

And so on...

Prince Charming

by Jenny May

I have always wondered what happened to love. You know, the real kind. The kind of love you dream of finding when you grow up. (Which actually has no set age.) The head-over-heels love. Romance. The run-in with Prince Charming himself.

Like so many others, for so long I searched, and I waited, but no Prince. A girl can be expected to wait just so long! I found myself on the verge of giving up—not on men altogether, but on love itself. I decided that my Prince must have gotten sidetracked somewhere along the way, and was not going to show. Just when I was ready to throw my hands up in the air, and proclaim, "I give up," something happened . . .

My Prince Charming rode into town, my town. My Prince Charming was riding his white horse, wearing his shining armour. The Prince was really Steven, not at all an exotic name. His white horse was really a 1979 gray, not silver, Ford Mustang, and his shining armor was really a slightly faded pair of Levi jeans, and a tee shirt. All in disguise.

It didn't take him long before he swept me off my feet, and placed me on his white horse behind him. We rode off into the sunset, of time.

As time went on, I realized something was different. It didn't take me long to realize that I was in love. This time it was for certain. I had loved before, but not like this. I fell, head over heels for this guy, and I haven't gotten up yet, or even cared to try to get up. I have found that one special person with whom I could share real love, and who, in return, would share it with me. (That always makes a difference.) My Prince Charming!

Steven has the rare ability to make me laugh at times when I feel more like crying. He can make me laugh while I am crying! He does this, not by force, but by using his overpowering personality. The love we share consists of some very small words which have very big meanings; honesty, trust, respect, and happiness. I found myself unafraid, for the first time in my life, to open up and share all those tucked away feelings, hopes, dreams,

and fears that I was once so close to burying inside myself forever. Deep enough where no one else could ever find them, even if they did try.

We indulge in late night talks and time spent together, lit gently by the moonlight. We treasure privacy, yet don't mind sharing it with crickets and baby rabbits. We notice the beauty of sunlight flickering through tree branches, and the way dew drops rest gently on the petals of wild flowers. We treasure glossy photographs of time spent together, time spent apart, and the smiles, and thoughts behind them all. He is so sentimental. And the sweetest man I have ever known.

He does so many things that most men think women no longer care about in this "liberated world." (Some of us still do care about the little things.)

He gave me his class ring, and his senior key. I still remember how tickled I used to get when I would glance down and see that size eight ring on my size five finger. I didn't mind the bulk, or the extra weight. Sure, I had been given a class ring before, but this one meant something. I always said I would not take the ring off, except for the future. In time, I did take it off, for the future.

He asked me to marry him. Sometimes I feel like I am sixteen years old again. I find myself being so excited about going out with him that I sometimes get ready to go out with him as early as four hours before the time we set. I did do that a couple of times, yet I wouldn't dare ever tell him. I will never forget the feeling I had the first time a friend walked up to me and said, "You must be in love, you have stars in your eyes."

I love to sit and watch the sunsets fade into darkness. I wish clouds were made to play on—they look so soft and fluffy, like cotton candy. Steven remembers all of the little things, all the little things that count—he opens the car door for me, not sometimes, but all of the time. The air is constant with the aroma of cologne. His musk, and mine heaven sent (He gave it to me). He also gave me one of his tee shirts, I sleep in it every night. (The sight of it is even funnier than the sight of his class ring!)

When we gaze into each other's eyes, there is no need for words. I learned a long time ago that sometimes silence can say more than words. When I am with him, I feel like something unreal could happen. I expect the stars to bend down from the heavens, push our hair aside, and gently kiss us on our foreheads. The protection I experience from his hugs gives me the feeling that cellophane must give that of a bright red lollipop, tight, warm, and so comforting. It is unreal. No, it is not. It's love. We look for weeping willow trees, and ponds. He once surprised me with a hand full of freshly picked wild red rose buds, thorns and all. I kept them in water until the very last silky petal on the very last stem, gently let go. I never treasured something so much in my whole life. I used to think that moths were butterflies. He taught me the difference. I still remember the first time he kissed me. I thought I would die. I knew exactly how an ice cream feels in the hand of a small boy standing in direct sunlight. He takes me with him on Sunday picnics with the family. They treat me like family. He does not pretend to be someone he is not. He has a mind of his own and he uses it. He taught me to do that. It is a real talent. I am so proud to be with him. No, of course he is not perfect. But seeing a person's faults, and accepting them, instead of overlooking them, is a very important part of love.

Steven is alot like my daddy. We hold pinkies, and he rides me piggy back—just like you see in the movies. Words alone can not express the way he makes me feel. I keep souvenirs of memories, and merories of souvenirs. (When you are in love, you know what that means.) He has the cutest dimple centered perfectly in his chin. It is deep, and when he smiles, it smiles. Steve in someone I can really count on. He is always there, even though not in reality. He is someone I can always count on to say how he feels, and what he thinks. (Even if I don't like what I hear, I know he means it.) He scolds me when I need it, yet gives me the freedom to make my own decisions, and to make up my own mind about

things. This makes such a difference. He cares. He cares so much. He knows exactly what to say, and when to say it. And when just to listen. (Which is sometimes the very best of medicines.) His smile is so warm it could roast marshmallows. We cherish each other. We also cherish our friends. "Friends are priceless, but only if you have the right kind," (Words from my mother).

I have realized, from experience, that men will be more like men, if we women, will be more like women. Time does make the heart grow fonder, and when it rains, there are rainbows. You simply have to look for them. Steven and I have a special meaning to the words forever and ever. We mean them.

I often wish I could meet the person who once said, "nothing is forever," and introduce him to the person who once said, "love is everlasting."

Now don't get me wrong. Just because we share these things, doesn't automatically mean we are in love. We feel something. We feel something in our hearts. We feel something special. Something warm and gentle. Something I have never felt before. Sure, we have disagreements, and quarrels. We are human. But we do believe in the words I am sorry, and forgiveness. "Life is too short to have and hold hard feeling," (again, words from my mother).

Steve has made what were once dreams, reality. And what were once hopes, truth. There is nothing more I could wish for. Well, except for one thing. I wish I could find a way to bottle and tightly seal the happiness he has given me, and sell it to others, FOR FREE, who are still wondering if their Prince Charming, really does exist, and if he is worth waiting for.

For those of you who are thinking to give up, please don't. He does exist, and he is worth waiting for. You simply have to wait for him to ride into town. Sure, it is a long wait, but after all it is a long journey.

It does not cost a thing to love. And love, does not cost a thing. Think about that . . .



Cookin' Country

by Marlene Berry

In pioneer days, the people would preserve the meat they caught by either smoking it or using salt on it. This caused the meat to be tough. When it was time to cook this tough meat, it had to have vinegar put on it to soften it up. Every piece of the meat was used and none of it was wasted because it was too precious. This is why the pioneer women fixed a lot of stews.

MOUNTAIN STEW

- 1 stewing chicken
- 2 cups diced potatoes
- 2 cups sliced onions
- 2 cups corn
- 2 cups butterbeans (limas)
- 2 cups tomatoes
- 1 tablespoon butter
- ½ tablespoon salt, pepper
- 1 cup bread crumbs

(Squirrel or rabbit is excellent in place of the chicken.) Stew meat until tender. Remove bones. Add vegetables to meat, seasonings; cook until vegetables are done. Add butter and bread crumbs to thicken. Serve hot. (Add water if necessary.)

BAKED APPLES

Core the center of 4 apples, then peel each apple about one third of the way down. Place filling inside of each apple. Put each apple on a square of aluminum foil and pull the foil up around the apple and twist the top to seal. Can be cooked in a Dutch oven, relector oven or a can oven. Cook 45-60 minutes until tender.

Fillings

- No. 1:
1 pkg. red hots.
- No. 2:
brown sugar
marshmallows
- No. 3:
brown sugar
cinnamon
butter
nuts or raisins

HOT CHOCOLATE WITH A LATIN BEAT

When the night is frosty, heat things up with this delicious, fragrant brew inspired south-of-the-border. Based on that old favorite, Hershey's unsweetened cocoa, Brazilian Hot Chocolate is a snap to make. Flavor is rich and super-chocolatey, with a tantalizing touch of mocha. Ole!

BRAZILIAN HOT CHOCOLATE

- ½ cup Hershey's unsweetened cocoa
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon instant coffee granules
- ½ teaspoon ground cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup hot tap water
- 3½ cups milk
- 2 teaspoons vanilla extract

Combine cocoa, sugar, coffee, cinnamon and salt in saucepan. Blend in hot water. Bring to boil over medium heat, stirring constantly. Then boil, still stirring, for 2 minutes. Add milk and heat, stirring, to serving temperature. Do not boil. Beat in vanilla with rotary beater or spoon, to create a foamy surface. Serve immediately, in heatproof mugs. Makes 6 servings.