

How to Find Out if She's Really The One



I recently saw the stat that almost [50% of marriages](#) in North America end in divorce. This seemed completely insane to me. Do people not know who they're marrying? And then I thought about it and realized that no, they probably don't.

I recently got married and while I understand that the jury is still out on whether it's going to last, I know it will. I know it will for the very simple reason that I made sure to know who I married.

The first four years of our relationship consisted of 3 years of university, and one year of working. During the university years, we we're essentially study partners with benefits. Engineering doesn't leave time for much else.

Then during the working year, we worked all day so only spent our nights and weekends together. Everything was very comfortable and normal.

And this is the time where a lot of couples get engaged. I can see how easy it would have been to take the fact that I enjoy spending a couple of hours every night with this girl, as confirmation that I should spend the rest of my life with her. Of course this is a great sign but I knew there was much more to learn about her, and us. We needed to get uncomfortable.

So I did the logical thing, I asked her if she wanted to go travel together for a year. Validating her as a potential wife obviously wasn't the main reason for our travels, but it was a nice ancillary purpose. Anyways, because she's awesome, she agreed.

I didn't need the year. Two months later...



We were spending every second of every day together, many of them being in uncomfortable or stressful situations. And during every one of these

seconds, I found myself falling deeper in love. Seeing her confidence and composure, seeing how she dealt with problems, and seeing the ease with which she met people all gave me a deeper look inside to see who she truly is.

It confirmed that she's just as beautiful on the inside as she is on the outside. It confirmed that we have a deep level of connection that will get us through the tough times if they come up. And it confirmed that our life together is going to be a ton of fun. I now knew who I was marrying.

It obviously doesn't have to be done through traveling, that was just how I did it. But I wouldn't have learned all these things about her had we not put ourselves in these situations. And I think that's exactly where the problem is. The hardest parts of life come after marriage, so if you don't give your relationship a test before that you could be in for an unpleasant surprise.

I don't buy the argument that "people change". I think "I didn't actually know who my partner was" is a more likely cause. And there's nothing wrong with this, but it would be a lot easier to just find out beforehand. I'm very confident that the divorce rate would be significantly lower if traveling was a pre-marital requirement.

So that was all I really wanted to write about, but after reading it it felt like I was leaving you guys hanging. And people love a nice story. So here's the rest.

When we decided to go travel for a year, both of our families told us they wanted to spend Christmas with us somewhere. So they joined forces and booked a B&B in Nicaragua for a couple of weeks.

I took note of the convenience of having both of our families together over Christmas and put it in my back pocket. After those first two months of travelling had eliminated any doubt, I knew I needed to take this opportunity.

It was late September in Hossegor, France and we were out for a surf. We were between sets and I paddled over to her. “Do you just want to get married when we meet our parents in Nicaragua?”.

That was all it took, and we knew how we wanted it to be. There would be no need for an engagement ring. No need for a minister or a church. No need for anybody other than our parents and siblings. No need for fancy food and decorations. No need to complicate something that has such a simple purpose, the celebration of love and commitment. Anything that didn't focus on that was fluff to us.

Or at least that was the hope. I think we were right...





This is taking nothing away from larger, more traditional weddings. I've been to a handful and they are as equally beautiful and amazing. But that wasn't who we were. Of course our friends and extended families were disappointed, and we would have loved for them to be there, but keeping it this simple required sacrifices to be made.

It proved to be a good lesson for us. We had to erase the societal definition of a wedding from our brains so we could do something that was true to us. There are an infinite amount of ways to have a wedding, or paths to live a life. Follow your heart, stay true to who you are, and choose the path you want to choose. Fuck the fluff.

We've just recently returned home after spending roughly 31540000 seconds of the past year together. She started working again last week. When she walked out the door on Monday morning, it sunk in that there will now be at least 40 hours every week that I won't get to spend with her. I almost cried. That's probably a sign that I made the right choice.

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