

San Francisco Honeymoon

By Marilyn Reeves

A couple of days before Gil and I got married I had a wisdom tooth extracted. While I was under the influence of Novocain, the dentist over-extended my jaw, leaving me with a condition called “trismus” which meant that for several weeks afterward I couldn’t open my mouth more than about a half inch. It didn’t particularly affect my appearance – just my ability to eat.

Since it was the second time around for both of us, the wedding was informal – we just wore our Sunday best. And since it was the mid-70’s we were both decked out in our finest powder blue polyester.

After the reception, we changed into more casual clothes, then headed out to Stapleton, where we hopped a plane to San Francisco for our honeymoon. It was already dark by the time we arrived. Gil rented a bright red car for the week and we drove through the lights of the city until we reached the apartment building in the Bay area where we would be staying. I can’t remember how he managed to find us a furnished apartment as opposed to a hotel room – those details have been lost to time. But it was in a lovely neighborhood with quaint, two-story townhomes along a steep and winding street. What I remember most about our stay there was being lulled to sleep at night by the sound of the foghorns harmonizing in *basso profundo* – something a couple of middle aged kids from Colorado weren’t used to hearing.

While we were there we visited some art galleries, the Presidio, Fisherman’s Wharf and Sausalito. We took a boat ride over to Alcatraz Island where we visited the ghosts of Al Capone and a few thousand other notorious criminals of days gone by. Alcatraz is a strange and eerie place with a sort of haunting charm. I was glad we were just visiting the empty cells, however, and not there for the long stay. And I couldn’t believe how chilly it was! Much colder than a winter day in Colorado, and here it was the first week of June.

We also spent a day driving down the Pacific Coast Highway to visit Hearst Castle with all its ornate furniture and bric-a-brac. It was a lovely place to visit, but quite honestly, I wouldn’t want to live there. I’d be afraid to touch anything or even to sit down for fear of damaging some costly vase or antique chair.

One thing I didn’t get to do during our week in San Francisco was eat much. We went to some fancy restaurant one evening and I had my face all fixed for some nice seafood. But since I could barely open my jaw, I was only able to force a couple of bites of that luscious crabmeat into my mouth and painfully try to chew. On the other hand, by the time we got back, the good news was that I had lost five pounds on my honeymoon! Perhaps I should track down that dentist and see if he can help me loose another few pounds.