**Love**

By Gerald O. Robilliard

I had my nineteenth birthday on the last Sunday in October, and as long as I live I will never forget that Sunday. My mother had boiled some prunes and made some custard for our tea, I looked forward to our Sunday tea.

Do you know I can still see the look my father gave me as we sat at the table. His eyes looked straight through me and I really felt that I had committed all of the crimes on this earth.

“William,” take care you are a young man of nineteen and I have noticed that you are looking around. I want to give you the best piece of advice that any father can give, do not have the misfortune to fall in love with a girl for at least another twenty years. I was thirty when I married your mother, and another thing do not fall for those young girls that hang around the neck of a man for a kiss that is stupid, when you are old enough look for a girl of your class.

I can not tell you everything he told me, I had a headache hearing him, how pleased I was when Jimmy my friend arrived to go to St Peter’s Church, and would you know that Mr Brock preached about the greatest virtue of man being love.

But I was confused. My father had warned me about the girls and the Minister was showing the the good side of love. As he said love is patient, it forgives all, to him love did all things and as everyone said in leaving the Church it had been a good sermon.

Jimmy and I walked to the Longfrie, Selina and Ada were standing at the crossroads, Jimmy said “can I walk you home Selina?” thank you she said and off they went, and I found myself alone with Ada. She looked me in the eye and said “I am scared”, I said “ would you like me to walk you home,” she didn’t say a word but she flew to my neck and gave me a big kiss on each cheek. It was exactly what my father had warned me about and I felt myself sweat like peas. Ada came closer because I looked confused and she said “do you know what love is” and I said “not really” as she said it’s a feeling which the heart can do nothing about.

That is love.