

## **Forbidden Love**

*by Suzy Hopkins*

One fateful day when I was 15, I stopped at the music store in my home town. The guy working there was tall (6'4"), handsome, humorous and enthusiastic about jazz. He introduced me to the work of Dave Brubeck and many other jazz greats. On Friday and Saturday nights he was a drummer in a jazz club in Boston, even though he was only 18. He also had a business mowing lawns, rode a Harley Davidson chopper, was thrown out of high school on a regular basis. **Just my kind of guy.**

Bebe and I became inseparable but **of course** my parents didn't approve. Bebe's rebelliousness was not as appealing to them. One day after a year of being with him every day my parents sat us down on the living room couches. They said we were **n-e-v-e-r to see each other again**. It still hurts to remember that awful day. I thought my life had ended.

For the next **two years** Bebe climbed the tree that was under my bedroom window **every night** so we could talk, except when it rained or snowed; we left notes every single day in two red emergency fire alarm boxes which hung on telephone poles: one near his house, one near mine. We met in Boston every Friday and any other free time out of sight of anyone who knew us.

Bebe made a life changing mistake. He got a girl pregnant. He was forced to marry her by her parents, his parents and social pressures. So, then my life really did end. He was now untouchable. Without his knowledge I quietly left my home town to go to college in Pennsylvania. One year later Bebe appeared at my apartment's front door. Once again we had to say a painful goodbye forever.

I met my first husband Tony in Scranton. We both wanted to be back east. Two years later we moved to Boston. Somehow Bebe found me. He would meet me for lunch about once a month.

Tony and I bought a house on a lake in New Hampshire, had my son and I quit work to be an at-home-mom. Somehow Bebe found me again. We used to talk for hours on the phone. Since my husband worked at night Bebe stayed at the company he owned late so we could talk.

Six years later when I got divorced Bebe and I would meet on his yacht in Boston harbor.

A year later I met my second husband. We moved to California. It took Bebe **10 years** to find me. He was still married but by that time I was divorced again. We would get together during his business trips to San Francisco.

He called me in Sacramento in the Spring of 2012. He is still married.

**50 years** of a secret.

I wonder how long it will be until he finds me in Denver?

