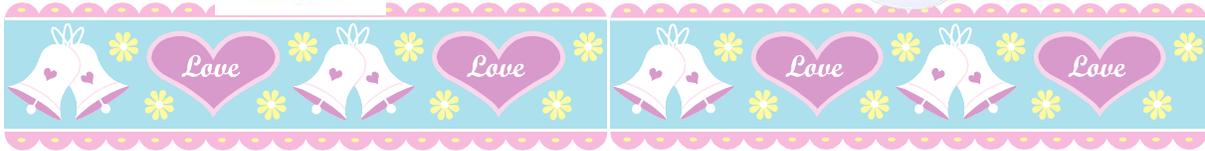




Our Love Story



Mike and I had never heard of courtship, so we had to “go it alone.” We made many mistakes on the path to marriage, but truly sought to put the Lord first. Here is our story...

Mike was attending Covenant College in Lookout Mountain, Tennessee. It was a lovely campus and he had been elected president of his sophomore class. He loved the college, its professors and students, the Christian atmosphere after years of public school, and the beauty scenery. A brilliant student and godly man, Mike wanted more than anything to serve God wholeheartedly for the rest of his life. With a call to the ministry, he was seeking opportunities to serve and minister wherever he could.

I was attending the University of Delaware, majoring in nursing. Saved after an unexpected accident where I experience both supernatural healing and salvation together, I was completely in love with Jesus. Involved in a campus ministry, Intersvarsity Christian

Fellowship, I led a small group Bible study and was trying to reach my entire campus for Christ. I was discipling a few young women that I had led to Christ.

While I had committed myself to purity, I always seemed to be in some kind of situation with a boy. Never sinning or too involved. Often, I would feel feelings stirring *up in my heart or be causing feelings to stir up in guys' hearts. I had a serious talk several days before I met Mike. I asked the Lord to keep men away from me because they were too much of a distraction. I decided that I would get my nursing degree, work as a missionary until my thirtieth birthday, at which time I would fall in love, get married, and have lots of babies. But, I was about to get distracted again.*

It was March 5, 1982, a Friday evening in the Student Center, at the University of Delaware, when we first met each other. Mike was visiting our large group gathering and I was the greeter who welcomed him. I have to be honest and admit that my first thought *was that he was VERY CUTE! Not very godly, I know, but I'm here to tell the truth and shame the devil, as my grandmother would always say! I certainly hope that he was as godly as he was handsome!*

That night I came home and told my friend, Veronica, that I had met my husband.

"Did he ask you out?" Veronica asked.

"No," I replied.

"Did he ask you for your phone number?" she asked.

"Nope!" I answered her question.

The unanswered question lingered in the air, "How did I know?" Truthfully, I didn't know. I just hoped. I had butterflies and dreams about this handsome young man that I really knew nothing about.



The investigator in me came out in full force the next week. I had discovered that he was from Wilmington, the town thirty minutes away. I asked everyone I knew who was from Wilmington if they knew this Michael Curtis guy and what they thought about him. To my delight, every response was the same: a great Bible study leader, a godly man, *kind, respectful, and radically committed to Jesus! I knew that I couldn't base my future on this, but was so glad that he had a great reputation with other believers.*



We met the next week again at an InterVarsity meeting, but this time, he was with a very good friend of mine, Bob. Bob invited me to join them and treated us both to frozen yogurt. (I found out later that Bob, after meeting me the year before, had told *Mike's mom that he had met the perfect girl for her son, Mike!* He lived behind Mike.) We began to see each other more and more, always around other people. Once he gave me

a ride to my grandparent's home, five minutes from his own. I found out that we both liked to run, so he asked me to go running with him a week later.

After our two mile run, he asked if he could talk to me about something. We spent the next two hours talking. Well, really, he was doing most of the talking and I was mostly listening. He laid out his heart on dating and marriage, including commitment, physical affection, and growing in the Lord together. *At the end of two hours, he said, "Would you like to date me to see if we are compatible for marriage?" Honestly, it sounded so clinical, but he was so cute. What touched my heart was his undivided heart for Jesus. He wanted to honor the Lord. I knew that unless it was God's will, we would not marry. That comforted me because I didn't want to miss God on this all important decision in my life.*



Afterward I said, "Well, I guess so...." Really, I did feel quite awkward. Then Mike went on to talk about how we could keep Jesus at the center of our relationship. He talked about Bible studies, ministry, praying together, and memorizing Scripture. I was excited. Growing in Jesus was the passion of my life! Besides, I had just started memorizing verses. I have to admit, my mind did wander as he was talking, but I gave him my full attention when I heard him speaking about Bible memory.

"So, for next week, we'll memorize Romans 12." He was repeating himself.

"Which verse?" I asked with enthusiasm.

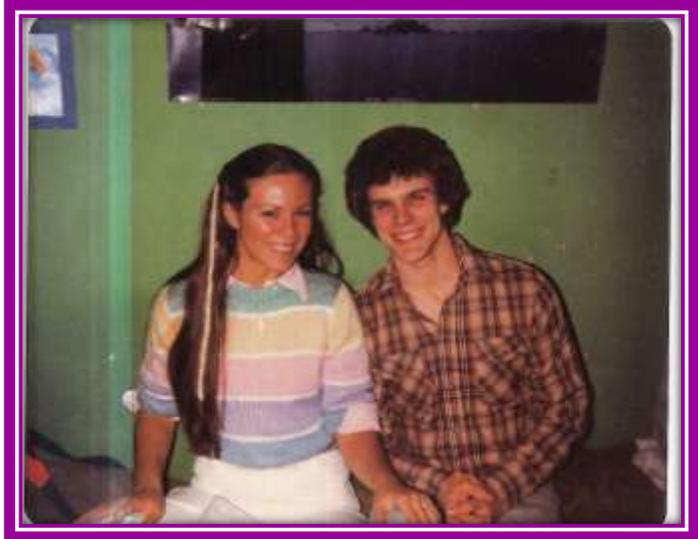
"The whole chapter," he replied.

"Excuse me?" I blurted out. "Did you say the whole chapter?"

"Is that too much?" he asked.

"Uh..." I didn't want to sound "unspiritual" or to fail his test of godly womanhood, but Yikes! I had just started memorizing verses!

"Let's just memorize verses 9 through 18," he compromised.



And, so began our adventure in following God together. We memorized many passages of Scripture that still dance in my memory today, leading me to make right, instead of wrong, decisions. We led Bible studies, worked with teens (he became a youth pastor of a church), studied, hung out with friends, shared the Gospel, and mentored new believers. Our relationship was totally focused on the Lord and His people! It was wonderful!



He asked me, three months later, how long I would need to date a guy before I would consider engagement. I told him at least a year because I could not trust my emotions.

A year later, he asked my father for my hand in marriage. My father's only request was that we finished college first. So, in June of 1984, we graduated one weekend and got married the next weekend.



There is, of course, so much more to the story, but we married and like all married couples, we have had our share of joys, trials, fun, sorrow, and lots of hard work. God has given us five beautiful children who all love our dear Lord Jesus as much as we do. How grateful I am for His blessing! How thankful that we put Jesus first from the beginning. We have needed Him so much in our years together and He has never let us down!

