

From Asia with Love

Where do I begin to tell our story of where our love began? I remember the challenge coming to America from the Philippines to start a new and greener life. I never would have imagined meeting an American man who remains the love of life.

It was 1977, after I graduated from nursing school; I packed and headed to the United States. My Dad was a devoted member of the US Navy who traveled all over the world; therefore, he had an idea what American men were like. So, before I left home, he told me to hold my head up and to utilize wise perception (especially when pertaining to American men). I had a rough idea of what he meant. I was very naïve and just wanted to accomplish positive things on my upcoming career. I longed to acquire greater success for the rest of my life.

After years passed, I attained a great career, located in a reputable place to live, and owned a fiery sports car. I often pondered what could success be if I didn't have anyone to laugh, touch, share memories, love, and communicate with. I felt somewhat empty and alone, living like a hermit. Elite materials and success lingered around me. I had a feeling of home sickness throughout my entire being. I realized I was far away from home.

Meanwhile, I met and dated a few men, but not a single man was desirable to pursue. It was like trying to catch fish in the sea, there are so many, but finding one you are content with, and then welcoming him into your boat is more difficult.

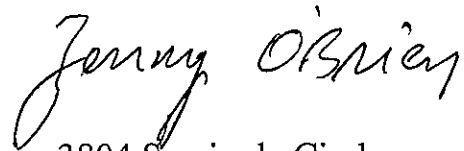
One day I was flipping through the Sunday paper and saw an ad about a dating agency for single men and women. I did not procrastinate to locate the agency and hastily join the club. It was a sleek organization because it offered a panoramic view of candidates you would like to know and meet.

My lucky day came! A man named Daniel selected me. I went out of my mind when I viewed his tape and read his bio data. His photo was very polished. He had a well trimmed beard, a clean smile, with huge and well-defined arms.

Parenting and discipline our daughter was another cultural difference we had to adjust. I actually wondered what time out meant. I finally saw the true meaning of that term. It involved making our girl remain in a corner to silently discipline her. My idea of grounding and discipline is spanking and setting harsh ground rules until she remembers the consequences of her wrong behavior. We still continue to learn from our differences to make our marriage stronger each day.

I am very glad I listened to my heart and thank God for all of the gifts He has given us. For twenty-seven solid years, Daniel and I are still head over heels in love with each other. We are blessed with a compassionate girl who is now a middle school English teacher. We started late, but you can always bloom and search for true love. It is worthwhile having it forever.

By Ms. Zenny O'Brien

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Jenny O'Brien". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned above the printed address.

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