How I met my husband

Life is a very interesting thing, and sometimes it is hard to believe that every circumstance in our life has a purpose behind it.  
  
Many years ago, I even do not remember exactly what year it was maybe 2008 or 2009 I was on hot summer vacation in Eilat, Israel with my ex boyfriend and some friends. All of us headed to do some shopping it was insane hot around 100 degrees and I could not wait to make it to the mall. On our way to the mall we met some people that my ex boyfriend and friends knew, I have never seen them before and they begun with greeting each other and easy going conversation. I looked at the couple and thought to myself this guy is very cute but I was so peased that we stopped and dying from the heat that I did not want to engage in this conversion and make new friends at the moment.  
Years passed by, I complete forgot about this scenario.   
  
In 2011, I moved in with my new boyfriend and good friend to share an apartment in Bay Area, California. I had only few more months that I could stay legally in the states. One evening our friend got a call from Israel from this guy that I`ve met few years ago on that vacation but I had no idea at that point about it. During their conversation I could hear that this guy on the other line won an American green card and still not pretty sure he want to make this big step to leave everything he has in Israel and immigrate to US.  
I immediately grabbed out the phone from my friend`s hand and without even introducing myself I told this guy "are you kidding me?" Come here immediately let`s get married I want to stay so badly in the US. I heard such a funny laugh on the other side (who knows my husband know that he has such a funny laugh) the guy (I even did not know his name) told me: "Pay me $30k and I will think about it!"  
  
Few weeks later I could not stand my boyfriend anymore and I decided to leave to L.A.  
I was fortunate to work in a company that had locations in L.A where they needed an extra hand that summer and they could provide me living there and pay my flight ticket. WIN WIN!   
After spending few months in L.A I saw on facebook my Brazilian friends from bay area hanging out with some new cute guy, I did my homework and realized this is the guy that I spoke with few months ago and he made it to Cali. I did not think twice and sent him a message. We had a nice chat and that`s it.  
  
Few days later I got a phone call and I was extremely surprised to find out that on the other line it was Michael. I enjoyed our conversation so much, he was fun and I felt like I know this guy many years.  
Than suddenly he said: "You should come back to the bay soon, it is much more fun here than in L.A"  
  
Deep down I was afraid to come back to the bay cause I knew we will be working together and probably live at the same apartment together (he begun to work with the same company that I worked and most of the employees lived together) I was not ready to fall in love again and get distracted from the goal that I came to achieve in the states.   
  
Few weeks later all my friends that I loved and lived in L.A left home and I stayed lonely so I decided to come back to the bay area, CA.   
  
The company that I worked for had 2 employee`s apartments and I ended up to be at the same apartment with Michael. Woohoo, here is the action begins!  
  
Suddenly, I was so jealous that Michael gives attention to other girls so I begun being mean to him and he really enjoyed teasing me. About week after I came back, all of us my roommates & me, two Brazilian girls, Michael and one more guy went out to a local bar to grab few drinks and shake the booties. Michael was trying to start with every other girl and I was trying to piss him by hanging out with other guys even that I did not enjoyed it at all. On the way back home we were fighting in the car like high school teenagers and kept fighting as we came back home. At some point he wanted to kiss me but did not do it as I was so drunk that he was afraid I gonna throw up on him lol... Good for him because I did throw up few minutes later.  
  
During the week we took a day off together and I asked him if he can help me to pick up my things from my ex boyfriend that I lived with for a bit before I left to L.A. He was happy to help and I was so grateful as I did not want to see the other guy at all. We had such a fun time together that day but nothing beyond happened.   
  
Week after all our team wanted to go out to Tiesto party. Michael was the responsible to organize a Limo and the tickets to the event. At that moment it was beyond my budget as I was so broke and barely had money for food but I did not want to be a party pooper and also did not want Michael to go hang out with out me being close by and watch his moves.  
At the night of the event we all dressed up and were so excited for this party.  
(photos)  
We drove over an hour and half to Sacramento as we arrived and entered the party we could not understand what is going on? Where is Tiesto and why so many teenagers are here. So, here and there what had happened that we arrived to a wrong college party and Tiesto was performing in San Francisco which was only 30 minutes drive from where we lived. Bummer! Nothing left to do than to begin enjoy this party.   
  
We all were so drunk and trying to tease each other dancing one with another. I kept watching Michael steps he was trying to catch every possible girl and meanwhile I was trying not to give a fuck and dance with other guys that were our coworkers at that time. Every time Michael was trying to come and dance near me I was bitching him off but was dying to dance only with him. Honestly, I do not remember much from this party, but when our time was over there and the limo came back to pick us up somehow me and Michel ended up sitting next to each other (I think we were holding hands before getting into the limo) I was extremely tired and drunk and while driving back home I rested my head on Michael`s shoulder and somehow we began kissing in from of another 10 people or so including our managers.  
  
Our mutual friend begun screaming no, no, no do not do it! do not do it! (he hope that Michael will be his single party buddy) both of us laughed but kept kissing all the way back home.  
As we arrived to our apartment some guys continued drinking downstairs and me and Michael were laying on the floor on the second floor and kept kissing for few more hours till my Brazilian roommates grabbed me to the room to sleep.  
  
The next morning as I woke up, I was so embarrassed and did not know what to do and how to act.  
Quietly, I made my way to the kitchen and damn Michael was already there (he was an early bird until we got married lol) I scramble somehow "good morning"! he came close to me grabbed me tight and gave me a huge kiss. Aww, that was a huge release for me as I knew we are on the same page.  
Both of us that day took a day off but not quite alone we had another friend who joined us. I could not wait to spend time alone with him. Week after only two of us took a day off together and officially had our first date. We drove all the way to Santa Cruse and this date was beyond my expectations.

For about a month every night Michael was sneaking into my room after my two roommates were asleep and both of us were spooning on a twin mattress and falling asleep. About a month later we finally moved into a private room together. The love was real but my doubts were also real. I only had one more month that I could stay legally in US and I didn't know what to do. Every morning I found myself saying, “I feel something real with this guy that I've never felt before, and I don't want to lose it.”

I decided to take the chance and to stay. I was even thinking of getting married just so I could stay with Michael. Both of us began looking for someone but Michael could not stand it, he was always getting so irritated with the idea. Eventfully, he said he would marry me even though we were dating for only two months, but every lawyer that we reached said it would be impossible until Michael becomes an American citizen, which would be in five years. I surrendered and did not care anymore about the subject. I had a job where I could work illegally and I was happy with that.

6 months after dating we decided to move to San Diego, CA and few weeks after our move Michael proposed to me. Just two months after the proposal we got married. We ended up finding a good lawyer that said our case is possible but will just be much longer than other cases. We patiently waited about 3 years until I got my green card, and with that we could go back home to celebrate our traditional Jewish wedding. So, basically we got married twice.

Today we are married over six years and so far we have been lucky enough to explore and enjoy our lives together in California where we met. We lived in Hawaii for almost two years and now for almost three years we call Texas home, which is also where we were lucky enough to bring our baby girl Milena to this world. How interesting it is that both of us needed to cross the globe to meet each other and build a life. In Israel we had many mutual friend, I actually knew Micheal's ex-girlfriend pretty well, and I heard about him many times, but never actually met him except for that random quick meeting in Eilat.

Now today I am laughing and telling Michael, “eventually you did marry me and you also paid for the whole paperwork process cause I was so damn broke.” And later on somehow both of us remembered that awkward meeting in Eilat years ago. Michael told me he thought I was a bitch but a hot bitch.

So, who knows, maybe if we made it to Tiesto that night I would not have Michael as my husband and we would not have had our beautiful daughter together.