

GOLDEN HONEYMOON MEMORIES

Buried deep within the hearts of all North Americans is a kernel of love for our great "World Wonder" - Niagara Falls. Many of us have personally witnessed its glory, and of the unfortunate remainder, the vast majority carry a vivid mind picture of this, one of nature's epic endowments.

Visitors from all corners of the world travel thousands of miles to make the pilgrimage to "The Falls", for this corner of Eden has become a symbol of our great countries. Ask any of them to name the highlight of their visit, and the chances are they will reply - "Niagara Falls". This legendary attraction, coupled with its truly romantic setting, has established Niagara Falls as the honeymoon capitol of the world.

Let me tell you my little story, spanning the generations, which will forever bond me to this enchanting spot. It all starts on June 25th, 1919 - my parents' wedding day. My father had bought a spanking new car, so that after their wedding service they could embark upon their honeymoon in Niagara Falls. The trip (including three stops for tire changes) took nine hours from Toronto. They arrived, dusty, tired, and so in love, to behold the beauty of the bountiful array of springtime flowers, which framed the eternal majesty of the Falls.

As a young child, I frequently pleaded with my mom - "Tell me the story about your honeymoon in Niagara Falls". I can still see, through her eyes, the memory of those precious days, which were the beginning of their lives together. From that time, my one dream was to spend my own honeymoon in Niagara Falls.

So compelling was the love of our Canadian and American Niagaras that the family have made at least one trip each year to revisit. We have enjoyed all seasons, rejoiced at the splendor of the increasingly gorgeous park system, the awesome towers, the magic wax works, the Maid of the Mist, easy access routes, the huge network of all types of hotels, motels, restaurants and shopping facilities, but above all the loving hearts

of the citizens, as the fairyland grew and emerged as it is to-day. I have never visited when there were not hundreds of other happy souls sharing my delight.

Years flew by - school days, childhood's dreams, teen-age madness - then - the love of my life appeared. Our love flourished and grew - there was only one answer - marriage.

There was only one problem - our wedding day, February 13, 1943, fell smack in the middle of World War 2! Larry, my husband was serving in the R.C.A.F., and we had two days to get married and have a honeymoon. So there was no formal honeymoon - unless you call the bus trip from Toronto to Oshawa (where he was stationed at that time) a honeymoon.

Mind you, we did not feel deprived - we had each other, and that was all we needed. Each day since has been a honeymoon! Tears - a fair few, joys - many, happiness - always.

So -- on Saturday, February 13, 1993, we will be celebrating our 50th Wedding Anniversary - our golden moment! It is our dream to renew our wedding vows, and have our honeymoon in Niagara Falls 50 years later!

Our entire family (including our only child) have passed away over the years, and we yearn for this one GOLDEN HONEYMOON MEMORY to re-live in the years ahead .

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