

# Cyber Column by Brett Younger: Why I love butter pecan\_71105

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Carol and Brett Younger, August 4, 1984.
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## CYBER COLUMN: Why I love butter pecan

**By Brett Younger**

My life would have been so much less if I had gotten in the line for chocolate. At the Welcome Students Ice Cream Social at Southern Seminary, a friend pointed out a gorgeous woman in a hideous Mexican dress: "That's Carol Davis. She went to Seventh. Go introduce yourself."

I nervously got in line for butter pecan—which I didn't really care for—because that's the flavor she was scooping. Carol and I both went to Seventh and James Baptist Church in Waco while we were students at Baylor University, but we never met because she was in the in-crowd. I desperately tried to think of a clever line and decided to go with, "The last time I had butter pecan was at Seventh and James." When I got to the front of the line, I was so tongue-tied that nothing came out. Carol was merciful and chose not to make fun of me (a pattern we have continued to this day).



On a hunch that such a compassionate woman would be there, I went to the first meeting of Seminarians United Against Hunger. Carol was there, but she was talking to a handsome seminarian whom I felt sure wasn't there out of concern for the hungry.

A week later, God sent the break I needed. A group of us decided to go to a movie, but then participants began dropping out one by one until it was just Carol and me. (How could this not be providential?) I called and tried to sound confident: "Carol, this is Brett. ... Brett Younger. ... I was your best customer for butter pecan. ... Yes, that's me. We're the only two planning to go to the movie on Monday. Are you still willing to go?" (This probably wasn't the best way to phrase the question.)

The movie was Harold and Maude (a 19-year-old man and 80-year-old woman fall in love—what a perfect date movie!). I wasn't used to speaking to attractive women and hoped that if I were quiet she would assume I was thoughtful. Once during the movie, I put my arm on the armrest between us.

On Tuesday, I gave Carol a dozen roses. On Saturday, we went to lunch. On Sunday evening, I went to hear Carol preach. After worship, we talked about getting married. On Monday, we named our first child—Jenna Hope. (When our son Graham was born, we reconsidered.)

Reasonable people would be embarrassed to admit they talked about marriage within a week of their first date, but on Aug. 4, Carol and I will have been married 21 years.

After more than a score of wedded bliss, I can tell you that living with a

real Christian can be a real pain. Carol gives away more money than I want to give away. She makes the grudges I want to harbor seem petty. I wear an imaginary “WWCD” (What would Carol do?) bracelet everywhere I go. It’s hard to be married to someone who is kinder, smarter and more Christian than you are.

And it’s wonderful. To come from and return to a gracious marriage every day is sheer joy. I’m grateful for the love she gives her family, friends and church, and for the writing that inspires people she’ll never meet. Living with Carol makes we want to be kinder, smarter, and more Christian. On Aug. 4, I’ll have a big scoop of butter pecan and thank God.

*Brett Younger is pastor of Broadway Baptist Church in Fort Worth and the author of Who Moved My Pulpit? A Hilarious Look at Ministerial Life, available from Smyth & Helwys (800) 747-3016. You can e-mail him at [byounger@broadwaybc.org](mailto:byounger@broadwaybc.org).*

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