## **My First Loves**



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Col 3:14

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#### We invite you to read these two stories...

An older man came to the clinic where I work to receive treatment for a wound on his hand. He was in quite a hurry and while I was helping him I asked him what the urgency was.

He explained that he had to go to a nursing home to have breakfast with his wife, who lived there.

She had been there for a while and suffered from Alzheimer's. While I finished up bandaging the wound, I asked if she would be frightened if he showed up late that morning.

- "No," he said, "she doesn't know who I am anymore. It's been almost five years since she stopped recognizing me".
- "So," I asked him, confused, "if she doesn't know who you are, why do you need to go every morning and always get there on time?".

He smiled at me and, taking my hand, told me, "She doesn't know who I am, but I still know very well who she is".

I had to hold back my tears, and while he was leaving I thought, "This is the type of love that I want in my life. True love can't be reduced to what is physical or romantic; true love is to accept everything about who the other person is, was, and will be, along with what they never will be".

Gema Pérez

Fernándezlaverdad.es/murcia/prensa/20081006/opinion

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"I can't wait for the weekend to get here so I can go out, have fun and score. Yeah, I can't wait to get "my trophy" after putting up with hours upon hours in class and having to study.

Friday night I put on my jeans and a t-shirt that shows me off my body a little. You can't go out looking like a slob. Otherwise forget about **success**. And don't forget the cologne. Girls love guys who smell good!

I'm ready to have an awesome time and pick up some chicks. It's not easy, but I know all the best spots. The best is the club: pumpin' music, drinks, dancing. There you'll pick someone up for sure 'cause you can see where to catch 'em. You'll find the girls right away. They knock back a few drinks and get stupid and start looking at you and laughing with their friends.

You've gotta prepare your way and act suave and **seductive** 'cause it's not even like I'm that handsome. It's easy for those guys to **get laid**. They just show up and the girls notice them. Us guys that aren't so handsome have to come up with **strategies** so we can get some.

First you've gotta start the **game** making eyes at them. You have to watch and see how the girls move. You've gotta look for the girls who wanna **hook up** with someone. It's obvious. You can see they **want some** by how they dance, how they move their body, and especially how they look at guys around them. You've gotta pick up on their vibe and make sure they want you to **go up to them**, otherwise fat chance.

Once you've paved the way, go for it! As far as you can get. If it's still early you can find another trophy to show off on Monday".

Troy

1 After reading both stories, compare them to each other along with your classmates: What feelings did each story cause you to have?

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In the second story there were some words written in bold:

SEDUCTIVE
GAME
HOOK UP
STDATEGY

GO UP TO HER SUCCESS WANT SOME GET LAID

Do you think these words have anything to do with the first story?
What words would you use to describe the story about the elderly couple?
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#### 2 Can you define the following relationships?

GOING OUT WITH SOMEONE
HOOKING UP
SLEEPING TOGETHER
FRIENDS WITH BENEFITS
DATING
GETTING
MARRIED

3 Let's imagine that you like someone and you would like to start going out with them.

Discuss the following questions in groups of five:
Do you think that going out with somebody is an important decision? Is it a step that you should put some thought into?
Is it in your interest to wait? What do you think you have to wait for?
Does age matter when you are starting a relationship with someone? Do you think that it's important to have reached a certain level of personal maturity?
How well do I need to know the other person before starting to go out with them?
What do I need to share in a relationship?
Are boys the same as girls?
How do I know that it's true love?



4 To conclude, we invite you to listen to a song.



Underline the words that touch your heart the most.

Dentro de mi vida, donde se ha creado todo, donde están todos mis miedos donde entro si estoy solo, donde guardo mis caricias, como si fueran tesoros, donde tengo mis sonrisas escondidas como el oro, lejos de tu vida y dentro de la mía.

Será para ti un regalo por abrir, te tendrás que cuidar para abrirme más a ti, y serás para mí lo más grande hasta morir, te querré todo y más, mírame yo estoy aquí.

En el centro de mi vida, donde ha nacido todo, donde estoy yo de pequeño, donde escucho, creo y lloro, donde está eso que me invita a acercarme y no estar tan solo, por eso te lo entrego cuídalo que es mi tesoro y lejos de tu vida y dentro de la mía.

Será para ti un regalo por abrir, te tendrás que cuidar para abrirme más a ti, y serás para mi lo mas grande hasta morir, te querré todo y más, mírame yo estoy aquí.

Y dentro del amor existe una mitad que da miedo pensar, que da miedo a afrontar y que se acaba, cuando tu quieras eso cambia, y hoy cambiaré pensar por dejarme llevar voy a intentar demostrar lo que hay que regalar con la mirada, seguro que mi cara gana.

Dentro de mi vida, donde se ha creado todo, donde están todos mis miedos donde entro si estoy solo.



el canto del loco ZAPATILLAS

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Do you think it's about love? About a relationship?



What desire does the song convey?

Do you think that you're a treasure for the other person? How do you take care of a treasure? Do you give it to just anybody? Who do you want to give it to?

I have delved into what it means to be a PERSON, into the value of my BODY, which expresses my PERSONAL being in a way that is different from others, because my SEXUALITY shapes me and calls me to an encounter with the other, who is different from me.

This difference attracts me. And suddenly I feel that SOMEONE is overtaking my thoughts and my heart with GREAT STRENGTH.

I discover that I like the other, that I desire their good, that I want them for myself, because they are a GIFT.

I can't forget that I, too, am a GIFT for the other. My PERESON, my SEXUALITY, my AFFECTIONS, my FREEDOM, my WILL, are truly a TREASURE that I have to care for, to preserve...

We will soon see how LOVE is a path, like a highway that has an EXIT and a DESTINATION. What do I want to do with my TREASURE?







