



REBECCA,
WILL YOU
MARRY ME?

A question in 80 SHEETS

An internet date took Rebecca to new heights **Rebecca O'Reilly, 27, Turramurra, NSW**

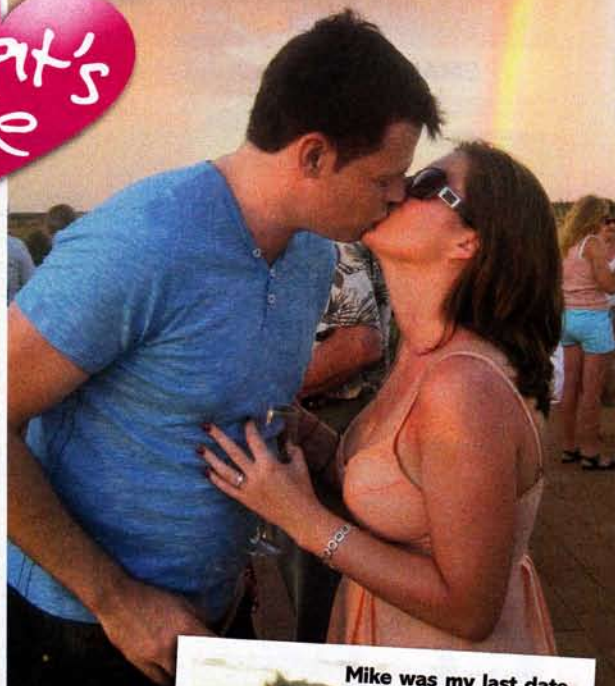
Taking a deep breath, I clicked 'send' on my email. *That's the last one*, I thought. Of the eight dates I'd organised on dating site RSVP, none were successful, so I was giving up. But I'd sent a final email to five potential suitors. Whoever responded first would be my last date from RSVP ever. *Hope it's a good one*, I thought. Minutes later, I had an email. *I'd like to get to know you*, it read. *Would you be interested?* It was Michael Griffiths, 34. He had brown hair, piercing hazel eyes and a nice build. I was definitely interested. *Sure*, I replied. *Tell me about yourself*. Michael responded almost immediately. *I have a five-year-old daughter, Brooklyn*, he said. *Hope that doesn't scare you off*. Of course not, I typed back. As

a child-care worker, I loved kids. After that, we continued emailing. Sometimes we'd talk about our day but other times we shared our deepest emotions. It was clear we had a connection. *I suppose we should meet*, Michael suggested one day. *I suppose we should*, I replied. We decided to take it slowly and meet up for a drink after work. Arriving at the bar, I was full of nerves. Then I spotted Michael. 'Hi, I'm Rebecca,' I said shyly. 'Call me Mike,' he smiled. 'I feel like I know you already.' We got chatting and hit it off instantly. Eight months later, we were living together. 'I'm so glad I found you,' I smiled, kissing him.

On Sunday the 14th, I was reading by the hotel pool when Mike came over with a cheeky grin. 'Let's go for a walk,' he said. 'I'm reading,' I protested. 'Just follow me,' he chuckled. Sighing, I put down my book and followed him outside. A shuttle bus was waiting. 'Is this a Valentine's Day surprise?' I asked. Mike just grinned. We arrived at a helipad to embark on a 30-minute private charter flight over Uluru. 'It's amazing!' I breathed. Flying over Uluru and Kata Tjuta, my jaw dropped. The red earth went as far as the eye could see. 'Babe, look down there,' Mike directed. Glancing down, I saw an emerald green oval in the middle of the desert. Drawing closer, I saw words spelled out in big white letters. *Rebecca, will you marry me?* they read. My heart pounded as Mike held out a stunning brilliant-cut diamond ring. 'Are you serious?' I said in shock. Mike slid the ring on my finger and I kept reading the words below to make sure it was real. 'Mate, has she said yes yet?'

'Mate, has she said yes yet?' the pilot asked him

For our one-year anniversary in February 2010, we decided to celebrate with a trip to the Northern Territory. Arriving at the Voyages Ayers Rock Resort, Mike kept sneaking off to make business calls, so I had some time to myself.



I said yes!

Mike was my last date

the pilot asked him. 'Er, no,' he mumbled. 'Yes, of course I'll marry you!' I cried, wrapping my arms around him. As we sipped champagne, I asked him how he'd done it. 'It's amazing what can happen with a few business calls,' he laughed. Mike had recruited the staff at the resort to spell out the proposal with 80 bedsheets! 'It was perfect,' I smiled. Two months on, I'm still raving about my mid-air proposal. We plan to marry on December 4. If I hadn't responded to that final email, I'd never have met Mike. Just like the sparkler he put on my finger, Mike was a precious find. ■

As told to Carla Caruso



I thought we were sightseeing

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