

12 Years And It Comes Down To One Date

Conclusion

The doorbell rang of Bobbie's modest yet stylish downtown West End apartment. She crossed through the hall from her kitchen, heels clicking on the slate tile. She stopped to check herself in the hall mirror one last time; nothing she thought could beat the classic "little black dress" and a simple string of pearls. They had talked for hours on the phone, Gerard early 60's and Bobbie mid 50's, finally agreeing to meet for a date. For her it would be the first in nearly 4 years after placing herself in dating exile for what she had hoped to be one year, and for him, it would be the ninth in as many months set up by a matchmaker.

Gerard: "When the door opened I just stood there, my heart skipped a beat, I'm not joking, I was unable to speak, I was like a kid on a first date, she was that stunning. We'd talked for some time on the phone the week before and I knew we had a lot in common, but I didn't expect her to be so beautiful." Gerard finally remembered the roses he was holding and offered them to Bobbie. "I'd have to say that that night was one of the most magical nights of my life. It was like being in a movie. We went to dinner at the Tea House at a table by the window with a view of the moon and the stars. After dinner we went dancing, then went back to my place for coffee and ended up talking until 3:30 in the morning, he was a perfect gentleman," says Bobbie. "A neighbor had cut out an ad that Jane Carstens a professional matchmaker had run for one of her clients, I figured I'd have nothing to lose, so I answered that ad and I can tell you it's been quite a ride."

Ten months after that first date Gerard is helping Bobbie pack up her condo. "We're getting married on December 30th, Bobbie is defiantly the one, I knew it that first night on that first date" says Gerard as he tears off a length of tape and seals another box. "I waited twelve years for the right person to come along, and in two seconds I knew it was Bobbie." Bobbie puts down the plate she is wrapping; she picks up a leather bound book from the cluttered kitchen table. "I found this yesterday and had totally forgotten about it. I started this journal to kind of keep track of my thoughts through the four-year break I took from dating. When I found it yesterday I opened it at random to an entry I made about three years ago on New Years Eve. It was a description of the values and characteristics of the man I would want to marry. When I read it yesterday my own words described Gerard perfectly, it was like it was meant to be."

"And that's typically how it happens" says Matchmaker Jane Carstens of Hearts Canada reached on a busy Thursday via cell phone in her car between appointments on Vancouver Island. "Sometimes, as in Gerard's case, he'd been single for twelve years before he hired me, and I'd matched him several times until he connected with Bobbie. In Bobbie's case it was her first date in four years yet she knew that Gerard was the one. What they both had in common was that they never lost hope, in their hearts they knew that they would find each other some day, and that's exactly what they did."



The Matchmaker

Jane Carstens



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