

Staying Morally Clean at BYU (Getting Soaked)

by
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After I came home from my mission (during which I had not made a Mormon out of anyone) it was time to finish my education, so I enrolled again in the church university, Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, with twenty thousand students, almost all Mormons. As a young and fairly good-looking guy who had gone on a mission and was now 'returned' (called an "RM," for "returned missionary"), I was among an elite segment of the student body.

All the other students, both the females and the guys who, for whatever reason, had not served time on a mission, were always eager to talk to us RMs, since we usually had interesting stories to tell. We could easily talk to anybody and keep their interest - a skill the vast majority of missionaries mastered - and our stories were either about strange foreign cultures or about miraculous, faith-promoting incidents, and sometimes both!.

Since BYU took pride in being a "friendly" school, every student was supposed to be friendly with all the others. At freshman orientation, we were encouraged to smile at fellow students and say "Hi!" whenever possible.

Back in the 1960s, the university was well-known for the one degree it provided in greater numbers than any other. Not the B.A., nor the B.S., nor the B.Ed., nor any other traditional academic degree. The degree that a little under half the student body was striving to obtain, and which many received upon leaving, regardless of their academic achievements, was the M.R.S. With very few exceptions, BYU co-eds were not adverse to snagging a husband.

At BYU, "the field was ripe and ready for the harvest," as the scriptures said (albeit in another context): the male students were likely to be members of the church (no good Mormon girl would even consider dating a non-Mormon boy), and if he was a returned missionary, any girl knew that he was worthy enough to deserve the sacred temple ritual by which she would be "sealed" to him for all time and eternity, thus - according to Mormon doctrine - becoming a goddess consort to her husband, who would have been elevated to be a god over his own world.

God was so magnanimous that if any Mormon girl failed to get a worthy, god-in-embryo Mormon husband during her mortal journey, if she were faithful, she could count on sealed, as in assigned to, a handy junior God, as a reward to him and a comfort to her. Wives without number!

Upon my return from the mission field, I had no trouble making the acquaintance of a great many eager young Mormon women. Since I was only one of several thousand RMs, however, the girls could afford to be choosy, and they would not hesitate to turn their pert little noses up at the slightest failure of a guy to fit their image of the ideal Mormon priesthood-holding husband.

I met them everywhere, in class, in the cafeteria, in the library, at church (virtually the entire student body was organized into "wards" - Mormonspeak for "congregations"), in the bookstore, at school-sponsored dances, movies, and other cultural events. We were supposed to be able to start up a conversation with any fellow student, so it was relatively easy.

I was able to go on quite a few first dates, and a lesser number of second dates, at the end of which I would get profuse thanks, a shake of the hand, and an obvious lack of any invitation to "call me!"

With Marcia Kimball, however (with whom I had started a chat within the Heber J. Grant Library one evening), it was working out differently. She came from better Mormon ancestry than I did (one of her ancestors had been the right-hand man of Brigham Young, our school's namesake), but that didn't seem to make a difference. I liked her. She was pert, bright-eyed, with a ready smile and a frequent giggle, and seemed ready for anything.

She let me kiss her goodnight on the first date. On the second date, when we had gone to a movie and had enjoyed ice cream sodas afterward at a campus hang-out, she put her arms firmly around me as we stood on the porch of the old house, which she and a bunch of other girls shared, and kissed me quite enthusiastically and skillfully for what seemed like five or ten minutes, including about ten seconds of gently probing tongue. When she finally pulled away, she looked soulfully into my eyes and, squeezing both my hands, said in what was clearly intended to be a seductive voice, "Goodnight, Robert! This has been lovely! (pause) See you soon?" I nodded, and she let go of my hands and went inside.

Our fourth date was a week later. I had been swamped with my studies, especially in subjects that were completely unfamiliar to me. But that Saturday, I picked her up at her place, and we attended a school dance. When it ended, around eleven o'clock, I walked her back to her house. I suggested we go somewhere for an after-dance snack, but she said she would fix us something at her house. And she did.

There was nobody else at home. All her roommates were still out doing after-dance stuff with their dates. She made us hot cocoa (Mormons don't drink coffee or tea, you know) and dished us up some strawberry ice cream. We sat at the kitchen table and ate. As she sipped her cocoa, I could see her eyes looking at me over the rim of the cup. Each spoonful of ice cream - which matched her cheeks in color - got slipped into her mouth very slowly, her tongue licking the spoon after each bite. "Mmm!" she kept saying.

After we had finished the cocoa and ice cream, and she had rinsed the dishes in the sink, she suggested we go into the living room and listen to some records. So we did. She sat me on a sofa, put some soft music on the phonograph, and then sat down beside me, taking my hands in hers. "You're very nice, Robert. You can tell I like you, can't you?"

I wasn't quite sure how to respond. I did like her, but she seemed to want more of a commitment than I was prepared to make. "Oh yes, I did get that impression. Thank you! I'm very flattered."

So we started to do some serious kissing. She interrupted a few times to make sure my hands did not go wandering any place that might be considered off-limits (because sexual stimulation can lead easily and quickly to immorality - a very serious sin in Mormonism). But I was enjoying it, just the same. While she was kissing me, she was stroking my cheeks, squeezing my arms, running her hands through my hair, and nuzzling her body against mine. I wondered if she noticed the swelling in my crotch. I certainly noticed it.

"Let's go up to my room," she said. "We're not going to do anything wrong, of course. We want to stay morally clean. But we can still enjoy being with each other in private. My roommates might come in here any minute, and they don't need to see us making love."

I had not been thinking of it as "making love." To me, it was "making out," or "necking," or "petting." But whatever, I was willing to do it some more, either here on the sofa or in her room.

Her room was rather cramped, with a single twin-size bed with a frilly cover. A small dresser, a chest of drawers, a nightstand, and a small desk with a few books and notebooks. A large picture of the Salt Lake Mormon temple was on the wall. "We can take off our shoes," she said, "but that's all, of course - we don't want to risk temptation."

We took off our shoes and lay down on the bed. We resumed the kissing. "Isn't it nice to cuddle like this?" she commented. "Oh, yes," I said.

It wasn't long until things were building up, and I wondered how much longer this could go on without passing some kind of threshold. Her flower-scent perfume, the musky fragrance of her mild perspiration - it was all contributing to a build-up in my crotch. She noticed it.

"Oh, Robert dear, you do like me! I can tell!" she said, with a mischievous little smirk. "Would you like to soak it?"

"Soak it?" I said, not knowing what she meant.

"You know," she said. "You know what that means, don't you?"

"I guess I don't."

"Oh, you poor boy! I thought all the boys at the Y knew what it means to soak it. The 'BYU Soak' is called. I learned it from Gavin Thorpe when I was a freshman. It's really very nice."

"I guess you'll have to explain it to me," I said. "I'm just a freshman, and they didn't explain it at orientation, as I recall."

"Well, it's really to help us keep morally clean because it's a sort of substitute for sexual intercourse. The girl lets her date put his thing inside her for a while, and they both hold perfectly still so that nothing sinful happens. It's like holding hands, but using different parts of the body."

I was astonished. "It sounds like sex to me," I objected. "Isn't that exactly like sexual intercourse?"

"Oh, no!" she said. "While you are together like that, you don't think lustful thoughts. You just look into each other's eyes, and maybe some gentle kissing, but you don't go all the way and have sex. You know - you don't have a sexual climax. So it's not sex."

"Is that the way this Thorpe guy explained it to you?" I asked.

"That's the way everybody who knows about it explains it. If it weren't that way, it would be immoral, and the girls wouldn't be virgins anymore. But as long as we don't have an orgasm with it inside us, it's okay - we're still virgins."

I said I was willing to try it. She jumped up off the bed, turned her back to me, and reached up under her skirt to pull off her panties. "Don't look!" she said and lay back down next to me. "Now, remember, you have to keep perfectly still, or Satan will tempt you to do something sinful!"

She told me to unzip my pants and pull it out. She pulled her skirt up just enough to put one leg over me and hook it behind me, pulling me a little closer. "Okay, now. Reach down and slide it into me very slowly, and don't let your hand wander around!"

I did as she directed. "Now, don't move a bit! Remember, you are just supposed to let it soak there. Cynthia, my roommate, calls it 'marinating the meat.' I think that's cute." She kissed me lightly on the lips. "Isn't this nice?" she asked. "Do you like this?"

I had to admit that it was very nice, but it was hard (no pun intended) to keep still. I kept wanting to move around inside her just a little. She could feel me moving.

"Don't move!" she said sternly. "It will just make it harder!" She meant harder to hold back, but the other meaning was also obvious - I was getting harder.

"Just think about something else, something lovely," she suggested. "Think of some passages of scripture, or the words to some hymn, like 'Count Your Blessings' or 'How Lovely Was The Morning!'"

The first hymn I thought of was "Hold to the Rod, the Iron Rod! 'Tis strong and bright and true."

We lay there quite motionless, except for her soft kissing of my face and mouth, for about five minutes.

"This is so nice," she whispered. "It's sad that we can't go all the way. If we were married, we could enjoy everything about this. Married people are so lucky! They don't have to hold still. They can get as excited and worked up as they like."

I couldn't take any more of it. I pulled away and asked her where the bathroom was. I went there, closed the door, and with a few strokes quickly relieved the tension. When I got back to her room, I assumed that she had put her panties back on, because they weren't on the floor anymore, and she was sitting on the side of the bed. "You can always soak it in me, dear Robert. Any time you like!"

I thanked her, gave her a goodbye kiss, and walked home.

We had a couple more dates, each one ending up on her bed and a good (but frustrating) soaking. One evening, as we were lying there, and I was about to get up and go to the bathroom, she said, "You don't have to go to the bathroom, dear. You know what the missionaries say, when they don't get a good reception at one door."

I wasn't sure what she was talking about. "So what do they say?"

She smiled that impish smile and said, "They say, Go knock on the next door!"

I still didn't catch on. "I don't get it."

"There's another door, right next to the one you're in. Try that one, and you'll find what you need!" She reached over to her nightstand and grabbed a small jar of cold cream. "Use a little of this on your thing - it'll slide in easier. And don't worry - I cleaned myself out real good for you, figuring you might come calling at the back door!"

I smeared a little cold cream on the tip and down the shaft a bit, and it easily found the place she was talking about. Once I was in as far as I could go, my zipper pressing into her bottom, she said, "And now you can let it go, if you want to!" So I did, with just a few thrusts.

A few more dates were the same, and I was getting accustomed to the regular physical activity. She may have considered our relationship to be non-sexual, but it was sexual enough for me. I asked her one night if she had ever had an orgasm. She said that she had never had an orgasm with a man, since that would mean she was no longer a virgin. And to stimulate herself to orgasm would be masturbation, or "self-abuse," and that would be a sin. "But we girls help each other sometimes. I'll give them a massage, or they'll massage me. We call ourselves the 'Relief Society.'" (The "Relief Society" is the official name of the Mormon women's organization.)

One evening, Marcia warned me when I picked her up that there would be no customary cuddling on her bed that night, since it was her period, and she was wearing sanitary napkins. "But don't worry, honey. It's all arranged for my roommate, Cynthia, to take care of your needs."

"What do you mean?" I asked, incredulous. I had met Cynthia briefly a few times when picking up Marcia, but I really didn't know her. She seemed nice, but very skinny, and very plain, with long, stringy hair. She wore no make-up and seemed to have only drab, plain clothes in her wardrobe.

"Cynthia doesn't get much attention from the men. They don't realize what a nice person she is and what a good wife she would be. She's a very loving person and beautiful inside. A real angel. So I sometimes share with her, and she's very appreciative."

"What do you mean, you share with her?" I asked, suspecting what the answer was going to be.

"Oh, I let her have some of my boyfriends occasionally, especially if I'm on my period. She and I have decided that when my husband and I get to the celestial kingdom, where the only people there will be Mormons who are married for eternity, if she doesn't have an eternal husband by then, we'll share mine. You know, of course, that there will be polygamy in the celestial kingdom, even though we're not allowed to practice it here in this life. At least, not publicly."

"So you're planning on being a polygamous wife?" I asked, astonished.

"It's the Lord's Way!" she said. "I would love to have a sister wife, and I hope it will be Cynthia. Anyway, tonight you will get a taste of how wonderful plural marriage might be!"

I wasn't so sure about this whole talk of marriage, aside from the fact she was talking about plural marriage, which the Mormons practiced avidly in the late 19th century but is

frowned upon nowadays (except for the afterlife, when it is going to be the norm again, at least in the Mormon section of heaven, the "celestial kingdom"). I was uncomfortable the whole evening during the movie, and I realized that I was perspiring a little as we walked back to her place and went in. Cynthia was plopped on the sofa with some textbooks and her portable typewriter. "Oh, you're home already! Great! I'm at a good stopping point, so let's go upstairs!"

I kept wondering how this was going to work, and whether I would be up to it (in more ways than one!). After we were all in her room, Marcia closed the door. The girls took their shoes off, so I did likewise. "C'mon, Robert! Let's cuddle!" Marcia was lying on the bed with her arms open. Cynthia was sitting on the desk chair, just watching.

Marcia was kissing up a storm. I was hardly doing anything since I wasn't accustomed to having an audience while making out with a girl. Finally, Marcia pulled away and rolled me onto my back. "Pull it out now," she ordered. "I'm letting Cynthia take over. Cynthia?"

Cynthia came over and climbed up on the bed, pulling up her skirt. She was not wearing any panties. The only thing she had on below her waist was her white ankle socks. Her legs were rather scrawny. She straddled me and looked at my rod. "What do you think, Marcie? Should we marinate the meat for a little longer, or put it right in the oven?"

"Oh, make him wait a little longer," Marcia said, holding my hand and cradling my head a little in her bosom. "Let him have a nice, long soak first." Cynthia used her hand to hold the "meat" steady and slipped slowly down onto it. It went very deep, and then she held perfectly still. "Think pure thoughts, darling!" whispered Marcia. "Until we're all sealed together." I was not thinking pure thoughts. I was quite nervous, since these two women seemed to have a different view of things than I did. I looked up and saw that Cynthia's eyes were closed, and she was taking deep breaths. "Okay," she said after about five minutes. "Let's put the roast in the oven! It's all greased up and ready for basting!" She raised up, changed her angle a little, and, squeezing the "roast", eased it into her backside. This time, instead of holding still, she started to gyrate round and round and up and down, all the time with her eyes closed. Marcia was whispering, "Go, honey, go!" and I finally went. Cynthia fell on my chest and kissed my cheeks and then my mouth.

"Okay, Cynthia," Marcia said, "let the man up. You've worn him out!"

Marcia made us all cocoa, and we sat silently around the kitchen table, drinking it and eating a plate of Oreos. I said that I had a term paper to finish and that I had to go. Three-way hugs at the door, and I wandered my way home, wondering what I had gotten myself into.

It was getting close to the end of the term, and nobody had much time for recreation or dating. All the goofing off earlier was knocking at the door now, demanding payment. I hadn't seen Marcia or talked to her for over a week. Then I ran into Cynthia at the library, behind a stack of books. She invited me to sit down at the library table and chat for a minute.

"Can I ask you something, Robert? Something personal?" she said, after some perfunctory chit-chat. "Of course!" I said.

"Do you and Marcia ever take your clothes off when you're together? Even just some of them?"

"Well, we generally take off our shoes, and she takes off her panties."

"That's all?" she said. "Nothing more than that?"

"Well, Marcia is very strict, morally speaking. She feels that 'uncovering one's nakedness' would be a sin, since that was always a sin in the Bible."

Cynthia seemed to be digesting that information. "Yes, I know Marcia is like that. But I thought she'd be different with you. You are very good-looking, and I'll bet you have a beautiful body when it's not all covered up with clothes and garments and Sunday best." She paused, as though she were considering what to say next. "I would love to see it. Especially since I'm to be your second god-wife in the celestial kingdom!" She said the last with a sarcastic grin.

I was rather surprised at her comment, both about my body and about our future celestial spousal relationship. "My body is really nothing special, I don't think."

"Oh, you're probably just being modest. I noticed that your masculine equipment was first-rate, and I can't help but assume that the rest of you is also top-notch. Look, I'm curious. I'll make you a deal. If you'll let me see you without any clothes on, I'll let you see me. I realize it might not be an even trade, since my body is just third-rate, but, for what it's worth, you can have a look and judge for yourself."

I must have hesitated and said nothing for a few moments. "Don't worry," she said, noticing my discomfort. "It won't be at our place. I'm house-sitting for a week for my cousin, who is out of town. I have the key to his place. We can go there. It's the little gray house on the corner of Second West and Fifth North. I'll meet you there in half an hour. Okay?"

I vaguely remembered walking by that house. "Yeah, I think I remember the place."

"See you in half an hour!" she said, and quickly picking up her notebooks and her books, walked away. She turned and waved as she left the library. I debated with myself whether I should go. I hadn't committed myself, one way or the other. She had just assumed I would agree to the deal. But I couldn't just not show up. So I decided to go over to the cousin's place and explain that I wasn't interested.

I rang the bell about forty minutes later. Cynthia answered. She was barefoot and wearing a large men's bathrobe. "Come on in!" she said, and grabbed my hand and pulled. When I was inside, she closed the door.

"Look," I said, "I don't think this is a good idea. Marcia is your good friend, and I'm not sure what she would think, even with her talking about plural...."

Cynthia wasn't listening and did not wait for me to finish my sentence. She simply opened the robe wide. She had nothing on underneath the robe. "Okay," she said. "I've fulfilled my part. Now it's your turn."

I just stood there, looking at her. She was very thin, not much flesh on her bones, and practically no breasts. "Want to see more?" she asked, dropped the robe to the floor and slowly turned around. She was built like a little boy. The look on her face was not a little boy's look, however.

She stepped over to me. "Need some help?" she said, and started to slip off my jacket. I let her do that, and then she began unbuttoning my shirt, very slowly, looking all the while directly into my eyes, with a self-confident grin. I finally said, "No, that's all right, I can do it."

I took off my shirt, slipped out of my shoes, yanked at the toes of the socks and got them off. "Pants too?" I asked, knowing what she would say. "Yeah, everything!" I was down to my garments, which are basically very ugly, and hesitated. "Everything!" she said, firmly. So I got them off, and the two of us stood there facing each other, stark naked.

"Let's go to the back bedroom, and we'll explore. But NO SEX!" she said firmly. "Just massaging and maybe pressing skin to skin. Okay?"

It was all right with me, and she led me to the back of the house. It was a man's bedroom, with little sign of any feminine touch. That didn't seem to matter. The room was quite warm for the time of year. "Okay, face down on the bed," she ordered. "I'm going to rub your back." I complied, and she straddled me and pulled out a bottle of some kind of scented oil and began rubbing my back with it. It was very relaxing. Her groin was also rubbing against the crack in my buttocks. It was turning me on. She was doing a very good job on my back, shoulders, neck, and sides.

Then she flipped around to straddle my waist and started working on my legs and buttocks. I had never had a professional massage, but it couldn't have been any better than what I was getting right now. She spent a lot of time on my buttocks, kneading them, running the side of her hand along the furrow, pressing gently on the anus as her hand went by, using what felt like the knuckle of a finger. She bent each leg up so that she could massage my feet, manipulating the toes, pressing hard on certain spots that made different spots on my body tingle. "That's foot reflexology," she said. "There are points on the soles of the feet that are

directly connected to more distant parts of the body. I'll show you." She pressed firmly with a knuckle on a spot near my heel. "Did you feel a twitch anywhere?" she asked.

It was amazing. "Yes. My asshole twitched."

"See?" she said. "I know a lot about the body. And the amazing things one can do with it."

She must have spent about twenty minutes altogether on me. Then she told me to turn over, and when I had turned onto my back, she again straddled me and began working on the front of my torso. My penis no longer had anything to hold it down, and it began to stand up against her buttocks. She didn't seem to notice it, or, if she did, it didn't bother her. She worked my arms, my hands, my shoulders. She manipulated my head to loosen my neck. Occasionally, she would reach around behind her and stroke my penis. I was enjoying it all very much.

Then it ended suddenly: "Okay, you're done. Now you do the same to me!" she said, jumping off me.

I sat up, and she pushed me off the bed and took my place, face down. "I'm not sure I know what to do. I've never given anybody a massage," I objected.

"Weren't you paying attention?" she asked, her voice somewhat muffled by the pillow. "Just do to me what I did to you. I'll tell you when you're doing it wrong."

"Should I sit on you, the way you sat on me?" I asked. "Of course, dummy!" she said. I tried not to put my full weight on her and wondered where I should locate my sexual equipment. I couldn't think of any way not to have it pressing against her back. I poured some oil on my cupped hand and started to massage her upper back. "Knead it a little harder," she suggested.

I did so and moved to her shoulders and upper arms. "Yeah, you're doing it okay," she complimented me. "Now move down and do my lower back and butt," she said after a while. Then she added, "If you're wondering where you should put your tool, just oil it up and let it soak a bit inside and out of the way. And remember: no sex! Okay? Just a quiet soak!" She raised her bottom up so that her legs were over mine, and I was able to slide into her. Once it was in, I held perfectly still, so that it wouldn't count as "sex."

"Keep massaging!" she ordered. "Don't just sit there with your dick in my slot!" I started to massage her lower back and her buttocks, which were jammed up against my belly. I was getting more and more turned on, with my hands moving over her body, even as thin as it was.

"I don't think I can hold it, Cynthia! I've got to move!" I said, pulling myself away from her bottom. She rolled over. "Come here, then, and let me take the sacrament," she said,

motioning toward my hips with a come-on gesture. Her mouth was heading for the head of my penis. "Wait a minute!" I said. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to relieve your tension in a non-sexual way. With my mouth." And she drew me toward her by my hips and caught my penis between her lips. She kept the tip of it in her mouth, and with one hand began to stroke the shaft. "Look, Cynthia, I don't want to let it go in your mouth!" She pulled her face away just long enough to say, without stopping the stroking, "It's okay. Nothing immoral about it. And I like the taste." And put it back in her mouth. In just a minute it was all over.

"Now, you're going to do me," she said. She laid herself back on the bed, grabbed each knee with a hand, and raised her legs, exposing her open crotch. She then instructed, "Now, use your tongue on me. Start slow, and then faster." I knelt down between her legs and put my hands on her inner thighs. I recognized the doorbell to the temple and started licking it. "Go round it and then back and forth over it real fast!" I followed her instructions. She was writhing and thrusting and arching her back.

"Put your fingers in me!" she said with a guttural voice.

"How many?"

"As many as you can get in there, for Jesus' sake!"

I tried three fingers. "Move them around, move them around! Don't just soak 'em! They're not a prick! This isn't sex! Move 'em!" So I did. Again, it was over in just a moment.

She relaxed, and I pulled my hand out of her and stood up. "Okay, Robert," she said, "that was nice. Go wash up now. I'm going to have a nap. See you later." And she pulled back the bed covers and slid under them, curling up in a fetal position. I washed up, got dressed, and left.

I didn't see either Marcia or Cynthia during the next few days, and I didn't try to get in touch with them. I was worried about my final exam in Econ, and History did not look too bright, either. Then I bumped into Marcia as I was walking from the library to the cafeteria. She stopped me.

"What have you been up to?" she demanded.

"What do you mean? What are you talking about?"

"You know very well what I'm talking about. You and Cynthia!"

"What about me and Cynthia?" I suspected I knew very well what she was talking about.

"Did you or did you not take your clothes off in front of her?"

"Well, yes, I did, but she had taken her clothes off, too. I thought since you had picked her out to be my eternal wife, along with you, there was no harm in it." I paused. "We did not have sex, if that's what you're thinking."

"Did she suck your cock?" she demanded.

"Not exactly," I said, hesitating. "She didn't suck it, although she did have it in her mouth for a minute or two. It wasn't sex. We didn't do anything immoral to make us unworthy, I assure you."

"Uncovering another's nakedness is a terrible sin, you know. That's why you have never seen me without my clothes on. Robert, I don't know why you did it. You have ruined everything. Are you going to repent and confess to the bishop?"

"I don't think I have anything to repent of, any more than what you and I have done. You know, you're letting me soak it, and even come off in your back door. Should I repent about that?"

"That's between you and the Lord! My conscience is clear! And I don't think I want to see you ever again. You are not morally clean! You are not worthy to be my husband!" And she walked off.

A couple of days later, I ran into Cynthia. "Oh, hi," she said. "I hear Marcia dumped you. Sorry, I let it slip. She chewed me out and threw things at me. I've moved into my cousin's place until exams are over, then I'm out of here for good."

"Oh?" I said. "Where are you going to go?"

"Oh, I'm getting married." She held up her left hand, which had a gold ring on it with a very tiny diamond. "He's just been back a month from his mission. He's going into his father's business in Spanish Fork, and his brother here at the Y introduced us. He said the Holy Ghost told him I would be his wife two days after we'd met."

"Really?" I said. "That quick!?"

"Yeah, it was quick, wasn't it. But the Lord moves in mysterious ways, I suppose."

So I wished her the best, and we parted. I never saw either one of them again.

No, that's not quite correct. About a week later I saw Marcia in the distance walking across campus with both arms hanging onto Trevor McConkie, one of the top basketball players on the BYU team. She was looking up at him with adoring eyes. If a guy's height is any indication of the length of his rod, I'm sure she enjoys letting him soak it.