

“I Loved Her, I Like Her Not” by Kara Mishler and Carol Duerksen

MATERIALS AND ADVANCE PREPARATION:

- 1 Give a copy of the story to a student to present to the class. (Having it memorized would be the best.)
- 2 Sheet of paper, pen, scissors
- 3 Small basket

SESSION OUTLINE

FOCUS:

Divide the class into guys in one group, girls in the other. Tell each group to discuss the following questions: Is there a difference between the way that guys handle disagreements with other guys, and girls with other girls? If so, what are the differences? Is there a difference in the way they “fight” with each other?

Bring everyone together to report back.

CONNECT TO A STORY:

Say: *(Name of person) is going to share a short story with us now.*

APPLY:

After the story, break into small groups. Instruct groups to discuss these questions:

- 1 Was the story realistic? Why or why not?
- 2 What would you have done if you were in the storyteller’s shoes?
- 3 How would you answer the last question “How, exactly, is that supposed to happen?”
- 4 Have you ever tried to love someone that you didn’t like? What happened?
- 5 What would Jesus do? (Don’t just say “He’d love her.” Be specific. What actions or words would Jesus use?)

RESPOND:

Write the name of each person in the class on a piece of paper, then cut it up so you have small slips with a name on each slip. Place the slips in the basket and have students draw names (redraw if they get their own.)

Explain that for the next week, they should pray for the person whose name they drew, particularly the people in that person's life that they may not like, but that God is calling them to love. They will not know the specifics of the situation they are praying for, that that's okay.

Close with a group prayer.

THE STORY:

I don't like her.

I don't like her at all. It hasn't always been that way. I've known Jessica all my life. We were best friends growing up. We were always together, I mean always. I can't remember a day when I wasn't at her house or she wasn't at mine. We would play games, watch movies, talk about boys, dress up and take pictures. It was a beautiful friendship. Life was perfect back then. We hardly ever fought, and when we did, we would get over it in seconds. Her family was my family, and my family her's. I thought it would be this way forever. We planned our weddings with each other the maid of honor. I never thought anything could destroy our friendship.

When we started high school, we each started running with different friends, but we were still close. But everything changed one evening.

"It was just a dare," she told me over and over again. But there was no way we could be friends after what Jessica did. It was too hard. I wasn't in love with the guy or anything. We were just dating. No big deal. But everyone knows that you don't fool around with your friend's boyfriend.

She kept saying "You don't understand! I didn't mean to hurt you! It was one little kiss and it didn't mean anything!"

Whatever. I knew she wanted him. Maybe she really didn't mean to hurt me, but she did.

I started ignoring her, hoping it would all go away. Then I got over it. But by the time I was ready to fix the damage in our friendship, she'd become furious with me. When I tried talking to her at school, she would ignore me or make some rude remark. I knew that after I turned my back, she would be giggling and gossiping about me with her friends, her new friends, the popular ones.

That was it. I didn't like her anymore. I mean, really, what can you expect?

And then we have this Sunday school lesson about “loving your enemies” and “turning the other cheek” and all that. We talk about loving people we don’t like. And it gets all weird. I used to love her as my best friend. And now I’m supposed to love her even if I don’t like her.

How, exactly, is that supposed to happen?