Love of My Life

When Rick Weinberg met his wife, Ofra, time was suspended in mid-air.

As she walked into the room, time froze. Froze completely. Silence fell upon the room. Everything turned into slow motion.

"It was amazing," Rick Weinberg says, recalling the day he met his wife, Ofra, at a party in Huntington Beach, California.

"I was talking to this girl when I first saw Ofra, and when I turned back to the girl I was talking to, the only thing I could see was her mouth flapping. I didn't hear a word she was saying."

Just seconds before that, the party was so loud you could barely hear yourself think.

"Then Ofra walked in ... and the world seemed to stop," Rick says.

Ofra was wearing a black suit with light pinstripes and grayish high heels. She had long, wavy, dark hair, an exotic, European look.

As Rick watched her sweep smoothly across the room, he was speechless. He couldn't take his eyes off her.

When she left the room, reality kicked in.

"I could hear music again, and the noise of the party," Rick says. "Even the girl I was talking to came back in focus."

But he couldn't take his mind off Ofra.

So Rick politely excused himself, just so he could catch another glimpse of Ofra.

"No sooner did I peek around the corner and there she was--but a guy was already talking to her," Rick recalls. "I was ticked off."

So he waited ... and he waited. He made eye contact with Ofra a couple times.

"I saw a little sparkle in her eye," he says proudly. "I know she saw the way I was looking at her."

Nearly a half hour passed before Ofra was alone.

"The longest half hour of my life," Rick cracks. "Just about every guy in the place had talked to her except me."

But suddenly, Ofra slipped outside the back door and struck up a conversation with one of the women with whom she came to the party.

As Rick headed toward her, another guy *amazingly* stepped in front of him and got to Ofra before he did.

"I couldn't believe it. I wanted to deck him," Rick says, kiddingly.

Rick could see that the guy wasn't Ofra's type anyway. "I was her type," he says.

So even though the "other guy" started talking to Ofra, "I just walked up and got into the conversation."

Within a minute, the other guy split and Rick and Ofra were alone. *Finally.*

"I could tell she was the type of woman who wouldn't give out her phone number, so during our conversation I asked where she worked," Rick says. "And that's where I called to ask her out on our first date."

After talking for about 40 minutes, Ofra's friend wanted to leave to go dancing at a club. "I had no intention of going," Rick says. "I wanted our first meeting to end there, not at a crowded disco."

"I really liked the fact that Rick didn't ask me for my number because every guy there did," Ofra says. "That stuck out in my mind. I remembered him because of that—and because he didn't go to dancing, either."

Three days later, when Rick called Ofra the first time at work, "I was shocked," she says. "Yet really happy."

They began dating and six months later, they were engaged. Today, they have two children, Aric and Michelle.

To this day, Rick still has the outfit and shoes that Ofra wore the evening they met.

"She's the greatest and most beautiful women I've ever known," he says. "She's made my life wonderful." ♥