

A Presidential Pick

How the leader of the free world brought my wife and I together

By Arthur Morgan
La Vale, Maryland

Alma and I were a match made in heaven. She was my partner not only at home but also in my business, serving as listener, advisor and even an unpaid secretary at times. When I look back on the happiness we shared I remember that day early in our marriage when I received the reassurance that she was meant for me.

Getting to know each other as newlyweds, we were sharing family photos. Alma pointed out different relatives and explained who was who: “This is my grandmother and that’s my uncle...” She started to unroll a large group photograph. “I’ll have you know I was once at the White House,” she bragged.

“When?” I asked. She pointed at the year in the corner of the photo. *That was when my parents took me to Washington, D.C.*, I thought. “I went to the White House that year too,” I said.

“I actually shook hands with the President,” she said.

“I did too,” I added. I was 11 years old at the time. I would never forget that.

“We had our picture taken in front of the White House,” she said.

“So did we.”

“Here I am,” she said. My eyes followed her finger to a willowy schoolgirl.

Then, to my amazement, I spotted the familiar face of a pudgy fifth grader. I drew my finger beside Alma’s.

“Here I am,” I said, “right next to you.”

Joined in the photo before we had ever met, we were now married—and remained so for over 50 picture-perfect years.