

LOVE STORIES

ROBERT FROST: Author Lawrance Thompson, the biographer of Robert Frost, relates the story of a childhood sweetheart of this famous poet. Her name was Sabra Peabody, and as an awkward 12-year-old, he wrote her several love letters convincing her of his loving feelings about her. Not long after, he moved from the town and heard no more about her. When Robert Frost and Sabra were in their 70's, the following incident occurred. Due to the fame earned by Mr. Frost, the town had added a Robert Frost Collection in the town library. Sabra, still in possession of the notes, donated them to the library. They were put in a sealed envelope and marked, "Do Not Open During Robert Frost's Lifetime." On a surprise visit to the library Mr Frost found the package, tore it open and read the notes. He told his biographer later, "Sixty years have passed!...and I've never forgotten her." A flood of memories swept over him and his eyes brimmed with tears. He had to leave the library and return home.

NEW ZEALAND SWEETHEARTS: A couple in New Zealand had been going together for a few years, but because of parental interference on both sides, he just ran away from her. He immigrated to Canada and then to the United States. He married twice during that time, and both wives died. He tried to get friends in New Zealand to locate his previous sweetheart, but without success. One night he awoke and in his mind's eye he saw the word "Rotorua", a small community in New Zealand. He wrote to that community, addressing the card to his former flame. The card did reach her and she wrote back saying, "It seems like it's been 2,000 years since I heard from you last." In his third letter to her, Mr Speary proposed marriage. He called her long distance after she accepted, and then a travel agency arranged for red carpet service all the way.

"It's as if a wound I've had all my life has healed," Mr. Speary said. Mrs. Speary revealed that with every knock of the door for 53 years, she had wondered, "Is that Cyril Speary?" The right knock finally did come and they were married six days later on St. Valentine's Day.

9TH GRADE GRADUATION: Dreamy. That is the way Leisa remembers her 9th grade graduation. The dance was filled with all their friends, everyone was dressed up, and they had worked for two days to convert the cafeteria into the perfect combination of soft lights, twisted crepe paper and balloons.

Leisa's date was Ray. They had been "going steady" for 3 months. They had had warm feelings for each other longer than that, but the last few weeks of ninth grade had brought yearbook day and Lagoon day and given them more time to spend together and enjoy each other's company. Holding hands in the hall on the way to class had let everyone know that they were a serious item.

LOVE STORIES - Page 2

The day of graduation finally came. Leisa spent hours getting ready and she looked great in her new white dress and shoes. After the dance, Leisa and Ray and several other "couple friends" had plans to go out to dinner (driven by their parents, of course). Everyone was looking forward to it.

The dance was great, the dinner was their favorite foods, but there was one sad note to the evening. Leisa and Ray were going to be attending different high schools and they knew they would not be able to see each other very often. As the evening was coming to an end, Ray swore his undying devotion and feelings of love for Leisa and she for him, ending in their first kiss. They spoke of how Ray would call Leisa during the summer and try to get to see her.

Reality soon hit! Ray never called, or came to see her. In fact, it has now been almost 30 years since this graduation night and they have never talked to or seen each other since. Leisa still gets red-in-the-face mad every time she talks about and remembers the promises made that were never kept. "If I came face to face with him now, I would not know what to say. I still have those same feelings that I did so long ago."

SUMMARY CONCEPT:

The emotions of a first love are never entirely forgotten--they are just put in a special place in your memory.

