

**Things Every Good Woman
Should Know**

Volume 2

**Dear God, Did My Boaz Get Hit by a
Bus?**

Jae Henderson

FOREWORD

Many women of Christian faith have begun referring to the perfect man as “Boaz.” Boaz, the kinsman redeemer, is found in the Bible in the book of Ruth. It contains a beautiful love story indeed, but I don’t think women are doing themselves any justice by comparing him to men of today. Yes, he has several admirable attributes that we can all appreciate, but when I describe my future husband, I personally prefer the term “Mr. Righteous.” He’s Mr. Right, but he loves the Lord and acts like it. He pays his tithes, is active in church, never misses the opportunity to give an encouraging word, and uses his talents to further his career and the kingdom. Yes, he is attractive, but he only has to be attractive to me, since I am ultimately the one who has to wake up to him every morning. He also has money. That is because he understands that faith without works is dead, and he works his behind off to be able to provide for himself and the people he loves. Yet, I have one question, Lord . . . When the heck is he gonna get here? Was he hit by a bus?

No matter whether we call him Boaz or Mr. Righteous, there are plenty of women asking the same question. I don’t have an answer for myself or you, but what I do have are some great—and not so great—stories about what I and others have gone through while he rides his bike to get to me. Yes, he must be on a bicycle or on foot or swimming across the ocean because if he wasn’t, he would be here already. Lord, please put him on a jet . . . please, please, please.

Within this book you will find a selection of short stories I created to help single women stay encouraged. It's also important that we examine ourselves to make sure we are being the type of woman someone would want to be in a relationship with. Please feel free to laugh, cry, and love with these characters who have found themselves in some interesting situations. Some of them you may find familiar.

I have no idea when my Mr. Righteous will arrive. You probably don't know when yours will arrive either, but I refuse to sit around and be miserable simply because I'm single. I plan to enjoy single life to the fullest and praise my Lord for what He's already done and what He's going to do. Because no matter what happens, I'm going to be all right. Can I get an amen?

What Goes Around Comes Around

Do nothing out of selfish ambition or vain conceit, but in humility consider others better than yourselves. Each of you should look not only to your own interests, but also to the interests of others. Your attitude should be the same as that of Christ Jesus.

— Philippians 2:3-5

Alayna looked at her phone, rolled her eyes, and then looked over at her mother. “In what alternate universe is it okay for a man to text you all day instead of call and use high school shorthand text talk when he does? Malik and I have been dating for three months, but I don’t think this is going to work. I keep feeling like I settled,” she said.

Her mother turned her body toward her and then cocked her head to the side. “Settled? Darling, what do you mean?”

“I’m a successful executive assistant at a Fortune 500 company. I have a degree. He crawls around in people’s attics and in their backyards, fixing their heaters and air conditioners. You taught me to use correct English. He really believes that ‘be’ is a verb. It’s embarrassing sometimes.”

“Young lady, when did you get so high and mighty? Did you forget that your father gets dirty for a living? He is a mechanic, and he makes good money too. If it wasn’t for him, you wouldn’t have your fancy degree. He sent you and both your brothers to college. How dare you look down on a man just because he works with his hands! Do you know how much he makes? Last I checked, it cost a minimum of \$40 for someone to show

up and look at your air conditioner. That's not a bad fee just for pulling up in someone's driveway."

Alayna took a deep breath. "He makes a decent amount of money, Mother, but that's not my point. I want someone more refined. Someone who doesn't come home with dirt under his fingernails every night. Someone who does more than drink beer and watch sports. Malik is a good man, but he's a simple man. I believe a woman should date a man who is above her social status, not below. I need more."

She pulled her BMW into the corner gas station and parked next to pump one. Alayna spent the day with her mother. She took her to her doctor's appointment, and then they had a late lunch at Evergreen Grill. They both tried their famous lobster burger. It was so big they were unable to eat it all and took the remainder with them. The day had been pleasant; she really didn't want to ruin it with a lecture from her mother. She should have known better than to bring up her love life to a woman who had been married to the same man since she was 18. What did she know about dating?

Candace Kincaid looked at her only daughter and thought to herself, *What am I going to do with this woman-child? My husband spoiled this girl rotten, and now some poor man will have to deal with the monster he created. She thinks she's too good for her own good.* "I wondered why my daughter was 35 years old and still single. Now I know. Your standards are too high, young lady. If you were all that, you'd be married by now. Last I checked, you couldn't cook, and you are a terrible homemaker. You think you know everything, and this year alone, I bet you've gained an additional 50 pounds. You need to take some self-inventory and be happy that a good man like Malik even

looked your way. That degree doesn't make you better than anybody else, and Malik's lack of one doesn't make him inferior. When it comes to men, what you need is a God-fearing man who loves the Lord, doesn't mind working hard for what he wants, and has a good heart. That man adores you. What did his text say?"

Alayna was fuming. She didn't understand what her lack of culinary skills or her weight had to do with any of this. She had plenty of girlfriends around her age who were still single. Yes, she had gained a few pounds, but so what? She still looked good every time she left her house. This was about class, and Malik was mannerable enough, but he lacked class. She probably never would have even looked at him, but when he came over to fix her air conditioner, her date for the evening had cancelled. He gave her a horrible excuse about his car insurance lapsing, and he didn't want to drive his car, and he didn't like riding in other people's cars, blah, blah, blah. Malik noticed something was wrong and asked if he could take her out after his shift "to put a smile on your face." They went to dinner and had a great time. Malik was good company, but she never meant to get serious about him. He was just supposed to be someone to go out with until someone better came along, but somehow, they ended up becoming more. She liked him a lot but wasn't sure if she could see herself sharing a lifetime with him. He was so rough around the edges.

"I asked you a question, Alayna," said her mother.

"It said he was thinking of me, and he hoped I was having a good day," Alayna replied through clenched teeth.

“That’s sweet. No, it wasn’t a phone call, but at least he let you know that you were foremost in his thoughts. What’s wrong with that?”

“Nothing, Mother. You are absolutely right.” She knew this conversation was not going to end in her favor, no matter what she said, so she might as well agree.

Alayna exited the car to pump her gas. She wished she didn’t have to get back in because she had no desire to continue that conversation. Her mother didn’t understand. Yes, her father was a mechanic, but he was also well-rounded. He actually came from a middle-class family himself, but because he had an affinity for cars, he chose to be a mechanic. Grandfather actually wanted him to be an accountant. Besides, her father wasn’t merely a mechanic. He was the owner of a very successful repair shop for luxury cars. He hadn’t gotten his hands dirty in years. He paid people to dirty theirs.

Alayna thought about going inside the gas station to pay for her gas so that she could avoid her mother a little longer but decided against it. It was hot outside. It wasn’t exactly a short walk to get inside, and she was wearing six-inch stilettos. It would be in her best interest to take advantage of modern conveniences. She slid her debit card into the machine located on the pump and followed the prompts that told her to put in her pin number.

A voice behind her said, “Excuse me. I hate to see a woman as beautiful as you pumping her own gas. Would you do me the honor of allowing me to do it?”

She was slightly startled and turned around to find standing there a gentleman with golden brown skin, a close-shaven head, and a goatee smiling at her. The sparkle of his smile seem to rival that of his brown eyes.

Although the gleam coming from the expensive Movado watch he wore had them both beat. Alayna smiled at him and then peered over his shoulder to the Jaguar he must have abandoned to come talk to her. She was familiar with that car. She actually test-drove one before she purchased her BMW. That was an \$80,000 car, which was exactly why she left it sitting on the showroom floor.

“Are you sure you want to get your hands dirty pumping my gas? I mean, you look so nice in your suit.”

“I wouldn’t be a gentleman if I let you do it.” He extended his hand. “By the way, I’m Lucius.”

Alayna extended her hand in return. “I’m Alayna, and since you put it that way, far be from me to prevent you from fulfilling your gentlemanly duties. Pump away, sir.”

“Alayna. A lovely name for a lovely woman,” he said, then stepped closer to her and grabbed the 93 octane pump that was located to her left. Alayna could smell his cologne. It made her want to come closer and breathe it—and him—in more deeply. Lucius was nicely dressed in grey pants and a pink dress shirt which fit snugly to reveal a muscular build. It was obvious he took great pride in his appearance. His hands were nicely manicured, and his freshly shined shoes shone brightly in the sun. He was definitely a man who knew the importance of details. She wondered what he did.

“Thank you for your kindness, Lucius. Did you have a good day at work? I hope they didn’t work you too hard.”

He smiled. “It has been a productive day. As a principal of a successful brokerage firm, every day is a critical. People trust me with their money, and I don’t want to let them down.”

“I’m sure you don’t.” *Handsome, a great dresser, and successful . . . Niiice*, she thought to herself.

“Alayna, I hope I’m not being too forward, but you are breathtaking. If you don’t mind, I would like to get to know you better. Would you happen to be available for dinner tonight?”

She bit her bottom lip. She and Malik were dating but technically, Malik wasn’t her man, so if she went out with Lucius, she wasn’t actually cheating. Besides, this man had class oozing out of his pours. The very thing she felt her current love interest was badly in need of.

“I would love to,” she said.

“Wonderful.” Lucius finished pumping her gas and then reached into his pocket. “Here is my card. Please call my office shortly and leave your number on the voice mail. My assistant will call you with the details. Do you mind meeting me at the restaurant? I have a couple of meetings to attend before I conclude my workday, but I know I’ll be famished when it’s over. Also, I don’t want to keep you out too late.”

“Sure. I don’t mind at all. I look forward to hearing from your . . . um . . . assistant.” That was a first. No one had ever asked her to schedule a date with their assistant. Maybe a meeting, but not a date. Alayna got back in the car and put the card in her purse.

Her mother watched her with a look of interest. “Did I hear you accept an invitation to dine with that gentleman? I know it’s none of my business, but aren’t you dating Malik? How would you like it if he accepted a dinner invitation from another woman?”

To find out what happened next, please purchase “Things Every Good Woman Should Know Volume 2: Dear God, Did My Boaz Get Hit by a Bus?” On [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com).