

PALO ALTO ODYSSEY

Wedding day gets off to a bad start

CHRISTI was in tears over her wedding plans at Stanford Memorial Church. She and her fiance JJ had just had their first fight.

The fight was over whether she, as the principal wedding organizer, would permit her fiance to have 14 groomsmen.

Christi argued that this was impossible. That if he had 14 groomsmen, then she would have to have 14 bridesmaids.

Since she thought that no one had ever heard of such a bizarre wedding protocol, she felt she would be humiliated.

For Christi, the wedding was turning out to be a nightmare. She hated her fiance and she hated the world.

Miranda tried to talk Christi down off the ledge.

“It’s your wedding,” Miranda said. “So you can do it the way you want. There are no rules.”

This is part 45 of a 48-part fictionalized serial appearing in the Daily Post, written by John Angell Grant with illustrations by Steve Curl.

“I want a traditional wedding,” cried Christi. “And now I’m supposed to have 14 bridesmaids?”

“That’s ridiculous!” she wailed. “I wanted to stick with my close girlfriends. I have five close girlfriends, and they are the ones I wanted as my bridesmaids. Is that hard to understand?”

“Can you find nine more bridesmaids?” asked Miranda.

“Nine more bridesmaids!” shouted Christi. “It’s not like you order them on Amazon, Aunt Miranda.”

Miranda reflected on how her niece was saying that the groom was ruining their wedding day, which was the most

important day of her life; and wondered how that boded for the future of the marriage.

“I’ll be a bridesmaid,” said Miranda.

“Aunt Miranda,” sobbed Christi, “You can’t be a bridesmaid, you’re old.”



CHRISTI

“I was never married,” said Miranda. “Technically I’m a maid.”
“So I’m supposed to have a wedding celebration with a bunch of old hags as my bridesmaids?” asked Christi.

She burst into tears. “This is going to be the worst day of my life.”

Eventually, they resolved it, and agreed on 14 groomsmen and 14 bridesmaids.

The wedding went beautifully. It was a joyous day. The reception at the

Stanford Faculty Club was a happy blowout. JJ’s musician friends Tom, Joe, Matt and Greg played in the band.

Christi and JJ went to Bali for their honeymoon.

Miranda hoped Christi would be happy; and she hoped the marriage would last; but she knew that more than half the people in California who get married eventually get divorced; and she wondered what the future held.

After getting to meet the fiance, now husband, JJ, and seeing what a sharp and stable guy he was; and not at all the “slightly autistic” person Christi had described to her earlier; Miranda thought Christi might be the one in the marriage to get restless and have the affair.

Then she chastised herself for such negative thoughts about a day of joyous celebration.

More tomorrow.