

Love is in the Air – Allen and Sharon Wohlwend

With singles making up 40 percent of the population, more and more people are looking for love—sometimes in all the wrong places. Read refreshing testimonies from couples who say God divinely brought them together.

At a Glance

Dating Resources

More Than a Match

By Michael and Amy Smalley, WaterBrook Press

How to Get a Date Worth Keeping

By Dr. Henry Cloud, Zondervan

The Divine Romance

By Dee Bright, Revell

Sex and Dating

By Mindy Meier, IVP Books

The Single Truth

By Lori Smith, Treasure House

Undressed: The Naked Truth About Love, Sex, and Dating

By Jason Illian, WarnerFaith

You Matter More Than You Think

By Leslie Parrott, Zondervan

Name: Allen and Sharon Wohlwend

Years Married: 45 years

Since my [Sharon's] childhood memories were filled with the heartache of two divorces I had watched my mother experience, I had mixed feelings about marriage. However, when I was 13 I took this matter before the Lord, asking that if it was really His will for me to marry, He would send someone to me—I wasn't chasing after any man—and then I forgot that I even prayed this.

When I was 18, my mother, sister and I moved to a new neighborhood and started attending a local church where I received the precious Baptism of the Holy Ghost surrounded by praying women and a young man named Allen, who had lightly laid his Bible on my head claiming the promise of the Comforter. To me, he was just one of the brothers and nothing more.

After I had been with the church a couple months, one evening Allen asked if he could walk me home. We sat out on the back steps talking mostly about the Lord. Then suddenly he turned to me and said, Sharon, I've been praying and God has shown me that you're the woman to be my wife. I was shocked with his statement and reacted abruptly with, Well, God hasn't shown me anything!

I resolved to keep my distance from him after that. But that was hard to do because we were involved with so many church functions together. He would try to tell me how much he loved me, but in turn, my sister and I would gang up on him and taunt him unmercifully. I told him squarely that I would never marry someone I didn't really love, and I knew that I didn't love him except with the respectful love of a Christian brother.

A new fellow named Dick began attending the church, and we started dating. He had a great mind and could write poetry, so we had many interesting hours of conversation together. Allen was definitely out of the picture. One night I was praying and, out of the blue, God said, Do you really want My will? I assured Him that I did. He answered, Then give Allen a chance. This took me back greatly, and I countered with, If this is really You, God, then break Dick and me up. A month later, Dick and I had lunch together and parted peacefully as friends. It was like our whole relationship had just fizzled without so much as a disagreement. He wasn't sure what happened, but in my heart I thought, Oh, no, now I have to give Allen a chance!

I began to date Allen, mostly running around Chicago when our church had nothing going on we'd go to various revival meetings. One night we were on the way somewhere, and I felt like an invisible cover drop over me. As it did, I saw into the future and had this certain sense that Al and I had been traveling the road of life for many years. I shook myself, wondering what was wrong with me. The impression had come strongly in spite of my rejecting it, but nothing changed in my heart.

Although we were dating, we were also having many disagreements. He would tell me of his love for me and I would tell him I didn't love him. He would try to put his arm around me, and I would move his arm. All this peaked one day when we went with a group to a special meeting out of town. We had a terrible argument, in which I basically told him to get lost. We avoided each other the rest of the day. On the way back, Al was slumped down in the front seat sandwiched between two others, silent through the whole return trip, while I sat with others in the back of the car.

When we got to the church, one of our friends wanted to visit with us. While we were talking, Al, who was sitting next to me, started to put his arm around me. I was ready to drop it off, when, suddenly, I saw a hand holding a golden pitcher above me. I watched fascinated as the pitcher was tipped and this golden liquid poured out, coming down, down, until it hit it did, like a drowning man sees his whole life in seconds before he dies, so this happened to me as one picture after another flashed before my eyes of our times together how Al had prayed with and for me, how kind he had been when I had been so rude, how we could talk about the Word of God and have wonderful fellowship in the Lord, how we had been together for this and that occasion, and so on. This whole flashback took only nanoseconds, after which this explosive intensity filled my heart with an overwhelming love for this man.

I couldn't understand what had just happened. One moment Allen

was just a brother; the next moment I loved him with all my heart as a sweetheart. Unbeknownst to me, all the way back into the city, Allen had been praying. He told the Lord that he had done everything he knew to convey his love to me and nothing had worked, even though he was certain of his convictions about me. He said to the Lord, I'm going to try one more time, and if she rejects me, I'm leaving Chicago. The answer to his prayer was this amazing experience and tremendous love from God that was dropped into my heart for him, a love we have shared, celebrating 45 years of life together and still going strong to the praise of His glory!