

Cupid's Folly

This tale of true love leads to a surprise; although bittersweet, I share it here with the hope of alerting lovers to life's reality and passion's depth.

There is no truer love than one that spans the years and withstands the temptations outside the life of a monogamous love. In the 33 years my love and I had shared we came to know each other's desires in a deeply intimate way. Meeting as teenagers at 14; children really, in an era of discontent in most of the world during the late 60's, we fell in love for a lifetime of commitment and wed at age 18. It was no surprise to us that marriage was meant to be a "forever" adventure. Being together as we grew allowed us to become part of one another's dreams and no one could offer us more than we already had together. We believed the love and extreme emotion we shared were unmatched by anyone.

My teen sweetheart became my husband, who became my lover, who became my friend, who became my confidante, who became the father of our children and the time was anticipated to become lovers once again and eventually in our mature, retirement years we'd be reliable dinner companions and maybe we would be lucky enough to celebrate 75 years of wedded bliss at a ripe old age of 94.

Anticipating the fun we would have in our lives together gave us incentive to continue reaching the next goal we set for ourselves. Forgoing a permanent place to live in the late 70's gave us a chance to travel across the country in an oversized GMC van; not nearly as comfortable as today's SUV's but as romantic as it could get with our treasured belongings securely packed under a full sized mattress and box spring. The excursion ended in Arizona, only to lead to the excitement and new responsibility of homeownership. A home in the sun was short lived however because our love of family and friends we had left lured us back home to Pittsburgh when we were offered seats at a Steelers vs. Bills game in the fall of 1979. It was a surprise to many that we rented our new ranch style house and crossed the country again but we trusted in each other's ability to reach our next goal. Love is what held our attention. Commitment is what secured our future. Passion is what fueled the fire.

The years passed while we enjoyed our relationship, pursued our careers and established a household that came to include children, after twelve years of marriage. The tribulations and traumas of parenting was another mission accomplished with love. Now it was love of family, one we created. This familial unit presented a different meaning to our love as man and wife. Becoming mother and father gave us a new adoration for each other as we laid the foundation for a new generation of ourselves; our lives regenerated through our sons.

Now in what could and should be the "next" best years of our lives my husband has gone before me to pave the way into eternity. He died in 2003 from a failed heart. How ironic that the one organ that is believed to be what brings lovers together has taken him from me. The scar that eventually will be all that remains on my torn heart will be a reminder of the years of love we shared. A new love is still unthinkable but is that what Cupid intended for me? Maybe a love like ours was meant to be immortal.

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