

July 20th 2013

First Love

Today, I'm going to start this post by asking a question:

Do you remember the first time you fell in love?

Today I woke up thinking about the loves in my life. Even though I'm no Casanova, I've had a few that I let slip thru my grasp. And since you're here to learn more about me and my life, I thought I'd write about just one of the special women I have loved.

Let me set the stage... its 1989 and my sister and I just came back to Sacramento California from Louisiana, for Christmas break. Instead of going back after the break, like it was planned, my mom let us stay with her. So when school started again, I started going to Rio Linda Junior High, in the seventh grade.

My mom lived right in front of the Old 49er drive in movie theater in Rio Linda. If we sat on the top of the house, we could watch all the movies, just without sound.

It was my brother Mike, who is 8 yrs younger, my sister Dee, who is 4 yrs older, my mom and step-dad Jeff and I living there.

It was easy for me to make friends, and I did. As I said before, across the street, was a new subdivision going in, and there were families already living there. My brother, since they lived there for a while already, had friends. When I got there, I was introduced to his friends' older brothers and sisters.

Fast forward away, and now were into Jan 90', and the first day of school. Nervous doesn't even get close to how I felt. Even though I could make friends pretty quickly, it was my appearance that I felt nervous about because we weren't rich.

I noticed her the first day in class. She was in the front row, in the row next to mine, I was two seats back and to her right.

She had beautiful red hair about shoulder length, with curls. I could only catch short glances of her face because she would just glance my way when she whispered to her friend in the seat next to hers. Later, I found out she had blue eyes and freckles on her nose and cheeks. She looked like an fiery angel on earth.

I have never had a problem talking to females. Yet, for a whole week, I couldn't find my voice. Every time she was around, I just froze up.

And honest to God, have you ever heard George Strait's "Check yes or no" song? That's the way I got over losing my voice. Altho I didn't use those exact words, I told her, do you like me, and will you be my girl?

When the teacher turned her back, I leaned forward and threw it on her desk. Just as she finished reading it and started to respond, the teacher caught her. When she took it and read it (of course I told the girl who I was), she told me to take a 15 min. timeout. (a timeout is when you stand outside for an amount of time. then you're given a slip of paper to take home and have signed and returned.) When I got home that day, I got my butt beat good.

After my 15 min. timeout, I was allowed back into class. There was about 20 mins. left of the period. When I reopened my book, there was a piece of paper with the single word "YES" on it. I couldn't believe it. I couldn't even tell you what happened during the rest of the class.

As soon as the bell rang, I was outside waiting when she came out, she came over and said, "My name's Lydia, and yes I'll be your girlfriend." Mom, I was on cloud 9.

As time passed, like a couple of weeks, I would get up at 5am, get ready for school, and walk to her house which was about 2 miles away. I'd get there about 1/2 hour early and we'd go to Linda's house til it was time to go catch the bus. I did this for a long time.

On my birthday, I ended up in trouble again. I was already in trouble cause I got suspended for fighting. I didn't expect a party. My Aunt Karen, who I was staying with, brought me home and everyone was there. Jeff, mom, Mike, Dee, Lydia and her older sister. We had alot of fun. Then Lydia wanted to go to the store. Her sister was driving without a license, so we had to walk.

As soon as we were about 50 ft from the house, we got on the hood of the car all the way to the store. When we got back, Jeff told Lydia to go home and that I was grounded for riding in the car. Even though we protested, my mom said they called for me right after we left, and I didn't respond. Opps, busted again.

They still let me go to her house in the mornings, but I had to come home right after school.

We were together til June, when school got out and Jeff could take his vacation. You see, I got expelled because I beat 2 boys up ~~to~~ for trying to use a hairspray torch to burn Lydia and Linda. I used my backpack, feet and hands. I hurt one and the other ran.

Lydia never knew what happened to me as far as I know. I wasn't allowed to tell her goodbye before Jeff drove me back to LA. I tried to get her address for a long time, but couldn't.

I still think about her and wonder how her life turned out. She was smart and very

sweet. I imagine she made her dreams come true. I just think about how different my life might have been had I believed and was able to marry my first love. I mean, when I close my eyes, sometimes I still see her face, unchanged and still smiling.

I guess after her, it wasn't easy for me to find someone new... But when I did... Well, that's a story for another time

All I need to say now, is if you're reading this Lydia, it was the best days of my childhood, thanks.

What about your first love story? I told you mine, it's only fair you tell me yours.

Well, until next time... Take care... and keep a smile on your lips. I'll be back again soon.

Bolly.