

# Behind - The Scenes ...

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MY WEDDING DAY  
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Weddings have always been the most beautiful celebrations of love for me – a visual representation of two people coming together and promising a life of commitment to one another. However, things don't always go according to plan, and then I've just had to roll with the punches (sometimes literally).

Being part of an emotionally charged industry for more than 15 years undoubtedly leaves one with many hilarious and incredible stories. Over the years we have learnt so much as an ever-expanding wedding consultancy, most importantly about the incredible behavioural patterns of a group of individuals confined to a beautifully dressed space with lots of naked flames, enormous floral pieces and copious amounts of glassware.

I'll never forget the absolutely gorgeous wedding that we hosted a good 10 years

ago in the Cape Winelands. We created the most exquisite setting – gorgeous décor, a romantic ambience with soft candlelight and Bhudda Bar music playing in the background. Well, this Zen setting was obviously not enough to dampen an underlying feud taking place between the two families. It was around 9:30 p.m. when the dads finally got at each other, with punches thrown left and right. We stood there staring in horror as our delicate floral pieces dissolved into nothing but more confetti. Needless to say, from this we learnt that the hard tack bar should only be opened after the first dance.

Then there was possibly the most stunning bride of all time – I secretly had a crush on her since the first grade. This radiant beauty emerged from her antique wedding car followed by the longest train you had ever seen.

In a sudden, heart-chilling moment I looked down to see a 2m long black tyre mark on her dress from the freshly polished wheels of the car. She turned around in a panic, asking how bad the damage was. In the background Mendelssohn's Wedding March was already sweeping through the third bar of music. What could I do but tell a little lie: 'Nothing's wrong', while neatly tucking the scuff mark between the folds and covering it with the gorgeous veil. Crisis averted.

Oh, the rings, the rings. Picture this – one of our most beautiful ceremonies in full swing, mother-in-laws already in tears, the bridesmaids beaming with pride. Then the minister asks for the rings to cement the marriage – at which point the 18-year-old ring bearer realises he left them at the house. Well, the trio played their entire classical repertoire during the half hour that followed, while the poor lad retrieved the valuables.

That reminds me of another ceremony disaster ... The poor minister, obviously a little aged and somewhat forgetful, started the ceremony with the most beautiful message. But when he finally addressed the couple all hell broke loose; you see, he kept addressing sweet Catherine as Caroline. Now naturally everyone is getting a little uncomfortable. The ceremony was almost over when Catherine, in horror, finally piped up and corrected the minister. See, the gentle Catherine was frightened that the wedding wouldn't be legal should she be addressed otherwise. Such a sweet soul.

Another memorable ceremony was hosted at the gorgeous Tintswalo Atlantic, so sadly destroyed by a horrible fire earlier this year.

We had come up with a foolproof Plan B in case of bad weather, but on the morning of the wedding the weather cleared and the couple insisted that we continue with their dream wedding plan. As Murphy would have it, 20 minutes before guest arrival something similar to a hurricane hit the bay. Draping ripped off the four-poster ottomans, flowers went flying and an unfortunate daybed even landed up in the ocean. Well, I can tell you that I have never worked so hard in my life – minutes before guests arrived everything was rectified and the dream ceremony continued. So we learnt that sometimes you have to be unpopular as the wedding coordinator and make the tough calls.

How could I forget that gorgeous Indian wedding with yellow flowers on the dance floor. I was so excited about the opening dance that I misplaced a step, my feet neatly placed on top of one of these gorgeous little flowers. I swept 3m across the dance floor like a floating swan, neatly ending in an almighty crash on top of the groom. That wedding video was certainly one for the books.

Yes, I could keep you entertained for hours with all of the things I have experienced over the years. Perhaps I'll publish a book one day. ♦