



LOVE SWINGS

Judy Jones

PATSY SWUNG THE ARM OF THE 45 record player one more time on “Don’t Be Cruel,” her favorite song. We joined Elvis at the top of our lungs.

“My turn now!” I carefully set on my favorite record, “Heartbreak Hotel.”

“Have you ever noticed,” asked Patsy, “that my favorite song is about the beginning of love and yours is about breaking up?”

“Oh, don’t be so cruel, Patsy,” I sang.

Patsy was staying the weekend with my family and me. We often tried to arrange being together on weekends. She lived in town and had to take the bus home with me on Friday, but then my mother would have to drive her home on Sunday night. We stayed up late planning our futures, thinking about getting engaged to handsome boys. We never actually reached the altar