

Seniors long distance online relationship concluding with a happy marriage in Canada.

**From Australia With Love**

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at  
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/5422.html?s=pdf>

**YOUR FREE EXCERPT APPEARS BELOW. ENJOY!**

From Australia with Love

By John Gallagher & Helen Vandeppeer

Copyright © 2011 John A Gallagher & Helen J Vandeppeer

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Printed in the United States of America.

#### DISCLAIMER

This book details the author's personal experiences with and opinions about online relationships and love. The author is not a healthcare provider.

The author and publisher are providing this book and its contents on an "as is" basis and make no representations or warranties of any kind with respect to this book or its contents. The author and

publisher disclaim all such representations and warranties, including for example warranties of merchantability and healthcare for a particular purpose. In addition, the author and publisher do not

represent or warrant that the information accessible via this book is accurate, complete or current.

The statements made about products and services have not been evaluated by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration. They are not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any condition or

disease. Please consult with your own physician or healthcare specialist regarding the suggestions and recommendations made in this book.

Except as specifically stated in this book, neither the author or publisher, nor any authors, contributors, or other representatives will be liable for damages arising out of or in connection with the use

of this book. This is a comprehensive limitation of liability that applies to all damages of any kind, including (without limitation) compensatory; direct, indirect or consequential damages; loss of data,

income or profit; loss of or damage to property and claims of third parties.

You understand that this book is not intended as a substitute for consultation with a licensed healthcare practitioner, such as your physician. Before you begin any healthcare program, or change

your lifestyle in any way, you will consult your physician or other licensed healthcare practitioner to ensure that you are in good health and that the examples contained in this book will not harm you.

This book provides content related to topics physical and/or mental health issues. As such, use of this book implies your acceptance of this disclaimer.

BookLocker.com, Inc.

2011

First Edition

**CHAPTERS**

**One** Solitary John

**Two** Lessons In Sharing

**Three** Love Is A Mystery

**Four** Corresponding With Fear

**Five** Summer Of Discontent

**Six** Helen's Autumn Of Faith

**Seven** John's Fall Of Love.

**Eight** Arriving Home

**Nine** The Paper Trail

**Ten** The Circle Of Love

### Six: Helen's Autumn Of Faith

*“Faith is to believe what we do not see; and the reward of this faith is to see what we believe.”* (St. Augustine)

When I joined the writing site I had no idea about blogging and no expectation of meeting people. I just wanted somewhere to write, and hopefully be read, and maybe even make a little money.

In browsing the site and reading other writers I discovered that people could leave comments, and I noticed one writer who left really nice comments everywhere he went. I began following him around Blogit and reading the comments he left for other writers. I read his blog too. I was attracted to everything he wrote.

I was married, my husband was sick. It had always been a terrible situation that I learned over the years to hide from almost everyone. Although there was never a day when I didn't wish the farce would end, I never thought of leaving. I simply kept myself busy with work and my family and told myself I was happy. True love wasn't for me and I'd accepted the fact. But still this writer intrigued me and I began to leave comments at his blog, to flirt just a little, and to spend more time on the computer.

There had been separate sleeping arrangements for many years so I was free to spend long hours at night on the Internet, and finally to send and receive emails from several new friends. What harm could there be in that? They lived on the other end of the world.

I felt happier than I had for a long time making friends and communicating with people with similar interests. The more stress I experienced in the real world, the more solace I sought from cyber-space, through writing, with e-mails and eventually through late night telephone calls.

But eventually and just like everything else in my life, 'Zorba' tried to ruin my new freedom, snooping in my emails and demanding to know who I was communicating with.

Then came the day when something inside me snapped. Disputes about use of the telephone had been going on for years. He had limited me to two-minute calls unless it was family, and now he was questioning my emails, telling me I had to get rid of the Internet. I just looked at him. Years of repression slipped away. I didn't hate him. I didn't feel anything. I just left the premises and my life there, right then, and never returned.

My new friend across the other side of the world was one of the first people I told. I don't think he believed me when I said I would never go back. Women tend to return to the abuser after they cool down, but I

didn't need to cool down. I had woken up and I wanted my life back.

We began to speak on the phone and email each other more frequently. I knew this person was making me happier than I could ever remember being. And love evolved from the friendship as clearly as a butterfly evolves from a caterpillar. Each day turned more and more to long distance passion.

Internet comments became e-mails became phone calls and became the biggest part of our day. From across the world my friend would wake me with a call; "Time to get up for that coffee and take your morning pills lover," said his cheerful and welcome voice.

When he telephoned me it was usually not even the same day for him as it was for me. My morning was his tomorrow, his was my last night. Those damn time differences - him being on Eastern Canadian time and me on Eastern Aussie time nearly drove us to distraction some days.

We had each met our soul mate but to say that the distance was daunting is an understatement. My "friend" was a widower who had shared true love with his wife and had grieved for her intensely. And for the first time I realised I knew nothing about real love between a man and a woman.

My new love taught me to laugh again and to have faith in myself. I helped him to move on without guilt from his seven years of grief. We had no concept of the future. Each day was a joy in itself but we knew intercontinental relationships have enormous potential to fail, a factor that worried us both. One didn't really dare to think seriously about tomorrow.

There were reasons my Canuck didn't want to leave Canada, and reasons it would be good for me to leave Sydney. I house sat for a wonderful friend while she was away for seven weeks and then my dear sister provided me with temporary asylum but my independent eccentric nature was re-emerging. I knew I was going to have to do something, go someplace and travel somewhere.

Changing back to my birth name was a nightmare of paper work, but my friend's daily encouragement was a priceless gift. I didn't know it then but this was to be the start of a long paper chase, and it's just as well we can't see everything the future holds for us.

It didn't matter what bureaucratic office I was dealing with, they always needed more evidence and more documents to support my claims. They wanted more of everything. And the divorce too had hit a brick wall and turned into a messy tasteless affair.

Then the offer came for me to spend a White Christmas with my Canuck. Tourists flock to the Sydney beaches for a summer Christmas with fresh seafood, while Australians dream of a winter wonderland. Well some do.

I bought my return ticket and applied for my new passport. It was another huge nightmare that would need to be resolved before November. And then we began to count the weeks, and days, and hours. *Is it November yet?* We'd ask each other that daily. The doubts had set in, helped of course by understandable

family skepticism.

And then when I heard the news about a fellow Australian who was kidnapped for ransom when he flew to an African country to marry his Internet love, I went into meltdown mode. He had escaped with a bruised ego but what about a lone woman in her sixties?

My nerves took a spiral. I asked the police to check to see if this man really existed. One call from Sydney to Canada reassured me that at least he was who he said he was. And then without looking into my heart for the reasons, I sent him some of my favorite things. If I was going so far away I needed some of me around me. Till Christmas! That's what we said. I sent him money so I could pay him rent, till Christmas!

If I was going to be an independent divorced lady by golly, he was going to have to accept that for me to pay my way he had to accept money. In addition to that I couldn't take enough cash out of Australia and into a foreign country so I sent him enough money to keep me independent for two years. I don't know what happened to "just for Christmas" in case you're thinking that to yourself.

I had formed alternative travel plans anyway, in case he turned out to be real bar belly yahoo (redneck) that didn't bathe. I was going to travel south to the US.

We'd talk for five or six hours per day. Sometimes he rang just to read me poetry, and to tell me jokes until I screamed with laughter, or sometimes it was simply to whisper words of love.

He sent me gifts. I bought one for him to take with me on the journey. 'Zorba' had always wanted a gold watch. Well bugger him! My Johnny was worth a million of him.

I was on the telephone with him when I opened one of his parcels. I was thinking glamour. He'd sent me a Montreal Canadians hockey jersey with one of his pet names for me emblazoned across the back, "Runty Roo". The thousands of miles between us melted away as we both laughed until we cried.

Yet the doubts persisted and I carried on looking at real estate, just in case. The lawyers had advised me not to buy anything until the divorce settlement was finalised but still I house hunted.

Some days my mobile phone ran hot with messages from 'Zorba'. He wanted the car. He wanted money. He always wanted something. My need to disappear intensified along with the frequency of calls and emails from Canada. That lovely deep calm voice was the reassurance I clung to more and more.

November arrived. I packed as many precious treasures as I could, and clutching my return ticket and the passport with my changed identity, boarded my plane for Vancouver where I'd planned a stopover to refresh myself, and to take a deep breath.

It was a long trip because of a fuel stop in Hawaii and I was exhausted and nervous so I had trouble finding the shuttle bus to my downtown boutique hotel. So I rang the one person I knew who would calm me. John had become so much a part of my life, so helpful and encouraging. If I could just hear his voice I knew I'd be able to hold myself together.

He answered on the first ring.

“Oh my God, welcome to Canada.” Then there was a long pause. “You’re not alright are you? What’s wrong darlin’?”

I told him I felt lost, tired, and hopeless. I’d just realised the hotel wouldn’t let me have my room for hours and hours and I needed to offload my heavy bags and rest.

He was so calm and wonderful and told me not to worry about the hotel, that he could organize that. And he did. My transport finally arrived and when I reached the hotel I was treated like a queen.

My room, nay my suite, was ready for me, the booking stating that as a VIP, I was to be given “every assistance”. Johnny had worked his magic and it was wonderful to ring him from the room and thank him, and talk for a few minutes before collapsing on the bed and falling asleep.

Between my sightseeing in the city and walking around the shops, we managed to keep in touch so that each of us could relieve some of the growing excitement.

I had everything planned. On November 11, the day before I would fly on to Ottawa to meet this dear gentle man in person, I’d have my hair washed and set. Australia holds a dawn service and a two-minute silence on the 11<sup>th</sup> hour of the 11<sup>th</sup> day of the 11<sup>th</sup> month of the year. It is Remembrance Day when countries around the world remember heroes who died in the wars.

Canada respects the fallen with a day of services and marches and everything commercial is closed, and especially the hairdressers. I had not expected that. So I took another sightseeing tour and decided that Vancouver was as beautiful as I had been told; and before I knew it - it was the 12th of November. With my nerves once again shattered I faced the last leg, the last flight.

This was to be the day. Suddenly it occurred to me I may be flying into the arms of a granny-stalking pervert.

But really I just felt like I was running to the arms of the nicest person, the most generous and loving man that I had ever, not even met. I was going to spend a white Christmas with him, I wouldn’t think beyond that.

Seniors long distance online relationship concluding with a happy marriage in Canada.

**From Australia With Love**

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at  
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/5422.html?s=pdf>