

Peace Corps and Love

My husband grew up in Danbury, CT and I grew up in the next town over in Brookfield. At one point I lived in Danbury, only a few streets from my husband's house. During high school I worked at the local ice cream shop and my husband worked at a popular steak house. Both his sister and I competed in color guard. Despite all these possible encounters, we never met.

Then in 2003 after college I applied to the Peace Corps. I was assigned to Malawi Africa as an educator. I had never traveled outside of the States before and had recently broken up with a long time boyfriend. The last thing I expected was to fall in love. On the first day I met Tom who was in the same group as me. We hit it off from the start. We were placed in different villages, about an hour drive apart. Volunteers are not allowed to drive cars, so Tom would bike 3 hours one way to my village. We didn't have phones, so we would write letters to each other. This is how we dated for our two-year service.

When we came home we both began our teaching careers in NYC and got married in 2008. Our wedding rings are inscribed with a Malawian saying in Chichewa, the local language. We recently welcomed our first child, a boy in November. We live in Brooklyn.

We love to travel and we still keep in touch with our friends in Malawi.