a beautiful rock, I was also blessed by a lesson in love that my man observed.

## **You Really *Can* Teach an Old Dog New Tricks... and Even Learn A Few Yourself!**

Sometimes we all need a little help figuring out things in life—even the simplest ones. This includes learning how to love our husbands (and wives). I don't know why it works this way, but it seems to be universally true. When we are young, we are generally naïve with thoughts of love's grandeur. We are "absolutely sure" that our marriage will never have to be worked on and we will remain in wedded bliss forever. Then reality hits. We grow older and as time passes we become tired of trying and failing to speak our spouse's love language. The truth is, we need to be taught that our marriages need regular maintenance, and maintenance requires effort. You should never quit trying.

Throughout our previous years together, Allen had sporadically tried to do things to show me his love and make me happy. Since he didn't know exactly what that looked like, his efforts lessened as time went by. Some of this was my fault because I, myself, didn't know what made me happy. When I thought I had finally figured out what *it* was, *it* would change. This gave Allen a moving target to shoot at. It's no wonder it was difficult for him to hit it. He was actually set up to fail and neither of us even knew it...