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**Date:** June 4, 2005, ask to be redone July 2005

**Subject Asked:** Do an out of norm, non-verbal, to someone and document it.

**How Done:** Reaction Paper.

**School:** BCC (Public Speaking)

Recalling this task asked, I wondered for days what to do, most things thought of could result in a lawsuit or calling of the police. But today was the day, July 13, 2005. I was frantic whether to do it or not, how would people react or even if I would be in a fight and end up in the hospital or scare my face, oh my face! Just kidding.

She sat right in front of me, I saw her a few times while commuting and her disposition looks cantankerous, with a ghetto chick look of tight pants with pink panties showing and tight top with huge enough breasts. But I did it anyway. No, Mr. Burkholts, I didn't grab her breast or attractive round buttocks. I pulled her hair. What made it even more dangerous was that it was artificial hair weaved in and I could have pulled it out.

She turned around; I was shaking in my hands, all tuff me. As soon as her eyes were almost turn around I grabbed the seat handle to try and pretend it was an accident in case she "flairs up" on me. I was about to get, I could see the halo stars beginning to come out and the tweety birds. Braced for anything and heart beating faster, she turn around with what we call a "cut-eye" type look and said something, seeing my hands on the seat handle she turned back. I was so braced for the worse that I didn't even hear what she said. I survived!

A moment later, she got up and again I thought I was going to get it, but it was her stop and she got off; walked passed in her undogly sexy suit of tight cleavage pants and top with here pink panties showing.

These ruff necks I don't even think to date (even after immediate Christian conversion) or become bosom buddies with. But later it sparked a challenge of whether I can deflower such a "ghetto rose," breaking the pricks and leaving just the sweet smelling rose and stem to hold. Reason being, though this was a one time short encounter for class, it seems flirtatious, though not thinking on that line. If so, the first prick I would pluck is that they don't need the hair extensions and other false additions to be beautiful. They are beautiful as they are and can only become beautiful to others if this realization is achieved. Beauty is relative and I find that someone who has affirmed inner beauty and confidence is more attractive. More often than anything else, beauty was indirectly dictated to us by the media or other influences.

For instance, at one time long hair girls were the fling, then short hair girls was the hot thing, and then back to mid-shoulder. From Crystal Gayle to Toni Braxton and Halley Berry then now back to hair to the back, hence the boom in hair extension business. When Toni Braxton and other beauties just came to the forefront, hair extension was not that big and short hair women found confidence and men were attracted to them too; yet today that is not really the case. Isn't it obvious that something is dictating to us what is beautiful and we need to break free from it? At one time in history, men with locks were the most beautiful men, as noted in David's son Absalom here, "But in all Israel there was none to be so much praised as Absalom for his beauty...when he polled his head, (...because the hair was heavy on him, therefore he polled it:) he weighed the hair of his head at two hundred shekels after the king's weight" (2 Sa 14:25-26). But since the centuries after Christ, locks were a mark of poverty and ugliness, and in actuality men were beaten by local forces for not cutting their hair. Yet now locks are becoming an influential sign of beauty in men. Can't we see that something is wrong?

How did we get this way, how comes it's beautiful today and not tomorrow? Who is taking us on this roller coaster? More often, sorry to say, "fat cats" who profit off fads and trends. One time beauty was a big buttocks with some meat, now you have to be thread and needles to be said to be attractive. What then is beauty? It's nothing we can measure by the means today, it's in the eyes of the beholder yes, but that doesn't make sense when you consider me beautiful in 1988 because of my weight in the right places, but not today because "thin is in." That's not beholding beauty, it's not in your eyes, it resides in your soul. That person you deem beautiful regardless of fad and changing times is beautiful to you, you have behold your beauty. Sad to say, our youngsters are growing up with media and social influences badly shaping their minds to what is beauty and adversely altering their values. Sometime when I think of the power such media mogul have I wonder WOW: With the media I can make you like and crave to have sex with obese people of 800 pounds. I can make that the symbol of beauty and years later you wonder when did unhealthy obese people become

the sex symbol? That is what we are fed - control thought pattern on what is acceptable or what to think or perceive. Too much is spent on the outward, what we need is a beautiful soul, a soul that is saved (Acts 2:38) and with that comes confidence, knowing and affirming regardless of societal standards that you are beautiful; even sprouting this narration 'humbly', "I'm beautiful, I'm the most beautiful thing on God's earth!"

## AFTER THOUGHT

I didn't write this in the class reaction paper or the last part of the last sentence, but the narration and stands I want you and especially all Christians to have is quoted below:

"I always blamed my youthful immodesty on being a tennis player as I was growing up...It truly wasn't until a few summers ago that I realized the importance of modest dress. Although the world teaches us to draw attention to ourselves through the way we dress, God wants us to attract others through His love overflowing from our heart. We never want to send mixed messages between what we say and what we wear. Where is the happy medium between not obsessing about what we wear while still wanting to present ourselves as attractive, beautiful women of God? I contemplated this as I prepared to attend my 10-year high school reunion. Although I didn't spend a lot of time contemplating the actual trip, I was constantly plagued by the same question during the days leading up to the event – 'What am I going to wear?' .... In the darkness of my room that night, I finally realized what I adorned myself with on the outside was truly unimportant. The woman described in Proverbs 31 is clothed in fine linen and purple, but her clothing alone isn't what makes her righteous. Proverb 31:30 tells us, 'Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the LORD, she shall be praised.' Instead of depending on a head-turning dress...I prayed people would not see me, but rather Jesus in me. I realized that my garments meant nothing if I did not first robe myself in the righteousness of the Lord. We must be satisfied and thankful for what God has given us...the bottom line is that we are beautiful in His sight. Our external beauty simply reflects our inner joy, integrity and values gained from knowing we are daughters of the Most High King...Before going to your closet, make sure you have already gone before the Lord and put on the heavenly garments...May we all spend more time in front of the spiritual looking glass the Bible provides rather than the social mirror we often measure ourselves against...This message is not meant to be legalistic or tell you what to wear. To the contrary - it is about love. It comes down to showing sensitivity to others through our attire so we don't become a distraction. God robes himself in majesty and splendor. Shouldn't we strive to do the same? Not only do we want to protect others from stumbling, but we also want to preserve our hearts and minds. Instead of damaging our testimony with inappropriate mini-skirts and tube tops, let us strive to portray a modest beauty that is consistent with the message of faith in our hearts" (S. Cone, GNSFL, July 2005).

And to add to that, what you wear is what you attract. For instance, dodo attracts flies and maggots. Dressing immodestly attracts low-life's that are neatly wrapped in a ruse package. Then you wonder how comes you are married to this man who beats you, abuse you and only wants you for sex. Your attire attracted him and only in wishful thinking you might land someone like me who wants to pluck the pricks from the roses. And more often, who you are on the inside is what you wear on the outside, and why many fit the title given to them as "whores." Dressing sexy in our society is being nude; though not known, dressing sexy is being prepped for sex. Being nude is really crude – Get some clothes on! I'm Oneil McQuick and that's an after thought.



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