



Lorena & Vince

My God is an awesome God.

His sense of humor, unmatched.

His ways prove to be so different; so much beyond my understanding; beyond my logic and reason; that trying to explain certain events in my life inevitably lead to laughter, at times hysterically, and then tears.

His ways prove to be so different.

As I entered young adulthood, my mind was fickle, naïve, impressionable. What's worse, I was unaware of it. Leaning on my own faculties and understanding, I faced the world, and swiftly became disenchanted. I searched for Him, for I had always heard great things. He had a good reputation. But my search was misguided, careless, selfish. I blamed Him, confronted Him; for not revealing Himself to me, and I became jaded, cynical, bitter, self-destructive.

His sense of humor unmatched.

I developed a hardened perspective, a dim outlook, misinformed ideas, and false convictions. This frame of mind went on unchallenged, unquestioned. In fact, they were encouraged and proved true through experience. But just when I felt furthest away from Him, so unwilling to listen, so exhausted, is when He wanted to speak, through her.

My God is an awesome God.

Along came a girl who I was initially drawn to because of her gentle spirit. She was kind, intelligent, good natured and idealistic. I could not help but think her naïve. But she was far from it. Her disposition was so positive, her faith so strong, so deeply rooted in truth, that my pessimism, cynicism and criticism were all equally unsuccessful in disarming it. I tried unrelentingly. I challenged her notions of goodness and virtue. But her mind was sharp, quick to debunk my views. My agnostic temperament and sarcasm were no match for her, as she defended her faith, while restoring mine. By the end of each argument, I was embarrassed of how silly and childish I must have sounded. We became good friends. I trusted her with my life. She felt like “home”, I felt so comfortable around her, that feeling I can only describe as joy.

...So beyond my understanding, logic and reason.

We saw each other one day, but things seemed different. I was clumsy, self-conscious, distant. There was a nervous energy. I did not feel as comfortable as I usually did, or at least not as friends should feel around each other. I was falling in love, or was I already? How does this make sense? How can I afford to risk a friendship that I cherish so deeply? I wanted to run, to keep it a secret. In a way I was ashamed, because she trusted me and believed in our friendship. She had always been forthright with me. I had to let her know. Even if I was convinced that she did not reciprocate my feelings. How could she?

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But she did. She cared for me, even as I failed to care for myself. She wanted goodness for me, even as I shunned it. Understood me, in the midst of my own confusion. Did not judge me, but always had kind words. And she loved me, even as I felt unlovable. And I love her, with all of my being. I've heard people advise prudence, because loving someone apparently makes one vulnerable, susceptible to being hurt. Rubbish. No such cautions here; for her love gives me strength, inspiration, joy, courage, hope. Her love makes me feel as if nothing is impossible. I'm not so naive to think that struggles will not exist. But there isn't anyone else I'd rather struggle with; fight with; and for. We've got dreams, in which marriage is the first step. When I think of her, she reminds me of His love for me.

– Vince ‘Magic’

I've always known that to call him my 'best friend' would be an understatement!...there's a better word for it...

A man of character, he knows the meaning of giving, the meaning of self-sacrifice.

A man of deep insight, he has made me understand life in all it's different angles, all it's sides. He has helped me value who I am, the way he sees me gives me confidence and encourages me to be better. He sets examples and pushes you to your full capability. I don't only speak for myself but I speak for all those he's influenced. He's taught me so much about what a person should be; in giving more of yourself and in loving, you truly live!

I give credit to the wonderful man that he is to his family. At the age of 3, he lost his father, being the youngest of 6 children I recall understanding his deep connection with his mom because of this. She is his example of self-sacrifice, a true master in giving. His whole family is admirable, and seeing how he values them made me love him more.

He's a person you can't help but be drawn to, you can't help but enjoy his company. His demeanor is quiet at first, it's only because he first listens to you. He is calm, patient and collected, he's not easily rattled — something I really appreciate if you know how I can be.

His friendship is un-matched, I am blessed to have him in my life. I recall our deep conversations, which I could only describe as our 'soul to soul'.

I know these words I speak do not do justice to what he means to me. The way I feel about him is beyond any friendship, any relationship I've ever known....I found the right word for him after-all and that is My 'husband'.

– Lorena ‘Len’