



There I was on the beach in Cuba with my friends, I was on vacation. I just needed to get away and relax. I had no idea that I would have met the man of my dreams. Me and my friends were having a drink, laughing and having a good time. The entertainment staff had come onto the beach. There I saw quite a handsome man, I turned to my friend and said who is that??? He was tall, slender, and had a smile I could not resist; it was an instant attraction to him. They were setting up for a game, and he asked us if we wanted to play. We started chatting a little and I was flirting back at him. I can remember clearly, like it was yesterday. During that conversation all I could think about was, wow he is hot and I have to know him more. Throughout the day we kept speaking, flirting, I just wanted to kiss him so badly. But he was on the job. We agreed to meet in the disco that night, so we could continue talking and having a few drinks. Then finally we kissed, and wow I had never had anyone kiss me like this. It was very passionate. Then he had to go home. To tell the truth I did not want him to leave, I wanted him to stay with me the night. But of course I would not want him to lose his job.

The next morning I got up and rushed my friends to go to the beach. So we quickly had breakfast then went to the beach. There he was, we continued speaking throughout the day, he had asked me out on a date, and I said yes. That night we went to a disco outside the hotel. We had a great time; we danced, had some drinks, talked, kissed, and just had fun. Then that night he asked me to go home with him, and I agreed. I never do things like this, but I felt very comfortable with XXXXXX and did not even think twice about going home with him. So I did and it was magic, I don't need to go into details. The next morning I met his dad, and he was very welcoming. Then we decided to go for lunch with a beautiful view of the sea. And we just talked and talked. We went back to the hotel, I picked up some clothes and we returned again to his father's house. It was like I had known him a long time. I then met the rest of his family including his daughter Samantha.

Throughout the week we had lunches together at the hotel, and every moment we could spend together, we did. The last night I spent in Cuba, I stayed with him, since that day I was flying out late. We had a beautiful family dinner with most of his family from cousins and uncles to his grandmother. It was so nice and it reminded me of my family. I could see we had very much in common when it came to family values. I remember thinking to myself, 'I could be a part of this family.' In the afternoon it was time to say good-bye. He said in my ear, "I love you". I was feeling this way too but I did not want to show it, because I was divorced and I know I was feeling this same way, but I didn't want to get hurt again. I kissed him and got in car, and the whole family was waving to me.. I felt sad and did not want to go. I got back to the hotel, spoke with my friends and said I am pretty sure I am in Love with this man. It was the cutest thing ever, on the way to the airport we drove through his town, and he was waving at us while we were on the bus, he was blowing kisses and we were too.

That night when I got home I just called him to say I was home, and was nice to meet



him. The next morning when I got up, I was looking at ways to call him, because it so expensive to call Cuba, I just wanted to speak with him. I missed him. Then another day passed and I called him to say that I was coming back to see him in one month, and I told him that I loved him. I knew that I wanted to spend the rest of my life with him. I have been traveling to Cuba every month since I met him. I call him every day, we text, and send e-mails when we can. I feel so lost when I am not with him. I count down the days until the next time we see each other. He has completed me, and he is my other half.

I fell in love with XXXXXX not only because he is a great lover and very attractive, I see how he is with his family, and his daughter. He is so amazing with her, that I could see us having a child of our own. We share the same family values. He takes care of his grandparents, which shows that he is a loving and caring person. We have many things in common, dancing, listening to music, going on walks, we both enjoy working out, reading the newspaper, and we both love watching movies. We also both enjoy cooking and having a nice glass of wine to go with it. He is not afraid to show his feelings with me, he very affectionate, passionate, caring, strong willed, and has a sense of humor. We always have fun and are laughing at each other. He is Kind, Caring, Sympathetic, Generous, Intelligent, Understanding, Graceful, Masculine and Sensuous; we share many of these traits.

Every time that I leave Cuba I just count down the next days until we are together again. It's very hard to be apart from him. I miss his laugh, his jokes, and seeing him every day. I miss waking up to him in the morning, kissing him good night. And just being with him. The days apart from him feel like a life time. I hate to leave him behind, I feel lost, sad, and my world had been taken away from me. Not only do I love him, I love his family. They are warm, caring, and such a lovely family. I love spending time with his daughter XXXXXX. She is a little darling, and I would want nothing more than to have here with us in Canada. I can't wait for the day that XXXXXX can come to Canada so we can have family off our own, and we can live like other couples do in this world. Being apart is heart breaking, very hard, the thing that keeps me going it that at I count the days until I see him next. I just pray and wait until he lives here with me.

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