

## Address

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The following is my entry for Golden Honeymoon Memories.

The memories of my honeymoon and the factors leading up to Dick and I being married trickled through my mind as I read about the contest in the Leader Post, published out of Regina, Saskatchewan. Soon they began to flow and really fall into place as I remembered Niagara Falls back on September 16, 1972. My new husband and I spent our wedding night at the Royal Coachman Motel on Ferry Street, Niagara Falls, Ontario. Perhaps I should begin at square one and enlighten you as to how we arrived at our wedding date of September 16. When I was 11 years old I sent a small story to the Winnipeg Free Press Weekly looking for penpals. I received replies from all over Canada. I was particularly interested in other children who liked horses, and sought them out to write to. Being a city girl born in Toronto and being raised in Burlington, I would love to have had a horse of my own, so decided to correspond with other children who also had this interest. One girl, Anita Chandler of Nova Scotia had her own horse and we corresponded for some time, until I asked her if she knew any boys around our age that liked horses and might be interested to write. She sent me the name of a fellow which had been given to her by another penpal of hers. He was about 3 years older, and lived at Hubbard, Saskatchewan. I had never heard of Hubbard, except in the nursery rhyme Old Mother Hubbard, but little did I know when I first wrote to Hubbard, I would eventually come to know the village and surrounding district. To make this part of my story short, we wrote for seven years until I met him. Dick's oldest brother lived in Windsor, Ontario and so he came to Burlington one winter day in January of 1971 to finally meet me. One catch, though, I was engaged to marry someone else. However, the engagement didn't last and the following Christmas he sent me an airline ticket to come to Hubbard for Christmas. By Spring 1972, I had been laid off my job in Burlington and I ventured west to seek employment. In June of 1972, we became engaged returning to Burlington to be married. On September 16, 1972, I, the eastern penpal, was escorted down the church aisle by my father and given in marriage to my western penpal, Dick. We spent our wedding night at the Royal Coachman Motel on Ferry Street at Niagara Falls. The following morning we had a lovely breakfast, before returning to Burlington to visit friends and relatives before our trip out to Saskatchewan to reside on the family farm. Prior to our wedding, Dick and I spent a fulfilling day at Niagara Falls earlier that week, seeking out a motel room for our wedding night and to visit some of the city sights. The city of romance, honeymoon haven, "Niagara Falls," was the perfect climax to the beginning of a relationship which had encountered many, interesting and intertwining circumstances which had brought two very different lifestyles of people together. The saying, East is east, and west is west and never the twain shall meet; certainly had not applied to Dick and I. We spent our day at Niagara searching through the quaint little shops on Lundy's Lane, each with it's own special features and enticement. Madam Tussand's Wax Museum had always been a favorite of mine and a must to show Dick. The detail and craftsmanship of the displays were always so fascinating and very lifelike. We visited the Ripley's Believe It or Not Museum. We viewed the Queenston-Lewiston bridge, one that my father had helped construct, during his days as a crane operator for Steed & Evans Contractors. Yes, I had been to Niagara Falls several times as a child, with family, friends and on school excursions, but now I was a young engaged woman about to marry my man and viewing these sights with him gave a totally new viewpoint to the honeymoon capital. The Skylon Tower gave us a spectacular view of the city, Lundy's Lane and the beautiful majestic falls in all its splendor. The view provided a moment of sheer glory, a definite image etched in our minds forever. Our day concluded by visiting the falls at night. The ever pounding, rushing, running waterfalls was so magical and awesome by night, as the colored lights danced on the falls, while the water glistened like millions of diamonds. Although we spent only one day and night there, it is here life began for us as a married couple. Yes, there is something very special about Niagara Falls and honeymooners. The continuous flow of water is like our continuous years of marriages, now coming 21 years; sometimes pounding and rushing, along with life's problems; but everlasting and forever beautiful as our love.