

1973
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So young, so many years ago.....Bob and I have been married almost 20 years. When I think back to our wedding day, I remember Niagara Falls.

Bob and I were married on Aug. 11th, 1973. Teenagers in the sixties, we could have been called "Hippies", I suppose. We drove to Toronto for our honeymoon, via the Peace Bridge, where our first "legal Separation" took place. We were driving a beat up old Chevy, and dressed in frayed denim jeans, of course. Bob, a student at R.I.T., with long dark hair and a beard, and me, with long straight hair and only 18 years old, were stopped at Customs. I was taken to an office while our car and luggage was searched. The officials were obviously looking for the proverbial "needle in the haystack", disguised as our white Chevy. Reunited, off we drove down the Q.E.W.

Toronto was way too cosmopolitan for us. The lights of Niagara Falls beckoned. I well remember the romance of "The Honeymoon Capitol of the World". We didn't need neon signs proclaiming it, we felt it.

Memories; walking down Clifton Hill among crowds of couples, hand in hand, seeing the wax museum figure balanced on a wire over the street, seeing the mist from the Falls in the background, feeling Bob's hand warm in mine. Sarna bells that we bought in a souvenir shop still hang on our front door.

We drove over the Rainbow bridge, where we were again "legally separated", our car again searched. Reunited, off to the Aquarium. We then walked the paths down to the river on the "American side", almost to the waters edge, where we could more closely feel the power of the water over the rocks.

Heading back over the Rainbow Bridge to our hotel, believe it or not, our car was searched again. This time Bob and I could only ruefully laugh when we were reunited, glad we had resisted the temptation to buy fireworks. By the way, we went to Ripley's museum, too.

I remember standing against the wrought iron railing along the river, with the mist from the Falls cool on my face, Bob's arms warm around me. I saw, in the inexorable current of the Niagara River, the force of time pulling us relentlessly into tomorrow. Like the river, our marriage has endured; through life, in the birth of our two daughters, through death, in the loss of our stillborn son, through time, to pay off a mortgage, but through it all, together.

We have been back to Niagara Falls many times, on anniversary trips, and with our children. The magic and romance is still *there*. The life force of the river is still as great, the current still as fast. But now, for us, time seems to pass too quickly.

With some melancholy,

Sue Murphy
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P.S. Yes, we were stopped by Customs for the fourth time. This time, after recounting our previous "legal separations" on our honeymoon to the Falls, we were laughingly told "Congratulations" *and sent on our way home.*