

Thoughts on Daughters and Weddings

In some ways I can't believe my third daughter was married this weekend. I'm still in a bit of shock when I think of my older daughters being married. Is this the way of it for fathers?

My job was to walk my daughter down the aisle. Her job was to look beautiful. She didn't trip over my feet, and she was lovely. Both tasks accomplished.

I was able to visit with some family I don't often see. Some of my daughter's (and by extension, my) new family. And of course my daughter made me dance. All of my daughters think it is their duty to get dear old dad to shuffle around a dance floor. They never can get it in their heads that dad doesn't dance. Oh well, I just use it for some time to talk to my daughters before they run off with their new husbands.

After the reception, I was able to meet with some friends from year gone by. My dear daughter's cake was made by the same people who ran the coffee shop I talk so much about. I enjoyed the cake, and talking to friends when they came to pick up the cake plates afterwards.

I will be posting a picture or two from this wedding as soon as I get them uploaded.

3 down 1 to go... But that one can wait for a while.