

The Luv Note

For a young boy of only eight years, falling in love was a difficult thing. You could never tell anyone or you would be the laughing stock of the school. You just don't fall in love when you're in the third grade. Any boy in the world would tell you that baseball and basketball were a whole lot more important than girls. But, this was not to be the fate of young Chad Roberts, the Lutheran Lover from East Peoria, Illinois.

Chad was king of the playground when he was in third grade. He could hit a baseball further than anyone. He could dribble and shoot a basketball better than anyone in the entire school. He was always the first one chosen for teams. High school coaches were actively recruiting him and college coaches were well aware of his athletic ability. He was big and strong and quick. He was the perfect blend of talent and physical stature to make it in the big leagues. He was the envy of every kid in his school.

But Chad had a serious problem. He was madly in love with the beautiful Maribelle Hansen. This girl could melt his heart like a summer heat wave melts a cube of butter. Just the sight of her made his legs turn to jello. Heaven forbid she would ever say "Hi" to him. He would die on the spot. He would rather face a 105 mph fastball blindfolded than confront Maribelle. He just simply fell apart even thinking about her.

This became ever so apparent to others in the school when Maribelle would show up at sporting events in which Chad was a participant. Once he was batting clean-up with bases loaded. Normally this was a sure-fire grand slam for "rip the cover off Roberts". As he stared down the pitcher he could see Maribelle out of the side of his eye. Chills ran up and down his spine. It was her! Oh how his heart leaped within him. "Strike one", yelled the ump, waking Chad out of a trance. Chad refocused all of his attention on the pitcher. This was important, his team was counting on him. Then he saw the afternoon sun catch her beautiful blonde hair. She was angelic! "Strike two", the ump exploded. Chad spun around on his cleats and glared at the ump. "I wasn't ready, ump. That ain't fair". The ump stood up chest to chest with the young strapping Roberts, "Son, when you're in that batter box, you best be ready".

Chad squared up to the plate and tightly gripped his bat. He was more determined than ever to blast that ball all the way to West Peoria. Then the worst thing in the world happened. Maribelle was waving and cheering from the side, "Chad, Chad you're so bad. If you can't do it I'll be sad". Chad could hear the dugout buzzing. What the heck was this girl saying. Chad quickly swung around to try to silence the blonde bombshell. At the same time the perceptive pitcher threw a slider low and outside. It was a definite ball but, not with Chad accidentally swinging the bat as he turned toward his secret sweetheart. "Strike three, you're out of there"! Chad was humiliated.

Chad sat in his bedroom all evening. What could he do? Something had to be done. This could not continue. The only answer was to write Maribelle a note explaining his feelings and meeting this problem head on.

Pen in hand he began to write the dream of his life. With all the tender and sensitive feelings of his heart he opened up and told her his deepest thoughts. Oh how he longed for her companionship. Oh how he thrilled at the idea of holding her hand. Oh how the excitement of being in her presence stirred up visions of splendor. Yes, a note. A love note. He had to do it. It was the only way to clear up the confusion and complicated feelings he had deep inside.

He spent all night composing. He spent all morning on how to get the note to her without others knowing. Chad didn't know what would be worse- the kids knowing or a teacher. It didn't matter. It had to be delivered and it had to be quick. His first opportunity was in English class with Ms. Snyder or Ms. Spider as some of the kids referred to her. She was the black widow of school teachers. She never married, but had been sweet-talked by many a suitor. All of them were just talk and she hated men. She was mean, but delivering the note was something that had to be done. He could not allow another day to go by without communicating his affection for his blonde haired beauty.

Class had started. Chad was nervous but determined. He slowly got out of his chair and made his way to the pencil sharpener. One boy thought it strange as he put his Bic pen in the sharpener and started to crank the knob. When he was finished he took the long way around in order to pass by Maribelle's desk. Ms. Snyder was not looking. Her head was down and she was busy grading papers. Quietly passing Maribelle, he tossed the note onto the center of her desk. "Oh Chad", Maribelle squealed, "A note. And just for me?"

Chad went beet red. He immediately looked in the direction of Ms. Snyder. Her head perked up and stared right at Chad Roberts. Then she looked at Maribelle. "Both of you", she snapped, "Come here now. And bring that note with you." Chad could feel his stomach sink and the eyes of every student in the class looking at him.

Ms. Snyder grabbed the note and began to read it. One could see her eyes squint and her lips draw tight. She was not very happy. She reached out and grabbed Chad by the ear. "What is the meaning of this, young man", she hissed. "We don't write notes in this class and especially love notes". There were gasps from the classroom. "And if we do write notes, we share it with everyone in the class. Now stand up here and read it aloud to the rest of the class."

Chad's hands trembled as he held the note in front of him. His voiced quivered as he began to read. Some kids swore they saw a tear in his eye. His face was more red than a few minutes before. This was the height of embarrassment.

My dearest Maribelle,

How I love thee, let me count the ways. I would rather be with you than play on a team with Greg Maddox, Sammy Sosa, Mark Mcguire and Al Rodriguez. I would rather be with you than beat Michael Jordan one on one.

You are so beautiful to me, can't you see. You are the sunshine of my life. My Sherrie amor... Cherish is the word I use to describe, all the love I have for you inside... Take my hand and we're almost there... Wild thing, you make my heart sing... You are the wind beneath my wings...

When I am near you I feel like singing. My heart almost bursts when you look at me. I need you more than candy, cake, ice cream and pie. I will give up baseball and basketball for you if you want me to. Please be my girlfriend.

If you love me, put an "x" in the yes box. If you love me then I love you.

sincerely,

Your Big Hunk, Chad

Chad stood there a broken man. He knew what awaited him on the playground at recess. The guys would tease him for the next year. He was sick. He felt like a traitor to his own kind. He felt ill. If there was a way to disappear from the face of the earth, he wanted to know about it. He could not bear the thought of raising his head and looking his peers in the eyes. What a terrible disgrace to the guys that were his day to day buddies.

At the moment he felt he was about to die, someone stepped in front of him and gently raised his chin. It was Maribelle. The look in her eyes was undeniable. "Oh, Chad Roberts", she whispered, "I love you so very much". Immediately Chad forgot all the disgrace, the humiliation and the incredulous stares. He was in love and that was all that really mattered.