



STORY SUMMARY EXAMPLE

• Before

I immediately noticed him and later called Mom to tell about the young man I saw in front of her college building. I told her he was bald, had a reddish beard and blue eyes like my dad - he did not even notice me. I could not even expect that the mother of this young man had begged for me, since his early childhood, for his future wife. Like many children, as a child (and of course a teenager), I fell in love, planned a wedding, and dreamed about my future husband. For a long time in detail I had planned my wedding for Prince William, but God had other plans. For twelve years I've written a list of qualities that I wanted from a future husband, for example, to know how to dance, to cook and to love animals. I had some teenage relationships, all I later regretted, not because these guys were bad, but because I was too young to know what I exactly want. At that time when I called my mom to tell her about Mark (the nickname I gave Jeremy so I could talk to him and my friend about him and he did not know that we talked about him), I knew I could not get close to either a young man I could not imagine in marriage. Jeremy and I met and started to hang out and see each other more and more. We lived in the same building and I was really trying to meet by 'accident' we encountered. Jeremy was pretty quick (although it seemed to me that it took him a long time) and he realized I was interested in him, but he did not react to my feelings. Then I was very nervous, but later I realized just how careful he was to not be too fast, it was most important for him to see me first as friends. At first he did not even have the feelings for me. They developed and strengthened through our socializing.

He once called me and asked if I wanted to go with him to watch the movie. Before he finished the question I had already jumped into the room of excitement, and then came the end of the question - "And with my girlfriend". On another occasion, he was interviewing me about Mexican restaurants and I like such food. I was expecting to invite me to dinner all the time, and at the end of all the questions he just said 'thank you'. While I was wondering why he did not want to spend more time with me alone, he was happy with the friendship we had and waited until he was completely sure before he got into anything. We quickly realized that we were very different. He was a typical American, just yet came from the army, withdrawn, fine and traditional. At that time I said I did not want an American for a husband, I was loudly opposed to the military and at all times started controversial conversations. I had a shaved head and a pierced nose - definitely not the girl he would have thought about. When he first called me on the phone, he introduced himself like this: "This is Jeremy, the bald person in the building." On the second occasion, when we went to watch the movie "My Big Greek Wedding", I whispered to him that these two families in the movie are just like and ours - the American is silent, fine, everyone holds their opinion for themselves, and Greece is like my family, loud, everyone sometimes speaks in the same voice, emotional and passionate. But even though we were full of opposites and constantly faced with our differences, they attracted us and linked the most important thing in our life - our faith. When we started to hang out, I really liked it, and I have to admit it and somewhat shocked me when he suggested that we both pray together. It was a great confirmation to me that he was serious about us, and more importantly, as far as God was concerned. I began to like him when I first showed his pictures of a missionary journey and when he saw I wanted to serve. Despite the fact that our love for God and ministry was joined to us, our cultural differences have played a major role in our relationship and sometimes led to

conflict. For a time we even got away because we thought we could not overcome those differences. Even today, after seven years of marriage, we come to situations where our diverse cultures bring to a divided mind. Through all these differences, both at the beginning and now, we must always return to the foundation of our relationship. From the very beginning, we were talking about plans. We did not want to rush, but we also knew that it makes no sense to see if we know that our relationship does not lead to marriage. I have told Jeremy from the very beginning that I plan to return to my country after t I finish my studies. While it would seem to some people that that decision would have been rejected by him - on the one hand, because I was so determined and sure, and because of the fact that he did not know where my country was - my choice still attracted him more. On one occasion as we talked about our plans after college, I was upset that Jeremy did not have such specific plans as me, did not know where he was planning to live or what he wanted to do. He explained to me in his typical calm way that this is exactly why we are so good for both of us. Now, after six years together in my country, Jeremy feels the call for this place not only for me. God merged us and united our hearts to knock for the same things. In the end, neither Jeremy nor I got what we were looking for or imagined we would when married, but something quite unexpected and much better.

