

Answering
the **Guy**
Questions

Leslie Ludy



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A Christ-Consumed Heart



putting first things first

The set-apart women I admire most all had one very important thing in common—they were passionately, ardently, fervently in love with Jesus Christ. They put Jesus Christ above pleasures, riches, comforts, friends, family, and worldly applause. And they put Jesus Christ far above guys.

Amy Carmichael sacrificed her right to be married and, instead, chose to spend her life rescuing a thousand children from being sold into temple prostitution in India. Her romance with Jesus Christ far exceeded the most beautiful fairy tale ever written.

Sabina Wurmbrand sacrificed her right to live “happily ever after” with the love of her life, Richard, when she was forced to make a choice between saving her husband and standing up for her first love, Jesus Christ. By choosing Jesus, she inspired her husband to stand against those who were blaspheming Christ’s

name, and as a result, she and Richard were separated for ten long years.

Gladys Aylward spent all of her youth and beauty in a war-torn Chinese village. Rather than pining after men and pursuing marriage, family, and the comforts of this world, Gladys chose a life of service for the kingdom of God. As a result, a hundred violent prisoners were subdued into quiet obedience, two hundred orphans were saved, and thousands were pulled out of darkness and into God's marvelous light.

Catherine Booth laid down her right to a comfortable marriage and family life. Not only did her husband pour out his life for the destitute and dying, but Catherine joined him, serving right by his side. She chose all-night prayer gatherings, long days trudging through slums, and attacks from the modern church over a stable existence in a cute home with a white picket fence.

When I study these women's lives, I am astounded and inspired by their level of commitment to Jesus Christ. They didn't just *say* He was their first love—they lived it. Though they gave up their rights to be married and their dreams of living the “happily ever after” lifestyle, nothing was more important than serving Christ and protecting the honor of their Lord and King.

So it must be with us.

Even though this is a book about guys, I want to emphasize that Jesus Christ, not guys, must always remain the center of our existence. When we have a Christ-consumed heart, guys no longer dominate our thoughts, our actions, and our decisions. Rather, the Lover of our soul captivates us so completely that every guy we meet clearly sees that Jesus is, and always will be, the number one Prince of our heart. These lyrics from a song by According to John capture this idea beautifully:

She's in Love

*What a beautiful smile; A radiant girl
Fell in love first time I saw her; She stays on my mind
I'd give anything; To know everything about her*

*There's light in her eyes; And I know it's all for Him
She carries on and on; Like He was her best friend*

Chorus:

*She's in love; It's not hard to see
But I would like to believe it was with me
Someone got a hold of her heart
And He won't let go
And I know; She's in love*

*She looks to the sky; When she talks about Him
She believes He hung the moon; Said He had to go away
She waits for His return; Says He's coming for her soon*

*How can this be fair?
This guy can walk on water
Don't guess I've got a prayer
He's written love letters to reach her*

*She worships the ground He walks on
She just smiles when she says His name
It's a match made in heaven
I can't compete with the King of Kings¹*

—ACCORDING TO JOHN

Until a guy can truly say *that* about your life, you aren't ready for an earthly "Prince Charming." Until Jesus Christ is the obsession of your heart, you'll always be looking to mere men to meet needs only He can fill.

So even though this book is filled with practical advice about relating to guys, let me warn you not to become consumed with the subject of the opposite sex. When you become consumed with Jesus Christ, dealing with guys becomes far less confusing!

I can honestly say that if you live out the lyrics of that song, all of the romantic desires of your heart will be fulfilled—whether you end up with an earthly Prince Charming or not. Making Jesus Christ your first love is the foundation for everything else in life, including guys. If you feel uncertain about His position in your life, read *Authentic Beauty* and *Set-Apart Femininity*, in which I explore intimacy with Christ in a very practical and in-depth way.

This book is meant to be a practical tool in your hands—a fleshing out of what set-apart femininity looks like in relationship to masculinity. Through the years, countless young women have come to me with questions about guys. And to the best of my ability, I've attempted to answer the most common ones and place them within the pages of this book. I like to write my books as if I am sitting across from you, my reader, in a cozy coffee shop, simply sharing my heart. I hope you'll feel that way as you read through the following chapters filled with advice and encouragement. Think of me as a big sister who has gone before you and wants to share everything she's learned on the subject of guys.

You'll notice that I refer to my love story with my husband, Eric, quite a few times. I hope you won't feel that I'm suggesting that the specific details of my love story need to be imitated.

Rather, it's my desire to give you a real-life example of what these biblical principles look like lived out.

This book is very straightforward, keeping with the lovingly blunt personality God blessed me with! My message sets a high standard for interaction with the opposite sex, and I don't apologize for it because I believe it's the standard of Christ. And I also believe that if you are willing to take this message to heart, you'll experience an amazing, astounding, heaven-on-earth blessing just like I did. My prayer is that through these pages you'll be inspired, encouraged, and equipped to approach this area of your life with Christ-built confidence rather than culture-induced confusion!

Please know that I am cheering you on in your set-apart journey. I would love for you to visit my website, www.setapartgirl.com, where there are many additional resources, such as audio sessions and articles, to encourage and equip you along the way.

If you've picked up this book, I don't believe it's a coincidence. I know God has an incredible purpose for you and can use this message in your life. His plans for you are more beautiful than you could hope or imagine, and I pray that this book will be an instrumental part of your walk with Him.

Set-apart femininity can change the world. May this book inspire you to fully realize this reality.

Cheering you on!

A handwritten signature in a cursive script that reads "Leslie".

Counterfeit Manhood



the way modern guys are versus
the way God wants them to be

In seventh grade, boys were my nemesis.

Boys were loud and obnoxious, insensitive and crude. At the age of twelve, I was painfully awkward, shy and insecure—and this unfortunate combination smacked a bright red “easy target” sign in the middle my forehead. Every morning on the bus ride to school, I was mercilessly tormented by a gangly, puberty-stricken clamor of testosterone. Max Johnson, the ringleader, seemed to think it was his personal mission in life to demonstrate his masculine superiority over all womankind by using me as a verbal punching bag in front of his friends. His specific put-downs were a bit too profane for me to include in this book, but suffice it to say that, using many creative and perverted metaphors, Max deemed me unfeminine, unsexy, and wholly undesirable to the male species.

I hated seventh-grade boys. They made my life miserable. Nearly all of them had this annoyingly arrogant, strut-on-the-beach-like-Tom-Cruise-in-*Top-Gun* attitude, conveniently overlooking the fact that they could barely bench-press 45 pounds, didn't have enough facial hair to warrant owning a razor, and had to ride a big yellow bus to school because they weren't old enough to drive. Taking their cues from older brothers and pop-culture role models, they treated every girl like a piece of meat to either lustfully consume or carelessly discard—depending on the level of her sex appeal. I ranked dismally low on that sexiness scale. Like an overcooked steak, I was chewed up and spit out by Max and his gang of Hollywood heartthrob wannabes.

But it wasn't just their ridiculous display of male ego that made me despise them. It was the paralyzing fear that when it came to guys, this was all I could ever expect.

Like every other American female, I'd grown up with the fairy tales. I knew what kind of man I wanted to end up with someday. I wanted a gentleman—someone who would stand up for me, cherish me, find me beautiful, and have eyes for no other woman but me. I wanted a man who wasn't just interested in my physical appearance, but someone who took delight in exploring the deepest caverns of my heart and soul. I wanted a true hero—a guy who didn't just talk a big talk, but someone marked by masculine nobility and honor. I wanted a guy who was selfless—a guy who would give his life to protect those weaker than himself. I wanted a gallant knight.

But by the age of twelve, I was starting to awaken to the fact that I wasn't living in a fairy tale. On the contrary, I seemed to be living in a warped, counter-fairy-tale reality, where the most "noble" act a man seemed capable of was putting the toilet seat

down after using it, and the most “faithful” of men were those who chose to live out their illicit fantasies via Internet porn rather than have an actual affair. The majority of my friends’ parents were divorced, and most of the married men I observed had so completely tuned out their wives that they might as well have been bachelors.

Happily, my own parents had a beautiful marriage, and my dad was both noble and sensitive. He was (and is) a wonderful husband and father and had none of the crude or debased tendencies so common among modern males. Witnessing his version of masculinity allowed me to hold on to the tiny shred of hope that maybe it was actually possible to end up with a heroic prince someday. But the older I grew, the less hopeful I became.

After countless bus rides filled with the taunting jeers and disgusting bathroom humor of Max Johnson and his cohorts, I was beginning to think that I would never be so fortunate as to find a guy whose personality was even one step beyond the dismal standards of Beavis and Butt-head. And judging by most of the older brothers and dads I observed, men didn’t seem to change much between seventh grade and full-grown adulthood. My friend Staci’s older brother—a cocky basketball player with spiked hair and a nose ring—spent all of his spare time concocting poems and short stories detailing various sexual acts and then circulating these literary masterpieces around his high school until they were legendary. My neighbor Tyler started getting condoms and sex advice from his dad at the age of 13. “Always keep a couple of them in your wallet,” Tyler’s dad instructed him, “and when you get the chance to score with a hot girl, don’t wimp out! If you haven’t had sex with at least ten different girls by the time you graduate from high school, I’ll be ashamed to call you my son.”

By the time I reached high school I had completely given up on the idea of finding a Prince Charming. Most guys I knew hung posters of bikini-clad supermodels on their bedroom walls and carried *Playboy* magazines to school in their backpacks. They implied that any high school girls they dated were merely stand-ins until they finally had the chance to hook up with their *real* fantasy—a Victoria’s Secret or *Playboy* centerfold model (conveniently overlooking the fact that they could never snag that kind of woman in the first place). Like countless other girls, I became jaded by the sex-obsessed minds of modern guys. I was plagued by insecurity, knowing that no matter how physically attractive I became, I could never measure up to the culture’s impossible standards for feminine sex appeal, and thus, I could never really capture the heart of a modern guy.

The extra discouraging wrinkle to the whole saga was that Christian guys didn’t seem much different than all the other warped, perverted men of modern times. In fact, my youth pastor, Kevin Richards, greeted me (and several other girls) each week as we entered the youth room with a sly smile and the question, “So, who’s your boyfriend this week?” Kevin didn’t act much different from the rest of the guys in the room—he flirted with the attractive girls and ignored all the others. From my perspective, it seemed that even my Christian male leader seemed to see girls the way all the other guys did—merely there for the pleasure and enjoyment of men. If we weren’t hopping from boyfriend to boyfriend, then Kevin implied that we were abnormal. And if we weren’t with a guy, we seemed to have very little purpose or value in his eyes.

In the hallways at my high school, I constantly overheard guys lustfully describe girls’ bodies (and the sexual acts they desired to do with them) in pornographic detail. The one time I actually got

up the nerve to confront a guy about his perverted attitude toward girls, he told me, “This is just the way guys are—get over it.”

Though I was discouraged and disgusted by the state of modern masculinity, I was desperately afraid of being unappealing to the opposite sex. Like most other girls my age, I reasoned that being treated like a sex object was better than being disregarded by guys and spending the rest of my life alone. So I began catering to the masculine perversion all around me by dressing seductively to gain male approval, laughing carelessly when guys touched or grabbed me sexually in the school halls, and giving away my heart, emotions, and almost all of my physical purity to one casual, meaningless fling after another. Like most other girls my age, giving in to the dismal standard of modern masculinity left me heartbroken, wounded, and plagued with debilitating insecurity. My feminine heart still longed for Prince Charming, but reality convinced me that my desire for a noble knight was an immature, idiotic dream that could never come true and that I was destined to end up with a self-focused, egotistical man who would always be lusting after other women, even after he had pledged his heart to me.



Popular urban legend states that men think about sex approximately every seven seconds. Though there is no way to actually prove such a statement, simply being around modern guys seems to validate that rumor as scientific fact. It's a catch-22, if you think about it. The culture sends a clear message to boys, from the time they are old enough to even notice the opposite sex, that they are not normal unless they are fixated on the female body. It becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy—boys want to be seen as masculine, so

they eagerly step into the role that society creates for them, becoming sex-obsessed cavemen incapable of seeing women as anything more than pieces of meat to be lustfully devoured. The result is the perverted, sex-addicted version of manhood we see all around us. And in case we ever doubt the severity of the problem, all we must do is take a look at these startling facts:

- Nearly 28 million guys visit at least one Internet porn site every month.¹
- The largest group of viewers of Internet porn is children between the ages of 12 and 17.²
- The Internet porn industry generates 12 billion dollars in annual revenue—more than the combined annual revenue of ABC, CBS, and NBC.³

Though the Christian men of our culture are supposed to be the ones who will rise above the debased mediocrity around them, they are just as ensnared by the same warped perspective and sinful sexual vices as the rest of their male counterparts. In fact, the church is literally inundated with pastors, leaders, and Christ-professing men who are enslaved to Internet porn, premarital sex, adulterous affairs, and even homosexuality. According to a 2001 leadership survey of clergy who had Internet access, 51 percent said Internet pornography is a possible temptation, and 37 percent said it is a current struggle—and these were just the ones who were actually being honest when polled.⁴

Even more disturbing is the defeated attitude that we as Christians have taken toward this issue. Not long ago I sat in a pastor's office as he criticized a wife for being offended at her husband's pornography addiction. "He's not a pervert or a sex addict," the

pastor said. “He’s just a normal, red-blooded male. Every guy deals with this, and it’s time we stop making men feel ashamed about it.”

While I understand the reasoning behind such an attitude, I also believe it is extremely dangerous. Men with sexual addictions should not be mercilessly condemned by the church—as in, “you are a hopeless, disgusting pervert, and God wants nothing to do with you.” However, we have swung in the opposite direction, embracing and accepting men’s sex-obsessed state without expecting them to be set free by the transforming grace of God.

I can’t even count the number of young women who have written over the past few years, telling me about sexual compromise within their church. Some of them have been sexually assaulted by their youth pastors. Others have engaged in secret affairs with pastors or worship leaders. Still others were sexually abused by their fathers—some of whom were elders, deacons, or leaders in the church.

A young man who just graduated from a Christian college told me, “The problem of sexual perversion is beyond rampant—even in the church. Having just come out of a Christian college, I can tell you categorically that there’s not a guy I met who wasn’t either struggling with lust or completely given over to it. Many even seemed to take some pride in the fact.”

Why are Christian men more defeated by sexual sin than ever before? I believe that it’s largely because Christian men are inundated with voices that excuse slothful, sinful mediocrity rather than call them to the righteous standard of Christ. The biblical principle of consecrating our bodies as the temple of the Most High God is conveniently ignored, while the worldly prescription “just do what feels good” reigns supreme.

In a popular Christian book for men, the author writes about his *current* struggle with a defeated marriage and temptation toward sin:

As I write this chapter, [my wife] and I have just returned from a friend's wedding. It was one of the best nuptials either of us have ever been to...the groom was young and strong and valiant, the bride was seductively beautiful. Which is what made it so excruciating for me...[my wife] and I were in a difficult place over the weekend. Satan saw his opportunity and turned it into a bonfire without even one word between us. By the time we got to the reception, I didn't want to dance with her. I didn't even want to be in the same room. All the hurt and disappointment of the years—hers and mine—seemed to be the only thing that was ever true about our marriage. [I thought] "I'm so tired of battling for our marriage. How I wish we could start over. It wouldn't be that hard, you know. Look at all these beautiful women." On and on it came, like a wave overwhelming the shore. Sitting at the table with a group of our friends, I felt I was going to suffocate; I had to get out of there, get some fresh air. Truth be told, when I left the reception I had no intention of going back. Either I'd wind up in a bar somewhere or back in our room watching T.V. Thankfully I found a small library off the reception hall—I grabbed a book but could not read, I tried to pray but I did not want to. Finally some words began to arise from my heart, "Jesus, come and rescue my heart before I do something stupid."⁵

In that same book, the author described another situation in which he became so irritated with his wife—she suggested a different route than the one they had been driving—that he literally would have divorced her on the spot if he'd had the opportunity.

What a far cry from the fairy tale we all dream about! This is

the reality of most marriages, even Christian ones. As women, we assume that it's normal to be married to a man who, in the space of one weekend, can get so disgruntled with his marriage that he describes another man's wife as "seductively beautiful," refuses to even be in the same room with his wife after an argument, and notices every other beautiful woman in the room, wishing he could "start over" with one of them. Most modern Christians treat a scenario like this as perfectly acceptable, which is why nobody made a fuss over this disturbing section of that book. But as I read about such blatant masculine defeat, I can't help but think, *if that is the best we can expect from a Christian marriage, why would we want to get married at all? If that is the standard by which Christian husbands (and even well-known leaders) think and act toward their wives, it's no wonder Christian marriages are crumbling left and right and sexual sin wreaks havoc in countless Christ-professing lives.*

This author is merely attempting to be honest with his struggles—and I commend him for being real rather than hypocritical. However, as a Christian leader whom thousands of men esteem, his example of mediocrity is just one more excuse for men to yield to the voice of their sinful, selfish flesh (that is *do what feels good*) rather than the Spirit of God. Yes, the author escaped "doing something stupid" in regard to his marriage—but not triumphantly. He *yielded* to the voice of his sinful selfish nature from the moment that wedding began. He gave in to lust, self-pity, and selfishness. Rather than crying out to God for power to be victorious over sin, he left the reception hall fully intending to satisfy the cravings of his flesh—by going to a bar or a hotel room to watch TV. And even after sharing this story, he blamed the entire struggle on lies from the enemy instead of willfully yielding to sin on his part.

Christianity has accepted the attitude that "guys are just built

this way; they can't help it, so let's not make them feel bad." Thus, men are being carried away like helpless victims to selfishness, lust, and sexual addiction. Not long after that particular men's book was released, the pastor of one of the largest churches in our area confessed to cheating on his wife. He admitted that the pressures of ministry had taken their toll on his marriage and family, and in order to "escape and unwind," he went on a vacation (by himself, leaving his wife and kids at home). How did he spend his much-needed getaway? Not in prayer. Not in focused pursuit of God. Rather, he hung out in bars—and in his hotel room watching TV. It was almost like he was mimicking the book's scenario exactly. Only in his case, he *did* end up "doing something stupid" and sleeping with another woman. Ironically, when he confessed his sin to his church body, they gave him a standing ovation. They were far more impressed with the fact that he was "real" enough to admit his struggle than they were concerned that their Christ-professing leader was defeated by sin and selfishness.

Yet another church in our area—one of the largest in the nation—recently announced that their pastor had fallen into a lifestyle of deceit and sexual sin. And again, it was when he "escaped" from his wife and children and went off for a self-indulgent getaway to a big city hotel that he caved to one of the many sexual temptations that presented itself in that environment.

This may be the reality of modern Christian men, *but it is not God's intention for masculinity*. Here is just a sampling of what Scripture says about guys and sexual purity:

You have heard that it was said to those of old, "You shall not commit adultery." But I say to you that whoever looks at a woman to lust for her has already committed adultery with her in his heart. If your right eye causes you to sin, pluck it

out and cast it from you; for it is more profitable for you that one of your members perish, than for your whole body to be cast into hell. And if your right hand causes you to sin, cut it off and cast it from you; for it is more profitable for you that one of your members perish, than for your whole body to be cast into hell (Matthew 5:27-30).



I have made a covenant with my eyes; why then should I look upon a young woman? If my heart has been enticed by a woman, or if I have lurked at my neighbor's door...that would be wickedness; yes, it would be iniquity deserving of judgment. For that would be a fire that consumes to destruction, and would root out all my increase (Job 31:1,9,11-12).

So how are we, as women, supposed to respond to the vast cavern between the righteous standard of Christ and the disturbing reality of modern masculinity? Thus far, we haven't been given the right answer. I have read several books and magazine articles for Christian women that seek to help us live with guys' lust problems in an understanding, no-nagging, noncritical way. "We as women can't possibly understand a man's intense sex-drive," they exhort us, "and it's time we stop making them feel like criminals for just doing what comes naturally to them."

Criticism, nagging, or heaping guilt upon men, to be sure, will not help a man battling sex addictions and perversion. But neither will shrugging our shoulders and saying, "guys will be guys."

What modern masculinity needs is a serious shot of the *saving, redeeming, transforming, delivering power of Jesus Christ*.

And as women, it's time we realize that we play a significant role in seeing that come about. If you have ever been discouraged, disgusted, depressed, or even defeated by the state of modern

masculinity, this book can infuse you with vision, hope, and a practical means of doing something about it.

The problems of modern manhood are not too big for God. He has a huge vision for His men—the very standard of Jesus Christ. And if you are willing, you can be a part of one of the most amazing, God-inspired reformations in history—a radical return of manhood as God intended it to be, in all of its glory, strength, nobility, and honor.

Imposter Manhood Exposed

Our culture has reduced sex to nothing more than a self-gratifying, animalistic impulse rather than a beautiful expression of life-long, fairy-tale love.


When it comes to sex, we seem to be presented with only two options: Succumb to the twisted, selfish, perverted kind of sex blatantly displayed by the media, seeing it as a sinful, shameful, and guilt-ridden area of our lives, or grit our teeth and put up with the “purity route,” forcing ourselves to forgo the pleasures of premarital sex only to end up with a dismal, lifeless, not-tonight-honey-I-have-a-headache version of sex in marriage. But there is a secret third option that most of us overlook—it’s called God’s perfect design for sex. When we encounter God’s true design for sex, we experience the most sacred, perfect, beautiful act of nobility and love—far beyond a fairy tale. The culture has warped sex into a cheap imposter of the glorious “real thing” created by the Author of love and romance. And when we exchange the counterfeit for the original, contrary to popular belief, we don’t end up with a stuffy, no-fun, mediocre version of sex. *We end up with the fulfillment of all our romantic dreams.* God’s version of sex is light years beyond the debased version we see around us today.

But most of us don't realize that there is anything better, so we don't pursue it. We settle for an imposter version and wonder why we feel so unhappy, unsatisfied, and unfulfilled.

Counterfeit masculinity is a lot like counterfeit sex. Men are presented with several dismal options for masculinity, all of which are cheap knockoffs of what God intended. But God's original design for masculinity is a glorious, heroic, triumphant, valiant display of world-altering manhood. The problem is that, just like sex, we don't realize that there is anything better, so we don't pursue it. It's time to uproot counterfeit masculinity and expose it as the sham it really is.

Metro Males

You may have noticed in recent years that a large segment of the modern male population has begun swinging toward the more sensitive, groomed, and socially polished pattern of the metro male. Sweat, dirt, and grunts are being exchanged for sleek hairstyles, facials, and tanning salons. But before you get too excited



Most modern guys don't even believe that they can be anything other than animalistic and given over to their lusts. They use their God-given grit and tenacity to fight for everything but what they were intended to defend and protect (God's truth and the oppressed). I, for one, am ready to see that pattern shift! I desire to marry a man who exhibits the life of Christ in his relationships, ministry, free time—someone who is Christlike even when he is alone, someone who continues to pursue a deeper relationship with God at all times. I desire to marry a man who doesn't take his role as the spiritual leader and head of our family lightly. My heart longs for a man who has used his single years to learn to protect the women in his life (his sisters, friends, etc.) and to fight for truth.

—COURTNEY, 23

over their exfoliated skin and manicured fingernails, let's take a closer look at the roots of metro masculinity.

What is metro manhood? After countless years of enduring loud, smelly, obnoxious, insensitive, rude, unromantic, burpin', scratchin' specimens of manhood, the women of our culture finally decided enough was enough. Recruiting the help of the gay community and the fashion industry, women began to put pressure on guys to clean up their act, become more refined, and get in touch with their feminine side. The fashion and beauty industry was only too happy to pounce on the opportunity—pushing products to men that include lotions, tanning creams, male manicures, and hair dyes and highlights. Ultrahip men now wear women's pants and pointy shoes with shameless force. Magazines, billboards, the media, and celebrities have united with the mantra, "Girly men are sexy men!" The gay community began lending a helping hand, offering makeover shows like *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy* and other such efforts to proclaim that gay men are in touch with their feminine side and, therefore, understand what makes a man truly appealing to a woman.

The media, the fashion industry, the gay community, and most of womankind have joined forces to cleanse the dirt and grit from masculinity and transform men from frogs into princes. But unfortunately, metro men are becoming a bit more like *heroines* than heroes in this bizarre fairy-tale-gone-awry. One modern writer says,

Remember the big to-do about whether or not real men ate quiche? Well now not only are they eating quiche, they're wearing salmon colored dress shirts; getting manicures and pedicures; having their hair highlighted; frequenting tanning salons; and are enjoying overall makeovers.⁶

A female journalist for *The Washington Post* writes,

At dinner the other night, my date listed the calorie count of the main entrees, raising an eyebrow at my chicken Alfredo selection after he had ordered a salad. I saw him check his reflection in the silver water pitcher three times. During dessert, he looked deeply into my eyes and told me he thought what we have together is very special. It was our third date. It was then that I realized why my dating life has been as mysterious as the Bermuda Triangle since I arrived in Washington. This city, unlike any other place I've lived, is a haven for the metrosexual.⁷

And then there is the online Urban Dictionary, in which a straightforward contributor defines metrosexual as:

A straight homie that acts like a gay dude for some unknown reason.⁸


The bottom line—metro males are guys who act a bit more like women than men. While the popular belief is that women applaud this soft-spoken, sensitive, socially groomed rendition of manhood, in reality the metro version of masculinity falls far short of what women really desire. When you take the “manly stuff” out of masculinity, as my friend Jeremy says, you are left with “weak men and unprotected women.” Every young girl (until she is brainwashed by our culture’s feminist agenda) dreams of a heroic knight who will slay the evil dragon on her behalf and carry her away to his castle. Metro men are too concerned about maintaining the cleanliness of their designer jeans and the perfect position of their spiked hair to actually get their hands dirty protecting a woman.

Don’t get me wrong, I am not against men smelling sweeter, dressing nicer, and exhibiting better table manners. In fact, my

husband, Eric, has written for years about “warrior-poet” manhood—contending that guys are meant to showcase the strength *and* sensitivity of Jesus Christ. Christ-built manhood is not just sweat, blood, and battle cries. It’s also compassion, tenderness, nobility, and dignity. But metro manhood is a twisted counterfeit of the “poet” side of masculinity. For one thing, metro manhood emphasizes only a man’s soft side, completely disregarding the *strength* and *grit* that men were created to exude. And secondly, it looks to the fashion industry and gay community—rather than the example of Christ—to define the kind of sensitivity, nobility, and dignity God created men to display. The result is a watered-down, mediocre version of masculinity that gives guys an excuse to be self-indulgent, lazy, wimpy, and shockingly feminine.

Many Christian guys I know even wear women’s pants, lip gloss, and eyeliner in an attempt to vibe with the metro crowd. I am personally not sure how women can possibly find this attractive, but my opinion doesn’t seem to hold much weight against the doctrine of the Fab Five.

Christian metros have allowed the culture to define their masculinity. They have conveniently morphed Scripture to be a bit more accommodating to modern times. They overlook the stunning displays of God-infused manly strength presented all



I am so disheartened by the interaction between husbands and wives and daughters and fathers. I want to see men step up and be strong Christlike men, but I realize that we as women have a lot to do with that. Unless women learn to honor men and hold them to a higher standard, we will never see men rise up to be masculine in the way God intended and created masculinity to be.

—ASHLEY, 24

throughout Scripture: David killed a lion and a bear with his bare hands, Joshobeam single-handedly defeated 800 Philistines, Samson annihilated entire armies with the jawbone of a donkey, Josiah ruthlessly ground to dust all the idols of false gods, and Elijah called down fire from heaven and slayed 350 false prophets, causing the Brook Kishon to overflow with their blood. (Somehow I can't imagine these mighty men of God doing such valiant exploits in women's pants and lip gloss.) And then there is the example of Christ. Yes, He displayed incredible tenderness, humility, and compassion—healing the sick, embracing children, and referring to Himself as the Good Shepherd. But He also exuded superhuman strength and power—calming winds and waves, walking on water, driving out the temple money changers with a whip, walking through the midst of an angry mob that was trying to cast Him off a cliff, and conquering sin and death by bearing the guilt of the entire world in His own body and rising from the grave on the third day. Take note of the awe-inspiring description of our Lord in Revelation 19:11-16:

Now I saw heaven opened, and behold, a white horse. And He who sat on him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness He judges and makes war. His eyes were like a flame of fire, and on His head were many crowns. He had a name written that no one knew except Himself. He was clothed with a robe dipped in blood, and His name is called The Word of God. And the armies in heaven, clothed in fine linen, white and clean, followed Him on white horses. Now out of His mouth goes a sharp sword, that with it He should strike the nations. And He Himself will rule them with a rod of iron. He Himself treads the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God. And He has on His robe and on His thigh a name written: KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS.

This is our Jesus—the ultimate man, the ultimate King. This is warrior-poet manhood. Jesus is greater, mightier, stronger, and more powerful than anything our minds can comprehend. In the face of such spectacular majesty, how can we possibly think, *Jesus was a softie, therefore we should be too*? Christ was the ultimate blend of strength and sensitivity. He rules the nations with a rod of iron, and yet He is the Prince of Peace. He fiercely commands the winds and waves to obey Him, and yet little children find sweet refuge in His arms. He is the ultimate warrior-poet. And, as it says in 1 Peter 2:21, He left an example that we should *follow in His steps*. This applies to masculinity. It is the example of Christ—not the culture—that men are to follow. Jesus was anything *but* a metro male. And it's time we start calling men to the standard of our King.

Eric writes an imaginary movie scene in his book *The Bravehearted Gospel* that paints a great picture of what happens when the manly stuff is robbed from masculinity. Imagine an old black and white movie scene in which a strong, handsome cowboy and beautiful young woman are tending to a mortally wounded horse. They both love the horse, and it is heartrending to hear the creature's agonized cries. It's time to make the tough decision to end the pain. What if the beautiful young woman, a bow in her hair and a feminine blush on her cheeks, were to grab the shotgun and say to the cowboy, "Carl, we are going to have to put her down." And then picture rugged cowboy Carl, in dusty leather boots and worn jeans, jumping in front of the horse and sobbing, "No, Jane! You can't shoot Trixie. You just can't!" He throws his body on top of the horse and weeps as the beautiful young woman stands her ground. "Carl, it's best for Trixie. If you really love her, you will let her go."

What's wrong with that picture? As Eric writes, "It just doesn't

seem appropriate for Carl to be such a sap, and it seems strange for Jane to be so unfeeling. In a general sense, there is a way that we know men should be and there is also a way that we know women should be. And whether it's politically correct to acknowledge or not, the truth is we all instinctively know what falls under the banners of feminine and masculine behavior.”⁹

As odd as the above scenario seems, men like Carl, who forsake their traditional manly roles and behave like soft-hearted women, are applauded nowadays. Having the old-fashioned idea that Carl should act like a real man and shoot the horse is an unpardonable sin. That's the result of metro manhood.


It's not just men who visit beauty salons and tanning booths who are affected by the “feminized” masculinity we see all around us. Our culture says that a man's intrinsic desire to sound a war cry and charge into battle is unsavory, undesirable, and socially incorrect. Our culture looks down upon a man taking a firm stand for truth and making the hard choices like shooting a dying horse. As a result, we are hard-pressed to find any men who actually fight battles or stand for anything. Instead, they sit on their couches playing Halo and watching action movies while this dying world perishes for lack of real-life valiant warriors. Our marriages languish because men aren't standing up and actually being men.

What would have happened if the author of that men's book I mentioned earlier had actually demonstrated warrior-poet manhood by fighting for his marriage? At the first sign of any danger to his marriage, he would have heroically and aggressively risen up to protect and defend the most important relationship in his life. Instead of nursing his own self-pity and pining after other women, he would have done whatever it took to fight for the preservation of his relationship with his wife. His prayer wouldn't have been:

Jesus, please help me before I do something stupid. Rather, it would have been: Jesus, I call upon the power of Your mighty name. Infuse me with heavenly strength to battle for my marriage. I refuse to allow the enemy any access to this sacred marriage covenant. I won't stop fighting until there is absolute victory in this situation. Following Your lead, may I lay down my very life for this woman I have pledged my heart to.

I guarantee the ending to *that* story would have been a triumph—not mediocrity.

What if that adulterous pastor from the church in our area had stood up and fought for his marriage rather than selfishly catering to the desire of his sinful flesh? What if the moment the enemy entered in and planted his twisted thoughts—*You deserve some time away by yourself. Your wife doesn't understand your needs and maybe you can find someone better*—that pastor immediately fought back with truth, love, and selflessness and did whatever it took to end the siege upon his marriage? Instead of fighting the battle, he rolled over and played the victim to the enemy's schemes, and the result was the loss of his marriage, family, and ministry.



One day I was setting up an outdoor party for my friend. Struggling to carry all of the party food, drinks, and other things from the car to my destination, I dropped several items and noticed two young men playing basketball. After my third trip back to my car, it saddened me to think that as they watched me struggle, it didn't even cross their minds to offer assistance. I am not sure if they were afraid I might be offended if they offered their assistance, but whatever their reason, it saddened me to realize gentlemen are no longer the rule but the exception.

—ASHLEY, 24

Too many men don't know how to be real men. They don't know how to fight. And they don't know how to heroically protect women. They've been "metro-ized" without even realizing it.

Just this afternoon, I received a letter from a woman who is married to a military man. Though he knows how to employ battle tactics out on the field, at home he is nothing but a helpless weakling. He sits at his computer all day long, ignoring his wife and children and allowing his family to fall apart.

Today's metro men desperately need an infusion of the mighty masculine strength that heroically fights to preserve and protect the things that are most valuable to God. As my friend Nathan says, "Men have lost their backbone and strength, their willingness to fight and protect and serve." That's metro manhood in a nutshell.

Animalistic Manhood

On the other end of the spectrum are the aggressive, domineering, animalistic men who use their masculine strength to conquer women rather than protect them. This is the kind of man who views women as nothing more than sex objects, existing for men's animalistic gratification. And unfortunately, this version of manhood is even more prevalent than weak, effeminate metro males. I took an informal poll of a number of godly young men from all around the country, asking them to describe the state of modern manhood. Overwhelmingly, the "animalistic" description was used. Here's a brief sampling:

The typical male views women as objects for self-gratification rather than human beings. Men view women through a glass of lust. Women are no longer persons to be upheld, honored, and cherished, but rather, they are objects to be seen, touched, and talked about. I seriously think men (if

they can be called such) see women as simply existing to make them feel good.

—DAVID, 22



Too often guys go into a relationship only concerned about what they are going to get out of it. Their goal is not to serve and protect but, rather, to loot and pillage.

—TIM, 21



Masculine strength has been warped into superiority and domination. We see abusive husbands, fathers, rapists, and murderers coming from this twisted masculinity.

—JEREMY, 20



It used to be an honor to walk a young lady to her door after a nice night out. Now a date is considered a complete disaster if the guy does not make it to her bedroom (this, of course, after taking her to see the newest Ben Stiller flick and out to Applebee's for dinner). Men will be ridiculed and mocked if they do not excel in the game of "Masculinity" (which is now just another word for cheap sex). The current movies, music, and literature all point to the same verdict concerning the credentials of a "real man"—a young stud who is good in bed.

—RICH, 24

Metro men (though most are just as sex-obsessed as the rest of the male population) are *denying* their masculinity altogether. Animalistic men are *redefining* masculinity to mean conquering

and debasing women to gratify their own sexual pleasure. While metro manhood warps the poet side of masculinity into a sappy feminine version, animalistic manhood twists the warrior side into a caveman-like, sex-obsessed version of masculinity. Both counterfeits stem from the same root problem—selfishness. Men, just like women, have bought into the age-old lie that “it’s all about me!” And when it comes to sexuality, there is nothing that twists, warps, and perverts God’s original intent more than that attitude.

Two weeks ago, I was invited to be a guest on a talk radio show, which turned out to be a podcast of two guys spewing horrific obscenities and pornographic sex jokes and trying to shock me with their graphic and perverted language. After I hung up on them, my first thought was, *Who actually listens to that slime?* But then I realized that’s just how far modern manhood has fallen. The fact that two grown men can make a living spouting sexual filth all day long proves that animalistic, sex-obsessed men are absolutely everywhere. We all know that the pornography industry is booming, and most of us have picked up on the fact that lust, rape, sexual abuse, and adultery are running rampant in this country. To most women, it seems that nearly every man they encounter is defeated by sexual sin. Is that a mere assumption, or is it actual fact? When I polled that handful of godly young men mentioned previously, I asked them to be honest about how widespread the issues of lust, pornography, and perversion truly are. Their responses confirm our worst suspicions:

It is an all-consuming wildfire.

—BOBBY, 24



It is flat-out everywhere.

—JEREMY, 20



Only one in a hundred men are free from it.

—TIM, 22



Lust and sexual perversion are “normal” and any hint of the opposite (for example *not* lusting or looking at pornography) is abnormal, strange, and means there must be some “problem” with that individual.

—NATHAN, 23

Just like metro manhood, it’s very clear that animalistic manhood has crept into the church. Christian men are ensnared by the very same perversions as their secular counterparts. All of the young men I talked to said unequivocally that their Christian guy friends are just as addicted to lust and perversion as their non-Christian friends.

This is why most Christian women don’t think they can expect anything better. This is why countless young women lower their standards and allow themselves to be treated as little more than sex objects. They have given up on the idea that heroic, valiant, noble warrior-poet men really exist.

It’s important to note that sexuality isn’t the only area affected by animalistic manhood. Animalistic manhood boasts a complete lack of nobility and honor, and it glorifies caveman-like behavior—guys who freely belch, scratch, snort, and give off foul odors; guys who lay on their couches guzzling beer and grunting at the TV; guys who collect bathroom jokes and find uncanny pleasure in

talking about anything and everything debased. Metro manhood can be a bit subtle as it twists masculine nobility, but there is nothing subtle about animalistic manhood. Animalistic men are the opposite of the gallant knights women dream of—and they're proud of it.

Crude behavior has become the new cool—even among Christian men. I can't even count the number of pastors I've encountered that have begun to lacquer their sermons with profanity. The more shocking and undignified they can be, the better. To be a "real man" now means being able to talk about cow manure in graphic terms from the church pulpit. A few weeks ago, my husband, Eric, was riding in a car with two Christian guys who began to let off foul odors and joke about it. They saw it as nothing more than "guys being guys." When Eric told them that their lack of dignity now was preparing them to have a lack of dignity toward their future wives, they were shocked. "You mean you don't do that stuff in front of Leslie?" one of them asked. Eric told them that he seeks to treat me with nobility and honor in every area of life—not making bodily noises in front of me, not leaving the bathroom door open when he is in there, not chewing with his mouth open, and so forth. He was just speaking of basic respect, but the concept riveted the attention of these two young men. They had never even heard of such a notion.

Nobility and honor have become things of the past. Chivalry is lost. Men don't open car doors for women or take them to romantic restaurants. They don't send flowers or love notes. They sit around telling bathroom jokes, cussing and burping, counting down the minutes until they can finally get a woman into bed with them.

Of course, there are plenty of animalistic guys who are smart

enough not to wear their caveman-like attitudes on their sleeves. A guy with any amount of common sense has studied the female mind enough to know that a woman is turned off by a burpin', scratchin', grimy-tee-shirt-wearing slob and that he is far less likely to conquer a feminine heart (and body) with that kind of behavior. So rather than being open and boastful about his true intentions, he cleverly cloaks his animalistic desires behind a metro-like front—playing a purposeful game of sensitivity and social polish until a woman lets her guard down enough to give him what he wants. It's not true chivalry. It's merely a temporary restraining of the grosser elements of a man's nature to gain a woman's attention. As my friend Rich describes it: "Men on the prowl for their next girlfriend view themselves as a hunter and the woman as a deer. He sits and waits for the first 'deer' that comes into sight. He studies it, tracks its every move, learns how to act around it, and tries not to scare it off until the moment finally comes to seize the deer, capturing it as his own. For most men, finding a woman is about the hunt. The actual deer is just a bonus. In the end the hunter part of them comes out again, and soon it's time to find another deer."

A large majority of church-going young men play the game of "sensitive Christian male" to conquer women. Though they might follow the Christian pattern to build relationships, too many of them see marriage not as an opportunity to love and cherish a woman's heart, but as the chance to finally have their sexual desires met. Sadly, many young brides find out too late that the man they married has been putting on the act of Christ-like nobility only to unveil his true nature after the wedding day.

God has placed a warrior instinct deep within the masculine soul—the intrinsic desire to wage war, fight, and conquer. But

animalistic manhood uses a man's "conquering" side only to fight for his own selfish pleasure and gratification. Instead of being valiant conquerors for the kingdom of Christ, animalistic men use their warrior instinct to vanquish purity, destroy innocence, and ruthlessly wipe out all that stands in the way of their own agenda.

As we discussed earlier, Christ is a valiant mighty warrior—a majestic rider on a white steed, waging war against all the powers of darkness. He calls His men to become mighty like Himself; to be strong, valiant, and heroic. Just look at this description of God's mighty men from Hebrews 11:

And what more shall I say? For the time would fail me to tell of Gideon and Barak and Samson and Jephthah, also of David and Samuel and the prophets: who through faith subdued kingdoms, worked righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, became valiant in battle, turned to fight the armies of the aliens (Hebrew 11:32-34).

True warriors for Christ are unstoppable. They possess a superhuman strength fueled by the Spirit of God. Just like Christ, they gallantly vanquish all that stands in the way of God's glory. They do not fight and claw for their own selfish lusts. They defend, protect, and fight for the purposes of their King.

Almost every young woman I've ever talked to feels a certain measure of suspicion toward guys, even Christian men that seem to be upright. In our modern world, it is completely normal for men to be constantly "on the prowl" for women, looking for ways to conquer a woman's purity, ravage her heart, and leave her wounded and bleeding. As a result, women feel the need to protect

themselves. Guys are guilty until proven innocent. Women are forced to assume that men are selfish, lust-consumed sex addicts who are only after one thing until they somehow prove themselves otherwise. But sadly, few of them actually do.

Wendy Shalit wrote a book called *A Return to Modesty* in which she contends that there is more to being a woman than becoming a mindless, emotionless sex object. She says that women naturally desire a romantic relationship rather than a one-night stand and that girls shouldn't be ashamed of wanting something more than casual hookups with guys. When thousands of young women responded enthusiastically to her message, choosing to esteem marriage over meaningless sex, *Playboy* magazine called it "A Man's Worst Nightmare."¹⁰

That's animalistic manhood in a nutshell. Instead of applauding and protecting a woman's desire for purity, romance, and true love, animalistic men see these things as threats. After all, if a woman actually wants to be loved and cherished before she agrees to have sex, think of how much longer it's going to take to get her into bed. If a woman actually wants to be married before she "gives in," that means a man has to relinquish his lifelong ambition of sleeping with hundreds of women. So, fueled by a warped warrior mentality, animalistic men mock, ridicule, and fight against the very things they were created to honor, preserve, and protect.

The fairy tales aren't stories about women staving off sex-obsessed men or nursing broken hearts from guys who stole their innocence. They are stories about valiant knights who rescue fair maidens and *give their lives* to protect the maidens from harm. It's every woman's dream to be heroically protected and defended by a strong and noble man. But in our world, women must protect

themselves from the very ones who were meant to stand up for them. We must now be on guard against the very ones our feminine hearts were designed to trust and lean upon.

When God builds men into true Christ-like warriors for His kingdom, women finally gain the heroic advocates they have always longed for. True warriors *protect* purity rather than conquer it. True Warriors *fight* for innocence rather than scorn it. True Warriors *honor* women rather than debase them. They don't describe a woman of purity as "A Man's Worst Nightmare"—they honor, admire, and respect her. When true warriors emerge, women feel secure and protected—both from outside harm *and* from the fear of a broken heart. When true warriors are built, fairy tales become reality.