

Leaving Foxworth Hall

That night we left, so long ago...we fled the eyes of John Amos and mother. Christopher is haunted by the look in mother's eyes. She lost something that night; her gray eyes went blank, and void. She was never as affectionate with me as she had been when Christopher came back into our lives. A strapping young man with his future bright. He was god-like handsome, I could not resist him, I don't care that he is my half-uncle. It is too late for all that. What beautiful babies we will make...

We traveled north, and drove in Christopher's mother, Alicia's old Mercedes. All I had brought was my purse. All my clothes, jewels, everything had to be left. I was a little sick about that as I had so much! I snuggled up against Christopher,

"Tell me again how you love me" I said.

"I love you more than riches, more than air, more than myself," he whispered. We drove to a motel around 2 o'clock in the morning. Chris was exhausted as was I. We fell asleep in each others arms.

In the morning, I awoke to find Chris staring at me. "I was just watching you sleep." he said. I kissed him and pulled him over closer to me, urging him on with my kisses and caresses. We made love like never before. Over and over we merged into one. I have never been so in love as I was with Christopher.

When it was over, I showered and dressed while Chris got ready. He came out of the shower, with a towel covering his slender hips, he reached into his jacket and pulled out a small box. He approached me with a sly grin and got down on one knee, in a towel.

"Will you marry me, today, this morning, right now?" he said.

Just as he finished, the towel slipped off. There was my love, naked, holding out a ring.

"I declare, I will marry you, Christopher Foxworth."

Into a fit of giggles, we embraced again. He got dressed and we went shopping for some clothes. I had never been in a Kmart. but that was all that was open right now. It was huge and gaudy, and the clothes were cheap imitation fabrics, but we had no other choice. I chose a very sheer lavender gown, with long flowing sleeves, some lingerie, necessities and some other clothing and some simple faux pearls.

Chris and I stood in front of the local minister, and said our wedding vows, with a total of three guests, the minister's daughter and his wife, and the organist. The young daughter of the minister picked some beautiful roses to decorate the modest home of the family. Still, it was a far cry from the wedding I had planned, and my father had promised.

I would miss my father most. He loved me very much, he had tears in his eyes when I left. I cried, I hadn't wanted to leave, I had hoped beyond hope that they would bless us, and accept us. I loved Foxworthy Hall. I don't think my father will ever forgive me. I looked up into my husband's eyes and pledged myself to him, forever. Can I? What does our future hold?

We finally settled in Gladstone, Pennsylvania, and Chris got a job in sales. He was in pharmaceutical sales for a major drug company. So much for my love's college degree. Goodbye to Dr. Foxworth. Chris thought it best to change our last name, so now we are the Dollanganger's. At

first, I hated it. But Chris found it down his family line on Alicia's side. So it was at best authentically Chris's. I am still half Foxworth. I inherited a lot of Malcolm.

About a month into our new life, I became sick in the morning. Every morning. I told Chris after the third day. He became very concerned and phoned a doctor. We went down there, and sure enough, I was pregnant. I was very shocked. I had not wanted a family right away, but Chris was beaming. He grabbed me in a hug and kissed me over my face

. "Oh darling, a baby... Oh thank you, thank you."

After a while, I enjoyed the thought of being a mother. The sickness went away, and I felt pretty good. I had some vitamins, from the doctor, and monthly checkups. Christopher was so wonderful, giving me so much love and attention. Our love life was very, very active. I couldn't keep my hands off him. He traveled sometimes overnight, and I hated that. But when he was home, it was pure bliss for us. We had never been so happy.

Christopher Foxworth the second was born in the summer. He was an angel. He had the bluest eyes, and a crown of soft golden curly hair. I was in love again. Chris stayed off the road for 6 weeks, and helped around the house with the baby. When he left again, I was so lonely. Not long after I was pregnant again. A year later, we had Katherine. She was just as lovely as Christopher, but just a little smaller than he had been. Kathy had been born a little early. And was she fussy...even though we could not afford to, Chris hired a nurse to come help me for a few months after Katherine was born. Two babies were hard for me to care for alone. I missed Foxworth Hall much more, but I loved Chris more and we could never go back.

We made a few friends with the neighborhood families. I had one friend, Mary Ann Charles who lived behind the alley from us. She was nice enough. She had two girls, who were around Christopher and Kathy's age. Christopher and Kathy were inseparable. Christopher was now 5 and was very protective of Kathy. He was such a sweet boy. The image of Chris, and Katherine, the image of me. Our children were perfect, not horned and hooved as mother had told me. I was worried when I found out about Christopher. Our family was perfect.

Chris and I stayed in love, we raised the children, and once again we were blessed with a new baby. This time two...Cory and Carrie. Both beautiful and healthy, but exceptionally small. Only five pounds each. We hired a live-in helper named Jane Monroe. She was an older woman, but very very precise about housekeeping, a good cook, and gentle with the children. So life went on and we stayed in Gladstone for years.

One day in the fall, Chris was on the road, but due home because it was his birthday. Chris and Kathy were 12 and 10 and, the twins were 5. We had the house decorated in ribbons and balloons for Chris, I had baked a cake, but it was terrible, I had never been a great cook, and so I ran to the bakery and bought a cake. Five o'clock came and went, and Chris did not come home. Jane went out to visit her friend after cooking a roast, with carrots and rosemary potatoes, and still Chris was not home.

I fed the twins and put them to bed. After that a police car pulled into our driveway, and my heart sank to my feet. No, NO, "nonono" I kept screaming in my head. Not Chris, not my love, not my strong, beautiful husband...but it was my Chris. The policeman handed me his wedding ring, his wallet, and his keys. I sank to the floor and my world went black. I wanted to die.

We buried my beautiful Christopher in the Gladstone Memorial Cemetery on a cold, rainy day. All my days were black. I tried to be a mother, but many days I couldn't leave my bed, our bed. I couldn't wash Chris's pillow. Christopher was a big help with the twins, and Kathy. My poor Kathy, she was taking this very bad. I comforted her, talked to her about Chris. I gave her my

photo album to look at. She was a great comfort to me.

We were losing the house. Chris's life insurance policy was only worth 10,000 dollars. Our debt ate that up, as well as the funeral. I had only one choice. To write to mother.

Dear Mother,

My Christopher, our Christopher is dead. He was killed in a car accident just two months ago. My heart is broken, I am going to be homeless soon. We have four beautiful children, Christopher, Katherine, Cory and Carrie. They are all beautiful and healthy.

I need help, mother. I miss my family. I miss you and father. I loved you both very much at one time. I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive me, and to accept us into your family again.

Please respond to me as soon as possible, we don't have much time to live at this address. I am sorry, mother, father.

Love,
Corrine

Mother responded in a few weeks. She sent enough money to get us to Foxworth Hall. She had sent me a list of demands, and rules. Rules I was sure I could not abide by. To hide my children like prisoners? Could I do this even for a few days? I was sure I could win over father in a few days. He had loved me so well once... it couldn't take much. Besides, I missed my jewels, my clothes, and my money. I was sick of mourning.

So we left on a night train to my fathers home, to the mansion above all mansions. To my true home...

" The very best gift anyone can give you is their love...."

By Christine