



Will You Answer It?

touch him. And just by sharing his time with them he was bringing them joy. And by wanting him, they brought him happiness too!

But David's happiness was short-lived because after touching hands with several girls, he felt himself being pulled into the audience!

In a matter of moments, his gentle, loving fans who were satisfied with just hearing and looking at him were rushing the stage and stepping over anything and everyone just to get near him! The efficient guards stepped in and stopped the trouble before anyone got hurt! David breathed a sigh of relief and thanked the guards for their good work!

The hum of the car's motor brought David's attention back to the concert show he'd just finished—and it also brought back a clear image in his mind of the blonde girl in the audience who was crying as if her heart was breaking too!

As the car sped along towards the

airport and farther and farther away, David kept repeating the words "I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you, I didn't mean to hurt you!"

David knew, from just one look at her face that the girl was hurt because David seemed so far away—so untouchable! David also knew that the pain of being so near to someone you want and yet not being able to really make them yours makes that pain even more unbearable!

David understood the girl's tears and heartbreak because he knew what they meant and because he'd cried the same tears and felt the same heartache for the same reasons.

He wanted nothing better than to be able to really touch lives with each and everyone of his fans, but if that moment of touching meant that anyone was going to get hurt—then it would have to be sacrificed for everyone's safety! That was the wisest thing to do—but sometimes wise decisions never completely erase the pain!

Moments before the car's engine died, David realized that he was almost at the airport. He tried to forget the girl's tearful face—and he tried to overlook the heaviness he felt in his own heart. As he climbed the steps leading up to the plane, tiny tears of hurt and frustration betrayed David's brave smile.

He quickly wiped the tears away and whispered once more "I'm sorry—I didn't mean to hurt you!" Then as the plane door closed, David tried to convince himself that his fans would believe him—especially that girl in the front row whose face and tears would haunt him for many nights to come.

But underneath, even he wondered if that was possible. Had he hurt her and all his fans too much? David closed his eyes and once again the image of that tear streaked face came before him. Silently he bowed his head. "Please God," he prayed, "Please let them believe I didn't mean to hurt them!"