

Scott's Thoughts

February 9, 2025



“However, let each one of you love his wife as himself, and let the wife see that she respects her husband.” (Ephesians 5:33, ESV)

The year was 1967 and graduation was on a Friday night. I had my plans made. I knew that on Monday morning I would take a bus from Edwardsville, IL to downtown St. Louis to the Mark Building to take an oath and officially become part of the U.S. Navy. My enlistment had a ninety-day delay for my departure to boot camp, I wanted that summer to spend time with my friends before starting the four-year obligation I had made to the Navy.

I didn't do much that summer except work. I never dated much in high school, maybe two or three dates, total. So, I didn't have a girlfriend and really didn't leave the house except to go to work. Still, the days flew by with great speed and the end of September arrived very fast. I was ready to quit my job so I could have a few days with no responsibilities. I remember the last Friday of work, I went home, cleaned up, changed clothes, and went to watch our last football game before leaving town. Football games at our high school were never exciting because in the four years I went to that school we could count the number of wins on one hand.

While walking around the school, I ran into a classmate who was home on leave after boot camp. He was with two girls, one was his date, the other was her friend. I knew the girls only slightly but was asked to join their group. We left the game and just drove

around town until the game was over. But before we separated for the night, Ava and I had made a date for Saturday night. I would like to tell you that I fell in love that night, but it was more just really liking her. The next few days Ava and I spent a lot of time together, then I left. It was twelve weeks before we had another date. My leave after boot camp came about the same time as Christmas break at school, for her and again, we spent a lot of time together.

Our awkward dating, breaking up, and getting back together, eventually led to us standing before God, family, and friends on November 20, 1970, to exchange our vows. Fast forward from “1967” to “2025”, we've added three daughters, one son-in-law and two grandchildren. And today I live with the same woman, and I adore her. She is not perfect, but she is perfect for me. It has not all been Valentines every day, but with the help of God and each other we are still very happily married. Our marriage has been the second-best decision either of us has ever made. The best decision was the same for each of us but many years apart. That decision was to put God first and foremost in our lives. Putting God first is still the best decision anyone can make!

“Then the Lord God said, “It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him a helper fit for him.” (Genesis 2:18, ESV)

Thanks for listening and keep on shining

—Scott