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Early December Romance

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Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"How am I going to tell the woman I have loved all my life that I want to take her hand in marriage? As we approached the quaint village of Skaneateles, NY on this calm night in December, anxiety filled the air and possibilities chilled my spine. Tonight, words will pour from my heart and she will understand the magnitude of my love for her."

Cover Page Footnote

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MARK JOHNSON

EARLY DECEMBER ROMANCE

How am I going to tell the woman I have loved all my life that I want to take her hand in marriage? As we approached the quaint village of Skaneateles, NY on this calm night in December, anxiety filled the air and possibilities chilled my spine. Tonight, words will pour from my heart and she will understand the magnitude of my love for her.

The North wind sailed through our bodies and snow fell like gentle angels upon the village. We walked down the slushy sidewalk, capturing a night out of a Charles Dickens novel. The women, dressed in bonnets and long dresses, hurried out of the café, mingling and laughing over the smell of hot cocoa and fresh snow. The men, dressed in top hats and long coats walked into the corner bar for a cigar and a draft beer. I pushed the button on the pole and we crossed the slippery road toward our final destination-the concluding chapter of a childhood filled with memories and dreams.

We approached the horse-drawn carriage as the woman yelled, "Last call" with an all-knowing wink in my direction. The beautiful black horses were standing perfectly still, with the steam pouring from their noses and snow upon their hooves. As we sat in the carriage, I could hear faint voices singing "Silent Night" and the cries of a child with her mother. We started to move and the water dripped from the carriage's wheels and the reflection of the traffic lights on the wet pavement added to the scene that I will look back upon forever. I looked over at my beautiful Amy, her hair sat gently upon her grey coat and she huddled up close in search of warmth and comfort. My mind was lost in a never-ending puzzle of thoughts, I was searching for the final piece, the piece that would complete my vision and join my hopes and dreams with hers.

The horses marched around the final street sign in the village and, for a moment, it was as if time had stopped. I pulled her left hand from her pocket and sank my knee in the heavy slush of the carriage floor. I looked into her beautiful brown eyes and asked if she would be my wife. I could feel my heart in my chest, reminding me that an answer was still pending. She smiled back at me and said, "Yes, yes, yes!" of course, I will marry you! I placed the ring on her left hand and we hugged for what seemed to be a year. Time stood still and, in that brief moment, I grew up. The horses slowed down to an abrupt stop and the carriage holder raised her hands in the air and screamed to her husband, "He did it, he did it." She turned to me and said, "This was the only successful proposal in all my years running this carriage." I suppose she didn't want to inform me of that haunting statistic ahead of time. I helped Amy off the carriage, and we walked hand-in-hand through the village, to the restaurant where we had our first date.

She showed off her ring to the waitress and as I sipped my water, I said to myself, "How did I get so lucky?" A new painting in my life has begun and now, I have the love of my life to create it with me.

Wedding Date: July 9, 2005