

[Page 88 - Margaret Neil James - A Love Story](#)ISSUE : [Issue 60](#)

Published by Ronald Caplan on 1992/6/1

So they were waiting for this day, and they'd be counting the days, and how many more days. Usually, if we were going to go anywheres, we had to take them with us be? cause they'd cry and cry. But this time, they stayed, and Mrs, Hughie MacNeil from down in Gillis Point there, came up. And she was a grand lady. She was one that came an awful lot and helped Neil when he was alone here all that summer, from the end of June until I came,... She came and she stayed while we went away to get married. So. the next morning they woke up and they saw I was in bed with Daddy, Francis woke up first, and he spotted me over on the bed, and he realized where himself was, you know. And he jumped over on the bed, and he dug down and he found my finger, and he found the round ring on my finger. And he hollered to Mary and Michael, "Hur? ry up, Mary and Michael--she's our Mommy now!" And he hugged me to no end. And kissed me and everything. Was he ever glad. And they'd say. "Mommy!" And they'd laugh, you know. They thought it was the funniest thing. The Goose Cove Pottery & Gift Shop is located on the Cabot Trail off Highway #105 on Exit 11 Open 7 days a week between 9 am and 5 pm from mid June till Labour Day Visitors are welcome to browse a the pottery studio located on site The Goose Cove r) The Goose Cove Pottery & Gift Shop Carole Ann MacDonald Potter R. R.#4 (St. Ann's) Baddeck, Nova Scotia BOE IBO (902) 929-2293 > j'OTTERY & GIFT SHOP liDva Scotian Information Look It XJp In Our Books But you know, I don't remember of those children making the mistake of calling me Margaret after that. And Grandma and Grandpa had to call me Mama, too. And Grandpa said to them one day--one of the neighbours came--and he said. "Margaret." And Mary said, "Her.name is not Margaret any more. Her name is Mommy." And they said, "When she waS Margaret, she could go to dances. But when she's Mommy, she'll have to stay home." So they didn't want anybody to call me Margaret for fear I'd think that I could go to dances and leave them home alone! (This is a personal thing. You don't have to get into it if you don't want. You got married. There was no love--it wasn't a love...,) No, it wasn't a love marriage. It developed--it came gradually. I'll nev? er forget my marriage--my wedding day. Be? cause there were several things that were so different to me. One of the things was. when I walked down the aisle--and my fa? ther was standing at the back of the church with a candle--and he couldn't see me. And I started to cry. And the first thing Neil said was, "Oh, Lord, you're not sorry already." And I said, "No." I said, "It's Daddy's candle that's taking the heart out of me." He wanted to be the first one to congratulate us. So he was standing at the last pew, with a candle.... And then--we came home. Then it was just like, "Oh. Lord, you know. I guess--I went through with the marriage, so I guess I'll have to go through with everything else." So it was kind of just a bit of an ordeal for me. And I could tell it wasn't his cup of tea. either. (How do you mean an or? deal?) That we would--you know it was like--hard for me to explain it. You know, even, like--you know, the idea that I had to go in bed with him. You know. It wasn't that I minded, in a sense, because I knew it was part of the deal. But it was, like, you know. I could really leave that out. You know? • Tbonsands of Interesting Facts • Recipes •



Beports • Statutes & Acts • History • Lithographs • Maps • Panq;??hlets We sell these and many more exciting and informative publications at the Nova Scotia Grovernxnent Bookstore 1700 Qranville Street, Halifax A free catalogue listing govemnt titles available from the Nova Scotia Government Bookstore, P.O. Box 637, Halifax, N.S. B3 J 8TS or by phone toU free 1-484-7880 >c Information Service Bookstore We were pretty serious about the whole thing. And then, the attraction that I had for the kids sort of revolved into an attraction for him. I respected him very much. But I, you know, somehow or another I thought that that's all there was supposed to be to it. But it wasn't. Because I got to really care. Then I noticed myself-- now, not so long after I married him. he was driv-