

A LOVE STORY, BRIEFLY

10 years ago, [Sarah Kureshi](#) decided to take a chance on a broken and broke writer who only had \$600 to his name, proudly drove a '97 Camry without a driver's side door handle and missing hubcap, and nurtured absurd dreams of somehow making it as a writer and turning the page on what was often a long, lonely and tumultuous solo story.

She was a highly educated, popular, and much-desired doctor who played strange sports like "Pronus," which pretty much consisted of men in DC/Virginia chasing her around a pool table. Meanwhile, I was living in an apartment in Fremont with my aunt and grandmother, trying my best to pay the bills and make it as a writer and part-time attorney.

We were platonic friends until a near-death accident prompted me to re-evaluate my life. I decided to take a chance. I picked up the phone and gave her a ring with the "intention" of seeing if there was a chance at some Bollywood romance. Three calls later, I knew. (When you know...you know.)

My parents were both in jail at the time, but they approved the union. My mother gave me her wedding ring. On a chance layover in DC, we had one free day where we were able to get married thanks to Imam Magid offering his services after Friday prayers. The next day, I took off for a 5 week work trip and enjoyed our honeymoon by myself in the Maldives, Sri Lanka, Nepal and Pakistan. (It was awesome, Sarah, and you would've really enjoyed it!)

Throughout the years, I've gained weight, lost hair, and according to my father, "have really, really aged. A lot. I mean...a lot." Sarah somehow looks the same despite giving birth to three children. She still eats Smarties and has abs. Meanwhile, I now have to take Lactaid pills.

It's completely unfair and lopsided.

We've racked up a lot of mileage, but we've at least we've done it together. She's been with me when I've had nothing to my name, my parents were in jail, and my credit score was somewhere in the 300s. We endured Nusayba's cancer and some exceedingly stressful challenges.

But, we did it together.

Today, all three of our kids are healthy, goofy, wild, and blissfully weird. They are kind-hearted and thoughtful, just like their Mama-Bear.

Sarah still tolerates my immature comments and reminds me I have an amazing talent for saying inappropriate things. However, I still make her laugh --- mostly.

Meanwhile, I don't judge her for binge-watching Grey's Anatomy, listening to New Kids on the Block, wearing the same four sweat pants around the house, or being OBSESSED with sweet tea.

Marriage is work. The romance high lasts the first year or so, but in order to make the union succeed in the long run, you need to invest the time and effort to listen, learn, and adapt. Without mutual respect and reciprocity, you'll just spend a decade sharing time and space, with nothing but resentment and regret to show for it.

Thankfully, all I have is gratitude, smiles, and a dad bod.

My parents have said Sarah was the best thing to ever happen to our family, and they're absolutely correct. Before Sarah, I was a wild kite flailing in the wind, trying my best to survive. She gave me a home, a family, and a peace I never thought was possible in my 20s.

I've been thinking long and hard about how to honor her for our 10th anniversary. I decided upon the perfect gift that would show my loyalty and love, but also prove that I've been listening along the way, and have really tried to understand and know her.

When we were first married, Sarah ate the chunky fridge ice.

Now?

She makes her own pellet ice at home thanks to a fancy ice machine.

Started from the bottom...and still here chewing the "good ice" for years to come inshallah.