

1993?

R.R.#3
Waterford, Ontario.
NOE 1Y0
January 28, 1993

Golden Honeymoon Memories,
PO Box 270
Niagara Falls, Ontario
L2E 6T6

Dear Mr. Berton (and anyone else who reads this):

The year we were married it was not in vogue to go to Niagara Falls, but I had some very special childhood memories of a trip there, and couldn't be otherwise persuaded. My remembrance was of the most beautiful bride in the world having pictures taken at the Floral Clock. I knew someday I would my honeymoon would be just like that.

And it was just as I had imagined. Of course when we arrived I saw everything through the glow of a glorious wedding day and fun-filled reception; but it all seemed perfect. The hotel was wonderful, the staff helpful and that night the lights at the Falls were brighter and danced more beautiful than ever.

The next morning I went out early for a walk. A few blocks from the hotel, I heard a crying sound, and saw a tiny gold and white kitten unsuccessfully trying to get some food out of a garbage pail. I wondered how such a tiny thing could be away from its mother. I looked around, but there were no other cats in sight. There was a store not too far away, so I put the kitten in my jacket and went and bought some bread and milk. It was starving!!!

Soon the kitten and I were sitting in the bathroom at our hotel room. I'd torn up some newspapers for it and put down some water.

I knew my husband would be back soon, and he didn't quite like cats as much as I did. When I heard him come in, I rushed into the room, kissed him and then back into the bathroom. I spent a great deal of time in and out of the bathroom, and when he needed to use it I suggested it was time to go to dinner and he could use the washroom in the restaurant. (One last trip in, put a towel on the floor and run out). During dinner, I kept sticking bits of food in my purse - o, what a mess. After dinner, he wanted to go for a walk, but I suggested we had to go back to the room. He agreed quickly, but I think we had different things in mind.

He must have thought I was ill or had a terrible case of new bride jitters as I kept going into the bathroom. Everytime the kitten would meow, I would cough or talk loudly - I knew he would soon think I was crazy.

Finally, it was bed time, and he wanted to go in the bathroom. I made one last dash in, cleaned up the mess, and put the kitten up under my nightie. He looked at me kind of funny when he went in. But when he came out and saw the cat asleep on the bed he really looked at me in a strange way.

Our gold and white cat, HONEYMOON, is now almost 20 years old. He reminds us constantly of one of the best weekends of our lives, and a very romantic place to start a marriage.

This may not have been the best story you have read, but we hope it made you feel happy.

Sincerely,

Ron and Brian

Mr. and Mrs. Brian Strode

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