How I Met My Spouse

Doppelganger Date

IN 1941, while in nursing school, I was doing duty in a maternity-ward nursery that had only one small window in the door. To see a baby, you tapped on the window and pointed to a particular crib, and a nurse held up the baby.

One morning, after I heard a tap on the window, there stood a handsome fellow to see a baby, who I held up for him to see. Five minutes later, he was back to see the baby again. That went on until I had shown him the baby six times in an hour.

The mother of the baby was my patient, and that evening, she said her brother-in-law Dale (my repeat customer) was wondering if I had any time to go out for an evening. My mother had warned me about blind dates, but having seen him six times, I felt I knew him.

The evening of our date arrived, and he said his name was Gale. I thought that wasn't what I was told, but we had a nice time and made a date for a couple nights later.

The next morning, back at my nursery duties, I heard a tap on the window and saw two handsome fellows grinning at me—I couldn't believe my eyes or tell who was who.
That evening, I asked the baby's mother, "Who am I going out with —Dale or Gale?" She laughed and said Gale, explaining that Dale had made the date but couldn't go, so Gale went instead. Gale told Dale that he missed out on that one, and it was his priority now. Gale had been drafted and we corresponded for 2 years, seeing each other only once on a short leave. Six months after I graduated, we were married, and we celebrated 63 years of marriage this past year.

—Marguerite Fairchild, San Juan Pueblo, New Mexico

Mom Picked a Winner

ONE SATURDAY AFTERNOON, in the spring of 1949, my mother went to visit our next-door neighbor and spied a handsome young man fixing the neighbor's car.

After my mother was introduced to Joe, she asked him if he was married. Having recently finished 6 years of military service, Joe answered, "No, I'm not."

My mother promptly said, "When you're finished here, come home with me. I have two daughters, and you can have your pick."

Well, Joe did just that! He met my older sister first and started helping her fix a camera. In talking, they quickly discovered that they had a personality clash.

Meanwhile, I was upstairs washing bedroom windows in my baggy old clothes, with my hair up in rollers and covered by a bandanna. When Joe came upstairs with my mother, I was not a vision to behold!

Mom introduced us, and Joe asked me to go out that night to help him pick out a gift for his mother. Well, we went out every night after that first date and got married 3 months later.

—Helen Campo, Hyannis, Massachusetts

Running into Love

A FRIEND and I went to Oregon in 1953 to look for work. A few months before we left, I prayed that God would help me find a good Christian wife.

While I was gone, my folks bought a cafe in Holloway, Minnesota. I decided that I preferred Minnesota, and when I got back there, I went to talk to my mother for a while at the cafe.

I had always walked fast, and when I left the cafe, I opened the screen door and knocked down a beautiful girl. As I did, I just knew

that this girl would be my wife. God has provided not only a beautiful wife but a loving mother for my children.

I always tell everyone that Janice fell for me in a big way, and we'll be celebrating 51 years this year.

—Vernon Poverud, Fairmount, North Dakota