

Love at First Sight

By Judy Diehm

She entered into the room and her eyes were drawn to the tanned blond with the piercing blue eyes that seemed to draw her into their depths. She knew immediately that they were meant to be together. They were close, but were forced to keep their distance from each other. They did manage to sneak a few moments of togetherness in their secret place. The plethora (don't you just love that word) of love notes to each other were incredibly steamy and were kept together in a special place. They ranged from comments about his tanned body and their deep love for one another. His family proved to be transient and her heart was broken. She was forced to turn to two close friends for comfort.

She was 12 and so was he. "She" was myself and the bronze god a new male classmate. Their special place was around the corner of the one room schoolhouse. Their desks were separated by another desk. Their notes to each other were simply "I love you Judy" signed by "blank" (I can't even remember his name). The reciprocal "I love you too "blank" signed love, Judy. He was at the school only a few months before his family moved on. The special place for the notes was a knothole in the floor which fed into the basement where the male teacher stoked the furnace each morning and found the notes lying on the floor in front of the furnace. Both myself and "blank" were called individually to speak to the teacher. I don't know what "blank" was told. Because this was a parochial school I was told to go home and pray for forgiveness. You can imagine how strange that advice was for a 12-year-old girl.

The two close friends were my classmates, my sister and the preacher's son. The three of us comprised the entire sixth grade. The school probably had 35 students or less. The male teacher taught all eight grades. My claim to fame included being the smartest kid in that grade.

I remember telling my children about the school, and their comment was, "Gosh, how old are you, Mom?"