



# Perspective

By JAMIE BUCKINGHAM

## Proposal Proposal

Call it old fashioned if you want — but when the young man who wants to marry my daughter refused to propose until he received my permission, I call it refreshing.

I knew, when Robin left for college last year, that she had done more than go 1,500 miles away to school. She had left home. The boys at Oral Roberts University would be lining up.

I was right. She went down the line and snuggled in beside the one she wanted. It was a good choice.

Jon came home with her for the spring break. We liked him. Polite. Industrious. Spirit-filled. And very tender toward Robin. We knew it was more than a casual friendship.

Earlier this summer we gave Robin, for her 20th birthday present, a trip to Cleveland to meet Jon's parents — and the rest of his five brothers she had not already met at school. She called home, begging to stay an extra week. We consented.

Then two weeks before she was to leave to enter her junior year at

college, Jon and his younger brother — also a student at ORU — drove down. Having the house full of teenagers was exciting, but it left almost no time to get to know the young man who seemed to be moving into Robin's life. It wasn't until the Sunday night before the gang was to begin their exodus, that Jon finally got up enough nerve to talk.

It was almost midnight when he pulled me aside in the kitchen. The house was quiet. He cleared his throat. Tried to speak. Cleared it again and finally choked out: "Robin and I have grown very close — I love her very much — We've done a lot of talking —."

He was having a hard time and I finally interrupted. "About marriage."

"No sir," he said, finding his voice. "I promised God I would not talk about marriage until I talked to you. But I want to ask your permission to ask Robin to marry me."

The frogs outside sang a little song

of nostalgia. The clock in the den struck a muted chime, matching the beat of my heart. She's my oldest daughter.

"If you say 'no,'" Jon said, "I'll not ask. She was yours long before she was mine."

I slipped my arm around his shoulders. "Her mother and I would be proud to have you in our family — as Robin's husband."

I promised to keep our conversation secret until he talked to her. The next night, after a walk on the beach with Jon, she came racing into the house — her eyes sparkling even brighter than the diamond on her finger — the same diamond Jon's father had given his mother 30 years before.

Others will choose a different method. Most will have no method at all. But this morning I feel blessed above all men that the man my daughter chose met the standards of her Dad's heart.