

Meeting My Love

“I’m off,” I called to the Myer’s family who were all still at the breakfast table, with the smell of pan-fried sausage in the air.

“Bye Michelle,” Jeannie answered. “I’m working late tonight, so will you be here when Janet returns from school?”

Jeannie was a nurse and Janet was her ten-year-old daughter who I shared a room with in trade for occasional kid sitting.

“Sure, I’ll be home.” I replied.

I was a ski instructor at Aspen Highlands ski area.

“But I’d better get out of here or I’ll be late for morning meeting.”

It was only two blocks to the bus stop where me and all the tourists waited for the free shuttle to take us several miles to the base of Highlands ski area. I clunked along in my ski boots, carrying my skis over my shoulder, and marveled that I was really living in Aspen!

My large lens sunglasses kept my light blue eyes safe from the high-altitude rays, as I shimmied my way towards the front of the crowd waiting for the bus. After all, I had to get to work and they were all on vacation. I was wearing blue jeans, a ski sweater and a purple instructor’s parka and it was 1974.

“I hope I don’t get in trouble again,” I thought, remembering my supervisor’s words a few days back. “Michelle, the blue jeans have to go. It isn’t a professional look. You are a good instructor, but you have to buy yourself some ski pants.”

I knew I stood out in a crowd already and I felt shy wearing the tight ski pants that were in fashion. All my life I only wanted to fit in and not call attention to myself. At five feet ten inches tall, skinny with blond hair, somehow that goal never happened.

“Michelle, do you want a lift?”

I looked up from my reverie and saw Bill, a guy I recently skied with, in the passenger seat of a very red sports car. It was a cute convertible with the top down.

The driver was cuter than the car.

I had to get to work soon.

“Yes,” I said. I added my skis to theirs’ sticking out of the back seat and climbed onto Bill’s lap with my ski booted feet barely fitting in.

Every person waiting for the bus was staring at the spectacle of this tall seventeen-year-old ski instructor climbing into a Porsche Speedster completely full of two long haired, wolfishly handsome men who were certainly, at least, stoned.

“So much for blending in,” I thought as Andy, the driver, peeled away with a flourish, and we were off!

Freezing wind made my eyes water and I felt my senses come alive. Talking was impossible, so feelings became heightened.

What a ride.

They dropped me off at the base of the mountain and I walked to my meeting feeling recklessly awakened and enormously curious about those guys.