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## Untitled

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informed me that she had sent a care package to me that included a typewritten letter, addressed to me, but with no return address. She said she had opened it "just to see who it was from." It was from him—my true love—another letter! My heart was leaping within me. Mom said she thought she mailed the package the prior Thursday, so it should arrive early in the week.

My interest in my oceanology classes waned daily. I watched time ebb on the clock. My research was ready to be compiled into written form, and, try as I might, I could scarcely get a word written on the page. I lived for mail call—and that letter.

Wednesday's mail brought the long-awaited note. My dormmates gathered around as I breathlessly read his typed words:

I am writing in reference to my last letter. I had joined the Army and somehow my orders came through for me to report on the day I was supposed to get married. I reported and was processed and when I got back, my girlfriend and I broke up. She went to another guy. I just hope you have a good life and my prayers are with you. Tell your family I said hello. I'll be leaving for boot camp in September. Good-bye.

I was ecstatic. This was my chance. He could still be mine. I wrote a long, thoughtful, non-condemning letter during my geological oceanography class the next day. I told him my research would be completed in August, and I would be returning home. I mentioned the date and time of my flight just in case he might want to greet me.

The last three days of school were frenzied, trying to prepare final papers and oral presentations. I made it through my lecture with the ease of a first-place-speech-meet veteran. The following day, with suitcases, memorabilia and souvenirs packed, my classmates and I pledged our love to one another and bid our good-byes.

The Rhode Island shoreline faded away, smaller and smaller, until it finally disappeared in my airplane window. The return flight home seemed an eternity with long reflections on the days that had just preceded. With mounting anticipation, I prepared for my flight to land.

My family was waiting inside the gate, eager for my return. I flew to their arms, thrilled to be home and among my loved ones. As I picked up my shoulder bag to leave, he stepped around the corner and stopped in front of me. There he stood—my true love. I melted into his arms. It was my summer dream come true.



Photograph by Gina Hill