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## How We Met

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Logan, UT  
November 23, 2017

## **How We Met**

### **Personal Experience Narrative**

#### **Informant:**

My informant's name is Danielle Jones and she currently resides in Saratoga Springs, UT. She grew up in Layton, UT and is now a stay-at-home mom. She has her high school diploma and has dabbled in higher education at cosmetology school, nursing school, and Western Governor's University. During her free time she enjoys online shopping and watching Hallmark movies. My informant is also my older sister.

#### **Context:**

This story was collected on Thanksgiving when I was visiting my sister's home. While trying to determine if her stories were good enough to share, I didn't record when she was telling me the stories. In hindsight, I should have. When the end of the night was drawing near, I'd asked her if I could record her telling them to me again and she asked, "Can I just email them to you?" So while I was in the room with her and her family, watching *Christmas with the Kranks*, my sister emailed me her stories. This story is generally told to family and friends, if someone specifically asks how my sister met her husband, or if that's the topic of conversation and she feels comfortable disclosing to those involved in the conversation. To explain where they met, institute is like a Sunday school for Latter-Day Saints that takes places on weekdays. Another insight is that when this story was being told a different time, her husband interjected while she was telling the story and said that his first thought when seeing her wasn't just "Finally," but, "Finally, someone attractive."

#### **Text:**

On December 29, 2004 I had an institute activity that I was debating whether I had the patience to attend or not. I had served in the institute presidency for two years leading up to that point, and I was ready for the next chapter. Ultimately, I decided that this would be my last activity. He was 4 days home from his LDS Mission, and was debating whether or not he was ready to jump into a LDS singles experience. His sister convinced him to go. After being at the activity for several minutes, he was ready to go back home until I walked in. His first thought was "finally."

I said hello to a few people and made my way over to him. The first thing that I said to him was "you look familiar," and I meant it. He explained that that wasn't possible because he had lived

in California prior to his mission. I ended up driving to the ice skating rink (where the activity was going to be held) with him and his sister, and she invited me to attend her New Year's Eve party.

After having flirted with him a great deal at the Institute activity, I was especially excited to see him when New Year's Eve rolled around. I had four events to attend that night, and his sister's party was 2nd in line. At the first event, at my uncle's house, I convinced my cousin to attend this 2nd party with me.

When we arrived at the 2nd party, I walked past the kitchen on my way to the basement and saw him in the kitchen. I said hi as we passed, but I was disappointed that he was upstairs instead of downstairs where the party was. He seemed to take an eternity to join the party.

He was disappointed to see me come to the party with another guy (my cousin), and had initially come upstairs because he had given up on me ever coming because I was so late. But despite his disappointment, he joined the party downstairs again and my cousin was quick to clarify that he was my cousin and not a date. We started dating a couple days after that, and the rest is history.

**Texture:**

This story, when told, is often accompanied by a tone of exasperation and humor at the misunderstanding the two had had when he mistook her cousin for a beau. It's also told with youthful nostalgia. They having been married for nearly 13 years now, it's always fun for them to reminisce on where they started. It was also told with a tone of wistfulness, particularly when she spoke of her hopes to see him again or that he would join the party downstairs. Justifications from her husband for his actions at the party would also make a presence during her storytelling.

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