

My relationship with Charlie, the future king, King Charles III

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Prince Charles and Lady Diana Spencer were married at St Paul's Cathedral in London on 29 July 1981

When I was a little child in Ann Arbor, Michigan I had dreams about 'Charlie', the heir to the English throne. I would talk to him many nights. I felt he was my real friend so that if I ever saw him on the street I would have run up to him and started to chat as if we really knew each other. This continued throughout my life but as I matured it lessened, still I felt that closeness to him. I understood that he was unhappy and felt misunderstood. I wanted to comfort him always.

Just before he was going to be married to Diana, he visited Washington, DC. In the pouring rain Lorraine Ambrose (m. Boothby in 1982) and I went to the Air and Space Museum to see him. We were wet to the skin. I had told her about my dreams with my friend Charlie, and being a very spiritual person, she felt it was absolutely necessary to go see him. She was so determined as if God himself had ordained it.

She propelled me so strongly through the gathering crowd that encircled the entire back parking lot. I was amazed at how many people stood out in the rain. Many didn't even have an umbrella. I apologized to the people as they were shoved aside from her forceful propelling me forward with her two hands on my back. I was a bit embarrassed as I would never have pushed people aside to get to the front. We ended up at the farthest point from the building. I found myself staring across the parking lot to the distant building knowing that I had no chance at all at seeing him up close. My friend Charlie was lost to me in the rain and crowds.

He came out with a group of people all under black umbrellas. He shook hands with the American dignitaries and turned to go to his waiting ride. His entourage was so small, so far away. We all looked towards his limo on the other side of the parking lot, far from reach yet the crowd loved the English royalty, our cousins across the pond.

Prince Charles walked ten steps to the waiting car with an umbrella over his head. Just as we reached the railing pushing the others out to get a spot to see him, he was stooping over to enter the car. I would only have a glimpse of him, as if it was in a dream again. I felt the sodden weight of my dripping clothes and wondered why we had rushed down here to see him get into his car.

Suddenly he stood up and turned directly toward me in the crowd. It was as if he heard me or a jolt of energy made him change his mind. Then he brusquely walked across the parking lot to the far side exactly to where I stood. He walked directly to me! Many people swarmed to grab his hand and called out his name so he shook a few hands yet his direction was to me and then he stood before me looking up expectantly.

I extended a copy of the *World Student Times* to him and he took it. Inside was a photo of him and Diana and my phone number. The photo was face up to him as he took it. He then abruptly turned around to go back to the car. He was gone in a minute. I could tell he was not really happy.

Still he suffered and I lamented the loss of his friendship. After he was married to Diana my dreams of him stopped, our link was cut off. This was in the spring of 1981. He was married in July. That was the end of my relationship with Charlie, the future king.