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This story should probably be titled "The Niagara Falls Honeymoon that Didn't Happen". But, I'll start from the beginning. My husband, Ron, lived in London, Ontario and in the early 60's his father moved his business to Nova Scotia. Ron and I met in February of 1964 and in April he asked me to marry him, but I was still in school. His father moved the business back to Ontario in May and Ron and I wrote to each other every day and phoned at least once a month. He proposed again (long distance) in the fall and sent me a diamond engagement ring for Christmas. So I guess you could say I was a mail order bride. I moved to London in January of 1965 and we planned to marry in July when my parents could come from Nova Scotia. In March we took a wrong turn out of Hamilton on our way back to London and were on our way to Niagara Falls. Since I had never seen the Falls we decided to go. It was quite spectacular with all the ice and snow. It was then that we decided that we would return there for our honeymoon. We had a small wedding in the early afternoon of July 10, 1965. My parents were visiting from Nova Scotia for the wedding and relatives and guests were teasing us that we should take them with us as they had never seen the Falls. We left around 4:00 p.m. in our very used car, and it broke down before we got to Welland. We had to be towed to Welland to a little garage. They didn't have an office so they put newspapers on a stool and I sat in front on the garage with confetti in my hair and wearing a corsage. Needless to say, this sparked the curiosity of many people who stopped for gas. We got the last room in the motel across the road and Ron had to spend most of the remainder of our weekend at the garage dealing with our car problems. It certainly wasn't how we anticipated spending our honeymoon and I know we would have enjoyed Niagara Falls much more. We've been back to the Falls a number of times since and I always enjoy the atmosphere of the town and I never fail to be impressed by the waterfalls in the rain, sun or ice. But, we did miss having our honeymoon there. Oh, by the way, Mom and Dad went to Niagara Falls with my aunt and uncle while we were 'honeymooning?' in Welland.

We moved to Nova Scotia in June of 1980. My husband is a truck driver and travels all over Canada and the United States. I work as a secretary in the office of the Chief Medical Examiner for Nova Scotia. We'll be married 28 years on July 10, 1993 and we have a daughter and son-in-law in Halifax with one son, and a son and daughter-in-law in Trail, B.C. with one son and another child expected in April.

I don't know if our story qualifies as an entry in your contest, but I thought you might find it interesting.