

Love On The Internet

By Annetherese Cullen

One day in July, I perused all the profiles of people I matched on an on-line dating service. I saw this profile of someone who had become disillusioned with his religion. I felt as if I was called to reach out to him. I rarely take that first step. I usually waited for people to approach me first.

Tim and I corresponded at first about religion, and then he sent me links to websites for writing and even to his blog. I quickly found out we originally came from the same area in Brooklyn, NY. We both attended Immaculate Heart of Mary Church at one time. We even shared the same heritage.

After a short time, I couldn't believe he said I inspired him to write. He wrote "To My Love," on his emails and signed them "With Love, Tim." We talked more about our past relationships. Once he sent me the link to the story, he wrote that he said I inspired him to write it and asked me to edit it. It was called "The Girl in The Window", and I found it to be so beautiful and romantic. I was very aroused when I read that he wanted "to touch me." I had not felt this way in a long time. I told him I wanted to "touch him back." I'd been given cards, flowers and gifts before, but never this precious gift that only a writer can give, the gift of his own writing.

We exchanged photos, addresses and phone numbers, and he told me that he loved me online and over the phone. I fell very deeply in love with him, and he filled me with a passion for life I had never felt before. A problem which arose that caused us not to meet face-to-face at first was that my brothers did not approve of his steamy romance stories. My daughter who attends a christian college emailed me that she was upset and said that some of Tim's links to his other stories were "too hot." I told her that he said that I had caused him to change and that this story was not too hot, but was romantic. Next, my brothers refused to meet him with me at first.

Tim said, "give it a little time."

After my brothers wouldn't meet him because of his writing, I spoke with Tim three times on the phone about these problems. After getting to know him and reading his stories, I came to realize that his hot stories were simply the result of his having been an ordinary sailor.

I called him and emailed him that "I would really like to meet him anyway whether with a friend or alone." We wrote to each other numerous times every day, and he told me, "Love you, Babe."

I loved it when we spoke to each other intimately.

We all have baggage from our past that we carry. I ran into plenty of legal problems going through a past divorce myself. I knew I was no better than Tim and that my family was just being overprotective. I felt that he was truly my soul mate.

Tim and I shared lots of memories with each other. I told him to "take time to smell the roses" when he said he wasn't doing so well lately. I knew I had to be told that myself occasionally. When I went through minor surgery for a pinpoint skin cancer which I'm now cured of, Tim emailed me that I was "beautiful." He told me "I want you to be happy." I felt like I could still look into the eyes of the world when Tim said, "I think you've been through lots of bad experiences in recent years." He told me I would meet lots of new friends at college. I gained greater self-confidence than I had felt in years.

Tim then announced on his blog that he would begin writing on two different blogs in order to separate his stories for more mature audiences from people who can't deal with steamy romances. I don't know exactly where he'll go with this addition of new types of stories, but we all gain enrichment with each new experience.

I longed for the day that I could meet him in person, especially after he said "I do love you" on the phone, but we were both taking courses that required much studying, and also we were both writing.

Often we can't tell what life will bring us each new day. I just know that right from the beginning Tim made me feel beautiful and loved. He's very loving, attentive and complimentary. What more could a woman ask for?

The other day Tim asked, "What time do you go to Mass on Sunday?"

I answered, "Nine o'clock. But why do you ask? You're not thinking of coming back to the Church are you?"

"Maybe I am," he replied.

That next Sunday morning I felt hot breath near my ear coming from someone that just walked into the pew, and then I heard a whisper in my ear that said "I love you, Anne Therese."

I turned around, and it was Tim. He was handsome and just a few inches taller than I, and I was very pleased that he surprised me this way. I recognized him only from the picture he had mailed me. He gazed into my eyes for a moment as he entered the pew, and he grasped my hand and held it during the entire mass. I returned the gaze and gave a quick smile. As the Mass ended and people left their pews, he gave me the biggest hug and then said, "Anne Therese, let me show you where I spent most of my time on Sundays before I met you."

He took me across the street for a milk shake and said, "I was down to ten minutes of Mass and a milkshake when I came here alone. But you wouldn't let me have the milk shakes until the Masses are over, I suppose."

I answered, "You supposed right and then we kissed."

Extending his hand to me, Tim said, "It would make me very happy if you would walk with me to Prospect Park Lake and feed the ducks."

"I'd love to walk there. We can pick up bread to feed the ducks in the corner deli. I often sit and watch the ducks and swans on the lake." I pointed out an Anhinga and told him, "I'm sure it will migrate down South soon. I love to see the birds and the change of the seasons here."

Tim said, "I suppose it may be a bit silly, but the reason I wanted the two of us to go look at the ducks was so that I could get your opinion on a certain question I was once asked."

"Well, we're here. There's a whole flock of ducks in the water. What's the question, Tim?"

"Okay, Anne, I know this may sound silly, but does seeing all the ducks with the ducklings following behind it in the water give you any ideas?"

"Well, sure it does, Tim, if I were a duck, and I wanted to start a family."

"Oh, so that's what this girl I once knew asked me, but I didn't get it."

"Yes, you probably didn't get it because you weren't in love with her, but she must have been madly in love with you to ask such a question."

"So it would have been a mistake to marry her then, Anne."

"Yes, Tim, it would have been."

"Now, Anne, my question to you is, do you feel the same way I feel about the ducks?"

"Yes, I do, Tim."

With that Tim gave me a hug that was so loving and tender that I could feel an arousing sensation that I had never felt with anybody else. Then he gazed into my eyes, and our lips met and lingered. I knew we both wanted to spend the rest of our lives together.

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