

Arianna Rogers

The story of my parents' meeting makes me believe in love. It was fate. It still is. My parents met at a carnival on a cool, late summer night in 1985. My mom didn't even want to be at the fair. My dad approached her, she wasn't even sure of who he was. He'd just gotten home from the army.

When my dad moved from deep, southern Arkansas to Flint, Michigan around the age of 14, his family moved in right next to my mom's house on Addison St. There's an age difference of 5 years, so they didn't know each other growing up, but they did know one another's brothers and sisters since both of them grew up in big families.

The day after the carnival, my mother got a call on the phone. It was her next-door neighbor and friend since childhood, Kenneth, who told her that his big brother, Greg, saw her at the fair last night and that he'd like to have her number. He got on the phone with her, and she heard his voice. It was alluring. The way he spoke to her, it was definitely what got her. He was different than any other guy she's talked to.

My mom was staying at her dad's since her parents were split, and his second wife, Charlene, would always do something a little extra to make her life miserable. My dad would do things like picking her up and dropping her off to work, helping her with errands, and even teaching her how to drive, and as soon as she got home, there were a huge amount of chores to be done.

It was if she was in Cinderella's shoes.

My grandfather tried doing everything he possibly could to keep my mom away from my father. He'd try to end the relationship when they started dating and especially when they were planning to marry. He tried to force sentences like "You're too young" and "He's not the one you should marry" into my mother's head.



One night, my dad dropped my mom off early in the morning around 3 a.m., and when they arrived, she was told; "either you come home earlier or don't stay at this house anymore." She started to move into my dad's apartment the day after.

Nonetheless, they're still together and have been for over 30 years. They had my sister after 3 years of marriage and me thirteen years after my sister, and have managed to get through all the struggles they've had before, during and after I was born, they're both madly in love with one another to this day.

I have both of them tell me the story of how they met almost any chance I can get. I learn some new little detail almost every time I ask to listen, and it makes me enjoy the story even more. I know that once I meet a person who will do things like my dad does for my mom, I'll have found true love.

To this day, they'd do anything for each other. Hearing the way they'll talk about how the love that they have for each other, it'll have you wanting a love like that for yourself.

