

A woman's search...

Written by Terri Morey

Saturday, 06 June 2009 00:00 - Last Updated Tuesday, 15 February 2011 07:58

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Terri's Love Story.....

At the age of 18 I married the first man who asked me to be his wife. My reasons were simple:.....he loved me deeply; he was a kind ,generous and handsome man; and my father told me "You will grow to love him."

On my wedding night I knew I had made a terrible mistake. However, I believed I would grow to love him, and would stay married and even raise a family. Divorce was not an option. When I was eleven, my parents were divorced. It was a messy affair....one that took over my childhood with memories that have taken years to heal.

Unfortunately at the age of 21 I left my husband I believed he deserved more than I could give.. He would find a woman who loved him and cared for him with all her heart and would be those things towards him that did not exist in my heart.

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I also believed love would find me. Until it was the right thing, I would remain single, I would never marry again unless it was the kind of love I dreamed about.

At the age of 36, I was still single! I really questioned why love had escaped me and I began to search for the meaning of life. It had been over 18 years since I had made that mistake and married the wrong man. Why had love not come to me?...You cannot imagine the places I got to in my thinking in those days.....The closest thing to what existed in my life was karma...I believed I was being paid back for something I did in a former life... I desperately wanted to be forgiven...How does one become forgiven?...Who forgives???? Would God punish me for something I had no memory of doing?

Even though the world thought I was beautiful, talented, & prosperous in my temporary help business I knew I lacked two things I had wanted all of my life: to be loved and to love that man as though he were my prince charming.

This was my state of mind in 1973 as I began to search for the real meaning of life....My best friend gave me a Jewish Bible (Old Testament) and told me: "Terri, you are ready for this."

Reading the Bible, and praying as I read....it became clear to me that God required things of me, things I had never, ever considered doing....In all of my searching, the Bible was not even in my thinking!.....I began to follow the Ten Commandments of God...Being a Jew this seemed very right to me.....The moment I began to seriously keep the laws of God, He became real to me....I began to know and love the Creator of this universe....Finding Him fulfilled my

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desire.....He became my reason for living.....His love brought me peace and for the first time in my life I felt satisfied and completed.

During the years of my love relationship with God, I helped to open another business called...Our Father's House between two synagogues in San Francisco, near where I lived...Its sole purpose was finding people who were walking to synagogue.... We wanted them to stop in our café, and have a cup of great coffee and home made bread and we would find a way into their hearts to talk about God, to share His love with them.

By the time I had opened the restaurant, I had also come to understand through the Bible, and through personal experiences, that Jesus was my Messiah. It became my heart's desire to find ways to share this truth with my Jewish people through the new business that I had just started.

Well, so much for dreams....Jewish people on their way to synagogue did not come to drink coffee in our restaurant...or discuss my new found faith....but a man named Eric frequented the restaurant every single week. After going to church he came to enjoy the food in our cafe...

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I did not enjoy waiting on him. In fact, I asked others who worked in our restaurant if they would wait on him. His demanding personality was more than I could bear.

After the restaurant had been open for several years, I went back to working full time in my temporary help business and others worked in Our Father's House...The restaurant had a certain appeal to many and the business continued even though the dream of reaching the Jews in the Richmond district of San Francisco was not fulfilled.

Now let me backtrack a bit. In 1967, war broke out between Israel and 5 Arab neighbors. I wanted to help with that war effort which only lasted 6 days. By the time I was approved as a volunteer, the war was over! I did come that year and I did work as a volunteer. I had a desire to see the land of my forefathers...

While in Israel, I had fallen in love with the land, and I knew that I had to live in this country.... I knew that America was my birth place, but Israel was my inheritance. God spoke into my heart in 1967 while I was here... but that's another story for another time....This is my love story....I just feel it is important to say that after I had been in Israel not a day went by without a desire to return surfacing in my heart.

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As my passion for Israel grew, I decided to go to a lawyer to find out how to sell my temporary help business. I was certain I had to move to Israel, I had dreamed of returning for over 14 years! However owning a business that was profitable, having a career that was made for you, and being independent and self sufficient--this was hard to give up.

On November 21st, 1980...Eric Morey called me at my temporary help agency and asked if he could see me about working temporary. He had just sold his business and was between careers. He asked if I remembered him! I chuckled inside as my memory of him was not that good....but I thought perhaps he would be a good temporary worker....I just told him to come to the office....Even though I had an appointment with a lawyer to find out how to sell my business, my secretary could take Eric's application.

I needed to know what the legal entanglements would be since I operated it as a sole proprietorship even though it was a corporation...I knew there would be problems... However, I did not expect the lawyer to tell me the following: "Terri, give up the notion of moving to Israel. You have a good business here in San Francisco, and selling it will present problemsjust go back to the business and forget Israel." I was discouraged and depressed, as I walked back to my office.

Eric was waiting for me in my office, Even though my secretary had told him just to leave the application and we would be in touch... He insisted on hanging around to see me..... When I walked in, after saying hello, he looked me straight in the eye and said: "Terri, can I pray for you?"

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As we knelt down on the floor to pray...this is what I felt...total relief...this was exactly what I needed. My whole world had been shattered by the words of the lawyer....and prayer at that moment was perfect... When I closed my eyes to pray, "I saw a vision of Eric and me going to Israel and we were married...He had a hammer in one hand and my hand in the other!"

When I opened my eyes after the prayer, I was totally in love with this man. I was chilled all over my body....my heart was leaping with joy....I was in love...

Eric said to me at the moment his prayer was over: "Terri I will help you to sell this business. I have just sold my own business and I will begin to look for the buyer." As a matter of fact, that is exactly what happened. He found the buyer and made the contract up and made the deal to sell it....Even though this vision was profound and the first one I'd ever had, Eric did not fall in love with me at this time. In fact after four months, I cried out to God and asked if the vision really was from Him, and He answered and said: "Let patience have its perfect work in you." I answered and said: "I lack patience; give it to me."

13 months later we were married....and we moved to Israel to make our lives here on May 14, 1983...God, the Matchmaker, transformed my cold heart towards Eric and gave me love. When Eric proposed marriage to me, he made the statement like this "I am asking you to be my wife, and I know Israel is the place you want to live, we will go there together and if after one year it does not suit me, will you be willing to go to another country?" We have loved living in Israel, and I must say he adjusted to the language a lot better than I.

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We have been married over 28 years & every year I love him more. He was God's choice. I did not marry my prince charming until I was 44.

I am so grateful to God, that I had the experience of waiting for His choice for my life. In the course of these 28 years of marriage, oftentimes I reflect on some of the choices I might have made and I am so happy that I waited for God's perfect will for our lives..

Because my story is so inspiring to a woman who is searching for the right man in her life....and because I made all the mistakes you see in this story, my advice to you is WAIT..

"Being content in whatever state you are in" Phil 4:11 that was my way...that still is my way...and having an attitude of gratitude for all that God has given to me; this has to be my desire in life.... He promised me in His word: I " will satisfy that longing in your soul."Psalm 107:9

Love in His unfailing love,

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