

It was Saturday night and I was in a play for church. I can't remember much about the play except that I had a solo. What I do remember is that I was scanning the audience and saw the most gorgeous boy I had ever seen. I couldn't tell if he was looking at me, but I sure had my eyes locked on him. I also couldn't tell if the butterflies I had were from stage fright or from seeing him. After the play, there was to be a dance. My friend Traci, who was in the play, and I had to go change, and when I got out of the bathroom and went back to the gym the most amazing thing had happened. He was coming my way. Traci is a beautiful girl that I have always felt inferior to. I figured that he was coming to talk to Traci. No wait! He was actually talking to me. He said his name was Scott. I told him I was Susan. If I am not mistaken, he was in charge of the sound system for the music. I was impressed. I loved music. I loved to dance. Most of all I was infatuated with the way this boy appeared. He had beautiful hair, kind eyes and a voice that melted my insides. We danced and I knew I was hooked. I remember I kept thinking, what it was about me that made him want to be with me that night. He held my hand and we went outside of the church and walked around so we could talk without having to scream over the sound of music. Oh my goodness, this drop dead gorgeous guy was holding my hand! So we talked, we walked, and we talked some more. I found out that he was in college (very mature, I was a senior in high school, very immature), he played the guitar (oh my gosh, I love the guitar, I played the piano rather poorly) he loved music (I love music) and he was single after a breakup with a long time girlfriend (how lucky for me!) and that his name was Scott Hunter Purcell. There wasn't much to tell about me. I told him about my family, my last name was Yeager which means hunter (his middle name) in German; how we were only members of the church for about three years and that I didn't have a boyfriend, not really. I was seeing a guy that had been an on again, off again boyfriend. I only liked him because he drove a Ford Mach 1 Mustang. Anyway, Scott asked if he could call me. I thought I would pass out. Then after I gave him my number, he kissed me. I really thought right then and there I would definitely pass out. I got into my Dad's car and began the ride back to Fayetteville. You see, the dance was in Raleigh, North Carolina. Scott lived in Raleigh and I lived in Fayetteville. I think the distance was an hour and a half one way. How would I ever get to see him? I couldn't wait to talk to him on the phone to continue where we left off. I can't remember how long it took for him to call me, maybe the next day after church. I was so excited to hear from him. I think we were only able to talk a few minutes. But I remember getting off the phone with this wide grin on my face. That grin remained in place for a number of months.

You might ask yourself how could these two ever have began a future so far apart. Well, the thing is, my older sister, Rendy, was in business school in Raleigh. I had formulated a plan in my mind. I asked my mom if I could go see my sister in Raleigh. She had an apartment and I could stay with her. I would go to church on Sunday and then I would come home. I told Scott that I would be coming to Raleigh and he said that he would pick me up. So, I hopped on the bus that went from Fayetteville to Raleigh and he was at the station waiting for me. That first weekend was magical. We went on a hike, it was September and sunny. I seem to recall that on our hike through the woods, we found a stream and sat down and talked. He was very easy to talk to. We spent the day together. I think he drove me to NC State where he was a freshman in college. Then at the end of the day, we went back to Rendy's apartment. We

continued to talk. It was a very long day and Scott yawned. In the spur of the moment, I put my finger in his wide open mouth. He laughed. I will tell you that later in life I tried that same trick, my finger was bitten and I never tried it again. It was late, he had to leave. I was so sorry to see him go. I already was wondering how I would ever live without him. We were hooked on each other. He took me to the bus station to go home. My sister was with us. Back then there was a photo booth in most establishments. We each paid 50 cents because the price was one dollar. We entered the booth, I sat on his lap with my arm around him and four flashes occurred. I liked the pictures so he never got his half. I kept those pictures for 42 years. When you are young, you only look at the physicality of a picture. And so it was with me. Now, years later, I look at the pictures and I see a man with a smile on his face, snuggled into my neck and I see love. As I was leaving, we said we would figure out a way to see each other. And we continued our conversations. I am not sure when, but my sister told Scott that I was only dating the boy with the Mustang because of his car. Even she knew how shallow I was!

When I got home, I told my mom that I had met a boy that I was totally head over heels about. Then I talked to my mom about him coming to visit me for the weekend. The next weekend was around my seventeenth birthday. I have to fill in this part of the story. I mentioned earlier about the boy with the Ford Mach 1 Mustang. His name was Johnny, and he came to my house with a box of chocolates and a dozen red roses for my birthday. I had to tell him that I had met someone and that I couldn't date him anymore. He left my house, dejected. Oh well, I had Scott and that was all I needed.

Scott and my sister came to my high school to pick me up the first weekend he came to Fayetteville. They actually came to my last period classroom and surprised me. Now school today and school when I went have totally different codes of conduct. I say this because as we were leaving the building to go to the parking lot, Scott put his arm around my shoulders and I put my arm around his waist. Next thing I hear is Principal Warren, "Excuse me young lady!" He was actually running after us. He told me that I had broken the code of conduct and that I had to go to the principal's office on Monday when school resumed. I was devastated. I had made it all the way to 12th grade without ever going to the principal's office. I spent the whole weekend dreading Monday. Kind of put a damper on the weekend.

We switched weekends, there were times he would drive to Fayetteville to pick me up. Other times, I would take the bus, and then there were the times we would have to go to Raleigh for Stake Conferences. I lived for any time I could spend with him. My mother made him a bed on the couch in our living room. His mother made me a bed in another bedroom far away from his. When I would go visit him, we would sit in his room on the floor, surrounded by guitars, amplifiers, speakers, stereo equipment and records. He would play the guitar for me. I would melt. We would listen to music, he opened up a whole new world of sound for me. We would listen to Moody Blues, Emerson, Lake and Palmer, Rick Wakeman, Simon and Garfunkle, the list is endless. When he would come to my house he would bring his guitar and play for me.

And we talked about the future. He was going to graduate from college and then we were going to be married. He never actually proposed, but there was that understanding that when the time was right, we were to be together as man and wife.

Somewhere in the spring, Scott was called to the Bishop's office. He received a calling to go on a mission. He struggled with his decision because of our promise to each other. He asked me if I would wait for him. I told him I would. And then I struggled with my decision. Not having the upbringing of the church, my wall of resistance was beginning to crumble. I was hearing the call of the world and all of the worldly evils that were out there. I graduated in June of 1975. Scott came to my graduation. I, being the selfish girl that I was, wanted to go out with some friends after graduation. This was a once in a lifetime occurrence. Scott, being the kind hearted soul that he was, said for me to go, he would go home to Raleigh, and we would see each other the following week. This was the beginning of the end. I began to wonder whether our lives were to be intertwined. I never said anything to Scott, I held the feelings inside of me.

The phone calls started to fade. The need to talk to him dwindled. But the love never went away. He and his band were playing somewhere during that summer. He invited me to come to the venue. In the middle of the concert, Scott grabbed his acoustic guitar and began to play. I being the selfish little airhead, wasn't really paying all that much attention. His sister, Diane, tapped me on the shoulder and said, "He's playing this for you. Don't you think you should listen?" He was playing his heart out for me, and I didn't even know it.

It was getting near time for him to go. I was fading further and further away. His parents were having a going away party for him. I made an appearance, wished him well, told him to write and I would write back. That was the last time I saw him. We exchanged a few letters, but I received a letter in which he told me he had met the girl of his dreams and he knew that he was going to marry her. He told me that he wanted me to be happy and that he prayed that I was. I wrote back to him telling him that I was happy for him. That was the last I heard from him. I had begun my path into the dark abyss of my life and now there was no reason to hold on. He was gone forever.

I eventually got married in 1982 to Michael C. King. He walked into a ready made family. I had a daughter from a previous relationship. We had our first daughter together in 1986 and a son in 1990. He was military and we had the opportunity to move to the Netherlands. It was an adventure. When our tour was up, we moved to Colorado Springs, Colorado. The years with Michael were not all bad, but we had differences that I couldn't get over. While in Colorado Springs, I filed for a divorce. In 2000, I moved with my daughter, Rebecca and my son, Michael to Altoona, Pennsylvania. I have lived here for 16 years. Life is uneventful.

I started a music collection when I was in Colorado Springs. One of the cds that I bought was The Moody Blues Greatest Hits. I had remembered listening to The Moody Blues with an old and dear boyfriend, my first love, Scott. Upon hearing the last song on the cd, I began crying. The song is "I Know You're Out There Somewhere". Through all of the years that

had passed, I had thought of him. I knew that he was probably married to the girl he met on his mission. But that didn't stop me from thinking about him. I told myself that one day, I would return to him. I kept his pictures, pictures of me and him, an old dog tag with his former address on it and a check that he had written where he had inserted my name as his wife and he had written that it was for "Love". I had always regretted throwing that relationship away. Every time I heard that song, I would think of him and cry. I began praying that one day God would send someone to love me the way that he did. I spent 20 years praying.

Just when you think that your life is figured out, something comes along and blows it apart. That happened to me. I was having a jewelry party on the evening of August 22, 2016. My oldest daughter texted me that someone from my past was trying to get in touch with me through her on FaceBook; a Scott Purcell. Talk about a jaw dropping occasion! I couldn't concentrate on the party at all. I went and retrieved one of the pictures that I had of him. My daughter, Rebecca, asked me how I could have let that one slip through my fingers. If only she knew. My sisters were at the party also. My oldest sister had always told me that I was meant to be with Scott and that maybe one day I would. In order for that to happen, something would have to happen to his wife. I didn't want that. I never prayed for him to come back, I just made a promise to myself that if he ever contacted me again, I would do anything in my power to be with him.

My emotions were in a mess. Why was he trying to contact me? When the party was over, Rebecca went home only to see that he had contacted her through FaceBook and was asking if she was my daughter. There was a family conference on the phones through FaceTime. Rebecca also found out through his FaceBook page that he had recently lost his wife due to a car accident. My heart immediately went out to him. I told my daughters to tell him that I am not on FaceBook, but he could call, text or e-mail me. Within minutes, I received a call from Layton, Utah. I knew that it was him. I answered the phone with these words "Scott, I am so sorry to hear about your wife" His reply was "How do you know?" I told him that my daughter saw it on his FaceBook page. After some small talk he then asked me if I was married. I told him no, that I had been divorced for about 20 years. His next words changed my life in the most miraculous way. He said "Susan, I have loved you all my life!" I gasped and said the words that I had been waiting to say for 42 years, "Scott, I have loved you all my life!"