

Long Ago, Far Away

By Suzy Hopkins

As part of my divorce, I got the New Hampshire lake house. My son and I spent lots of time outside cooking on the charcoal grill, sitting on the dock, swimming, sailing the boat and sitting at the picnic table. The yards all face the lake and are arranged closely along the shore.

A man named Michael had seen me in my lakeside yard while visiting his buddy, my neighbor Bob. I had gone to high school with Bob so when Michael asked Bob to find out if I would go out on a date with Michael, I said, "Sure." It was a half-blind date.

Michael said he wanted to take me to his favorite restaurant. We drove up the New Hampshire coast to a tiny seafood place down an alley. It had the best lobster ever. We shared a sense of humor, a curious nature and a positive outlook on life and children.

He brought me home, but never left. Lightning had struck.

We were married a year later.