

I remember the exact day over three years ago that I met Matt and it is very different from the Cinderella story most people tend to tell. It was November 2nd; the day my marriage of over six years was officially over; my divorce date. My heart was broken and my spirits in turmoil. Actually the first words I ever said to Matt when he introduced himself to me were; “Hi, my name is Dawn. I just got divorced and I’m never getting married again.”

A bit defeated Matt sat down that night and joined in with my friends in a desperate attempt to cheer me up. For the next year and a half we saw each other at that exact place every Tuesday night. I considered Matt a friend for a long time, yet I must have deleted his number out of my phone three times without ever calling him. He’d always be at our local hangout every Tuesday and never had a problem sitting there with me, sometimes very late, listening to my problems, contemplating my latest break-up, and getting me to laugh with his quick-witted spirit. We played poker at our hangout and the fact that he continually beat me frustrated me to no end, but the love/hate relationship, depending on how the poker game went, seemed to draw me back to play cards with him every week.

I had always seen Matt as a great catch. He was smart, sweet, cute, had a great job and an even greater heart. He was single, had no children, had never been married and at 26 had just bought his first house. I didn’t mean to fall for him, and fought every fiber of my body not to because I had always thought he deserved much more than what I could give him. I was, after all, a year older, divorced, and had two children. He had no baggage and I could barely hold mine up.

A year and a half after our friendship began I finally took a leap of faith and agreed to a date with Matt. Still leery and scared to death of love, I hesitated quite a few times. After canceling at least three dates with him and even giving him the wrong directions to my house the first time, which he'll say was on purpose but it wasn't, we finally went out. Although it wasn't love at first sight, it most certainly was love at first date. In one single night he seemed to melt away my fear of love and commitment, and I finally let myself go. With each smile he gave me he took a chip off my shoulder and with each giggle he brought back a part of me that had been missing for so long.

When the time came I introduced Matt to my two boys, albeit scared to death that he'd run away screaming. On the contrary his warm smile melted my sons' hearts too and it wasn't long before they refused to go to sleep without kisses from Matt as well. Every time I see them sitting on his lap, wrestle around on the floor, or running to greet him at the door it overwhelms me with a happiness I'd never thought I'd feel again.

Matt proposed a little before we had been together a year and appropriately so in our local hangout where we had met three years prior. Those haunting words I had said to him three years ago rang in my ears: "Hi, my name is Dawn. I just got divorced and I'm never getting married again," and for the first time in my life I was thrilled to be so wrong. I may not be Cinderella but I have certainly found my prince! I had never had a fairy tale life before meeting Matt so we're saving up to have our very own fairy tale wedding, one where not just two hearts are brought together but four.