

POST CARDS by Cindy Peters

I never wrote or received many post cards in my life. I would purchase post cards when traveling and make a scrapbook with them of my adventures.

The person I had the longest letter writing and correspondence with was a guy friend. It started my senior year of high school when he was 5 hours away as a Freshman in college. These letters were written in the mid 1970's. We briefly became boyfriend and girlfriend and the letters became very romantic. Alas, the relationship could not last as a long-distance relationship and one where we rarely saw one another so I broke it off. We still exchange Christmas Cards and share our family events.

I kept these letters all these years because it is filled with the history of my youth and the struggles. I even shared them with my teenage granddaughter Aspine in which she thought were amazing. Then two years ago we moved, and I thought the letters made it to our new home but strangely they vanished. Maybe by accident they were tossed. It grieves my heart because that was my formative years and that friendship guided my path in so many ways.

I had such a spiritual connection with this boy. However, we were opposite in so many ways and we would have made each other miserable as a husband and wife. He was military, Republican, very tight with money and sexually more mature than me. I was very Democratic at the time and I had volunteered on the McGovern Campaign in South Dakota. I was so turned off with anything military since the Vietnam War. Ironically, I am now more conservative and share some of his beliefs.

My husband and I ran into him almost 6 years ago in his Colorado Community. We had that same strong spiritual connection that never left us. He has severed as a Colorado State Representative for several years. I was sad after we saw him because I am human, and I had all those fleeting thoughts of what would have happened if we had ended up together. He has a lovely wife in which her and I really click. His kids and grandchildren appear to have turned out perfect with perfect lives and that is far from our reality. But then don't most families want to hide their secrets and show only their absolute best?

Although he took our breakup extremely hard. After running into him it was obvious that I was only a brief hiccup in his life. However, he made a very major impact in my life. He gave me the confidence I needed to grow in faith, pursue my dreams and get beyond past rejections.

Yes, we were too different at the time to build a life together and the outcome would not have been the best. We would not have the children and grandchildren we have today. I will always hold a special place in my heart for the first man in my life that gave me tremendous love and hope.