Dear Cherie,

I don’t know if you will remember me, but you were actually my girlfriend in the summer of ’74. My mother’s parents lived on West Street in Tunkhannock from the 1930’s until the fall of 1974. In the summer of ’74 my cousin and I were staying at our grandparent’s home on West Street and we met you and your sister Bonnie. My cousin and Bonnie paired off together while you and I did the same. We used to play spin the bottle and a game called “RCK” (run catch and kiss). We spent quite a bit of time together that summer and hung around town with some of your friends. I mostly remember Beth; I also remember Jill Nichols and a couple of others whose names escape me. You were so pretty, so sweet and so much fun to be with. Bonnie was also an absolute sweetheart, always involving herself in every situation where she thought she could help someone else.

When I returned home to Philadelphia from Tunkhannock that summer, I missed you guys (especially you) very much. I remember waking up one morning in 1975 to my alarm clock-radio playing “Walking In Rhythm” by the Blackbyrds, which was kind of a sad song about someone missing their girl, and it just instantly reminded me of you (sounds crazy huh?). That song depressed the hell out of me that morning and I never forgot it or you. I tried to contact you in 1975 via a letter for which I could not seem to get your address (it definitely was not the information age yet). I still have the picture I was going to send with that letter.

My grandfather built a new house in 1974 and I never stayed at the house on West Street again. They moved up to Brookside Road in Tunkhannock (it’s called Sill Hill I think). A few years went by and in the fall of ‘78 I happened to go to a Tunkhannock High School football game while visiting my grandparents that year and I ran into Bonnie and Beth at the game. We were thrilled to see each other (they spotted me at the snack bar), and I remember Bonnie asking if I wanted see you. If I remember correctly they didn’t find you until a while later and you were with other friends and we only got to say hello through a fence and that was it.

I visited Tunkhannock for just a weekend in the fall of ’79 and ’80. I did not return to Tunkhannock after that until my mother passed away in the fall of 2005. We were at the house on West Street after the funeral (which my uncle lived in with his wife since ’74). You were in my thoughts that day as I walked down West Street for the first time in over 30 years. The street had changed quite a bit with that highway they have cutting off the end of it. I wasn’t even 100% sure I remembered which house was yours.

I feel weird contacting you after all these years and I have no idea what you think or remember of me or the time we shared. I guess the best case scenario would be if you remembered me with any of the fondness which I remember you and if I still occupy some small space in your heart as you always have and always will in mine. I would love to hear from you and maybe keep in touch from time to time. I would love to see pictures of you from then and now. I consider you a dear childhood friend and a very special long-lost love interest. I don’t know exactly how often I have thought of you over the years. I know I have at least thought of you multiple times a year, every year since ’74. I really hope this doesn’t sound as crazy to you as it does to me. I’ve had these thoughts in my head all these years and I never really shared this story with anyone. So in the worst case scenario I have unburdened myself on you. I hope you do not mind or will forgive me if you do.

I heard a song on Thursday (3/8) (Days Gone Down by Gerry Rafferty 1979) and it suddenly reminded me of you. I woke up Friday morning thinking about you and wondering why I had never typed your name into Facebook to see if you popped up. I hate social networking, but I have lived in Florida (West Palm Beach) since 1997 and friends in Philly badgered me to open an account and post some pictures for them to see (I have a wife of 20 years and 2 kids). Anyway, you didn’t pop up, then I typed your name into Google and you came up. You came up with Bonnie’s obituary and I was shocked and sad to read that she was gone. I think that was the main catalyst that drove me to finally contact you after all this time.

I am providing you with my contact information to use if you choose to do so. I hope to hear from you, but I will not intrude on your life again if I do not. I just had to tell you how much those memories mean to me and the special place you will always have in my heart. Please feel free to contact me by any means at any time! If you ever get to South Florida or if we ever visit Pennsylvania at the same time, I’d love to see you.

I am so sorry about Bonnie. I hope you will accept my deepest sympathies, she was a wonderful girl. I see she had a husband of 25 years and 3 kids, sounds like she was happy in her life.

I see you are married also, not sure if you have kids, but I sincerely hope you are happy and life has been good to you. Maybe our paths will cross again in this almost 38 year odyssey.

Yours always, Pat

PS-Only family and childhood friends still call me Pat.

Robert Patrick Campbell Jr.

1520 Buckingham Avenue

Wellington, FL. 33414

(561) 718-5380

rcampbell\_bts@bellsouth.net