

Love from page 1C

and we were married on Feb. 14, 1993.

T.L. McFarland of Farmington Hills wrote a poem, "First Love":
"Rugged and larger than life, in stature;

Although entombed in a small package;

He swaggered into my life.

My archetypal hero.

Tough, confident and determined;

He broad shouldered my burdens,

All the while cooing softness.

He wore the white hat.

His strong, silent, stoical stares

Shouted how he passionately

cared.

And those seldom spoken

words reverberate:

'Pardon me, Little Lady.'

Curled up in that olive velvet

chair,

A yellow ribbon askew in my

hair,

Waiting for my love to appear.

Right on schedule.

I recall his sweet-stained, 10-

gallon brim

And the size 13's that anchored

him.

Saturday afternoons we'd be to-

gether,

And fall in love again.

I never saw the color of his eyes

My proverbial good guy —

Yet my first love lingers.

Marion, the Duke.

Betty Holmes Monson of Farm-

ington Hills wrote:

"He tripped me. He punched my

arm and once he lifted up my

skirt (all while slater's care was

turned).

That louse, Nicky Nicolucci,

grabbed the cookies from my

lunch and paid me back in prunes

(dried and shriveled yet). He

brought garlic sausage sand-

wiches to eat, and breathed on ev-

erybody. Exhausted right in my

face.

The cheater, Nicky Nicolucci,

copied from my quiz. Then when

questioned, lied that I had copied

him!

He gave me an insulting valen-

tine, and laughed loudly when I

cried.

God, I loved him so! I was

nine."

Mary V. Grush of Farmington Hills wrote a story she titled, "Struck Dumb or a Valentine Wish Come True?"

"I was 12 when I fell in love for

the first time. In the cold of win-

ter I noticed him on the street cor-

ner near our elementary school.

Sandy-haired, tall, good-looking -

white belt crossing his shoulder

and circling his waist - he was the

captain of the safety patrol. A

grade ahead of me, he didn't know

me. But that didn't matter. I si-

lently pledged my heart to him

and declared myself in love. Now

I had someone to pine for, some-

one to dream of, someone to fan-

tasize about. I repeated his name,

wrote it over and over on scraps of

paper. I walked past his house

hoping to catch a glimpse of him.

Just being in love made me hap-

py. A Valentine's Day Dance was

coming at school, and I pictured

myself dancing with him there. I

mustered all my courage and sent

him a valentine.

On the evening of the dance, in

the school gym, I stood with the

girls against the wall that held

the folded-up lunch tables. We

looked across the room at the row

of boys looking back at us. He was

there, and I wondered if he knew

who I was. I felt hopeful in my red

velvet jumper with the full skirt.

Songs by Paul Anka, Marty Rob-

bins, and the Everly Brothers

played. Couples danced in the

center. People moved in and out

from the sides. I danced with a

boy from my class. Then, when no

one else came over, I moved back

to the wall where I stayed half-

hidden, still hoping. And, as the

dance was nearing its end, the

gorgeous 14-year-old, the man of

my dreams walked over, and actu-

ally did ask me to dance. It was a

miracle, the answer to my prayers.

But, the dream was about to

burst, because I was to discover

that I had no social skills to carry

on the dream. Shy in the extreme,

I had no idea how to make small

talk, flirt, or start a friendship

with a real, live boy like the one

before me. As if that wasn't bad

enough, the heat of my emotions,

it seems, had momentarily, stung

me dumb. I couldn't speak, and

could hardly even manage to both

move and breathe. I did dance

with the object of my affections,

but silently and stiff as a board. I

moved like a dead robot and

showed the warmth and personali-

ty of someone in a car. Bliss

turned to torture. When the song



Everlasting love: Montgomery and Elizabeth Sharp recently celebrated their 71st wedding anniversary. The Sharps had been residents of Livonia for 35 years and are now living at Botsford Continuing Care in Farmington.

ended, the boy I loved walked away politely, and never approached me again."

Jeanine Kahzarian of Detroit wrote:

"When I was 14 years old I at-

tended a private school of foreign

nationality. I became friends with

a guy in my homeroom and I de-

veloped a crush on him. We en-

joyed each other's company.

When I turned 16 on my birthday

he wasn't able to celebrate it with

me after school. But he gave me

the best birthday gift that I never

forgot. His music band played an

afternoon school concert. The

whole school came to this concert.

I'm 22 and he's 23 presently and

although we live separate lives

he's still my good friend and my

dearest friend."

Patricia L. Pilling of Birming-

ham wrote:

"I felt like a Pilgrim in reverse!

Fifty years ago, as a young eager

member of the British Women's Royal Naval Service in Plymouth, (England), I had received an invita-

tion to dinner on board the

U.S.S. Maumee. And my current

boyfriend, a junior naval officer,

also promised to give me a special

treat, white bread with my meal.

Because of World War II, it was

something I hadn't tasted in sev-

eral years! The problem was that

his ship was moored quite a dis-

tance from shore near Drake's Is-

land. In the late afternoon, he

picked me up by small boat from

Plymouth Hoe without difficulty.

(This was the place which had

been the lookout used by Sir

Francis Drake to survey the

Spanish fleet before a big battle.)

The real challenge came after din-

ner and navigating a swaying rope

ladder down the side of the ship

to embark the smaller craft again.

How could he find a place for me

to land? It was pitch dark. Be-

cause of the war there were no

lights anywhere! We had a real

"puzzlement" and then an idea

struck me. We were in Plymouth

from which Pilgrims had left for

the New World, their departure

site commemorated by a flight of

steps. If they could leave from

there, I could and I did, very

thankful the Pilgrims had un-

knowingly provided such a safe

place for me more than 300 years

before!"

Looking for everlasting love?

Take some notes from Montgom-

ery Sharp.

He married his true love, Eliza-

beth, 71 years ago.

Montgomery's devotion hasn't

waned now that she has Al-

zheimer's and they live in Bots-

ford Continuing Care in Farming-

ton. Every day, between 1-4 p.m.,

he leaves his second floor room to

go to her first floor room. He sits

next to her bed and holds her

hand even though she doesn't al-

ways recognize who he is.

"They used to be in the same

room together until she needed

more care," said their longtime

neighbor, Dolores Streicher of

Livonia.

The couple lived in Livonia for

37 years before they moved to the

Farmington nursing home, Stre-

icher said.

The Montgomerys had one son,

but he died when he was in his

50s. Two of their three grandchil-

dren live in California and one

lives in Idaho.

Elizabeth was born in Scotland,

and Montgomery, who worked in

the coal mines, was born in Indi-

ana.

"They were real nice neigh-

bors," Streicher said. "He is so

faithful. All the nurses and ev-

eryone can't believe how faithful

he is. It's sad, but it's still a pretty

story."

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