

1968

GOLDEN HONEYMOON MEMORIES

To describe our Golden Honeymoon Memories when we're approaching our Silver Wedding Anniversary is a timely and joyful reflection.

We selected Niagara Falls for our weekend honeymoon more because of its proximity and convenience to where we lived in March 1968, than its Honeymoon Capital renown. Also, my husband had emigrated from England a few years before and had never seen The Falls, and I wanted to show him our Canadian Wonder of the World.

We had had a brief, personal wedding that Saturday morning, and scooted down the Queen Elizabeth Highway. The waitress at the truck stop where we had coffee congratulated us, and I wondered how she knew we were newlyweds--maybe our beaming faces (and the bits of confetti) gave us away. I remember feeling that we were the first and only ones to discover this special marital experience. This waitress was the first of a series of service providers we encountered who welcomed us and were especially accommodating to us and marked the occasion with an aura of celebration.

Were we really the only honeymooners in Niagara Falls during that weekend? It seemed so. Not having reservations was no problem. We got a room at the tallest hotel (for an affordable \$10.00 per night) with a view of The Falls. The hotel staff were friendly and responsive.

There was a massive shield of ice at the base of The Falls which was so unusual. We draped on the wroughtiron fences and stared at the powerful drama.

I It was unseasonably mild and we enjoyed long walks through town, stopping at a small restaurant and discovering a shared preference for French Onion Soup.

Our honeymoon was a brief time when we had no imposition from our usual demands and relationships and spent time in a variety of locations. We noticed each other differently, it seemed, paying attention to each others' habits, behaviours, and interests, realizing this would be a lifetime association.

We traipsed through the park and forest and carefully picked our way down the muddy slippery trails along the gorgeous gorge. Chilly, with dripping noses, marvelling at our privacy. A persistent drizzle finally drove us back to town, to more onion soup, and to indoor amusements.

We found out that besides enjoying walks and nature, we also enjoyed poking around in museums. The Niagara Falls museum was interesting and informative, and I thought that this marriage could be a truly pleasureable experience.

My husband found out that I really hated scary surprises when we went to the Wax Museum and I was startled by the "tramp on the bench".

We enjoyed an excellent dinner in the restaurant on the top floor of our hotel. We were seated at the large window overlooking The Falls, and noticed the twilight and the darkening sky. I commented that The Falls had coloured lights shine on them at night, and the waiter said he'd see what he could do. Within moments, the coloured lights shone on the spectacular Falls. To this day we believe and tell others that they turned the lights on for us!

The next morning we headed back home to Toronto--to work-- and to start our marriage in earnest. We have been to Niagara Falls at other times since then, and have had to share it with throngs of vacationers. Never again have we had it to ourselves like we did during our Honeymoon in Niagara Falls.

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