

I THINK I LOVE YOU



We spoke so many times that it is hard to pick just one conversation. He was my hero, my future, my love. There were our whispered conversations in the bedroom, and the joyous spoken words of our wedding vows. There were the lyrics of the beautiful songs written especially for me, his declarations of undying love, and there were my tearful responses of the written word, which flew weekly across the miles to reach his ever waiting hand.

The very first time we met was Heathrow Airport in 1973. I was thirteen years old and had somehow persuaded my mother to let me make the journey. She had probably realised that her life wouldn't be worth living if she had refused, as I was the ultimate irritable and angry adolescent.

Arriving at the airport it soon became clear there were thousands of girls waiting for a glimpse, they obviously had no idea that he was already taken. I smiled smugly to myself. They carried signs declaring their love, and teddy bears holding hearts. 'How immature' I thought. He didn't want a child in his life, he needed a woman. What were they thinking of? But I was happy, I had on my best outfit, and wore my new bright blue eye shadow and wedge shoes. I had been to Trewins to get my hair permed so I knew I looked my best.

I pushed through the hordes to reach prime position at the very front of the crowd. The sudden roar of ear-piercing screams heralded his appearance on the runway. He looked up and immediately caught my eye. 'David' I called with all the strength I could muster. 'It's me'. He had such a beautiful smile on his face, I just *knew* he was so happy to finally meet me. I say I just knew, as it was difficult to see exactly. I hadn't wanted to wear my glasses and spoil his first impression of his bride to be. He had a megaphone in his hand and as he waved to me he shouted 'I love you.'

I got home that day exhausted but happy. My blue eye shadow and mascara in streaks down my cheeks. I lay in bed that evening thinking of all the things he had said to me, and how he would wait until I was sixteen so that we could finally be together.

The following day I travelled to Park Lane. He was staying at The Dorchester. This time I would get some time alone with him! But it wasn't to be. Somehow, others had also discovered his whereabouts. The man in uniform refused me entry to the hotel. I explained carefully who I was. 'NO' was his curt reply. Yet still my love spotted

me in the crowd as he waved from the balcony of his presidential suite and blew me a kiss as a promise for the future.

The following week I attended his concert at Wembley. I screamed, frantically waving to get his attention as he serenaded me with his love songs. During the encore I knew what I had to do to get him alone. I ran to the back of the arena towards the 'No Entry' sign which led to his dressing room. Sneaking past the security guard making a dash for the corridor, a voice bellowed 'Oh no you don't young lady.' I was lifted by the collar of my jacket and unceremoniously dumped outside the foyer door.

The cruel hand of fate had dealt us an unfair blow which kept us apart.

I wondered, Could It Be Forever?

