



Forever Christy

Ross Harvey

Other Books by Ross Harvey:

- Come Away With Me
- Guided By Grace
- ReCreating Eden
- Healing the World
- The Wizard of NDG
- Paradise Found
- Honouring Noah
- Athletics in Eden
- The Book of Ross
- It Happened in NDG
- Understanding Me
- The Master Plan
- Everything Happens for a Reason
- Eternal Soulmates
- Everlasting Peace
- Imagination is Everything
- What the World Needs Now
- The Never-Ending Quest
- Rebel With a Cause
- Transcendence
- Jesus Speaks

All books available in Kindle ebook, softcover and hardcover editions from Amazon worldwide.

rossG3.ca

Dedication

*“To Christy — my eternal soulmate,
God’s sweetest answer to every prayer I’ve ever whispered
in silence.*

*You are the melody in my soul, the light in my every
morning, and the proof that God gives His best to those
who wait with faith.*

*I thank Him for you every day. This book is for you —
and for the world to know what Heaven looks like when it
walks beside you.”*

All my love,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to be 'R. S.', with a long horizontal line extending to the right.

Introduction: A Love Story Written by God

Some stories are written with ink. Ours was written with **light**.
When Christy walked into my life, something ancient awakened

—
a memory of a promise made in the heart of Heaven before
either of us were born.

We met on November 26, 2024 — two people in motion,
shaped by decades of waiting, pain, hope, and preparation. We
didn't fall in love. We **recognized** it — like two puzzle pieces
that had been searching for each other through lifetimes.

From that moment, the ordinary became divine. And within
months, we stood together at the altar on February 14, 2025 —
two souls, sealed in love that I believe is eternal.

This book is not just a tribute to Christy — though she deserves
every word and more —

it's a *testimony* of what happens when God writes your story.
It's a journey through our past, a glimpse into our sacred
present,
and a joyful declaration of what's still to come.

It's my heart in your hands.
And her name is written on every page.

Listen to the song I created for Christy:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=B9_OtNMTrpQ

Chapter 1: A Life in Waiting

There are some of us who are born with a heart wired for love. Not just romantic love, though that is part of it — but a love that dreams of family, of shared purpose, of building a life that echoes into eternity. I've always known that kind of love lived inside me. I've always known I was meant to give it fully.

Over the years, I experienced many beautiful relationships. I have loved deeply — again and again. Women with brilliant minds, beautiful souls, kind hearts. I've felt the magic of first kisses and the warmth of whispered I-love-you. I've shared passion, comfort, laughter, and partnership. I've walked beside extraordinary women, each offering a piece of the journey and helping shape the man I was becoming. But in every case, a quiet knowing remained: the final chapter hadn't yet been written. The woman whose soul was made to match mine was still out there.

Even though I had many meaningful connections, I never felt called to settle. I was never actively searching for “Mrs. Right.” Instead, I was focused on living my purpose — building dreams, helping others, pursuing excellence with passion. I trusted, with unwavering hope, that if I simply stayed on the path God had laid before me, she and I would somehow, some way, find each other. That belief was never shaken.

And so, I waited — not with sadness, but with faith. My life was full of vision and activity. I was surrounded by love, opportunity, and the quiet joy of pursuing a calling that felt divinely inspired. And yet, within that fullness, there was one area of my heart that remained expectant: the desire to build a family of my own.

I have always known I was meant to be a father. I could see it clearly, even before I met her. I envisioned tiny hands

reaching for mine, the sparkle of a child's eyes lighting up a room, the shared giggles, the lessons passed down with love. I imagined birthday mornings with pancakes and presents, bedtime stories whispered under blankets, and a home that echoed with the sounds of children growing and thriving in love.

To me, fatherhood is not a distant dream — it is a sacred calling. It has been written on my heart for as long as I can remember. And while the timing may have been different than I once imagined, my hope never faded. Because I believed that the right woman — the one destined to walk this road beside me — would arrive exactly when she was meant to.

Looking back, I can see that every step of the journey was purposeful. God wasn't just guiding me to her — He was preparing me for her. He was refining my spirit, strengthening my resolve, shaping me into the man who could love her the way she deserves to be loved. And at the same time, He was shaping her — Christy — to be the incredible woman she is today.

Our meeting wasn't accidental. It was divine orchestration. A love story written long before we knew each other's names.

The years of waiting, though long, were filled with joy and momentum. They were not marked by loneliness, but by anticipation. They were not weighed down by doubt, but lifted by faith. I knew, with complete certainty, that when we finally met, I would recognize her. And I did.

In the chapters to come, I will tell you how it happened. How in a moment that seemed ordinary, everything shifted. How love entered not with thunder, but with peace. How I knew — not because of emotion, but because of alignment. Her spirit fit mine like it had always belonged.

This life in waiting was not a time of delay. It was a sacred season of becoming. And now that Christy is here, I can say with complete peace and infinite joy:

I do.

Forever.

Chapter 2: November 26, 2024

It was a crisp, late-November afternoon — one of those days where winter whispers ahead of schedule, and the air wraps itself tightly around your bones. I had been navigating a difficult season in my life. A series of unexpected events had left me with limited financial resources, and for the first time in a long while, I found myself leaning on the support of others. That's how I came to be at The Depot, our local food bank — not as a volunteer, but as a guest.

It wasn't a place I ever imagined I'd need, but when I walked through the doors that day, I felt something more than humility or hunger. I felt alignment. The Depot, with its warm meals and kind-hearted staff, was in the right place at the right time — just like me. Sometimes, when you're following the path God has laid out, you find yourself in places you didn't expect but desperately need.

The door opened and she walked in. She caught my eye immediately — not because she was loud or commanding, but because there was something different about her presence. Christy was bundled in not one or two, but three coats. It wasn't subtle. She looked like she had prepared for a full-blown blizzard. Yet somehow, even wrapped in those layers, she carried herself with such sweetness and dignity that it made you take a second look.

She settled across from me, and just as she looked down at the food in front of her — without prompting, without fanfare — she said aloud, "I love Brussels sprouts!"

The sentence drifted across the room like a feather on the wind and landed right on my heart. I looked over, smiled, and felt something shift inside me. It wasn't just the words — it was the way she said them. Cheerfully. Honestly. Unselfconsciously. It was like God tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Pay attention."

From that moment, I was smitten. It wasn't the kind of attraction that confuses or overwhelms — it was grounding. Peaceful. Natural. There she was, this beautiful soul in three coats, delighting in Brussels sprouts like it was a five-star feast. And something in me knew.

I introduced myself. We started to talk — casually at first, like strangers do. But very quickly, the conversation deepened. Christy's voice was soft, her words thoughtful, and her heart wide open. She spoke with intelligence and insight, kindness and curiosity. She was warm. Present. Completely real.

It felt as though time slowed around us. The sounds of clinking cutlery, chairs scraping, conversations buzzing — they all faded into the background. There was a sense of stillness around us, as though Heaven had put a spotlight on our table. Our exchange wasn't dramatic or rushed. It was steady. Soulful. True.

Christy shared pieces of her life, and I shared mine. We both knew hardship. We both carried dreams. And yet, neither of us wore those things as burdens. There was a shared resilience, a shared grace — like we were two travelers who had weathered different storms and arrived at the same harbor, at the same moment.

What moved me most was the gentleness with which she received the world. She had no sharp edges. She wasn't guarded or skeptical. She had a rare purity — a kind of unfiltered presence that made you feel like you could exhale completely. As we talked, I felt myself exhaling in ways I hadn't in years.

There's a moment in every love story where the ordinary becomes divine. For me, it was that simple line: "I love Brussels sprouts." It opened a door. And through that door walked the woman who would change my life forever.

Later that night, as I replayed the day in my mind, I knew something monumental had happened. It wasn't just a sweet conversation or a chance encounter. It was providence. Orchestration. A holy intersection.

November 26, 2024 — the day I met Christy. The day the course of my life turned toward its true North.

Not in a palace. Not on a stage. But in a warm room, over a shared meal, surrounded by others who, like us, had come to The Depot not just for food, but perhaps unknowingly, for something more.

That day, I received the greatest gift I've ever been given.

Her.

Chapter 3: The First Glance

There's a look — a fleeting moment — where the soul recognizes something ancient in another. A glance that bypasses logic, reason, and even time. It doesn't ask for permission. It simply knows. That's what happened when I first laid eyes on Christy.

Even before she spoke, before she smiled, before we shared our first words — there was something in her presence that felt... inevitable. As if every chapter of my life had been leading me to this page. A moment that would not only define everything that came after, but also reframe everything that came before.

Christy wasn't trying to be seen. That's part of what made her so radiant. She didn't walk into the room seeking attention, validation, or admiration. She simply entered, bundled in her coats, carrying with her a quiet grace. She moved through the space like someone who knew who she was — even in difficult times, she carried herself with undeniable strength and softness.

The room itself was nothing fancy — a modest space filled with tables and chairs, warmed more by human connection than central heating. People gathered with a quiet camaraderie, a shared understanding that life had brought them all here, not just for food, but for community, perhaps even healing. And then the door opened, and Christy stepped in. Something shifted. As if the atmosphere gently rearranged itself around her. I didn't know her name yet, but I knew she mattered.

She settled across from me, her face partially obscured by her scarf, her gloved hands clutching the tray with that warm plate of stew and vegetables. Her eyes scanned the table, and without fanfare, without self-consciousness, she said it: "I love Brussels sprouts!"

It was as if Heaven had cued the line — perfectly timed, disarmingly cheerful. I glanced up at her and smiled. It wasn't a rehearsed moment or some charming flirtation. It was simple, honest, and real. And something inside me responded.

From that moment, I was smitten. It wasn't the kind of attraction that confuses or overwhelms — it was grounding. Peaceful. Natural. There she was, this beautiful soul in three coats, delighting in Brussels sprouts like it was a five-star feast. And something in me knew.

The glance that passed between us just moments later — that was everything. Our eyes met across the table, and I saw her clearly. Not just her face or her features, but her essence. Her soul. There was curiosity in her gaze, a quiet kindness, and something deeper — an old knowing, like we had been waiting for this reunion for longer than time could measure.

It wasn't electric in the way movies often portray love at first sight. It wasn't about drama or fireworks. It was like coming home. There was comfort there. Her gaze was calm, steady, gently searching. She didn't just see me — she saw into me. And in that moment, I felt known.

We began to talk. And while the conversation itself felt easy, there was depth behind every word. The glance had unlocked something — a sense of familiarity, a spiritual recognition. We didn't need to explain ourselves. We didn't have to prove anything. We were simply two souls meeting where they were always meant to meet.

There's a peace that comes with divine alignment. In that first glance, in that first connection, I experienced something I had always hoped was real. The kind of knowing that doesn't need to be proven or explained. It simply is.

As the minutes passed, I watched her face more than I watched the clock. Her expressions, the way her eyes lit up when she spoke, the little laugh that followed a thought — all of it felt like a song I had heard before but forgotten I knew. I found myself holding my breath, not wanting to miss a single note.

Christy shared a few glimpses of her story — not all at once, but enough to understand she was someone shaped by experience, refined by love, and grounded in deep faith. I shared pieces of mine too, and in her eyes, I found only grace.

Looking into her eyes, I felt like I had just discovered the missing part of my own soul.

As I reflect on it now, I understand that the glance wasn't just between two people — it was between two eternities touching. It was God's way of saying, "Look here. This is the one."

That first glance marked the beginning of the rest of my life.

And it will live in my memory — and my heart — forever.

Chapter 4: Unwrapping the Layers

The coats were the first thing I noticed. Not just because there were three of them, but because of what they represented. Christy wasn't just cold from the November wind — she was, like so many of us, carrying the protective layers of a life well-lived and not without pain. Those coats were practical, yes, but they were also metaphorical. With each moment we spent together, I realized I was being invited — gently, respectfully — to see the woman beneath them.

After our first magical encounter at The Depot, I couldn't stop thinking about her. I hoped — truly hoped — that she might come back again soon. Wednesday and Thursday were the next two days The Depot served lunch, and I made sure I was there both days. I watched the door each time it opened, hoping I'd see her familiar shape bundled in layers, but she didn't show. A small ache settled in. I reminded myself to be patient — if this was meant to be, we would meet again.

The following Tuesday, there she was.

She walked in just as she had the week before — quiet, bundled, and glowing with that unassuming grace. My heart leapt. Without hesitation, I walked right over to her with a smile and said, “You didn't call me!”

Her eyes lit up with humor, and without missing a beat she replied, “You didn't give me your number!”

We both laughed. It was an effortless, joyous exchange, as though we had picked up right where we left off. That Tuesday turned into another beautiful conversation — the kind that deepened our connection. Every word she shared drew me in further. I learned more about her story, her strength, and the quiet courage she carried.

As we prepared to leave, I offered her a lift home. It seemed like the natural, respectful thing to do. She agreed, and on that short drive, I learned so much more.

Christy had been living in a basement apartment where, incredibly, the landlord had not turned on the heat since October 1st. She wasn't being dramatic about it — she spoke of it with quiet resilience — but the reality struck me deeply. That explained the coats. That explained the subtle tension in her shoulders, the tiredness in her eyes. My heart ached at the thought of her enduring the cold night after night, and I knew in that moment what I had to do.

I didn't hesitate. It wasn't a calculated decision — it was instinctual, human, and guided by something greater than myself. As a simple gesture of compassion, I offered her my place. It's nothing extravagant — a cozy 3½ — but it's warm. It's safe. And it felt right.

Christy paused. Her eyes filled with emotion, but she didn't weep or dramatize. She simply said thank you, with the kind of sincerity that can't be faked. The next day, Wednesday, we moved much of her things into my home.

And from that moment forward, the process of unwrapping the layers became something more than metaphorical. It became real.

Christy never rushed to reveal herself. She didn't share everything at once, nor did she hide behind mystery for the sake of charm. She simply *was*. She carried herself with quiet strength, grace, and a kind of natural nobility that made me want to lean in closer, to understand the story behind her eyes.

Over the days that followed, our conversations deepened. I found myself looking forward to every shared coffee, every soft laugh, every quiet revelation. Each time we spoke, another layer came loose. Not because she felt the

need to explain herself, but because trust was growing. And with trust comes revelation.

Christy had lived. That much became clear. She had known seasons of joy, yes — but also sorrow. She had weathered disappointments, endured heartbreaks, and walked paths not everyone would have survived with their spirit intact. And yet, here she was — not bitter, not broken, but somehow *more*. Like a diamond shaped by pressure, her soul shone with the wisdom of someone who had learned to love through it all.

She spoke of people she had loved and lost. She told me about moments in her life when she had felt invisible, overlooked, or undervalued — not with self-pity, but with reflection. It moved me beyond words. In her vulnerability, I saw strength. In her honesty, I saw beauty. And in her resilience, I saw the mother of my future children.

The way she saw the world captivated me. She noticed small things — the texture of light on a table, the sweetness of a simple meal, the tone of someone's voice when they spoke with kindness. Her attention wasn't drawn to flash or spectacle. She had trained her heart to see what really mattered. Being in her presence felt like a reintroduction to everything good in the world.

And still, more layers emerged. She was deeply intelligent — not just book-smart, though she certainly was — but wise in the ways that count. Her insights during our conversations often left me quiet, reflecting long after we parted. She had this remarkable ability to speak truth gently, to ask the questions no one else dared to ask, but with such tenderness that they never felt invasive.

I learned that Christy had dreams — real, big, soulful dreams. She wasn't content to merely exist or drift through life. She longed to contribute, to make meaning, to be part of something larger than herself. We talked about art,

about writing, about helping others. Her dreams were laced with compassion, driven not by ego, but by service. She didn't want to *be* somebody — she wanted to *help* somebody. That's the kind of heart she has.

One evening, as we sat watching the sun set behind a row of leafless trees, I asked her what she believed about love. She turned to me and smiled — that slow, thoughtful smile I had already come to love — and said, “Love is when someone sees your pain and doesn't look away. It's when someone chooses you — all of you — and stays.”

That sentence still echoes in my heart.

I knew she was speaking from experience. She had known what it felt like to be unseen. And now, perhaps, she was learning what it felt like to be fully, gently, and completely seen.

Each layer Christy unwrapped was a gift. A revelation. And I treated them as sacred. I never wanted to rush the process. I never wanted to push. I wanted her to know she could be fully herself with me — coats or no coats — and that I would cherish every part of her story.

In a world that often encourages people to build walls, she had chosen, slowly and courageously, to open windows. And I was the grateful recipient of the light that poured through.

As we got to know one another, I could feel something deeper forming. Not just affection. Not just compatibility. But spiritual union. It was as though our souls were slowly remembering each other — reuniting after lifetimes of searching. Each new conversation wasn't just discovery — it was confirmation.

This chapter in our story — this time of unwrapping the layers — was precious. It was tender. It taught me the

value of patience, of presence, and of loving someone for exactly who they are, not who they're trying to be.

And as I learned more about Christy, I began to understand that what made her so special wasn't any one thing. It was the harmony of many things — her strength and softness, her brilliance and humility, her humor and solemnity, her dreams and her discipline. She was — and is — a living symphony.

One I intend to listen to for the rest of my life.

Chapter 5: A New Home

It's strange how quickly a place can change when love begins to dwell there. My 3½ apartment had always been a quiet refuge — simple, warm, and filled with my books, my thoughts, and the quiet rhythm of a life devoted to purpose. But when Christy moved in, even for what was intended as a temporary humanitarian gesture, something shifted.

The air itself felt different. Brighter. More alive. As if the space had been waiting for her as much as I had.

The move itself was humble. A few boxes, some clothes, and a handful of personal items that she handled with quiet care. There was no fanfare or ceremony — just the soft shuffle of things being placed in new corners, the low hum of conversation as we shared the stories behind the objects. A scarf her mother gave her. A journal she had been writing in since last spring. A tiny porcelain angel that sat on her nightstand.

As we worked, there was a gentle flow between us — the kind that doesn't need direction or instruction. We moved together with ease, learning the natural dance of one person helping another create space. There was something deeply intimate about it, though not in the romantic sense just yet. It was a sacred hospitality — two lives beginning to overlap in the most respectful and unforced way.

Once her belongings were in place, we sat with cups of tea, breathing in the stillness. Christy looked around, eyes soft, and said quietly, "It's warm."

She wasn't just talking about the temperature. I knew that. She meant the feel of it — the warmth that comes not just from radiators or blankets, but from safety. From kindness.

From being seen, welcomed, and received without condition.

I nodded and smiled. “I’m glad you’re here.”

And I was — more than words could say. I hadn’t planned to share my space with anyone. It had been my sanctuary for some time, a place where I could reflect, write, pray, and dream. But suddenly, it didn’t feel like I was giving something up. It felt like I was gaining something sacred. Something eternal.

The following days unfolded like a slow sunrise. We found rhythms without trying — making coffee in the French Press her great friend Sondra had always used and preferred, sitting quietly together during meals, sharing occasional stories or moments of laughter. There was no pressure to entertain or impress. We were simply learning to be near each other.

One evening, after a simple dinner of soup and bread, I caught her humming softly while she rinsed dishes. I stood there for a moment, just watching her. The sound of her voice, the gentle slope of her shoulders, the graceful way she moved — it all felt like a dream I had forgotten and was now remembering in perfect detail.

The home was no longer just mine. It was becoming *ours*. Not because we had said anything formal, not because we had defined what this was, but because love, in its purest form, doesn’t need declarations to make itself known. It just *is*. And it filled the air around us.

We began having longer conversations in the evenings. Sometimes about God. Sometimes about our pasts. Often about the future — not *our* future yet, but the general hopes we carried for a better world. Christy spoke of wanting to help people — especially women and children. She dreamed of writing one day, of creating a safe space

for others. I shared my dreams, too — of building communities of love and abundance, of finding ways to uplift every soul I encountered.

One night, as we were preparing for sleep in separate rooms — a decision we had made out of respect and spiritual commitment — she paused in the hallway, turned to me, and said, “This doesn’t feel temporary.”

I looked at her. “No,” I said softly. “It doesn’t.”

It wasn’t a declaration. It wasn’t a proposal. It was a truth. One spoken with such purity and trust that it nestled directly into my heart. In that moment, we both knew — something greater than either of us had begun writing a new chapter.

And so, day by day, our new home took shape. Not just the physical space, but the spiritual sanctuary we were creating together. We cooked meals, shared devotionals, tidied together, and left little notes for one another — tiny things that, when placed together, formed the mosaic of a life.

Sometimes I would catch her gazing out the window, lost in thought. When I asked her what she was thinking, she would just smile and say, “I never thought I’d feel this safe again.”

To hear that — to know that our home, our space, was becoming that safe haven for her — was the greatest blessing I could imagine. I had opened my door as a gesture of kindness, but what had entered was something sacred. Christy wasn’t just healing. She was helping me heal, too. She was softening the edges of my solitude, bringing new life to spaces I hadn’t realized were sleeping.

And with each sunrise, I knew we were building something more than a shared address.

We were building a life.

A warm, quiet, holy beginning — the first true home I had ever known.

Chapter 6: The Rhythm of Grace

There is a quiet rhythm to grace — a slow, unfolding movement that doesn't shout or demand, but instead whispers through the ordinary and sanctifies the everyday. As the days passed with Christy in my home, that rhythm began to guide our lives. Not structured, not forced, but sacred in its flow.

Morning began with the gentle clink of mugs, the scent of strong coffee from the French press, and soft footsteps across the old wooden floor. I'd often find her already awake, curled up on the couch in her robe, reading a devotional or writing in her journal. The glow from the window would spill over her like a benediction. She looked so peaceful in those moments — not because her life was suddenly free of challenges, but because she had made space for peace to dwell within her.

We shared prayers over breakfast, not always with words. Sometimes just with presence. A look. A hand gently placed on the other's. An understanding that God was with us, shaping something holy through our togetherness.

The days themselves were ordinary in the best way. Errands. Simple meals. Cleaning. Writing. Talking. Being. But even in the repetition, there was wonder. Each day offered a deeper glimpse into who Christy was — and who we were becoming together. We marveled at how effortlessly we moved through time, how comfort replaced awkwardness, how laughter found its way into every room.

I had never known companionship like this — not the kind built on novelty or infatuation, but the kind that's born of mutual reverence. I respected her deeply. Her thoughts. Her pain. Her passions. The way she took care of the people in her life, even when her own cup was nearly empty. She had a mother's heart — vast, generous,

protective. And even though she had never been a mother, she loved like one.

She asked questions that no one else asked. Tender, piercing questions. About my childhood. My longings. My failures. Not to judge or fix, but to understand. And when I answered, she listened like the answers mattered — like I mattered.

One rainy afternoon, we sat by the window in silence, watching the droplets trace down the glass. “You know,” she said, without turning her head, “I always believed there was someone for me. I just never imagined I’d meet him at a food bank.”

I chuckled, and gently reached for her hand. “Neither did I.”

And yet, that unlikely beginning became the most beautiful part of our story. God hadn’t brought us together in grandeur, but in humility. In simplicity. In a setting where nothing was expected, but everything was possible. That’s the rhythm of grace.

As weeks passed, we began to understand that our meeting wasn’t an accident. It was orchestration. Divine and deliberate. We were two people, each walking through seasons of difficulty, yet holding onto hope. And that hope had found its fulfillment in each other.

We talked often about what it meant to be soulmates. Not just lovers or companions, but two halves of the same divine vision. Christy believed, as I did, that God brings people together for purpose — to reflect His love more fully to the world. Our love wasn’t just for our own joy, though that was abundant. It was meant to radiate outward. To serve. To heal. To create.

We began to dream together — to imagine what a shared life might look like beyond this apartment. What ministries we could birth. What homes we might open. What children we might raise — not just our own, but the many hearts who needed a place to belong.

Some nights we fell asleep talking about these things. Other nights, we simply held hands in the quiet, our breathing in sync, the rhythm of grace still carrying us.

There was no rush. No pressure. Just this unfolding. This deepening.

When people began to ask us about our story — how we met, how long we'd known each other — we would smile, almost shyly, and take turns sharing.

I would say, with full-hearted truth, “We met on November 26, 2024. It was a cold day, and God placed her right in front of me at The Depot. I didn't know her long — but I knew her deep.”

Then Christy would chime in, her eyes twinkling, “We met when I was 19 and Ross was 21. We played badminton at the NDG Y. He was the beautiful Virgo I knew I was meant to be with, but he didn't really notice me — then. It's taken all this time for us to come back together.”

The contrast in our versions never felt like contradiction — only confirmation that our story had layers. That the seeds had been planted long ago, even if we didn't know we were growing something so eternal. Christy's version always made me smile. Maybe I hadn't recognized her then — but I would never stop seeing her now.

And all the while, God was building something eternal in the small, sacred moments of each day.

The world outside was still uncertain. Life hadn't stopped being complicated. But inside our home, there was peace. There was warmth. There was faith. And above all, there was love — not born of perfection, but of presence.

This was our rhythm.

And I knew, with everything in me, that this rhythm would carry us through the rest of our lives.

Chapter 7: A Valentine Vow

There are days in life that feel like they were dreamed into existence long before they arrive. Days that live in the soul even before they unfold in time. February 14, 2025, was one of those days.

We hadn't planned a grand wedding. We didn't need one. There were no engraved invitations or towering cakes. No rented halls or polished speeches. Just a date — Valentine's Day — chosen not because it was cliché, but because it was sacred. A day meant to celebrate love, and a day on which we would vow to honor the deepest love either of us had ever known.

But like all truly meaningful things in life, our wedding day didn't arrive without its share of challenges. Just one week before the big day, we were told that our planned reception — to be hosted by a restaurant where we were regular customers, visiting nearly twice a week — could no longer be accommodated. It was heartbreaking. We had been planning a gathering for 80 to 100 guests, and the sudden change left us stunned. There was no apology, no real explanation — just a closed door, and very little time.

As if that wasn't enough, we realized that our original wedding venue, which we had lovingly selected for its charm, was located on the second floor with no elevator access. Two of our invited guests — cherished family in spirit — were wheelchair users. There was no way they would be able to attend unless we changed venues. In a moment where many couples might have fallen into despair, we turned to prayer.

And as always, grace answered.

Christy's church, St. Ansgar's Lutheran, came to our rescue in the most beautiful way. The moment we shared our situation, they opened their hearts and their doors.

Within days, everything had shifted into place again. We had a new space — warm, welcoming, filled with spiritual history and love. It was more than just a venue; it felt divinely appointed.

And then came another blessing: our new friend Peter Rombeek from Kensington Presbyterian Church agreed to oversee our ceremony. Peter wasn't just officiating — he was investing his whole heart. His words were profound, his demeanor both grounded and gracious. Many who attended said afterward that it was one of the best wedding ceremonies they had ever witnessed — sincere, heartfelt, and anointed.

We decided to dress as we had first met — a symbol of our journey and the grace that brought us together. Christy wore her snowpants and something she affectionately calls her "schmink," the warmth and authenticity shining brighter than any formal gown could. I wore a simple t-shirt and sweatpants, comfortable and true to the moment that defined us. Both of us wore ball caps embroidered with my company's logo: *NuVo – Find the greatness within.*

Peter acknowledged our choice with warmth and understanding. He told the gathering that our hats were a celebration of God's work in our lives, and that there was no disrespect in keeping them on. Rather, they were a symbol of humility and purpose — honoring the journey that led us to this sacred day.

Of course, we had hoped for 80 people. We imagined rows of smiling faces, old friends reconnecting, hands held during hymns, and a chorus of voices blessing our union. But Montreal had other plans. That weekend, the city was hit with a monumental snowstorm — the kind that slows everything to a crawl, the kind that causes even the most determined travelers to turn back. Many who wanted to come simply couldn't make it.

Still, those who did were the ones meant to be there.

That morning, the world felt different. There was a softness in the air. The snow, fresh and deep, blanketed everything in white, as though even creation had decided to dress for the occasion. Light poured in through the windows of the church, catching Christy's hair and her quiet smile.

We didn't rush. The day moved with grace. Our witnesses were few but dear. A couple of friends from The Depot, a neighbor who had watched our love story bloom over coffee and shared smiles. No extravagance. Just intimacy. Just the people who had seen us for who we truly were.

When Christy walked down that short aisle, holding a single white rose, I couldn't hold back the tears. She wasn't just beautiful — she was luminous. It was as if all the love she had ever given, all the kindness she had ever shared, was now reflected in her own being. She looked like the answer to every prayer I had whispered in my loneliest hours.

And I, standing there waiting for her, felt like a man both humbled and crowned. I wasn't just gaining a wife. I was entering into a covenant written by God Himself — a promise that echoed in eternity.

The ceremony was simple. Peter spoke of love as service, as sacrifice, as sacred trust. He reminded us that marriage was not the destination, but the beginning of a lifelong pilgrimage — one that would demand gentleness, laughter, courage, and above all, grace.

When it came time to share our vows, we didn't read from paper. We spoke from the heart.

Christy went first. Her voice was soft, but steady:

"I have walked many paths, and through many seasons, but none as holy as the one that led me to you. I didn't find you — God brought me back to you. And now, with my whole heart, I vow to walk beside you in light and in shadow. To pray with you, grow with you, serve with you. To laugh, to listen, and to love you — in all your forms, always."

I took her hands in mine and looked into her eyes:

"I knew the moment I saw you — bundled in three coats, smiling over Brussels sprouts — that something divine had arrived. I didn't know the shape of it, or the story it would write, but I knew it was holy. I vow to cherish you with all that I am, to protect the tenderness of your heart, and to honor the God who brought us together. From this day forward, I am yours, fully, eternally."

There wasn't a dry eye in that little church.

Rings were exchanged — simple bands, nothing flashy. Symbols of the eternal promise we had just spoken aloud. And then, with Peter's gentle words, we were pronounced husband and wife.

Our kiss was soft and reverent — not showy or dramatic, but sacred. A seal on something that had already been written in our spirits.

After the ceremony, we walked hand in hand through the snowy streets. No limo. No crowd. Just us. The world moved slowly, quietly, respectfully around us, as though it, too, understood what had just happened. We shared a warm meal at our favorite little café, tucked into a booth by the window, hearts full and spirits soaring.

We went home to our 3½, now undeniably *our* home. And that night, the rhythm of grace that had carried us to this point played like a lullaby in our hearts.

We were married.

But more than that, we were *joined*.

Two lives, once separate, now woven by the hand of God into something eternal.

We had said "I do" — and in doing so, stepped into forever.

Chapter 8: First Days Together

The days that followed our wedding were unlike anything either of us had ever known. Not because they were dramatic or packed with extraordinary events, but because of the deep, soul-level peace that came with them. There is a kind of joy that is quiet, a joy that doesn't need applause or grand gestures — the joy of knowing that you are finally where you belong.

We woke up the morning after our wedding wrapped in warmth. Not just the warmth of blankets or bodies, but the warmth of knowing that we had chosen each other — fully, forever. Our first morning as husband and wife was soft and still. The snow from the Valentine's Day storm still covered the streets in a quiet hush. We made coffee slowly, as though we were trying to stretch time, to savor every moment of this new beginning.

Christy, in her snowpants and that whimsical “schmink” she adored, looked even more radiant to me in the gentle morning light. I couldn't help but marvel at her — not just her beauty, but the depth of her spirit. She moved through the space like a woman who had fought her way through storms and found refuge. We had become each other's refuge.

We didn't have a honeymoon planned in the traditional sense. Our finances were limited, but our hearts were overflowing. And so, our little apartment became our sanctuary — a honeymoon suite crafted not with rose petals and champagne, but with conversation, shared stories, laughter, and the sacredness of presence.

And soon we found ourselves saying it often, smiling at the truth of it every time: we were on a *forever honeymoon* — *eternal*. We meant it with our whole hearts. There was nothing fleeting or surface-level about what we felt. Every morning we woke up together felt like the first morning of

a grand adventure. Every shared moment was a new layer of joy.

We cooked meals together — simple things like grilled cheese sandwiches, soup, or pasta with sauce we seasoned by feel and memory. Christy loved trying different teas, and our countertop soon boasted an ever-growing collection. At dinner, we didn't light candles — that was never our style. Instead, we found a sense of sacredness in another way: the gentle, grounding scent of patchouli incense, which Christy lovingly called “the smell of success.” That beautiful aroma became a regular presence in our home, filling the air with comfort and inspiration.

Our evenings were often spent side by side on the couch, listening to the voices of those who had shaped our spiritual paths. Joel Osteen became a familiar companion, his messages of hope and divine favor resonating deeply with both of us. Christy also introduced me to her longtime mentor Louise Hay — a woman whose affirmations and teachings had helped Christy through many dark nights. Together, we watched YouTube videos of their teachings, taking in their words and wisdom like nourishment for the soul.

And then we'd talk — really talk. Sometimes for hours. We'd reflect on what we heard, how it applied to our lives, how God was moving in us and around us. We challenged each other, encouraged each other, and dreamed aloud about what was still to come. Those conversations, filled with spirit and sincerity, became the heartbeat of our evenings. They weren't rituals — they were revelations.

Those early days were also filled with discovery. We learned each other's routines — the way Christy hummed softly when she washed dishes, the way I needed silence when writing. We created little rituals: brushing our teeth side by side, reading quietly with our feet touching on the

couch, writing notes and tucking them into each other's coat pockets to be discovered later in the day.

There were challenges too, of course. Sharing space is never without friction. But even in disagreement, there was grace. We didn't fight to win — we spoke to understand. When emotions flared, we paused. When misunderstandings arose, we prayed or simply listened. We had committed not just to love each other, but to protect the love we shared. That meant forgiveness was always close, and tenderness was never out of reach.

We found that our differences weren't obstacles, but invitations — opportunities to stretch, to grow, to love more deeply. Christy brought color to my world, joy to my seriousness, spontaneity to my structure. And I gave her steadiness, calm, and unshakable belief in our future.

One evening, as we sat watching the snow fall outside the window, she turned to me and said, "I don't feel afraid anymore."

That sentence stopped my heart in the best way. I reached for her hand. "You don't have to be afraid," I said. "We're safe now — in God's hands, and in each other's."

And it was true. For the first time in a long time — maybe ever — we both felt completely safe. Not because life had become easy, but because love had become our foundation.

We began talking about the future in more concrete terms — our dreams, our calling, our shared desire to serve. We knew that God had brought us together not just for our own healing and joy, but to be a light to others. Whether through Christy's writing, our shared ministry, or simply by loving others the way we had been loved — we were ready.

Our home became a place of peace not only for us, but for others too. Friends dropped by for tea and conversation. We prayed with neighbors. We opened our door and our hearts to whoever God placed in our path. There was always warmth, always a listening ear, always a sense of being welcomed just as you were.

Those first days together were more than a honeymoon.

They were a sacred initiation into the life we were building — a life of trust, of devotion, of shared mission. A life where God came first, and love was our daily bread.

Looking back now, it's clear that those simple, quiet days were laying the foundation for everything to come. And I wouldn't trade them for all the riches in the world.

For in those early days of our forever, we discovered not just the joy of marriage — but the miracle of becoming one.

Chapter 9: Healing Together

Marriage doesn't just begin with vows or rings — it begins in the quiet moments after, when the world returns to its usual rhythm and you must choose, day by day, to love each other through it all. For Christy and me, those early weeks of married life were deeply sacred — not only filled with joy, but with the kind of honest vulnerability that brings true healing.

We both came into this union with our share of wounds. Not from each other, but from the long and winding roads that had brought us here. Life had tested us, shaped us, refined us in ways we didn't always speak of aloud. But in the safety of our shared space — a space now filled with the soothing scent of patchouli incense, the soft hum of Joel Osteen's voice, and the empowering affirmations of Louise Hay — we found the courage to open up.

Sometimes healing came through storytelling. Christy would curl up beside me, legs tucked under a throw blanket, and talk about the years of struggle, of being overlooked, undervalued, and misunderstood. She spoke with quiet strength, never with bitterness. Her resilience astounded me. Her compassion for others — even those who had wronged her — only deepened my love for her.

I shared too — not in a rush, but in a slow unfolding. The dreams I had carried for so long, the times I had poured my heart into people or projects only to be left empty. The ache of not yet being a father, despite the overwhelming love I had always felt for children. These weren't confessions — they were offerings. And Christy received them with the reverence of someone holding sacred treasure.

We listened to each other in a way that the world so rarely allows. No distractions. No fixing. Just listening. Sometimes Christy would gently reach out and touch my

hand or shoulder, grounding me in the present, reminding me that I was no longer alone in any of it. And I, in turn, learned how to hold space for her — not to solve or rescue, but simply to be there.

Healing also came through laughter. We laughed *a lot*. We found humor in the ordinary — the way our kettle squeaked when it boiled, the fact that Christy always forgot where she left her tea, or how we'd accidentally buy the same snacks for each other without realizing. These small, silly moments created a rhythm of joy that softened the weight of the past.

Music became another form of medicine. We created playlists filled with songs that reminded us of hope, strength, and love. Some nights we'd dance in the living room — not for performance, but for connection. Barefoot, hand-in-hand, we'd sway to the music, the world slipping away until it was just us and the love between us.

We also began to dream more boldly together. Christy spoke often of writing a book — perhaps more than one — drawing from her own journey and the wisdom she had gathered. Her heart burned to help others, especially those who felt unseen. I knew without a doubt she would do it. Her voice, her story, her spirit — they were needed.

As for me, I began to feel a deeper sense of clarity around my own calling — the work I had done over the years in community-building and visionary leadership was taking on new meaning. With Christy by my side, everything felt possible again. Not only was I dreaming, but I was daring to believe that the dreams could be shared, expanded, and fulfilled together.

And at the heart of it all was our faith. Though our expressions of it varied — me drawn to the structure of devotion and prayer, Christy moved by affirmations and the healing power of belief — we met in the middle, united

in our reverence for God's grace. The nightly videos of Joel and Louise became sacred rituals. We'd talk long after they ended, reflecting on the messages, integrating the truths, and letting them light the way ahead.

One evening, after watching a particularly moving message from Joel about restoration and divine timing, Christy turned to me and said, "Everything we've been through... it all makes sense now. Every delay, every detour — it brought us here."

I nodded. "God didn't forget about us. He was preparing us — for each other, and for what's to come."

That night, and many like it, were moments of profound peace. Not because everything was perfect, but because everything was purposeful. We were healing together — not rushing or forcing, but letting love do its work.

We knew there would be more challenges ahead — that's part of life. But we also knew that we were stronger now, not just because we had each other, but because we had invited God into every part of our story.

In each conversation, each act of kindness, each moment of silence shared beneath a blanket of stars or snow, we were being made new.

Healing, we learned, isn't a destination. It's a daily choice. A sacred unfolding. And in that unfolding, we found not only each other — but the beautiful beginning of everything we were always meant to be.

Chapter 10: A Shared Mission

As the days passed and the snow slowly gave way to early signs of spring, Christy and I found ourselves talking more and more about purpose — not just our individual callings, but the path we felt God was laying out for us together. The idea of a shared mission wasn't new to me, but in Christy, I had found the other half of a vision I had been carrying alone for years.

It started subtly. Over morning coffee or while washing dishes, one of us would say, "What if we..." and a dream would emerge. Sometimes it was a vision for a local gathering space where people could come to be encouraged and inspired. Other times, it was talk of books, or programs for healing, or helping those who had no one else to turn to. We didn't know what it would look like yet, but we knew what it would feel like: love, acceptance, truth, and restoration.

Our mission wasn't just an idea. It was lived in the small ways — the way Christy spoke to the cashier with such kindness, or how I helped a neighbor carry groceries, or how we took time each day to bless the space around us. The world can be transformed through consistent, quiet acts of goodness. And we were committed to that.

We found ourselves writing more, reflecting more, and creating outlines for books that didn't yet exist but already had a heartbeat. Christy's desire to speak to women who had lost their sense of worth became a calling she could no longer ignore. Her life had given her wisdom and resilience that she now wanted to pour into others. And I — with all my passion for community building, for guiding people back to the truth of who they are — I saw a space where both of our gifts could work together as one.

There was something deeply spiritual in that recognition. We were not two people merely living side by side. We were *aligned*. In voice, in vision, and in values.

One night, as we lay in bed listening to a Joel Osteen message about divine alignment, Christy whispered, “We’re not just partners in love. We’re partners in destiny.”

That truth ran deep. It wasn’t about ambition. It wasn’t even about achievement. It was about *service*. About using every gift, every experience, every hard-won lesson to bless others. We knew there were people waiting — people in pain, people in silence, people who needed hope — and somehow, we were being called to reach them.

We began speaking about our dreams in more practical terms. Christy envisioned workshops, healing circles, and safe spaces for women to speak and be heard. I saw mentorship programs, faith-based mentoring initiatives, and NuVoWay LifeStyle Centres where people could rediscover the greatness within.

Our brand of ministry wasn’t confined to a pulpit or limited by doctrine. It was expansive, inclusive, rooted in the purest teachings of love and compassion. We were passionate about bridging the gap between spiritual wisdom and real-life healing. Joel’s hopeful preaching and Louise Hay’s affirmations formed the pillars of our inspiration, but the structure we were building came straight from our hearts.

Our apartment became a creative hub. Notebooks filled with sketches, prayers, project ideas, and quotes from our favourite speakers began to accumulate. We would pause between sentences to sip tea or hug each other, grounding every plan in the love that had become our new normal.

And always, we returned to one simple truth: We are on a forever honeymoon — eternal. That love, that joy, that

deep commitment to each other and to something greater than ourselves — it was our fuel.

Even when we didn't know the "how," we were certain of the "why." We had been brought together to heal — not just ourselves, but others. We were being asked to lead, not because we were perfect, but because we were willing. Willing to serve. Willing to love. Willing to dream out loud.

As spring arrived, and the world outside began to thaw and bloom, so too did our vision. And as we walked hand-in-hand into this new season of marriage, we weren't just building a life. We were building a movement — one soul at a time.

And we knew, without a doubt, the best was yet to come.

Chapter 11: Divine Rhythms

There's a grace that settles in once two hearts find their rhythm. It doesn't come all at once — it's not a thunderclap or a spotlight. It arrives quietly, like the way dawn creeps into a room before you even notice the sun has risen. For Christy and me, this rhythm became the sacred pulse of our life together. It was less about routine and more about divine harmony — two lives, two souls, syncing in step with each other and with God.

The rhythm of our days began to hold a quiet beauty. Morning coffee together, always brewed with intention. Christy liked her Three Sisters coffee with milk and sweetener, while I preferred a strong cup of Tetley tea — of which we had just bought a massive bag of over 1100 bags from our local Costco! As we sipped, we'd check in with each other — not just with “How did you sleep?” but with deeper questions: “What are you feeling today?” “Where's your heart this morning?”

We found power in these small exchanges. They anchored us before the day scattered our attention. Our mornings, while simple, were infused with the understanding that even before we did anything, our *being* together was sacred.

As the hours unfolded, we would drift into our respective callings. Christy wrote more now — journaling, outlining, reflecting. Her writing table was surrounded by inspiration: cards with Louise Hay affirmations, a few printed quotes from Maya Angelou, her favorite pens, and often, a stick of patchouli incense burning slowly nearby.

I would retreat into my corner of the apartment, where ideas about G3, NuVo, mentoring, and future projects flowed through me like water. I often felt like a conduit, receiving downloads from above, as if God were dictating blueprints for the kind of world He wanted us to help build.

And through it all, there was music — not always playing aloud, but always present in our spirits. We found ourselves humming similar melodies, syncing in thought and heart. At times, we'd put on an old favorite playlist, full of hopeful, affirming songs, and just let the music wrap around us like a blanket. But perhaps the most joy came from our shared love of NPR Tiny Desk Concerts. We played them regularly through our AI Television — a modern miracle that allowed us to travel through sound, soul to soul with musicians from all over the world. The intimacy and raw artistry of those performances brought us tremendous enjoyment, often leading to hours of discussion or spontaneous slow dancing right in the living room.

Lunches were unhurried, a time to pause and reconnect. We'd often share something light — soup, fresh vegetables, or leftovers turned into creative new meals. More often than not, our conversations turned into mini vision-casting sessions. Christy would say, "Imagine a center where women could come and just breathe, be held, be safe," and I'd respond with, "And beside it, a mentoring space for men seeking purpose, grounded in truth and grace."

These weren't fantasies — they were *plans*, alive and forming between us.

In the afternoons, we sometimes walked, especially when the weather allowed. There was a favorite loop near the park where we could feel the open sky and watch the children playing. Christy's eyes always lit up around children. She'd say, "One day soon," and I'd nod, filled with the same hope.

And part of that hope — a vital part of our shared dream — included the presence of animals and children in our lives. There was Randall, a beautiful, intelligent cat Christy had loved dearly and was forced to give up years ago

under painful circumstances. His memory was alive in our home — not in sadness, but in the spirit of longing for the unconditional companionship that animals provide. We often imagined his soft purr curled up beside us on the couch, just another heartbeat in the room.

Then there was Oskar — a sweet little dog we came across not long after our marriage. We found him wandering, clearly lost and shivering, and took him in without a second thought. For a few magical days, we walked him, fed him, and let his joyful spirit fill our home. But soon enough, we found his grateful owner and returned him, knowing we had only been a stop on his journey. Still, his brief visit reaffirmed a truth we both held dear: animals would be part of our future. Their presence grounded us, soothed us, and brought out the gentlest parts of who we are.

And then there was the greatest promise of all — the twins. Emma and Liam. God had placed them in our hearts long before they arrived in our arms. We spoke of them often, not as a distant wish, but as a sure and beautiful truth. Emma with her bright spirit and compassionate heart, Liam with his strength and deep wisdom. We felt them with us already — in the way we prepared, in the choices we made, in the life we were building.

Our evenings became sacred ground — not because we followed rituals, but because we followed each other. We'd eat by lamplight, sometimes in silence, sometimes laughing until we cried. After dinner, we would often watch a Joel Osteen message or one of Louise Hay's older talks. Their voices, familiar and warm, helped settle our spirits.

We would then talk — not just about what we heard, but about what God was showing us through it. These conversations often stretched into the night. Our topics ranged from dreams to scripture, from healing to legacy.

The world outside would fall silent, but within our little home, life was blooming.

It wasn't always easy. Some days we felt tired. Some days old wounds would rise unexpectedly. But the rhythm we had cultivated — one of grace, love, and respect — carried us through. When one of us stumbled, the other extended a hand. When one of us needed space, the other made room. There was no tallying, no scorekeeping. Just love.

One particular evening, after a long day of dreaming and writing, Christy rested her head on my shoulder and said, "I've never known life could feel like this."

I kissed the top of her head and whispered, "This is just the beginning."

And we both believed it.

Our rhythm wasn't just about how we lived — it was about *why*. We weren't moving through time to survive. We were moving together to fulfill something eternal.

Together, we were building something the world couldn't always see — a marriage that was also a ministry, a home that was also a haven, a life that was also a lighthouse.

This was the rhythm of divine love. And we danced in it daily, hearts full and forever honeymooning — eternal.

Chapter 12: Love in Action

Love, in its truest form, is more than a feeling — it's movement, expression, and the invisible current beneath every decision we make. Christy and I understood that love wasn't something you kept tucked away. It had to be lived. And together, we were learning what it meant to put that love into action.

Our home had become more than a dwelling place. It had become a basecamp for kindness — a launchpad from which every dream, every outreach, every word of encouragement flowed outward. We believed our union was not only a gift to each other but also a gift to the world. And so, we set out to share that gift, however humbly.

It started simply. We made a list one night, scribbled onto a napkin while sipping tea: "How can we serve?" That was the question. Not "What can we get?" or "What do we deserve?" but "How can we give — from what we have, where we are, right now?"

From there, the vision deepened. It wasn't about temporary gestures — it was about planting the seeds of a global transformation. Christy and I were not just living together; we were preparing to spark something much bigger than ourselves. We felt it — the call to change the world, and we knew it would begin with love, lived visibly and authentically.

One of the most powerful dreams stirring in us was to launch a modern-day Bed-In — a movement of peace, love, and healing, inspired by John Lennon and Yoko Ono, but reimagined for today. With today's tools, our reach could be exponential. We envisioned inviting the world into our bedroom — not in spectacle, but in sacred transparency. A digital sanctuary. A place where truth and

vulnerability, prayer and purpose, laughter and light would be broadcast to a world so hungry for healing.

We would share conversations, hopes, teachings, and dreams from the very place we found our truest peace. Not scripted. Not manufactured. Just real, raw, and holy — a living demonstration of divine union in action. Our bedroom, the heart of our home, would become the heart of a movement. The world would be invited not as spectators, but as participants in this unfolding vision of love incarnate.

Our evenings, already sacred, took on new energy. After sharing a meal and lighting our incense, we would sit with our laptops or journals and ask God, “What next?” Sometimes it was just a name — someone to call, someone to check on. Other times it was a fresh download of a project or initiative that fit perfectly into our larger vision.

Christy had an uncanny sense for timing. She would often say, “I feel like we’re meant to go there today,” or “That person needs to hear from us now.” She was right almost every time. Her intuition was one of the most beautiful gifts I’d ever encountered, and it became a compass for our shared mission.

There were days we were tired, days when our resources seemed thin. But we never felt lacking. Somehow, provision always came. A gift left at our door. A new friend reaching out. An idea blossoming into opportunity. We knew God was in every detail, aligning heaven and earth to meet us where we were.

Even the smallest things mattered. Folding laundry together became a time of laughter and storytelling. Grocery shopping turned into little dates. We turned everyday errands into rituals of togetherness — acts of love that weren’t grand but were full of presence.

And we dreamed. Big. We saw the Bed-In not as a stunt, but as a statement — of what's possible when two people surrender their lives to a higher mission. It would be a stage for unity. A sanctuary for transformation. A holy altar where peace could be reborn, one conversation, one broadcast, one breath at a time.

This was our calling — not to live loudly, but to love deeply. To walk gently but with purpose. To build a life that wasn't just beautiful for us, but healing for those around us.

And we knew this was only the beginning.

Every act of love was a seed. Every moment of kindness, a ripple. Every conversation, a chance to ignite someone else's light.

Together, Christy and I had found not only each other but also our shared ministry — a life of love in motion.

Forever honeymooning. Forever serving. Forever believing that love — *true* love — could change the world.

Chapter 13: The Bed-In Begins

There's something sacred about a bed — not just as a place of rest, but as a sanctuary of intimacy, truth, and rebirth. For Christy and me, it became the symbolic heart of a new movement. What began as quiet conversations about peace and love slowly unfolded into a powerful vision: to use our bed not only as a haven for ourselves, but as a platform for the world.

We knew the story of John and Yoko's Bed-Ins. The boldness, the vulnerability, the sheer simplicity of it. It wasn't a protest in the traditional sense. It was an offering — an invitation for the world to pause and reconsider its values. That spirit resonated deeply with us. But we wanted to carry it further, bring it into the digital age, infused with all the spiritual power and technological possibilities we had at our fingertips.

Our Bed-In would not be a publicity stunt. It would be a prayer. A declaration. A demonstration of divine love in its rawest, realest form. But unlike the historic one-time events of the past, ours was still in its incubation stage — a vision growing stronger by the day. We weren't ready to launch quite yet. The timing, the technology, the spiritual alignment — all were still being prepared. But we could feel it forming in our bones.

We began preparing in small, sacred ways. We wrote in our journals. We prayed over the space. We drafted ideas late into the night. We imagined the setup — simple white linens, soft lighting, incense gently curling in the air. A few hand-chosen spiritual tokens: a framed vision of our twins Emma and Liam, a carved angel, our NuVo ball caps — “Find the greatness within.” All of it meant to welcome not just the world, but the presence of God.

One element we knew would be absolutely central: music.

The Bed-In would be filled with sound — not noise, but intentional, soul-stirring music. We imagined local musicians bringing their instruments into our home, sitting at the foot of the bed and playing as we listened, as we shared, as we dreamed aloud. The music would guide the energy, opening hearts and breaking barriers.

We envisioned a sacred sequence: the world entering our space through live broadcasts, greeted by the harmony of a cello, a softly strummed guitar, or the haunting clarity of a flute. Then, deep conversations — about purpose, healing, faith, and love. Poetry would follow, or flow between, with Christy reading her favorites and perhaps some of her own. I would speak from my heart, share my insights and revelations, and together we would welcome guests, both virtual and in-person, to join in the unfolding journey.

This was not about us being at the center. It was about becoming a conduit for something divine. About setting a stage where love could be witnessed, not as fantasy, but as holy reality. Our love for each other — raw, playful, respectful, deep — would be the backdrop. The proof. The living canvas that would draw others in.

We dreamed aloud: “What if someone from Singapore tunes in and feels like they’ve come home?” “What if a young couple in Oklahoma sees our love and starts believing in forever again?” “What if someone struggling with belief sees the way we revere each other and remembers God’s love for them?”

This was the mission.

We didn’t want polished perfection. We wanted presence. We didn’t want performance. We wanted poetry. The spirit of the Bed-In would be alive with authenticity — with laughter, with tears, with sacred silence, and with the living Word of God moving in unexpected ways.

As we planned, we also prepared. Each conversation, each prayer, each moment of intimacy between us was part of the foundation. We were building a temple — not of stone, but of love. And we knew we needed to be spiritually and emotionally ready.

Sometimes, as we lay side by side, we would envision the first day of the Bed-In together. Christy would describe the smell of the patchouli, the hum of the instruments as they tuned up, the sacred stillness before we went live. I would imagine the first words we'd speak — words that would not come from us, but through us. Words to open the hearts of those watching. Words that would stir the Spirit in rooms all around the globe.

And we would whisper to each other, “The time is coming. God is preparing the way.”

We began rehearsing our hearts more than our lines. We asked each other daily: “Are we living the message we hope to share?” “Are we treating each other in ways that reflect Heaven?” “Are we trusting the timing?”

The answer was always yes — even if we didn't have every detail figured out. Because the Bed-In wasn't just about one moment. It was about creating a continuous invitation. A new way of living and loving that could ripple through the world.

We dreamed of people across the planet starting their own Bed-Ins — spaces of peace and prayer, of music and meaning. Homes transformed into havens. Marriages renewed. Strangers becoming family. A global chorus of love rising from bedrooms, living rooms, dorm rooms, shelters — wherever hearts had the courage to open.

Yes, the launch would be in a couple of months. But already, it was alive in us.

Already, the Spirit had begun.

We continued to sit in bed together each evening, sometimes in silence, sometimes planning, often listening to NPR Tiny Desk Concerts or Louise Hay and Joel Osteen — soaking in their messages and energy. We would talk until midnight, sometimes later, letting the conversation move like water over smooth stones.

And always, the phrase came back to us: “Forever honeymooning — eternal.”

Because for us, the Bed-In was not a break from real life. It was real life — at its most pure, most beautiful, most God-filled.

It was our offering.

Our surrender.

And soon, it would be our global invitation.

Come. Rest. Listen. Heal. Believe again.

The Bed-In is coming.

And love will lead it all.

Chapter 14: The Sacredness of Routine

In a world that often glorifies the extraordinary, Christy and I found divinity in the daily. It wasn't the fireworks or the big moments that built the architecture of our love — it was the gentle, rhythmic heartbeat of shared life. The routines, simple as they were, became sacred. And it was in these rituals that we discovered something astonishing: the holiness of the ordinary.

Our mornings began in peace. Not rushed. Not frantic. Just quiet awareness of each other and the gift of a new day. I was always up first — at 5 a.m. — quietly slipping out of bed to welcome the morning. There was something deeply grounding about those first hours of solitude, and I used them to pray, reflect, and prepare the space for the day ahead. By the time Christy woke — usually an hour or two later — the French Press was already waiting, filled with her favourite: Three Sisters coffee, brewed just right. The scent alone was enough to make her smile.

Her breakfast, like so much else she touched, was full of joy and intention. Christy's go-to was a toasted poppyseed bagel, slathered with cream cheese and a generous spread of raspberry jam. She called it "Heaven on Earth," and the first time I watched her savour it, I understood why. Without fail, she always offered me the first bite — a sweet and simple gesture that carried more intimacy and love than any grand romantic gesture ever could.

The scent of patchouli would already be wafting softly through the apartment, signalling to both of us that this was not just another day — it was another divine invitation.

There was no need to fill every moment with conversation. Some mornings we sat in silence, gazing out the window, allowing God to speak to us in the hush. Other times, we

would play a Tiny Desk Concert as our soundtrack, letting the music carry us into the day. There was a joy in this — not loud or boisterous, but full, deep, and abiding. Just being together in stillness was a kind of worship.

Breakfast was always simple. Toast or oatmeal. Fruit, when we had it. But it was Christy's poppyseed bagel — her "Heaven on Earth" — that became the iconic staple of our mornings. There were no grand displays, no effort to impress one another. Instead, we focused on nourishment — not just of the body, but of the soul. We'd sometimes pause over the meal, hold hands, and whisper, "Thank You." Nothing elaborate. Just reverence.

Throughout the day, we each gravitated toward our work — the sacred assignments we felt planted in us. I would write, plan, dream. Christy would reflect, journal, pray, and organize thoughts for the initiatives we hoped to launch. We gave each other space, but it was never a space of separation. It was a space of trust — a mutual honouring of the sacred fire in each other.

Lunches were simple and shared. It didn't matter what we ate; it mattered that we were eating it together. We talked about dreams, laughed about random memories, reflected on old lives and new hopes. One day, while eating soup and crackers, Christy turned to me and said, "I used to think love had to be hard. That it had to be earned or chased or fought for. But this — this is the easiest thing I've ever known."

Her words settled in my heart like a sunrise. Yes. Love, when it is right — when it is rooted in God — feels like breath. Natural. Life-giving.

Our afternoons were often spent in motion — walking to the store, visiting with friends, or just stretching our legs through the neighbourhood. We noticed things others passed by: a particularly cheerful flower box, a child's

laugh, the way sunlight filtered through late-winter trees. The world felt alive, and we felt awake in it.

Evenings were when our sacred routines deepened. After dinner, we would often burn more patchouli incense, filling our home with the fragrance we now associated with success, peace, and God's favour. Then we'd sit close — sometimes on the couch, sometimes right on the bed — and put on a message by Joel Osteen or a talk by Louise Hay. These voices had become guides and companions, sparking long conversations between us that lasted well into the night.

We talked about everything — our past, our families, our philosophies, and our faith. But mostly, we talked about the future: the Bed-Ins, the books we would write, the songs we would record, the people we would help. We believed in a life of service and love — and we were already living it, in these holy hours after dark.

Sometimes, Christy would write poetry. Sometimes, I would sketch out a new vision. We would read each other's work, offer thoughts, laugh at ourselves, and marvel at how perfectly aligned we were — how our dreams meshed, how our language of love always returned to one word: *purpose*.

Night would fall, and we would ready ourselves for bed — not out of obligation, but with the quiet joy of two people who had spent the day in divine partnership. There were no scripts. No performance. Just love.

Before we drifted to sleep, we would often look at each other and whisper one of our favourite phrases: "Forever honeymoon — eternal." And we meant it. We still do.

What others might call routine, we called worship. What others might overlook, we named holy. We had no need for

extravagant gestures. Our life was the gesture — a living prayer, a sacred rhythm.

In every sip of tea, in every whisper, in every shared smile, the message was clear: God was here. And in our ordinary life, the extraordinary was unfolding.

This was not just routine. This was ritual.

This was not just a daily rhythm. This was a sacred dance.

And every day, as we lived it, we found ourselves drawing closer — not only to each other, but to God.

Because when love is the foundation, even the smallest act becomes holy.

And every day becomes a page in a sacred story.

Chapter 15: Hearts Aligned in Purpose

It's a rare and precious thing to find someone whose dreams don't just complement yours, but actually amplify them. With Christy, I didn't find a partner merely to walk beside — I found a soul who breathed life into every vision I had ever dared to dream. And what's more, I breathed life into hers.

By this point, the rhythm of our days had become so seamless, so spiritually aligned, that our conversations naturally turned toward the greater purpose we shared. It wasn't enough for us to simply love one another — we felt called to do something with that love. To send it outward. To infuse it into the world.

It was during one of our late-night reflections, surrounded by incense and the lingering melodies of a Tiny Desk performance, that we started to define our next steps more clearly. The Bed-In was still weeks away from launching, but already it had begun to shape the way we lived, thought, and planned. We saw our bed not just as a space of intimacy, but as a headquarters — a sacred command center for healing, storytelling, and change.

But we also knew it would only be the beginning.

As we reflected, we kept circling around the same idea: *alignment*. Alignment with each other, alignment with God, alignment with a divine timeline that seemed to be guiding us gently but firmly forward. Christy, with her intuitive heart and poetic soul, often said, “When your heart is aligned with God's, everything starts to move with grace.” And that's exactly what we were experiencing.

Ideas began flowing. We started mapping out future events and series beyond the Bed-In — virtual retreats, morning devotions streamed live, musical evenings featuring local artists and their testimonies. We even

brainstormed creating a podcast together — a soft-spoken, deeply spiritual weekly hour called *Whispers from the Bed*, where we'd speak about love, transformation, healing, and purpose.

The bedroom became our creative sanctuary. I'd sit at my desk next to the bed and Christy would be on the bed with her colored pencils and journal. We sketched ideas, wrote mission statements, drafted outlines for books, courses, events. What might have seemed like leisure from the outside was actually intense spiritual co-creation. And it brought us joy like nothing else.

We even started to revisit our personal journeys — not as separate lives, but as necessary paths that had brought us to each other. Christy would sometimes pause in our planning, lay her head against my shoulder, and say, "Everything makes sense now." And I'd feel that quiet certainty rise up in my own spirit — that all the waiting, the wandering, the pain and progress — it had all led to this sacred now.

One evening, as snow drifted silently outside our window, we sat in near-darkness, lit only by a small lamp and the soft flicker of our patchouli incense. Christy turned to me and asked, "What if we really did change the world?"

I looked at her — her eyes full of earnest hope, her hands wrapped around her tea — and I answered the only way I could: "We already are."

That night, we made a list. Not of goals or deadlines, but of values. Principles that would define everything we did together — from the smallest conversation to the largest event. The list included:

- **Radical Honesty**
- **Sacred Love**
- **Playful Reverence**

- **Creative Boldness**
- **Unwavering Faith**
- **Compassionate Listening**
- **Daily Joy**

We called it our *Covenant of Purpose*. It wasn't a business plan. It was a spiritual contract.

From that moment forward, it felt like the heavens opened just a little wider. Opportunities began to present themselves in small, serendipitous ways — an email from a long-lost friend with an idea, a message from a musician wanting to play live, a neighbor offering help with tech. We took each one as confirmation that the path we were walking was true.

What moved us most wasn't how quickly things were taking shape, but how naturally. Nothing felt forced. It felt *given*. Our only task was to stay aligned — with each other and with God.

We ended many of these planning sessions in silence, simply holding hands, staring out the window, or lying side by side in the warmth of our sacred home. And before the last light was turned off, we'd whisper again: "Forever honeymoon — eternal."

It was never just a catchphrase. It was a mantra. A sacred truth we lived.

This chapter of our life — of purpose, alignment, vision, and unwavering love — was not a climax. It was a foundation. A launching point. A sacred root system from which everything else would grow.

And even as we planned for the months ahead, we stayed rooted in today.

Because when your heart is aligned with someone else's
— and with God's — then every moment becomes a seed.

And from those seeds, Heaven begins to bloom.

Chapter 16: Divine Timing

It's said that God's timing is always perfect — not early, not late, but right on time. And while we had both heard that phrase throughout our lives, it wasn't until Christy and I stood fully inside the miracle of our shared story that we understood what it truly meant.

Our love didn't arrive on the heels of youthful infatuation or a perfectly timed coincidence. It arrived in the quiet aftermath of countless lessons, deep healing, and decades of individual growth. It came not when we thought we needed it, but when we were finally ready to receive it — fully, without fear, without haste, and without conditions.

Christy would often say, "If we had met any earlier, I wouldn't have been who I am now — and maybe you wouldn't have seen me the way you do." And she was right. I needed every heartbreak, every setback, every lonely night and hard-earned insight to become the man who could see her — really see her — for the wonder she is. And she had needed her journey just the same: the trials, the reflections, the stretches of silence that shaped her inner fire.

Divine timing didn't mean our path was easy. But it was purposeful. Every step, even those that felt like detours, had led us here. And because we had waited — not passively, but with faith and integrity — what we were given was nothing short of holy.

We talked often about this timing. In the mornings, over her bagel and my Tetley tea. In the evenings, beneath the glow of our lamp and the haze of patchouli incense. Sometimes we would marvel at the sheer improbability of it all: that we met at a food bank on a snowy Tuesday, that our lives had run parallel in so many ways before finally converging at just the right moment.

I remember one night, Christy curled up beside me, her head resting on my chest, as she whispered, “I used to wonder if God had forgotten me. If love was something I’d only watch others have. But now I know He was just taking His time with something this perfect.”

Tears rose in my eyes then. Not out of sadness, but gratitude — the kind that overwhelms and humbles you all at once. Because I knew exactly what she meant. I had wondered, too. But now we could see the orchestration, the craftsmanship of heaven in the details.

We began to view everything in our lives as a tapestry — one that had taken decades to weave. Threads of joy, pain, discovery, loss, hope, and faith had been braided together with divine intention. And now, the picture was starting to make sense. Not just our love, but our mission, our vision, our future.

It wasn’t just about us anymore. We were being positioned, gently but clearly, for something far greater than a romance. Our union was a spark, a signal, a sacred calling. We felt it in our bones.

This awareness brought both a deep peace and a sense of urgency. We knew time was precious, and yet we also trusted that what was meant to be would come — in its own time, in its own way. We didn’t push or strive. We simply listened. We listened to each other, to God, to the quiet nudges of spirit that whispered, “Wait here. Move now. Speak this. Love more.”

There were moments when we would walk through our neighbourhood, hand in hand, speaking of the future as though it were already here. “Emma and Liam,” we’d say with smiles, speaking of the twins we believed God would one day place in our care. “Randall will be home again soon,” Christy would add, her eyes full of faith for the

return of her beloved cat. “And we’ll find a new friend like Oskar — maybe even a little bigger.”

These weren’t just fantasies. They were promises written into the marrow of our shared hope. We didn’t need proof. We just believed. That was enough.

At night, we often lay in silence for long moments, feeling the stillness around us, letting our breath and heartbeat align. And always, without fail, we’d say our phrase: “Forever honeymoon — eternal.”

There is something extraordinary about knowing — really knowing — that you are exactly where you are meant to be. Not trying to escape the past or race toward the future, but sitting, standing, loving, living in the holy now.

Christy and I didn’t need to accomplish anything to validate our love. It was already full, already fruitful, already sacred. But in that fullness, God planted seeds for more. And we accepted them with open arms.

We felt the bedrock of our lives shift from uncertainty to assurance. The ground beneath us was solid, not because we were strong, but because the One who brought us together had never wavered. His plan, though unseen for so long, had never faltered. And now, we were walking it out with joy.

Divine timing had not only brought us together — it had prepared us to build something eternal. To show the world what love rooted in grace looks like. To remind others that waiting isn’t a punishment, but preparation.

We often said, “We are proof that it’s never too late for God to do something beautiful.” And every day, we lived that truth.

This chapter of our lives — this quiet, radiant unfolding — was the harvest of a thousand unseen seeds. And each moment felt like an answered prayer.

Not rushed. Not forced.

Just right.

Divinely timed.

Forever aligned.

Chapter 17: Divine Companionship

For all the beauty that our love story held — for all the late-night conversations, quiet mornings, laughter, warmth, and vision — there was one relationship that sat above all others for me: my bond with God the Father. But even here, something had shifted, become more personal, more intimate, more real than anything I had known before.

I had come to know Him as Noel.

Not just a title, not just an abstract figure of reverence, but a Presence — physical, near, and wholly loving. Noel was, and is, the most important Being in my life. He came to me in a way that transcends language and logic — in form, in tenderness, in gentle guidance and powerful reassurance. I do not expect many to understand this, and that's all right. It wasn't meant for mass approval. It was meant for me.

Noel arrived at a time when I was on the edge — full of vision but in need of the kind of divine clarity that only God Himself could offer. And He came not as a thunderous voice or blinding light, but as a Father. A guide. A friend. A protector. A sacred companion who walked with me in the flesh, who listened as I poured out my fears, and who poured into me everything I needed to carry forward the destiny planted within my heart.

Christy, for all the wonder she brings to my life, has never once felt anything but reverence for this relationship. She knows — because she sees with the eyes of spirit — that Noel is not a threat to our closeness but the very reason we have found one another at all. She has often said, “Noel made me for you, and you for me.” And I believe that with my whole heart.

We speak of Him often — not in ritual or repetition, but in warmth, like talking about a cherished elder we both

adore. He is woven into every part of our day. When we sit by the window sipping our drinks, when we map out plans for our Bed-Ins and our ministry, when we tuck each other in at night, Noel is there. Always.

There was a day, not long ago, when I was feeling especially reflective. Christy and I had spent the afternoon in quiet contemplation, letting the snow fall around us like a blanket of peace. I turned to her and said, “Noel didn’t just save me. He *grew* me.”

She took my hand and whispered, “And He brought me home.”

That’s how it feels — like home. Like something ancient that was always waiting for this moment.

The more time passed, the more Noel’s presence deepened in our work. We stopped needing to ask what direction to take; instead, we would listen, and trust the guidance that came. Whether through a word, an image, a feeling, or a shared dream, Noel made Himself known. He was the architect, and we the joyful builders.

There is no jealousy in love perfected. Christy knows that she is second only to Noel in my life — and she celebrates that, just as I honor her unique relationship with God, with her mentor Louise, and with the spirit of love that flows so freely through her.

In fact, I often marvel at how beautifully Christy reflects Noel’s essence. Her gentleness, her deep compassion, her quiet strength and radiant joy — all of it feels like the echo of His character. Loving her is, in so many ways, loving the very spirit of God made manifest in woman. And loving Noel enables me to love Christy even more fully, more purely, more completely.

In a world full of distraction and disconnection, we live in sacred union — not just with each other, but with the One who designed us to fit together. It's not a triangle; it's a trinity. Noel, Christy, and I — bound by love, aligned by destiny, anchored in grace.

We've often said that our greatest gift isn't the work we will do, or the projects we'll launch, or even the children we one day hope to hold. It's the *presence* we carry — the knowing that we are never alone. That Noel walks among us. That His hand is always guiding, His heart always beating in rhythm with our own.

We light no candles, read no liturgies. Instead, we burn patchouli and speak His name like a song — not in church language, but in the language of lovers and friends. Noel is not distant to us. He is here. Always here.

In this chapter of our lives, as we prepare to step into greater visibility with our message of love, healing, and sacred relationship, we do so under Noel's covering. We don't lead. We follow. We don't strive. We surrender. And in that surrender, we've found joy unlike anything the world can give.

Noel is my source. My anchor. My Father. My closest companion.

And Christy — beloved Christy — is the living gift He chose to place in my arms. She is the echo of His kindness. The partner of my soul. The flame that keeps my heart ever warm.

Together, we walk with God.

Together, we live in the glow of divine companionship.

Together, we remember every day what it means to be chosen.

Not by chance.

But by Noel.

Chapter 18: The Shape of a Holy Future

By now, the walls of our home had absorbed so much love, laughter, incense, conversation, and prayer that it felt more like a sanctuary than an apartment. Our lives were no longer just about surviving, or even about comfort — they had become about *devotion*. To each other, to Noel, and to the vision of a world transformed by love.

In quiet moments, we began to speak more openly and frequently about the future. Not in anxious terms, not with rigid planning or spreadsheets, but in wide, open strokes — as artists with a canvas, or dreamers designing Heaven on Earth.

For us, the idea of “future” was not some far-off land. It was the very air we breathed, unfolding one faithful moment at a time. And the shape of it? Holy. Gentle. Grand. Guided.

We spoke of the twins often — Emma and Liam. Their names were not speculative, but sacred. We had both seen them in dreams, felt their presence in prayer, known them in our spirits before ever holding them in our arms. They were promised. We believed that. Emma, bright and soulful, with her mama’s eyes and her daddy’s heart. Liam, adventurous and gentle, a mix of old soul wisdom and curious wonder.

We talked about the way they would grow up — not in fear, but in freedom. Surrounded by music, by people of deep kindness, by joy that danced through every room. We’d tell them stories of how they came to be — how Noel whispered them into our lives, how love opened the door for their arrival.

And our home — it wouldn’t always be this cozy 3½, though we adored it and knew it would always be the birthplace of the life we were creating. We dreamed of a

larger space, not for status, but for *invitation*. For community. A place with a sunroom and a piano, a big table for meals, rooms for guests, and always an open door.

Our bedroom would remain our sanctuary. A place of whispered prayers and soul-deep rest, yes — but also of revolution. The Bed-In would soon begin, and as we continued dreaming into its full potential, we saw how it could change not only the people who visited, but the world that tuned in. Christy called it “a temple in disguise,” and she was right.

Music would be central. Each morning would begin not with alarm clocks, but with live acoustic sets by friends, neighbours, artists moved by spirit. Poetry, too — verses that stirred, stories that softened the hardest hearts. We imagined a livestream with thousands watching, not out of voyeurism, but longing. Longing to see what sacred love looked like when lived with intention.

But none of this overwhelmed us. The vision was large, but our hearts were steady. We knew that it would grow as we grew. Noel had made that clear. What we planted in the quiet would blossom in its time.

In those hours between dusk and dawn — when patchouli lingered, when the AI television played soft spiritual talks or Tiny Desk concerts, when tea warmed our hands and hope warmed our souls — we dared to believe we were doing something eternal.

One night, as the city slept under a blanket of fresh snow, Christy turned to me and asked, “Do you ever wonder why Noel chose us?”

I looked at her — her face lit by candlelight, eyes wide with awe — and answered without hesitation, “Because we said yes.”

We weren't perfect. We weren't the most qualified or most visible. But we were *willing*. Willing to let our love be public, vulnerable, sacred. Willing to speak about joy and pain, about hope and healing. Willing to live a life that invited the world in — not to gawk, but to *grow*.

And we were willing to *wait*. To trust. To receive each new chapter not with control, but with faith.

More and more, our future took on this shape: not a checklist, but a rhythm. A holy unfolding. Days filled with breakfast rituals, with laughter, with handwritten notes left in teacups or taped to mirrors. Mornings where Christy offered me the first bite of her “Heaven on Earth” bagel. Evenings where we planned projects while our hands rested in each other's. Nights where the final thing we said, without fail, was: “Forever honeymoon — eternal.”

That phrase wasn't losing its sparkle. It was gaining power. With each repetition, it became a declaration, a promise, a prayer. We *were* on a honeymoon that would never end — not because we escaped reality, but because we *redeemed* it. We infused it with God's goodness. We rewrote the script.

In time, we knew the world would come calling. Not because we shouted, but because love whispers loudest. The Bed-In would launch. The podcast would be born. The books would be written. The songs would rise.

But none of that mattered more than the source of it all: our sacred union. The presence of Noel. The steady rhythm of two souls who finally found their way home.

Christy often says, “Love like this rewrites time.” And I think she's right. Because what we have feels like forever — and always has.

As we prepare to open our lives more fully, to become a beacon for others, we carry one truth above all else:

This isn't just a love story. It's a love *mission*.

The shape of our future is holy.

And it is, always, exactly on time.

Chapter 19: Echoes of Eden

As winter softened its hold and light began stretching a little longer into the evenings, Christy and I often found ourselves talking about the garden — not a literal one, though that dream was growing too — but the garden from which all life began: Eden.

There was something in the way our lives had unfolded that felt like a return. Not to innocence, exactly, but to intention. To that original union where love wasn't earned or performed, but simply was. A gift. A presence. A way of being.

"I think we've been called to recreate Eden," I said to Christy one night as we sat watching the snowmelt trickle down the window. "Not just for us, but for everyone."

She turned to me with that luminous expression she gets when her heart fully agrees. "Yes," she whispered. "To show that it's not lost. It's just waiting."

From that moment on, the idea began to weave itself through everything we did. The way we arranged our space — with soft colors, gentle textures, and symbols of growth and hope. The way we made meals together — not hurried or utilitarian, but as rituals of nourishment and connection. The way we welcomed each other into each day, not with routine, but with reverence.

We weren't trying to imitate some mythic past. We were listening for the *echoes* — the hints of Eden still present in this world. In a first bite of breakfast shared with love. In the way our feet touched under the covers in the early hours of morning. In the laughter that rose easily between us when no words were necessary.

Noel, of course, was at the centre of it all. Our Eden was not defined by location, or resources, or perfection. It was

defined by His presence. His peace. His pleasure in seeing two souls reflect the love He had dreamed for the world.

We imagined one day inviting people into this space — not just through video streams or writings, but in person. A community garden. A living room open to all. Sacred conversations under string lights. Music that lifted people out of their sorrow and back into their souls. Children playing barefoot in the grass, couples finding healing in the simplicity of being seen and held.

And we would be there, not as leaders perched above, but as fellow travellers. Lovers of God. Lovers of each other. Tenders of the new Eden being reborn.

We knew the world was aching. Fragmented. Hungry for something real. And we had it — not in full, but in seed form. In the way we loved without fear. In the way we dreamed without shame. In the way we lived as though Heaven was already here.

Sometimes we'd lie on our bed, arms entwined, the faint aroma of patchouli in the air, NPR's Tiny Desk Concerts playing low in the background, and say, "This is it, isn't it? This is Eden."

And we'd both nod.

We didn't need to escape the world to find it. We simply needed to see it — to choose it — to *become* it.

Christy's coloured pencils sketched visions of gardens and homes, people gathered around firelight, the words "Love First, Always" etched into every scene. I'd sit beside her, typing ideas for how to share this with the world — through the Bed-Ins, the books, the songs, the spaces we would one day build. Not in a rush. But in rhythm.

Sometimes, when we spoke of it, Christy would get quiet and her eyes would fill with tears. “I didn’t know I’d get to live like this,” she would say.

And I’d respond, “It’s not just for us. We’re showing them the way back.”

Eden isn’t behind us. It’s before us. And within us. And between us.

Every time we touch in kindness. Every time we trust without needing to understand. Every time we let love speak louder than fear.

That is Eden.

And in our home, in our hearts, in our shared mission — we were already there.

Recreating it.

One sacred breath at a time.

Chapter 20: Love That Heals the World

As our story deepened and the days flowed one into the next like a river guided by unseen hands, Christy and I began to feel something even greater stir within us — a sense that our love, our joy, our shared peace, were not just for us alone. They were seeds, radiant and alive, ready to be planted into the world.

The love between us had already healed so much within — years of loneliness, uncertainty, and unrealized dreams now blossomed into something sacred and full of promise. But it wasn't until we began to truly see the impact it could have beyond our home that we realized the calling God — Noel — had placed upon us.

Our mission had always been wrapped in love: divine, fearless, all-encompassing love. Love that listened, that laughed, that lingered long enough to witness someone's pain and believe in their healing. We knew the world was full of heartbreak. But we also knew the remedy had been inside us all along.

We started sharing our vision more actively. Conversations with neighbours turned into exchanges of hope. Christy's joyful presence became a balm for people she met on her walks. My writings began to carry deeper truths, not just about us, but about the collective ache and collective restoration possible for humanity. We weren't preaching. We were *inviting* — into joy, into possibility, into a better way.

Our Bed-In plans were no longer just about making a statement. They became a sanctuary of sacred intention. We would invite musicians, writers, lovers of peace and seekers of light, into our space. Not to perform, but to *be*. To share their truth, to rest in love, to remember who they were before the world told them they had to earn love, or prove their worth.

Christy and I would model it. We would show the beauty of reverence — of what it looks like when a man and woman love each other with purity, respect, and unshakable delight. Our bed would be a platform not of spectacle, but of *healing*. And Noel would be the unseen guest in every session, blessing each story shared, each song sung, each soul touched.

The idea grew wings. We envisioned Bed-Ins not just in our city, but around the world. A global network of sacred spaces where people could lay down their burdens and be met with warmth and wisdom. Where the hardest questions could be asked and held in grace. Where laughter and weeping were welcomed as equally holy expressions.

And all of this, we knew, flowed from the love we had been given. A love that didn't come from striving or struggle, but from surrender. We had surrendered our timelines, our expectations, our old identities — and God had given us something eternal.

One afternoon, as Christy added finishing touches to a coloured pencil sketch of a heart wrapped in vines and light, she looked up and said, "I think love like ours could heal the world."

I nodded. "It's already healing us. And we are part of the world."

The more we loved each other, the more space we made for the world to join us in that love. Our compassion grew deeper, our empathy more acute. We no longer saw strangers — we saw future friends, fellow dreamers, co-healers.

There was a moment, sitting side-by-side on our sofa one snowy morning, when we both felt it — a surge of knowing. That everything we had lived through before this

union was preparation. The losses, the disappointments, the long nights of wondering — it had all been to bring us here.

And not just here, but *forward*. Into a future where love is not a commodity, but a right. A healing balm. A bridge between wounded souls.

We would go gently. We would go boldly. We would go with joy.

And we would not go alone.

For Noel was with us.

And so were all those who would come to believe — not just in us, but in the kind of love that brings people home to themselves and to each other.

This chapter of our lives is not an ending.

It is the beginning of the world we've always dreamed of.

A world where love heals.

And where every heart finds its echo in another's arms.

Chapter 21: Love Made Manifest

The days that followed our vision taking root were some of the most luminous of our lives. With every breath, Christy and I could feel something stirring — not just within us, but *around* us. As if the very air had begun to shimmer with divine expectancy. The world was listening.

It wasn't about fame, or followers, or being seen. It was about *connection*. Authentic, spirit-born, unmistakable connection. And we found it everywhere — in the small smiles exchanged with strangers, in the kindness of a neighbour who offered to carry groceries, in the spontaneous gifts of poetry or music from people we hadn't even met yet, but who somehow knew our hearts.

This love was no longer contained by walls or routines. It was spilling over, manifesting in everyday acts of beauty. Even our modest space felt transformed — our 3½ apartment now felt like a studio of the soul, where creativity and spirit poured into everything from the arrangement of our mugs to the notes we left on mirrors.

We began recording short reflections on our computer — simple, heartfelt conversations between us about grace, healing, joy, and Noel's presence in every circumstance. Christy and I would take turns offering our two cents on various topics, sharing laughter, insights, and stories from our daily life. Sometimes she would speak a Louise Hay affirmation with her calm, clear voice, and I would respond with a Joel Osteen quote or a reflection of my own. Our chemistry, our sincerity, our deep respect for one another made these recordings feel more like sacred dialogues than performances.

These moments weren't planned. They simply came to us. Sometimes while sharing tea. Sometimes while walking hand-in-hand through the warming streets. Sometimes in

the quiet before sunrise when Noel's voice was loudest in our hearts. We let spirit lead.

One day, we received a letter in the mail — handwritten and scented with lavender. A young woman from across the country wrote, “I see myself in your love story. I thought I'd never find healing after heartbreak, but now I believe it's possible. Thank you for reminding me.”

Christy wept softly reading it. Not from sadness, but from a kind of sacred gratitude. We both understood — this was *why* we were called to this.

Our love was not just for comfort. It was a light.

We had become a living testimony.

At night, after lighting our patchouli incense and letting the familiar aroma fill the room, we would sit and listen to music — NPR Tiny Desk Concerts remained our favourite. The rawness, the honesty, the artistic courage... it reminded us of what we were doing in our own way. Our home was a tiny desk stage. Our words, our kisses, our late-night conversations were all part of the music we were giving the world.

Randall the cat had returned to Christy in dreams — a soft paw brushing her cheek, a comforting purr. Oskar's memory lingered in small gestures — a door left ajar, a toy by the bed. We even spoke of them as if they were part of our household again. Their love had not left us; it had simply shifted form.

And of course, always the echo of the twins — Emma and Liam — dancing in our hearts like sunlight just behind the clouds. They were coming. We felt it more and more. Not as a maybe. But as a promise. We imagined reading to them under blankets, teaching them about kindness and God and art and music. Christy spoke of painting their

nursery walls in shades of sunrise. I dreamed of teaching them how to build, how to believe.

Some days, we would walk through our neighbourhood dreaming aloud — pointing to empty buildings and saying, “That could be a community café,” or “Imagine music here, every Sunday, everyone welcome.” Our visions were not lofty — they were grounded in faith. We *knew* love could manifest into places and people and projects.

We met with local artists, spoken word poets, and musicians who had once felt forgotten. We invited them into our circle, not to use them, but to see them. And slowly, a network began to form — a constellation of kindred spirits drawn to the warmth of what we were creating.

One warm morning, Christy said, “I think we’re building a world that never existed before — one born from tenderness.”

She was right.

This world we dreamed of wasn’t waiting somewhere else. It was growing beneath our feet. With each shared meal, each gentle word, each answered prayer.

Even the mundane had become holy. The clinking of dishes after breakfast. The sound of tea being poured. The smell of bagels toasting. It was all infused with love. Sacred routines became liturgy. Our lives, a poem.

And so we lived it — not for applause, but for *alignment*. With God. With each other. With the heartbeat of a planet ready to remember love.

Love that shows up in sweatpants and snowpants. Love that doesn’t need grandeur to be divine. Love that turns a

modest apartment into sacred ground. Love that grows
community, one sacred moment at a time.

Love made manifest.

And it was only the beginning.

Chapter 22: Divine Momentum

Late spring had fully arrived, and with it came the feeling that the world itself was waking up to something new — something more alive, more sacred, more *ready*. Just like the buds on the trees outside our window, the dreams Christy and I had sown were beginning to bloom in the most unexpected, grace-filled ways.

Each morning began with warmth, sunlight pouring through the curtains and a kind of hushed expectancy in the air. Christy would stretch out her arms as she stepped into the kitchen, whispering, “Today’s going to be full of miracles.” And it always was — even if the miracle was simply sharing our favourite poppyseed bagel with raspberry jam and cream cheese, or hearing a heartfelt message from a friend or a neighbour. We had come to expect grace — not as entitlement, but as the natural outflow of a life aligned with God.

Our conversations at the breakfast table had taken on a new energy. We called them our “Two Cents Worth” — moments of shared reflection that sometimes turned into spirited debates or deep dives into healing, forgiveness, purpose, and sacred love. Christy would often refer to something Louise Hay had said, and I’d echo with a reminder from Joel Osteen. These were not rehearsed talks, but spontaneous, spirit-led dialogues that became sacred rituals in our day. We didn’t need a camera or an audience — just each other, and the presence of Noel.

We were becoming examples — living epistles of divine love and connection. Friends would reach out and tell us how they could feel the peace that had grown between us. Some told us they’d rekindled their faith, others that they’d rediscovered hope for love after decades of loneliness. Many simply thanked us for showing them a new way to live — one that was honest, tender, and full of reverence for both the divine and each other.

One letter in particular came from a retired minister who had lost his wife three years earlier. He wrote, “Watching you two — even just hearing about your story — is like being reminded of what I had and what’s still possible. You’ve taught me that love is never finished. It just waits for us to return.” Christy and I cried when we read that one. Not from sorrow, but from awe. Love really was rippling outward, moving like water across the parched hearts of the world.

We felt God’s hand — Noel’s hand — in everything. From the timing of random blessings to the way we’d both have the same idea at the same moment. There was divine synchronicity in our every step, and the momentum was building. Opportunities started to present themselves. A local community centre offered us a space to host live Bed-In-style events. A young filmmaker we knew expressed interest in documenting our love story and vision. A group of musicians we’d met through mutual friends offered to collaborate on a soundtrack inspired by our journey. It was happening.

Yet, amidst this growing swirl of activity, Christy and I remained rooted. We didn’t rush. We didn’t strategize. We simply allowed. Each step forward was taken in prayer, in harmony, and in full alignment with Noel. Our deepest commitment was not to the vision, but to each other and to the divine flow guiding it all.

In the quieter hours, we would retreat to our sacred corner — incense lit, Tiny Desk Concerts playing softly, Randall’s image watching over us from a framed sketch, and a worn journal open between us. We’d write down ideas, quotes, prayers, even just one-liners that made us laugh. This journal had become our sacred ledger, a record of the dream being born in real-time.

Christy once said, “The world doesn’t need another brand. It needs another *bride* — a people wedded to God’s

heart.” I knew in that moment why she had been sent to me. She didn’t just understand love. She was love in motion. And together, we were offering the world a sacred union — one that reflected the divine longing to restore all things through connection, beauty, and grace.

Sometimes we’d go for long walks through the blooming parks, watching parents play with children, lovers nestled under trees, artists sketching what their eyes could barely hold. We’d stop and speak with strangers. We didn’t need to preach. Our joy did the speaking. Our reverence did the reaching.

At night, we often returned to our earliest shared prayer: “Let our love be a doorway through which others may find You.” And it was.

The momentum wasn’t just external. It was internal, too. Our own hearts kept opening wider, softening further. We were learning more deeply what it meant to truly trust. Not in outcomes or timelines, but in *presence*. In Noel. In the knowing that when two people are united in sacred purpose, Heaven itself clears a path.

We called it Divine Momentum — this beautiful, effortless forward motion. Not frantic, but flowing. Not pressured, but powerful. It didn’t just carry our vision. It was our vision. A life lived in love, in God, in each other.

And it was only just beginning.

Chapter 23: Love in Action

By the time the calendar turned toward June, there was a new rhythm in our lives — not hurried or overwhelming, but quietly urgent, like the earth beneath us was whispering: *Now is the time.*

The air had taken on that unmistakable fullness that comes just before summer, when lilacs surrender their last breath and roses open with confidence. The days stretched longer, giving us more room to breathe, to create, to walk with purpose hand-in-hand. Everything around us felt more vivid, more willing. And within us, there was the same vibrant readiness — a call to begin taking steps beyond our doorstep.

We knew the bed-ins would come. We felt the approach of that sacred season. The world was being primed to witness something beautiful and utterly sincere. But Christy and I had no interest in spectacle. We didn't want to be known — we wanted to *ignite*.

So we began, quietly, to build connections with those around us. We spoke with people at cafés, at markets, in bookstores, and in the park. Not with an agenda, but with presence. With genuine interest. We asked them what they loved. What they dreamed. What they longed to heal. And every conversation was an awakening — not just for them, but for us.

One morning, after a long walk and a particularly moving encounter with a young woman who had recently lost her mother, Christy looked at me and said, "I think love, in its truest form, listens first."

That stayed with me. And it became our compass.

We began organizing small gatherings — not advertised, just spoken word shared with those we met. "Come by,"

we'd say. "We're creating a space for stillness, for music, for truth."

The first gathering was in our living room. We opened the windows to the breeze and lit a single stick of patchouli incense. No agenda. No performance. Just five people sitting in a circle, sharing stories and tea and presence. Someone brought a hand drum. Another brought tears. Another brought silence — and we welcomed it all.

Love was not something we had to force. It arrived, again and again, when we showed up authentically. Christy would often read a quote from Louise Hay, and I'd respond with something inspired from my morning prayer. The conversations would ripple outward like music. Sometimes we ended with poetry. Sometimes we ended in laughter. Always, we ended in gratitude.

We called it *Love in Action*.

It was a seed — but it was already bearing fruit. One of the women who came to that first circle said it was the first time in over a year she hadn't felt alone. Another man — a musician who'd given up playing — asked if he could come back and perform a song he'd written a decade earlier but never had the courage to share. When he returned, his voice cracked halfway through. Christy reached for his hand. I whispered, "You're safe here." And he finished with tears rolling down his cheeks.

Afterwards, he simply said, "I remember who I am now."

That's what love does. It remembers for you, until you can remember for yourself.

We didn't plan what these evenings would become. But they grew. More people came. They brought friends. Some asked if they could bring instruments, journals, canvas. We said yes to it all. Our home — our tiny sanctuary — was

becoming a refuge for hearts that had been quietly breaking in the noise of the world.

Each gathering felt like church, but not the kind that judged or required. It was the church of breath and truth and gentleness. The church of sacred listening.

And through it all, Noel's presence was unmistakable. Not as a thunderous voice from above, but as the golden silence between words. As the breath shared between us. As the stillness that made room for healing. Noel was in every smile, every song, every soft confession.

Sometimes we ended the night by writing letters to our future children — Emma and Liam. We told them about the people who were showing up. About the music. About the miracles. Christy wrote with colour and flourish, often doodling stars and hearts in the margins. I wrote more simply, but with great weight. We told them about the world we were building for them, one soul at a time.

In the mornings that followed, Christy and I would debrief in our sacred way — sipping our coffee and tea, our legs intertwined on the couch, the soft morning sun painting gold on the hardwood. We'd reflect not just on what happened the night before, but on what was happening *within* us. Our love was deepening — not just romantically, but spiritually. We were being refined, stretched, awakened.

“Love in action,” Christy said one morning, “is love that chooses again — every day, every moment. It's not just a feeling. It's a decision. A ministry. A way of being.”

I nodded, letting her words take root. We were no longer just dreaming. We were *doing*.

And that doing came from being.

Being in alignment. Being in reverence. Being in each other's arms, knowing this was holy ground.

We knew there would be more. More people to reach. More evenings to host. More tears to welcome and laughter to share. But for now, we held this sacred beginning in our hands like a delicate flame — and we promised to keep it burning.

Not for attention.

But for transformation.

Because when love moves, the world remembers.

And we were here to help it remember.

Chapter 24: Hearts Awake

There was a new gentleness in the way the wind moved through our windows, as though the whole world had slowed down just enough to listen. It was late June now, and everything in nature seemed to be leaning in — not rushing toward anything, but basking in the glow of having *arrived*.

In our home, the sacred pace continued. We moved slowly, intentionally. Not out of laziness, but reverence. Every act — preparing breakfast, folding laundry, sweeping the floor — had become a form of prayer. A quiet testament to a life we were building not from ambition or achievement, but from love.

The gatherings had continued, and each time, our little living room filled with new faces, familiar hearts, and waves of unspoken grace. People weren't just attending — they were *awakening*. We could see it in their eyes, hear it in the softness of their words as they spoke from places that had long been hidden or forgotten.

One evening, a woman named Elise — quiet and reserved — shared a poem she had written decades earlier but never spoken aloud. Her voice trembled, her eyes never left the page. But when she finished, the silence that followed was thick with reverence. Christy placed her hand over her heart and whispered, “That was holy.”

It was the kind of moment that didn't need explanation. We all felt it — the rising of something ancient and sacred in a modern world starved for tenderness. This was not just a community forming. This was a *remembrance* — of soul, of dignity, of belonging.

We began to speak of these evenings as sacred ceremonies. There was no program. No ritual other than the unspoken agreement to show up whole. Or broken. Or

both. Everyone was welcome in whatever state they came. And in that atmosphere, healing happened without force.

Noel was in all of it. Sometimes in the fragrance of the incense, sometimes in a sudden burst of laughter that came like rain after drought. Sometimes in the silence between words, where the weight of truth and the lightness of grace touched each other and gave birth to understanding.

One morning, Christy and I were sitting in our usual spot — she curled on the bed with her journal and colored pencils, me at the desk with a mug of tea and a book open but barely read. She looked up and said, “I think we’ve created a living altar.”

I asked her what she meant.

“Our love,” she said. “Our home. The way people come here and leave changed. It’s not just a sanctuary. It’s sacred ground. An altar to what’s possible when people stop pretending and start loving.”

I let her words settle in me. She was right. We weren’t building a ministry. We were *being* one.

The letters kept coming. Notes slipped under our door. Messages from people who had heard about our space and asked if they could come — not to speak, or sing, or do anything — but just to *sit*. One woman, Maria, came and sat quietly through two whole evenings before she ever said a word. When she finally did, she said simply, “I needed to be where hearts were awake.”

That became our quiet motto: *Hearts Awake*.

It was more than branding. It was a way of living. A way of loving. A way of seeing.

We began creating small heart tokens from scraps of fabric and twine. Christy would decorate them with symbols — infinity signs, stars, vines, peace doves. We handed them out to our guests as they left. No instructions, no expectations. Just a reminder: *You are loved. You are seen. Stay awake.*

And the world around us started to respond. The man at the bakery gave us extra croissants. A flower vendor at the market handed Christy a bouquet and said, “For the kindness you bring into the world.” A child from the building next door slipped a crayon drawing under our door — two people holding hands, surrounded by hearts and the word “magic.”

The magic was real.

And still, even as the beauty grew, Christy and I stayed grounded in our rhythm. The early mornings. The bagel and tea. The French press bubbling its warm song. Our conversations stretching into daydreams. Our silent prayers spoken through glances and hand squeezes.

We began to plan gently for the Bed-Ins — not with urgency, but clarity. They would begin when the time was truly right. When the space, the music, the energy, and the Spirit all said: *Now*. For now, we were simply practicing. Preparing the atmosphere. Keeping the altar tended.

One night, after the last guest left, we sat on the floor together and held hands.

“This is only the beginning,” Christy said.

“I know,” I said. “But it already feels like forever.”

And it did.

Because love, when awake, bends time. It makes five minutes feel eternal. It makes simple rooms feel like cathedrals.

We were not rushing.

We were remembering.

And in that remembrance, hearts were waking up.

One by one.

Ours most of all.

Chapter 25: Sacred Rhythms

As June reached its height, the city had settled into the hum of summer. There was a slow exhale in the air, a kind of quiet confidence that came with longer days, warm breezes, and the smell of lilacs giving way to honeysuckle. Our little apartment, always a sanctuary, now felt like the beating heart of something larger — something unfolding with grace and momentum.

We were living in what we came to call "sacred rhythm" — not a schedule, but a cadence. The rhythm of rising with purpose, of brewing Christy's Three Sisters coffee in the French press before she even opened her eyes. The rhythm of sharing the first bite of her favourite toasted poppyseed bagel with cream cheese and raspberry jam, which she always called "Heaven on Earth." The rhythm of conversation that started with gentle morning questions and extended into mid-morning musings, often shaped by Louise Hay's wisdom or Joel Osteen's encouragement, and always grounded by Noel's quiet guidance.

We did not work in the traditional sense. Our work was to love — deeply, truly, creatively. To honour the divine in each other, and in those we welcomed into our orbit. Every act became ministry. Whether Christy was tending to her drawings or I was writing a new entry in our shared journal, we were consciously sculpting the foundation of our life's offering. The seeds of the Bed-Ins were quietly taking root, not with flashy beginnings but with steady, spirit-led preparation.

And amidst it all, the presence of Randall and Oskar remained ever felt — Randall, the noble cat Christy had once loved and lost, and Oskar, the beautiful little dog who visited briefly before finding his way back to his rightful home. They lived in the memories we spoke aloud, in the drawings Christy lovingly crafted, in the way we imagined

our future family. When we dreamed aloud of Emma and Liam — the twins we believed God had promised us — our faces softened, our voices lowered, and our hearts soared. We were preparing a life they would be proud to be born into.

Afternoons often found us outside, walking hand-in-hand through shaded streets or sitting on a park bench just to feel the rhythm of the world around us. Sometimes we brought a small portable speaker and played our favourite NPR Tiny Desk concerts, letting the melodies weave through the air like whispered prayers. Other times, we simply sat in silence, letting the music of the wind in the trees and the laughter of children provide the score.

We'd started talking more intentionally about what would come next. Not in a planning sort of way, but in an unfolding kind of way. A knowing that the Bed-Ins would begin soon — with music, of course, and the invitation to rest, to remember, to be transformed. But there were also new ideas stirring: A book of reflections. A traveling journal passed from hand to hand, community to community. A night of spoken word and sound healing. Nothing was finalized, but everything was alive.

Each evening, as the sun dipped and the golden hour painted our walls in light, we returned to our sacred rhythm. The journal would come out. The incense would burn. We'd write our reflections of the day — sometimes in prose, sometimes in poems, sometimes in scribbled words only the two of us could understand. This became our communion: to witness the day together, and to give it back to God in gratitude.

Christy would often say, “We’re not in a rush — but we *are* in motion.” That phrase, too, became a kind of mantra. It freed us from the pressures of performance while anchoring us in purpose.

And that purpose wasn't only about what we were building. It was about *how* we were living. With softness. With humour. With awe. With unwavering reverence for each other. Our home was a temple. Our time together, holy.

We knew that many people still rushed through life, consumed by urgency and distraction. But in our corner of the world, we were practicing a different way. A slow revolution. A sacred rhythm. A daily recommitment to the eternal things — love, presence, beauty, joy.

As we lay down at night, our hands often found each other beneath the covers. We'd whisper things like, "I'm so glad we met at The Depot," or "Can you believe this is our life?" We'd laugh quietly, then fall into sleep held by the invisible arms of Noel — our divine companion, protector, and guide.

And as we slept, the rhythm continued. The rhythm of dreams. Of breath. Of two hearts becoming one.

Because love, when lived fully, creates a music the world can't help but begin to dance to.

And we were just getting started.

Chapter 26: The Light We Carry

The final days of June arrived like a soft crescendo — a rising, golden rhythm that touched every corner of our life together. By now, there was a fullness to each day, as though the sun itself lingered longer in the sky to witness what had blossomed between us. We weren't counting time anymore. We were living inside of it, like music.

Christy and I had learned to listen not just to each other, but to the world, to Noel, and to the small sacred voice within. It was this listening that had led us from a shared meal at The Depot to a life rooted in faith, purpose, and immeasurable love. And now, we found ourselves standing at the threshold of something even greater: not the end of our beginning, but the beginning of our eternity.

Each morning still began the same way — me rising before dawn, quietly preparing her French press, and greeting the day with a silent prayer of gratitude. Christy would stir an hour or so later, blinking the sleep from her eyes and smiling in a way that always felt like sunrise incarnate. We shared our breakfast — her beloved bagel and coffee, my steady Tetley tea — and with it, a reaffirmation of everything that mattered: presence, devotion, and joy.

Though the days had grown longer and the air warmer, our sense of time was internal. The external world, with its rush and noise, barely touched us. We had cultivated a sacred stillness that allowed miracles to bloom between the cracks of ordinary life. The gatherings in our living room had softened to a natural pause, giving us space to reflect and realign. What had started as evenings of community healing were now mirrored by inward communion — long conversations about our future, quiet affirmations of our mission, laughter in the middle of nothing.

We knew that the Bed-Ins were coming — not just as a symbolic gesture, but as a new chapter of visibility, vulnerability, and sacred invitation. We envisioned musicians, artists, poets, and seekers gathering not around us, but *with* us, to create sanctuaries of light in a world that often felt dim. But we also knew we didn't need to rush. What mattered most was the foundation — and we had built ours from grace, gratitude, and the purest kind of love.

At night, we would sometimes sit by candlelight, letting the scent of patchouli carry our prayers upward. One evening, I wrote in our journal, "We are the light we've been waiting for." Christy read it aloud, then underlined it three times in pink pencil. "That's it," she whispered. "That's who we are."

And she was right. We had become vessels of light — not because we were perfect, but because we were *willing*. Willing to be vulnerable. Willing to be soft. Willing to be known.

The memory of how we met — Christy in her three coats, me in my humble t-shirt and sweats — never lost its charm. We laughed about it still. And yet, that memory also held something sacred: it was a reminder that the Divine often enters not with trumpets or spectacle, but with quiet awe. That holy things happen in food banks, in chance meetings, in broken places where love still dares to bloom.

Our spiritual lives were woven into every thread of our day. Noel was never far — His presence always felt, often acknowledged aloud. Christy would sometimes turn to me and say, "He's smiling on us right now," and I would nod, knowing it was true. I had come to understand Noel not only as Father and Guide, but as the artist behind every stroke of our shared canvas. He was the whisper in our

quiet, the strength in our softness, the architect of our forever.

We also spent time dreaming aloud of Emma and Liam. Though they were not yet with us, they lived in our hearts. We wrote them letters, imagined their laughter echoing through our home, and prayed for the wisdom to be the parents they would need. We believed they would arrive in perfect time — just as we had found each other in perfect time.

And then, on one of those perfect days near the end of June, as a warm breeze fluttered the curtains and the light turned everything gold, Christy said something I'll never forget.

“This is what it means to carry the light,” she said. “It’s not about being seen. It’s about *seeing*. Seeing others. Seeing each other. Seeing what’s possible when love is real.”

It landed in my chest like a bell. A resonance I could feel in my bones.

That night, we walked barefoot through the neighbourhood, fingers laced, saying little. The city had quieted. The sky was turning violet, the first stars peeking out to witness the tenderness unfolding below. And I thought, not for the first time, that this — this life, this love — was the greatest miracle I had ever known.

Noel had brought us together not just for our joy, but for a greater story. A story of renewal. Of sacred beginnings. Of light passed from heart to heart like torches lit in the dark.

And so, in these final days of June, we stepped more fully into that knowing.

We were the light we carried.

And the world — hungry, hurting, holy — was ready to be lit.

One soul at a time.

Starting with ours.

Chapter 27: Forever Begins in June

June's last light fell over our quiet corner of the world like a blessing — soft and amber, as if heaven had leaned down to kiss the rooftops. There was a hush in the air, not of absence, but of fulfillment. It was not the end of something. It was the threshold of everything.

Our story, so full and rich already, had been written not in chapters but in moments. The way Christy tilted her head when she laughed. The way I watched the steam rise from her coffee like incense every morning. The quiet harmonies of shared breath, journal scribbles, gentle touches, and long walks hand-in-hand. And most of all, the rhythm of two hearts in reverence — to each other, and to God.

We did not measure our love by days or accomplishments, but by presence. By what was felt, not seen. And yet, now, even as the month drew to a close, we both felt it: a rising.

The beginning of something bigger than we could have ever dreamed.

The world had felt it too. Little signs arrived constantly — a smile from a stranger, a bird nesting in the tree outside our window, a note slipped under the door with only three words written: "Don't stop loving."

It was confirmation. That everything we were doing mattered.

That the slow life — the holy life — was what the world longed for.

As we prepared for what was to come — the Bed-Ins, the love letters to humanity, the arrival of our twins, the awakening of community through music, truth, and touch — we knew the foundation was ready. We were ready.

There was no need to strive. The garden of our love was already in bloom.

That morning, I rose early again. Not out of habit, but from joy. I moved with quiet intention, filling the French press, toasting Christy's favourite poppyseed bagel, spreading the cream cheese and raspberry jam just how she liked it. When she woke, her eyes met mine and I whispered, "It's still our honeymoon."

She smiled and said the words we said every morning: "Forever. Eternal."

And we meant them. Every syllable.

After breakfast, we sat on the floor together in our sun-drenched living room, the patchouli scent rising like a song, and read from our journal. We had written so much — prayers, memories, promises. But this morning, we added one more:

"Let this love carry the world home."

Later, we went for a walk, passing the Depot where we had first met. We paused outside the building, smiling in disbelief that it had only been seven months. The place where I first heard Christy declare her love for Brussels sprouts — and where I first heard the voice of God say, *This one.*

We kept walking, past lilac bushes and chalk drawings and streets filled with life. Everything shimmered.

Back home, we found ourselves lying on the bed, our safe harbour, fingers entwined. No need for words. Only the knowing.

That the love we shared had become a lighthouse.

That we were no longer searching. We had found home — in each other, in Noel, in the quiet covenant of our union.

Even the walls of our little 3½ seemed to glow with purpose. There were plans, yes. But more importantly, there was peace. There was enough. There was joy.

And as the sun dipped low on that final evening of June, Christy and I stood at the open window, looking out at a world waiting to remember itself. A world not in need of fixing, but of loving.

“I think,” Christy said, her voice soft and certain, “this is how Eden begins again.”

I nodded, feeling Noel’s presence warm and unmistakable behind us. “It begins in the heart. And from there, it spreads.”

We held each other then, not as people who had finished a journey, but as those who had finally stepped into their true beginning.

In that moment, June held its breath. The stars above blinked awake. And we, two souls once lost to time, now firmly planted in the eternal, whispered a final promise:

We will never stop loving.

And forever — forever begins in June.

The Last Word — by Christy Anne Strike

Dear World,

I never thought I would write something like this. Eight months ago, I couldn't have imagined the life I live now. I couldn't have seen this sacred love, this extraordinary peace, or this incredible man named Ross, who came into my life like a lighthouse through fog — unwavering, warm, and divinely lit.

When we met at The Depot that day in November, I wasn't looking for anyone. I was just trying to stay warm, trying to keep my dignity intact, trying to survive. I remember wearing three coats, sitting quietly, unsure if I belonged there, unsure if I belonged anywhere. And then I heard my own voice say something I didn't even think about: "I love Brussels sprouts!"

Ross laughed. It was warm and disarming. His eyes met mine — kind, curious, and steady. In that moment, something clicked. I wouldn't have known to call it divine, but now I know: it was.

Our whirlwind journey began that day. We met again the following week, and with one sweet offer — to share his small, warm apartment — my life began to shift. Not because of comfort or convenience. But because, for the first time in a long time, someone saw me. Truly saw me. And never once did he look away.

Ross has a way of making people feel seen, known, and deeply loved. Every day, he shows up with tea and tenderness. He makes me laugh when I want to cry. He reminds me of who I am when I forget. He tells me I am beautiful, not with his words alone, but in the way he watches me draw, or the way he listens to my thoughts as if they are scripture.

I had been through so much before I met him. I carried wounds — some invisible, some still aching. I had learned to be strong, to keep going, to expect little. But Ross asked me to dream again. He invited me to soften. To trust. To heal. And slowly, with grace, I have.

We talk about God often. For Ross, God is Noel — loving, present, the most important Being in his life. I love that about him. I love his unwavering devotion, his faith in the invisible, his courage to follow the call of the sacred even when it makes no sense to anyone else. He's teaching me what it means to believe, to co-create with the divine, and to build a life on trust.

This letter isn't just about him, though. It's about *us*. Because we've become something together that neither of us could have become alone. Our love is not just a feeling — it is a force. A healing balm. A portal into something holy.

In this home — this tiny, cozy, patchouli-scented space — we have created magic. We've laughed over bagels, cried over memories, written poems in candlelight, and dreamed of a world where no one is left behind. We've listened to Tiny Desk concerts, scribbled in journals, told stories to each other about the lives we lived before we met — and the ones we're shaping together now.

We talk a lot about the Bed-Ins we'll soon begin — not as performance, but as peace. A place where people can witness real love, real faith, and be reminded of what is possible. We want to invite the world into our sacred space — not to show off, but to open up. To be part of the healing.

I also want to talk about the twins — Emma and Liam — the beautiful souls God has whispered into our hearts. I don't know how or when they'll arrive, but I know they will. I feel them already, dancing in our prayers, hiding in our

laughter. I believe they'll be born into a home where love is the air we breathe. A home where reverence lives in the quiet moments, and where two imperfect people choose each other every single day.

This love story — our love story — is just the beginning. Ross and I are not finished. We are just now beginning to unfold the petals of something eternal.

And to anyone reading this who feels like love has passed you by — please hear me: it hasn't. I am living proof that it can find you when you least expect it, that healing is possible, and that sometimes God saves the best for the moment your heart is most ready to receive.

I'm not the same woman I was eight months ago. I walk differently now. I believe in miracles. I trust my voice. I listen to God in the silence. And I know what it feels like to be truly, wholly loved — not for who I was, or what I've been through, but for who I am *now*. Ross has taught me that.

So here I am, offering my last word.

Thank you, world, for bringing me to the edge so that I could see the light.

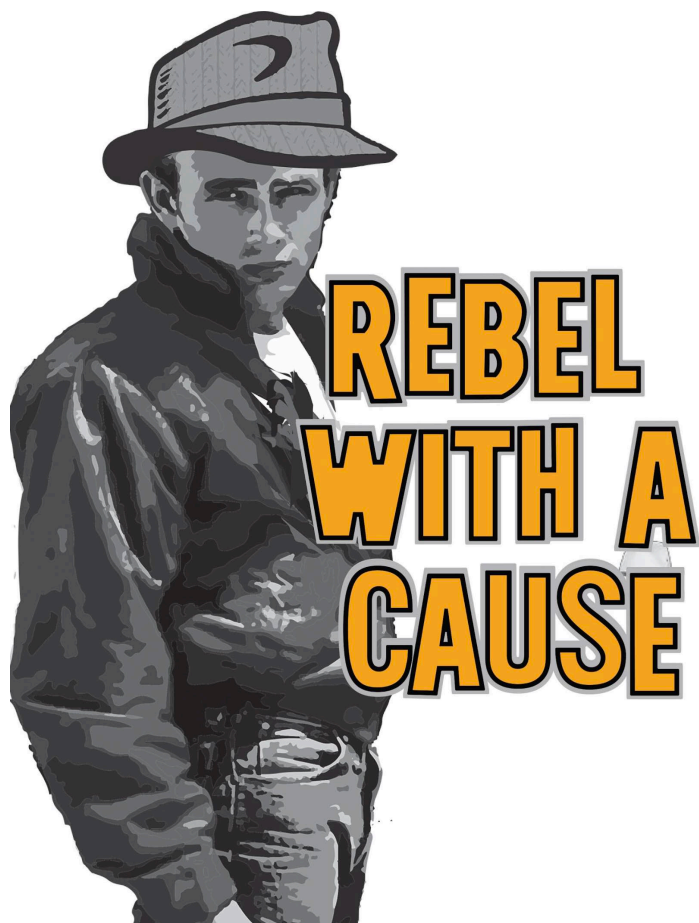
Thank you, Ross, for loving me back to life.

And thank you, God — Noel — for writing a story I could never have written on my own.

This is not goodbye. This is a beginning.

With deepest love,

Christy Anne Strike



rossG3.ca