

THE AUTHORS SHOW – Memoir

Author: R.A. Reynolds

"91 Day Fiancée Marriage: Love or Green Card?" by R.A. Reynolds

What motivated me to write this book? It is my hope to help couples navigate through the fiancée visa process and their relationship by learning from my mistakes.

What did I learn in writing this book and self-publishing? Surprisingly, I felt a different closure. Self-publishing is an amazing stimulating journey to learn all the details and work with some awesome people who helped.

About the Author: R.A. Reynolds is a disabled war veteran who served the U.S. honorably. He received his B.S. in Industrial Technology, his Masters in Education, and was a certified Industrial Arts teacher. He is now a professional photographer developing virtual tours.

About the book: This memoir is the journey of one couple who married using a fiancée visa: exposing his naivety and her secret agenda. After being married exactly 91 days something drastic happens. Margarita puts herself into a domestic violence shelter. Unknown to her, a divorce is granted by the courts and her immigration status is removed. Upon discovery of the divorce, the shelter sends her back to her country of origin.

But they find each other again and reconnect! Did he marry her again? Could he do that? This is a unique story based on real life experiences that have not been told before.

An astonishing marriage full of suspense has you asking, "What can happen next?" Is this real?

The warning signs and red flags seem so obvious now, why didn't he see them?

Excerpt from Chapter 1: Ninety-One Day Shock

We got married on a K-1 fiancée visa in the month of February, with thoughts of cupid and romance and love. Almost 90 days later, just as Immigration estimated, the work permit arrived in the mail.

I still vividly recall this day: Day 91 of our marriage. I was upstairs with my cousin in the loft of the house I'd designed and built, installing the last carpet. I was a teacher, and the bank told me I didn't make enough money to qualify for a home purchase loan, but they would give me a construction loan to build one. I said OK. That turned out to be a three-year project since I was teaching during the day and building at night, on weekends and during summers.

This was a dream cabin, built by a river overlooking wooded hills. I called it my Lincoln Log cabin because it reminded me of the Lincoln Log kits I owned as a child to build a cabin: brown logs and a green roof.

I was upstairs in the loft, next to the built-in bookshelf by the stairs that led down to the living room. My cousin worked at the other end of the room, just starting to stretch the carpet. I noticed a Smokey the Bear hat coming up the stairs, and then a state trooper's crisp uniform stopped about three-fourths of the way up.

"Are you Alan?" Smokey asked me in a stern voice.

"Yes," I answered, my heart pounding.

"You need to come downstairs so I can talk to you," was Smokey's next sentence, as I wondered what he might be doing in my house.

How did this state trooper even get into my house? Who let him in? What happened, I thought, as some emergency flashed through my mind. Alarmed, I went to the stairs and followed him down the hallway to the foyer.

I spotted two large suitcases I'd never seen before along with my wife, Margarita, standing next to them. She kept her head bowed and her eyes fixed on the floor. As I glanced out the window, I saw my stepson Tony standing next to a state police cruiser.

"They're going with me; here's my card," boomed Smokey in his macho authoritative voice.

"You can call me in one hour, and I'll explain what's happening."

My wife walked out the door with one suitcase and the trooper followed her, carrying the other suitcase. No other words were exchanged. In seconds, the police car drove off.

Shock began to take over. I trudged up the stairs to my cousin.

“What did he want?” he said. I opened my mouth, and no words could come out.

Then softly and slowly I answered. “My wife and stepson left with him, and he said I can call in an hour to find out why.” I dropped my head, immobilized by what had just happened and ignorant of what to do next. An hour turned into eternity.

Mutely, we returned to the task of installing the carpet and were finished within a half hour. Upon leaving, my cousin paused. “Hope everything is alright,” he said. Lost in confusion, I replied, “Thanks.”

Time passed, oh so slowly . . . minutes seemed like hours. I sat in the kitchen staring into the unknown, glancing back to the clock.

After one hour and one minute I called. The trooper on duty asked who I was and why I was calling. I explained what happened.

“Your wife is in a shelter,” he explained in his sleepy, ready-for-a-break voice. “She put herself into protective custody under the Domestic Violence Act. She’s not here, she’s been moved to a different city, and you can’t contact her in any way—no phone calls or e-mails. That is all I can tell you. Do you understand?” He didn’t wait for a reply before saying “goodbye” and hanging up the phone.

The shock sunk deeper and I felt numb. I don’t know how long I sat there or my first thoughts, but I recall thinking, did she leave me a note? I jumped up and looked around the kitchen, the foyer, the bedroom, in drawers, and everywhere, going from room to room: Nothing. No note, no card, just her and Tony’s clothes missing.

As a few hours went by, my thoughts ran together: Whaaaaat? I can't call anyone to find out what just happened? Ninety-one days! There'd been no domestic violence—none—no previous police calls, no trips to the hospital, no words in anger, nothing! We were newlyweds, in love.

I've never felt the pain of silence and time as I did that day.

Looking back, some questions come to mind now. If ... how ... didn't ... How did she do that if there was no abuse? How did she hide what she was doing behind my back? Why wasn't I more aware? What did she tell the domestic violence people? What made her do that?

But where did it all begin?