

DOWN HOME: Decisions await matrimonial path_112204

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Seeing as how I'm a guy, my Logically-Anticipated-Consequences radar doesn't always function as it should.

This has been true lately. My L-A-C radar failed me miserably, although my Oh-Yeah-That-Makes-Perfect-Sense hindsight still functions with 20/20 clarity.

A couple of weeks ago, I told you about how Lindsay-our oldest daughter, flesh of our flesh, wellspring of abundant joy and a junior in college-is getting married.

Lindsay and Aaron met their freshman year at Hardin-Simmons University and have fallen indescribably and infinitely in love. So, Aaron has asked Lindsay to marry him, and she has said yes. She even has "the ring" to prove it.

They plan to get married a year from December, right after Aaron graduates from HSU and one short semester before Lindsay intends to don cap and gown and receive her degree.



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Editor

Silly me, I thought that was that. At least until next summer sometime. The way I figured it, Lindsay and Joanna, her mother, would start looking at wedding dresses in maybe July. And before school starts next fall, she'd decide on her bridesmaids' dresses and perhaps pick a photographer. During the fall, they'd order flowers and a cake. Eventually, they would tell me when and where to go to get measured for my tuxedo. Then we'd have ourselves a wedding.

But, apparently, wedding planning is like air in a vacuum. It expands to fill every available space.

Exactly eight days after Lindsay announced her engagement, Joanna bought their first wedding magazine. That was on a Friday, the same day Joanna and Molly, Lindsay's younger sister, and I took a road trip.

Along the way, I learned about seven or eight new and incredibly unique possibilities for preparing a bride's bouquet. I also listened to in-depth discussions of appropriate colors for bridesmaids' dresses at Christmas, ways to add color to the bride's dress, the possibility and indeed probability that a red-velvet cake would work at a Christmas wedding and the relative merits of starting the wedding ceremony at 2 or 3 in the afternoon.

All this, and the bride-to-be wasn't even part of the discussion. Yet.

We haven't been this excited at our house since the Lewisville Fighting Farmers won the state football championship. Come to think of it, I was the only one this excited back then.

If anticipation is half the fun of it, I understand why brides and their mothers, sisters and girlfriends enjoy planning weddings so much. For

every man and woman who walk an aisle, hundreds, maybe thousands, of delicious decisions wait to be made. Each more intriguing, more ripe with possibilities than the last.

No wonder marriage is a divine institution. The anticipation, apparently, is heavenly.

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