

1986

- My Niagara Falls Honeymoon -



Chuck and I were married on August 16, 1986. It began as a hot, sticky, humid and overcast day. It got even worse. I was five months pregnant and we practically threw our wedding together in less than three months. We were to be married under a hoop of wildflowers in the backyard of my parents home with a guest list of 120 people.

Soon the guests started to arrive and my fiancé was late - as usual. Meanwhile, I was in my sister's room, crying on her shoulder because it had just started to rain. Where were 120 people going to stand in a living room big enough for about 12? Well, we did it. Camera crew, Justice of the Peace, wedding party,



Friends, family and unknowns crowded every
nook and cranny. Surprisingly after the wedding,
the clouds parted and the sun came out making
it even more sticky and humid. Everyone filed out
to the backyard for the reception. Because of the pictures
taking and thanking people for coming I never did
get a chance to eat, so we made a pit stop on
the Thruway for McDonalds - our wedding meal.
Too bad they don't cater parties.

We finally arrived in Niagara Falls where
we were to have a romantic and relaxing honeymoon.
We stayed on the U.S. side the first two nights
in a hotel facing the Falls. I'm not sure of the
name of our hotel, as I was just excited to be
actually there, in an air-conditioning atmosphere. We
decided to walk to the Canadian side to look around.
We sat down to rest awhile when Chuck sat down

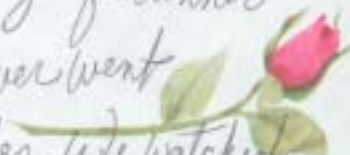


on my glasses, breaking them in the middle. My hero fixed them with black electrical tape. What a guy! Made me look like the bride from Hell. Needless to say I decided to wear it without glasses. If Chuck saw something I thought I'd like, he'd tell me to put my glasses on.

Just the roar of the Falls and the romantic atmosphere were really all I needed anyway.

Chuck informed me he had a bad back and was going down to the pool to relax. It got late and being the worrier I am, went to look for him. He was relaxed all right. Watching the bathing beauties at the poolside. I could tell he was in a lot of pain or was going to be.

Later we went down to the lounge for dinner and after about a half hour the power went out on both the US. and Canadian sides. We watched out the windows as people were lowered by



emergency power off rides at Maple Leaf and
the Skylon Tower.

The next day we went for a leisurely
walk and Chuck decided to go back for another
swim, it started to drizzle and I sat on the
lawn across from the Falls and corner of the
main strip in Canada and cried.

The next night we spent in a hotel
on the Canadian side. Things got better and the
following day we started out for home—heading the
wrong way. Instead of heading towards N.Y.
we were headed back to Niagara Falls. This got
me to thinking, maybe we were meant to go back
some day, to get our honeymoon right.

It's now six years and two children
later. We are still happily married, but longing
to get away for a real honeymoon. I'd like a
second chance to do it right and help



promote Niagara Falls as the best possible place for honeymooners of all ages.

Sincerely

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