

I am a feminist. I am an objective journalist. In my non-work hours I stand up for the equality of all human beings. And I am married to Tony Jones, a man who deeply shares my values.

Over the past few years I always encouraged Tony to ignore online personal barbs because they are absolutely ludicrous. The journalist in me didn't think any rational human could be swayed by vitriolic rants and single-source accusations against such a loving, caring father; against a man who loyally supports his friends and seeks to bring diverse voices to theological conversations.

I was wrong.

I am physically sickened by what I have seen Tony endure recently: strangers actively harassing him and his business colleagues in an effort to destroy his career. All the while Tony has been sitting on the front row of his daughter's 2-hour-long dance award ceremony, shuttling one son and his friends to hockey, going to encourage another son at a robotics meet. He cooks homemade meals from scratch and seeks to make our home a place of peace and security for all of us. He has desperately tried to protect the children and to be a present and loving spouse and parent. And given our situation, it has not been remotely easy. Though broken and bruised, his heart is golden and his soul a bright light. That is truth. I live it daily.

My beloved is my best friend.

My beloved is a strong leader.

My beloved is a man of peace.

My beloved cares deeply for his friends.

My beloved is not the ogre that online strangers have fabricated.

I do not know at all the person of whom they speak.

I never have.