To My Husband on our First Anniversary:

We've made it. We've made it one whole year without killing each other. People either say this is the best year of marriage or the worst. I'm still not sure which category we fit into yet.

One year ago, I stood in the one room school house where I got to ring the school bell, announcing my walk down the aisle toward you. I waited patiently, timing the music to my walk. My father looked at me one last time. He said, "I know you'll be okay. I know because Cory doesn't look at any other woman the way he looks at you."

And he is right.

One year later, married life has settled into the daily routine of work and play. But I want you to know, my love, that I don't take it for granted. Every now and then, in a moment of reflection, I'll smile as I remind myself that this person who I first met at 18 years old, who is so funny, generous, handsome and warm is now my husband. Sometimes I still can't believe it's all worked out and that I am actually your wife.

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My words fall short to express what my heart feels so deeply. You love me just the way God created me, with every terror and imperfection. You see past my outward flaws into the depths of my heart and you love me despite those things. Just one look from you and I know everything is going to be okay. We've celebrated terrific victories and vicious blunders, all of which I am happy to take alongside you, and I am very happy for the little happy moments in life that we cherish.

From hunting Pokémon, to binge-watching "House of Cards," I cannot think of a better person to fall down the rabbit hole of marriage with. We are so alike and so different, in all the right ways. You are considerably more selfless than I deserve. You are my best friend, and I am so blessed that God brought you together to be with me. I love us. I love our life together. I love you.

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