

DOWN HOME: Loving each minute of tying the knot

July 3, 2010

We all had a grand ol' time at Molly and David's wedding.

Of course, I'm not the least bit biased, but I must admit the bride's abundant beauty stunned everyone in the church. Molly strolled down the aisle between her mother, Joanna, and me in her ivory lace gown, her eyes shimmering with tears of joy and wonder. As I've told her many times through the years, she was a vision of loveliness.

And the groom? Well, I don't believe I've ever seen a young man look so thrilled. As I watched his face while we walked the aisle, I couldn't help but think he looked as happy as I felt when I saw Jo floating down an aisle toward me more than 30 years ago.

You may have noticed that I said Jo and I both accompanied Molly down the aisle. We got the idea last summer, when the three of us traveled to a farm in Michigan, where our nephew Brian married his bride, Lesley. Her parents strode beside her from the house down to the tent where the wedding took place. As we looked on their smiling faces, Jo and I knew this was something we wanted to do. We both raised Molly, so why shouldn't we both escort her to her new husband's side?

When we got there, nobody gave Molly away. This was her idea. She's a strong young woman, and we didn't own her, so we didn't have the right to "give" her to David or anybody. Instead, we stood on either side of Molly, just as Lynne and Ruth flanked their son, David, where all four of us proudly and gratefully pledged to "affirm and bless the union of Molly Rachel Knox and David Lynn Leverenz."

Next came the hard part, when I turned to face a crowd of family and friends and presided over the wedding of my “baby” daughter to the love of her life. Around these parts, I’m known as the sentimental, sappy daddy. Shoot, I cry during Hallmark commercials, so presiding at my daughters’ weddings has been a daunting endeavor.

Frankly, I’ve never been afraid of tears. Sometimes, crying is the most honest thing you can do. Plus, it’s often good for the soul. But a blubbering daddy/officiant would detract attention from the happy couple.

Before it was over, David, Molly and I all had our moments of emotion and glistening eyes. But we also laughed, too, and we rejoiced. We celebrated God’s goodness—and their love.

We tied the knot of matrimony extra tight.

Afterward, we partied.

For the bride and groom and their parents, a wedding is particularly special. It’s the only time when people you cherish from all aspects of life—not only family, but also friends from college and early-adulthood and church and work and the neighborhood—all assemble in the same place to reciprocate your love. It’s waaaay better than a funeral, since you’re awake to enjoy it. And we loved every minute of it.