

I was just thinking about the movie Ice Castles and Robby Benson



Lately I've been thinking a lot about the movie Ice Castles and Robby Benson. I was trying to tell my husband about how much this movie touched little 12-year-old me.

I told him about how Robby Benson really loved his girlfriend and how he taught her how to skate again after she went blind.

And...and, then the last scene, where she skates perfectly (blind) and everyone loves her and throws flower on the ice.

Don't you remember? Then she trips on the flowers and everyone goes dead silent and Robby walks out on to the ice where she's slumped down in a pitiful ball and, and, and he says...well, just watch...

"We forgot about the flowers." *sigh*

That became a standard line for me when I worked in video production in San Francisco. I breathlessly told every crew I worked with the play by play of the movie. So when they would eventually heard me say, "We forgot about the flowers" when something happened we weren't prepared for—not enough light for the shot, talent stuck in traffic, or no change for the bridge toll—they knew what I was talking about.

When I left my job there, the crew gave me flowers and the card read, "We didn't forget about the flowers." So clever, no?

One more note about Robby Benson. I totally bought into all his weepy-eyed staring and girlie good looks. He was my first

movie crush. I eventually kicked him to the curb for the French boy in "A little Romance." Then I heartlessly dumped HIM after seeing Matt Dillon in Rumble Fish. Young girls can be so fickle.

Now, I've covered my young movie crushes and my '70s TV crushes. Next?Literary crushes: Colonel Brandon would make the top five.