

*Judith Askew*

## **Hurry-Up Wedding**

My friend's daughter stood beneath the wedding arbor with her poof belly, full moon behind her over the lake; the guests patted it and told it we hoped it was enjoying the wedding as much as we were.

The unborn child was welcome and part of the ceremony whereas we think the bride's mother had been sent away during high school. We were never sure. She visited an aunt and uncle who took her to Europe so she couldn't start school on opening day.

Back in the day, my mother made it very clear what the neighbors thought was important. She should know. Her brother had a hurry-up wedding. But maybe it wasn't a scandal for a man.

Such a perfect Christian family--imagine my grandmother dealing with that. Not that she was a Bible-quoting granny, but the church and its social activities were important.

And so was the minister. Did the minister keep young girls and young boys in line? How did the minister instruct the adolescent boys on their annual spring week in the country?

My mother never told me exactly how to handle the hot stuff, the car parking, the moon on the water. Just that my reputation was important. She made that very clear.