

## The Wedding

There were a lot of weddings of our friends in the mid-60s. Jeannette took me to weddings of several of her friends and both of my room mates and several friends were married in the same year as Jeannette and me. My favorite wedding was of her cousin who selected frilly, southern-hooped dresses for her six bride's maids. When they lined up at the front of the church in their multicolored gowns they stood about 4 feet apart with the hems of their dresses touching the next maid's dress. When one of them moved it caused all the other dresses to swing back and forth like bells.

My favorite friend's wedding was Jerry Goldstein's who invited Jeannette and me to a traditional Jewish wedding at a hotel in downtown St. Louis. After the formal wedding under a canopy the bride and groom were hoisted aloft in chairs and danced around the room. They also performed a ceremony where wine glasses were enclosed in a bag and tied to both bride and groom's ankles. Each then attempted to be the first to step on the other's glass. Jewish custom says the one who breaks the other's glass first becomes the boss in the family.

Compared to most of our friend's weddings, ours was rather simple and austere. Fairmont Baptist Church where Jeannette attended was too small for the crowd she expected, and she didn't want to hold the wedding reception in the local American Legion hall. So, she arranged for our wedding to occur in her aunt's church nearby. It had a nice wood interior and space in the basement for the reception, but it was very large and dwarfed the few flowers Jeannette had purchased. But, it nicely accommodated the crowd who attended and permitted the traditional celebrations of throwing the garter, cutting the cake, and picture taking.

However, one small glitch in the reception will always make our wedding memorable. Jeannette had ordered a 5-gallon container of orange drink to serve the guests along with the ice cream, cake, and nuts. She had instructed the kitchen volunteers to dilute the concentrate before serving. However, during the reception we noticed an occasional puckered expression on the guest's faces and small, half-filled cups of orange fluid sitting around on window sills, counter tops, and the piano. We remained at the reception until almost everyone had departed. Jeannette

later insisted that she needed to talk with every friend and relative who had come from long distances because she would probably not see many of them again for a long time. However, I suspected she was delaying her departure to prolong the departure for her honeymoon as long as possible. After most of the guests had left she finally took time to taste the drink. It was almost undrinkable in its concentrated form -- extremely sweet and tart at the same time. The volunteers had neglected to dilute the concentrated juice.