

Chapter Three

The truth is love is endless.

It's now dawn, the mist is clearing and the realization that perhaps we didn't meet at Smacks, Linger Lodge or even on the beach is starting to wash away what I thought was real and making this dream-filled night simply another night full of hope and love. I guess if my heart and mind believe in those things, some portion must be real. I wonder what portion.



Days go by, and the thought of you comes back to me, like an obsession I cannot shake. That weekend, attending a picnic at Myaklka Park, I am finally able to concentrate on a selection of appetizing covered dishes contributed by class members who were able to join us. Focusing in on a desert that I knew I would not be able to pass up, you were amazingly there again, smiling, beaming, entrancing me. (Nancy Hunsberger Sawyer)

"It was the chocolate - it was always the chocolate!" (Pat Kosak)

At the Youth Center, while the Saints were singing, it was the chocolate that



night that brought us together, and yet there was something else that was deeper. It seemed to come from the deepest part of my being and knowing. The dream was the clue that I needed to better understand. There was a knowing of you that reached far back into the eternities- one that seemed to join the past with the present. I knew that you had been in my

life eons before we met and that we knew each other before the chocolate. What was this knowing I sensed in my deepest, foggy memories, in my very genes. Somehow we were connected and now...(Susie Maxwell)

Yes now, speaking of jeans and all this chocolate I have noticed my pants have gotten tighter. What was once that skinny kid on the beach in size

32inch Red Rider jeans have now grown into something resembling a phone number. Was it the chocolate or was it the (Marty Miller)

indolence, the easy living from that fortune I made in Real Estate when I sold the property on the North Trail that my Grandfather paid \$400 for in 1946. (Jim MacKay)