



'Twas The First Night of Our Weekend



'Twas the first night of our weekend as we arrived at the inn,
Not sure of what's to come, not sure how to begin.

Our luggage is taken by greeters with care,
Escorted to our rooms, such savoir faire.

No children are present, this time for those wed,
Admitting our visions would cause blush of deep red.

Settled into our quarters then on to the room,
We are not prepared for the emotional plume.

When onto our ears arrives presentations,
The feelings, the sharing, such wondrous sensations.

Away to our room we go for the night,
Using dialog to share, a tool with great sprite.



Understanding resulting from sharing so deep,
Gives luster a new to the feelings we reap.
When what to our yearning hearts should appear,
A new way to communicate year after year.

With pencil and paper used in this way,
We know our relationship changed on this day.
With spirit and speed in the morning we woke,
We ran to the room where presentations are spoke.

The frustrations, the anger, the silence and cold,
the risk and the fear of feelings untold.
All the barriers used for building a wall,
Could finally be discussed and sent away all.

In the blink of an eye the weekend was done
But the closeness of couple would shine like the sun
We packed our bags, the party's over cliché
But wait, a reunion, just two weeks away.



We returned dressed in love from our head to our feet,
We're a couple in love and our love is complete.
One ringer encouraged our sharing to grow,
Two ringer reminders seemed so apropos.

Our eyes—how they twinkled! Our smiles how merry!
The old path, the new path, two paths so contrary!
Our lives are changed with new love to explore,
Set on a foundation based on rapport.

Others will notice, but just what has changed?,
A topic they'll ponder until they're deranged.
Handholding and cuddling not things of the past
Others wonder with envy how this can last.
When finally the peak of their interest breaks free
The question is asked "please share your secret with me"
Our decision to love is the answer in voice,
A decision to love, a powerful choice.

No more is told, not a word of detail,
The answer as spoken lets interest prevail.
The answers to questions can not be expressed,
"Go on a weekend" is what we suggest.

Walking away with our fingers in sign,
I love you in silence, a gesture divine.
We hear them exclaim as we leave out of sight,
"That couple is special, blessed with God's light"

WE LOVE YOU ALL, MERRY CHRISTMAS

STEVE AND DARLENE