



VIKKI HARRIS
CELEBRANT

These readings can all be adapted so if there is a word or a line of two you want to change to make it perfect for you, no problem!

An extract from Winnie The Pooh by A A Milne

Wherever I am, there's always Pooh,

There's always Pooh and Me.

Whatever I do, he wants to do,

"Where are you going today?" says Pooh:

"Well, that's very odd 'cos I was too.

Let's go together," says Pooh, says he.

"Let's go together," says Pooh.

So wherever I am, there's always Pooh,

There's always Pooh and Me.

"What would I do?" I said to Pooh,

"If it wasn't for you," and Pooh said:

"True, It isn't much fun for One, but Two,

Can stick together, says Pooh, says he. "That's how it is," says Pooh.



A Poem by Elliot Arnold

Now you will feel no rain,
For each of you will be shelter to the other.
Now you will feel no cold,
For each of you will be warmth to the other.
Now there is no more loneliness,
For each of you will be companion to the other.
Now you are two bodies,
But there is one life before you.
Go now to your dwelling place,
To enter into the days of your togetherness.
And may your days be good and long upon the earth.



Be My Homer - Anon

Be my Homer

I wanna be your Marge.

If I'm your Norfolk Broads

Will you be my barge?

Let's please be Tom and Barbara,

I will show you The Good Life.

Even though we're not yet married

I would love to be your wife.

I've the passion Lily Munster

has for her dear Herman.

I would love you if you were ginger,

I would love you if you were German.

Like Mr and Mrs Huxtable,

We'd smooch even when we're wrinkly.

I'll even consider ironing your shirts,

But I hope you like them crinkly.

Like Mr and Mrs Incredible

I'm flexible and you're tough.

But if you promise to be my true love

That will always be enough.

Like Bonny and that Clyde guy

without all the dying.

Like Gwyneth and that Coldplay man

without all the crying.

My partner in crime, the love of my life.



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A poem by Simon Armitage

Let me put it this way:

if you came to lay

your sleeping head

against my arm or sleeve,

and if my arm went dead,

or if I had to take my leave at midnight,

I should rather cleave it from the joint or seam than make a scene or bring you round. There,

how does that sound?

On Marriage - Kahlil Gibran

You were born together, and together you shall be forevermore.

You shall be together when the white wings of death scatter your days. Ay, you shall be together even in the silent memory of God.

But let there be spaces in your togetherness,
And let the winds of the heavens dance between you.

Love one another, but make not a bond of love:

Let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your souls.

Fill each other's cup but drink not from one cup.

Give one another of your bread but eat not from the same loaf

Sing and dance together and be joyous, but let each one of you be alone,

Even as the strings of a lute are alone though they quiver with the same music.

Give your hearts, but not into each other's keeping. For only the hand of Life can contain your hearts. And stand together yet not too near together:

For the pillars of the temple stand apart,

And the oak tree and the cypress grow not in each other's shadow.

Why Marriage - Dena Acolatse

Because of the depths of me, I long to love one person,
With all my heart, my soul, my mind, my body.....

Because I need a forever friend to trust with the intimacies of me,
Who won't hold them against me,
Who loves me when I'm unlikable,
Who sees the small child in me, and
Who looks for the divine potential of me.....

Because I need to cuddle in the warmth of the night,
With someone who is thankful for me,
With someone I feel blessed to hold.....

Because marriage means opportunity
To grow in love in friendship.....

Because marriage is a discipline
To be added to a list of achievements.....

Because marriages do not fail, people fail When they enter into marriage
Expecting another to make them whole.....

Because, knowing this,
I promise myself to take full responsibility
For my spiritual, mental and physical wholeness I create me,
I take half of the responsibility for my marriage

Together we create our marriage.....

Because with this understanding The possibilities are limitless and our love will last
forever.....



A Passage by Louis De Bernieres

Love is a temporary madness. It erupts like an earthquake and then subsides. And when it subsides you have to make a decision. You have to work out whether your roots have become so entwined together that it is inconceivable that you should ever part. Because this is what love is. Love is not breathlessness, it is not excitement, it is not the promulgation of promises of eternal passion. That is just being in love which any of us can convince ourselves we are. Love itself is what is left over when being in love has burned away, and this is both an art and a fortunate accident. Your mother and I had it, we had roots that grew towards each other underground, and when all the pretty blossom had fallen from our branches we found that we were one tree and not two.

(Optional change to last sentence)

May your roots grow towards each other underground and, when all the pretty blossom has fallen from your branches, may you find that you are one tree and not two.

I Will Be Here - Steven Curtis Chapman

If in the morning when you wake,
If the sun does not appear,
I will be here.

If in the dark we lose sight of love,
Hold my hand and have no fear,
I will be here.

I will be here,
When you feel like being quiet,
When you need to speak your mind I will listen.

Through the winning, losing, and trying we'll be together,
And I will be here.

If in the morning when you wake,
If the future is unclear,
I will be here.

As sure as seasons were made for change,
Our lifetimes were made for years,
I will be here.

I will be here,
And you can cry on my shoulder,
When the mirror tells us we're older.

I will hold you, to watch you grow in beauty,
And tell you all the things you are to me.

We'll be together and I will be here.

I will be true to the promises I've made,
To you and to the one who gave you to me.

I will be here.



Blessing For A Marriage - James Dillet Freeman

May your marriage bring you all the exquisite excitements a marriage should bring, and may life grant you also patience, tolerance, and understanding. May you always need one another — not so much to fill your emptiness as to help you to know your fullness. A mountain needs a valley to be complete. The valley does not make the mountain less, but more. And the valley is more a valley because it has a mountain towering over it. So let it be with you and you. May you need one another, but not out of weakness. May you want one another, but not out of lack. May you entice one another, but not compel one another. May you embrace one another, but not out encircle one another. May you succeed in all-important ways with one another, and not fail in the little graces. May you look for things to praise, often say, “I love you!” and take no notice of small faults. If you have quarrels that push you apart, may both of you hope to have good sense enough to take the first step back. May you enter into the mystery that is the awareness of one another’s presence — no more physical than spiritual, warm and near when you are side by side, and warm and near when you are in separate rooms or even distant cities. May you have happiness, and may you find it making one another happy. May you have love, and may you find it loving one another.



From 'Wild Awake' - Hilary T Smith

People are like cities: We all have alleys and gardens and secret rooftops and places where daisies sprout between the sidewalk cracks, but most of the time all we let each other see is a postcard glimpse of a skyline or a polished square. Love lets you find those hidden places in another person, even the ones they didn't know were there, even the ones they wouldn't have thought to call beautiful themselves.

Extract from Bread for the Journey - Henri Nouwen

Many human relationships are like the interlocking fingers of two hands... Human relationships are meant to be like two hands folded together. They can move away from each other while still touching with the fingertips. They can create space between themselves, a little tent, a home, a safe place to be.

True relationships among people point to God. They are like prayers in the world. Sometimes the hands that pray are fully touching, sometimes there is distance between them. They always move to and from each other, but they never lose touch. They keep praying to the One who brought them together.



Frederick Buechner, from Beyond Words

They say they will love, comfort, honor each other to the end of their days. They say they will cherish each other and be faithful to each other always. They say they will do these things not just when they feel like it, but even -- for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health -- when they don't feel like it at all. In other words, the vows they make could hardly be more extravagant. They give away their freedom. They take on themselves each other's burdens. They bind their lives together... The question is, what do they get in return?

They get each other in return... There will always be the other to talk to, to listen to... There is still someone to get through the night with, to wake into the new day beside. If they have children, they can give them, as well as each other, roots and wings. If they don't have children, they each become the other's child.

They both still have their lives apart as well as a life together. They both still have their separate ways to find. But a marriage made in heaven is one where a man and a woman become more richly themselves together than the chances are either of them could ever have managed to become alone.

Poem by Christina Rossetti

What is the beginning?

Love.

What the course.

Love still.

What the goal.

The goal is love.

On a happy hill.

Is there nothing then but love? Search we sky or earth

There is nothing out of Love Hath perpetual worth:

All things flag but only Love,

All things fail and flee;

There is nothing left but Love Worthy you and me.



Passage by Greg Anderson

The greatest pursuit is not good health, unsurpassed wisdom, economic surplus, political freedom, or even faith that can move mountains.

It is the daily practice of the greatest of the non-negotiable laws of wellness, the Law of Unconditional Loving.

Unconditional, non-judgmental loving. This is our aim, life's single highest and most rewarding pursuit...

The highest expression of Divine Design is applied love found in loving relationships between people. Not the erotic love we see on television and in the movies but love rooted in a decision to serve. It is a dynamic state of consciousness, a giving, creative flow, and a harmony. It's an acceptance of the human condition as perfectly imperfect. And it is a choice to love without regard to any conditions; no 'ifs' are allowed in this, the greatest of laws.



An extract from The Invitation - Oriah

It doesn't interest me what you do for a living. I want to know what you ache for, and if you dare to dream of meeting your heart's longing.

It doesn't interest me how old you are. I want to know if you will risk looking like a fool for love, for your dream, for the adventure of being alive.

It doesn't interest me what planets are squaring with your moon. I want to know if you have touched the centre of your own sorrow, if you have been opened by life's betrayals or have become shrivelled and closed from fear of further pain. I want to know if you can sit with pain, mine or your own, without moving to hide it or fade it or fix it.

I want to know if you can be with joy, mine or your own, if you can dance with wildness and let the ecstasy fill you to the tips of your fingers and toes without cautioning us to be careful, to be realistic, to remember the limitations of being human.

It doesn't interest me if the story you are telling me is true. I want to know if you can disappoint another to be true to yourself; if you can bear the accusation of betrayal and not betray your own soul; if you can be faithless and therefore trustworthy.

I want to know if you can see beauty, even when it's not pretty, every day, and if you can source your own life from its presence.

I want to know if you can live with failure, yours and mine, and still stand on the edge of the lake and shout to the silver of the full moon, 'Yes!'

It doesn't interest me to know where you live or how much money you have. I want to know if you can get up, after the night of grief and despair, weary and bruised to the bone, and do what needs to be done to feed the children.

It doesn't interest me who you know or how you came to be here. I want to know if you will stand alone in the center of the fire with me and not shrink back....

Poem by Pablo Neruda

I do not love you as if you were salt-rose, or topaz,
or the arrow of carnations the fire shoots off.

I love you as certain dark things are to be loved,
in secret, between the shadow and the soul.

I love you as the plant that never blooms
but carries in itself the light of hidden flowers;
thanks to your love a certain solid fragrance,
risen from the earth, lives darkly in my body.

I love you without knowing how, or when, or from where. I love you straightforwardly,
without complexities or pride; so I love you because I know no other way
than this: where I does not exist, nor you,
so close that your hand on my chest is my hand,
so close that your eyes close as I fall asleep.



From The Alchemist - Paulo Coelho

When he looked into her dark eyes, and saw that her lips were poised between a laugh and silence, he learned the most important part of the language that all the world spoke -- the language that everyone on earth was capable of understanding in their heart. It was love. Something older than humanity, more ancient than the desert. Something that exerted the same force whenever two pairs of eyes met, as had theirs here at the well. She smiled, and that was certainly an omen -- the omen he had been awaiting, without even knowing he was, for all his life. The omen he had sought to find with his sheep and in his books, in the crystals and in the silence of the desert.

It was the pure Language of the World. It required no explanation, just as the universe needs none as it travels through endless time. What the boy felt at that moment was that he was in the presence of the only woman in his life, and that, with no need for words, she recognized the same thing. He was more certain of it than of anything in the world. He had been told by his parents and grandparents that he must fall in love and really know a person before becoming committed. But maybe people who felt that way had never learned the universal language. Because, when you know that language, it's easy to understand that someone in the world awaits you, whether it's in the middle of the desert or in some great city. And when two such people encounter each other, and their eyes meet, the past and the future become unimportant. There is only that moment, and the incredible certainty that everything under the sun has been written by one hand only. It is the hand that evokes love, and creates a twin soul for every person in the world. Without such love, one's dreams would have no meaning.



A Mouthful of Forevers - Clementine von Radics

I am not the first person you loved.
You are not the first person I looked at with a mouthful of forevers.
We have both known loss like the sharp edges of a knife.
We have both lived with lips more scar tissue than skin.
Our love came unannounced in the middle of the night.
Our love came when we'd given up on asking love to come.
I think that has to be part of its miracle.

This is how we heal.
I will kiss you like forgiveness.
You will hold me like I'm hope.
Our arms will bandage and we will press promises between us like flowers in a book.
I will write sonnets to the salt of sweat on your skin.
I will write novels to the scar of your nose. I will write a dictionary of all the words I have used trying to describe the way it feels to have finally, finally found you.

And I will not be afraid of your scars.

I know sometimes it's still hard to let me see you in all your cracked perfection,
but please know:
whether it's the days you burn more brilliant than the sun or the nights you collapse into my lap your body broken into a thousand questions, you are the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

I will love you when you are a still day.

I will love you when you are a hurricane.



Poem by Bee Rawson

Love me when I'm old and shocking
Peel off my elastic stockings
Swing me from the chandeliers
Let's be randy bad old dears.

Push around my chromed Bath Chair
Let me tease your white chest hair
Scaring children, swapping dentures
Let us have some great adventures

Take me to the dogs and bingo
Teach me how to speak the lingo
Bone my eels and bring me tea
Show me how it's meant to be

Take me to your special places
Watching all the puzzled faces
You in shorts and socks and sandals
Me with warts and huge love-handles
As the need for love enthrals
Wrestle with my damp-proof smalls
Make me laugh without constraint
Buy me chocolate body paint
Hold me safe throughout the night
When my hair has turned to white
Believe me when I say it's true
I've waited all my life for you.



Somewhere - Linda Harnett

Oh to be standing on a beach somewhere,

With sand in our toes and the wind in our hair...

And only the sound of the seagulls on high on a beach somewhere, under a sunny blue sky.

The gentle caress of the waves on the shore

And you here beside me – could we ask for more?

A long pebbled beach that goes on forever

You, me and a beach, so happy together.



A Blessing

'May every desire you have for your love be fulfilled. May your vision clearly behold one another. May you hear each other most genuinely. And may you give of your endless generosity to nourish one another's hearts and sweetly keep the promises you make here today.'

I Need You – John Hegley

I need you like a novel needs a plot.

I need you like the greedy needs a lot.

I need you like a hovel needs a certain level of grottness to qualify.

I need you like acne cream needs spottiness.

Like a calendar needs a week.

Like a colander needs a leak.

Like people need to seek out what life on Mars is.

Like hospitals need vases.

I need you.

I need you like a zoo needs a giraffe.

I need you like a psycho needs a path.

I need you like King Arthur needed a table that was for more than just for one.

I need you like a kiwi needs a fruit.

I need you like a wee wee needs a route out of the body.

I need you like Noddy needed little ears, just for the contrast.

I need you like bone needs marrow.

I need you like straight needs narrow.

I need you like the broadest bean needs something else on the plate before it can participate in what you might describe as a decent meal.

I need you like a cappuccino needs froth.

I need you like a candle needs a moth if it's going to burn its wings off.



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Poem by Ogden Nash

To keep your marriage brimming,
With love in the loving cup,
Whenever you're wrong admit it;
Whenever you're right shut up.

A Lovely Love Story - Edward Monkton

The fierce Dinosaur was trapped inside his cage of ice.
Although it was cold he was happy in there. It was, after all, his cage.
Then along came the Lovely Other Dinosaur.
The Lovely Other Dinosaur melted the Dinosaur's cage with kind words and loving thoughts.
I like this Dinosaur thought the Lovely Other Dinosaur.
Although he is fierce he is also tender and he is funny.
He is also quite clever though I will not tell him this for now.
I like this Lovely Other Dinosaur, thought the Dinosaur.
She is beautiful and she is different and she smells so nice.
She is also a free spirit, which is a quality I much admire in a dinosaur.
But he can be so distant and so peculiar at times, thought the Lovely Other Dinosaur.
He is also overly fond of things.
Are all Dinosaurs so overly fond of things?
But her mind skips from here to there so quickly thought the Dinosaur.
She is also uncommonly keen on shopping.
Are all Lovely Other Dinosaurs so uncommonly keen on shopping?
I will forgive his peculiarity and his concern for things, thought the Lovely Other Dinosaur.
For they are part of what makes him a richly charactered individual.
I will forgive her skipping mind and her fondness for shopping, thought the Dinosaur.
For she fills our life with beautiful thoughts and wonderful surprises. Besides, I am not unkeen on shopping either.

Now the Dinosaur and the Lovely Other Dinosaur are old.
Look at them.
Together they stand on the hill telling each other stories and feeling the warmth of the sun on their backs.
And that, my friends, is how it is with love.
Let us all be Dinosaurs and Lovely Other Dinosaurs together.
For the sun is warm.
And the world is a beautiful place.

Poem- Anon

This day I married my best friend,
The one I laugh with as we share life's wondrous zest,
As we find new enjoyments and experience all that's best.
The one I live for because the world seems brighter
As our happy times are better and our burdens feel much lighter.
The one I love with every fibre of my soul.
We used to feel vaguely incomplete, now together we are whole.
I cannot promise you a life of sunshine;
I cannot promise riches, wealth, or gold;
I cannot promise you an easy pathway
That leads away from change or growing old.
But I can promise all my heart's devotion;
A smile to chase away your tears of sorrow;
A love that's ever true and ever growing;
A hand to hold in yours through each tomorrow.



Love to us means - adapted from a poem by ASJ Tessimond

Love to us means,
Something written in lighter ink,
Said in a lower tone, something perhaps especially our own.

A need at times to be together and talk,
And then the finding we can walk more firmly through dark narrow places,
And meet more easily nightmare faces.

A need to reach out, sometimes hand to hand,
And then find earth less like an alien land.

A need for alliance,
To defeat the whispers at the corner of the street.

A need for inns on roads, islands in seas, Halt for discoveries to be shared,
Maps checked, notes compared.

A need at times of each for each,
Direct as the need of throat and tongue for speech.

Union - Robert Fulgham

You have known each other from the first glance of acquaintance to this point of commitment.

At some point, you decided to marry.

From that moment of yes, to this moment of yes, indeed, you have been making commitments in an informal way.

All of those conversations that were held in a car, or over a meal, or during long walks – all those conversations that began with, "When we're married", and continued with "I will" and "you will" and "we will"

All those late night talks that included "Someday" and "Somehow" and "Maybe" - And all those promises that are unspoken matters of the heart.

All these common things, and more, are the real process of a wedding.

The symbolic vows that you are about to make are a way of saying to one another, "You know all those things that we've promised, and hoped, and dreamed – well, I meant it all, every word."

Shortly you shall say a few words that will take you across a threshold of life, and things between you will never quite be the same.

For after today you shall say to the world -

This is my husband. This is my wife.

I Wanna Be Yours - John Cooper Clarke

I wanna be your vacuum cleaner breathing in your dust
I wanna be your Ford Cortina
I will never rust

If you like your coffee hot let me be your coffee pot
You call the shots
I wanna be yours

I wanna be your raincoat for those frequent rainy days
I wanna be your dreamboat when you want to sail away
Let me be your teddy bear
take me with you anywhere
I don't care
I wanna be yours

I wanna be your electric meter
I will not run out
I wanna be the electric heater you'll get cold without
I wanna be your setting lotion hold your hair in deep devotion
Deep as the deep Atlantic ocean that's how deep is my devotion.

I wanna be yours.

The Station - Robert Hastings

Tucked away in our subconscious is an idyllic vision. We see ourselves on a long trip that spans the continent. We are travelling by train. Out of the windows, we drink in the passing scene of cars on nearby highways, of children waving at a crossing, of cattle grazing on a distant hillside, of smoke pouring from a power plant, of row upon row of corn and wheat, of flatlands and valleys, of mountains and rolling hillsides, of city skylines and village halls.

But uppermost in our minds is the final destination. On a certain day at a certain hour we will pull into the station. Bands will be playing and flags waving. Once we get there, so many wonderful dreams will come true and the pieces of our lives will fit together like a completed jigsaw puzzle. How restlessly we pace the aisles, damning the minutes for loitering – waiting, waiting, waiting for the station.

‘When we reach the station, that will be it!’ we cry. ‘When I’m 18.’ ‘When I buy a new 450SL Mercedes Benz!’ ‘When I put the last kid through college.’ ‘When I have paid off the mortgage!’ ‘When I get a promotion.’ ‘When I reach the age of retirement, I shall live happily ever after!’

Sooner or later we must realise that there is no station, no one place to arrive at once and for all. The true joy of life is the trip. The station is only a dream. It constantly out- distances us. ‘Relish the moment’ is a good motto. It isn’t the burdens of today that drive men mad, it’s the regrets over yesterday and the fear of tomorrow. Regret and fear are twin thieves who rob us of today.

So stop pacing the aisles and counting the minutes. Instead, climb more mountains, eat more icecream, go barefoot more often, swim more rivers, watch more sunsets, laugh more, cry less. Life must be lived as we go along. The station will come soon enough.

He/She Is Not Perfect, by Bob Marley

He's not perfect. You aren't either, and the two of you will never be perfect. But if he can make you laugh at least once, causes you to think twice, and if he admits to being human and making mistakes, hold onto him and give him the most you can. He isn't going to quote poetry, he's not thinking about you every moment, but he will give you a part of him that he knows you could break. Don't hurt him, don't change him, and don't expect for more than he can give. Don't analyse. Smile when he makes you happy, yell when he makes you mad, and miss him when he's not there. Love hard when there is love to be had. Because perfect guys don't exist, but there's always one guy that is perfect for you.

...and of course it goes both ways. Here's the same quote in reverse; also attributed to Bob Marley.

She's not perfect—you aren't either, and the two of you may never be perfect together but if she can make you laugh, cause you to think twice, and admit to being human and making mistakes, hold onto her and give her the most you can. She may not be thinking about you every second of the day, but she will give you a part of her that she knows you can break—her heart. So don't hurt her, don't change her, don't analyse and don't expect more than she can give. Smile when she makes you happy, let her know when she makes you mad, and miss her when she's not there. Love hard when there is love to be had. Because perfect women don't exist, but there's always one woman that is perfect for you.

Or, you may like to combine both these quotes into one reading that covers both parties, eg:

He's not perfect, but if he can make you laugh, cause you to think twice, and admit to being human and making mistakes, hold onto him and give him the most you can. She's not perfect either, and the two of you may never be perfect together. She may not be thinking about you every second of the day, but she will give you a part of her that she knows you can break—her heart. So don't hurt each other, don't change each other, don't analyse and don't expect more than each other can give. Smile when your beloved makes you happy, let them know when they make you mad, and miss them when they're not there. Love hard when there is love to be had. Because perfect people don't exist, but there's always one person that is perfect for you.



You can give without loving – Victor Hugo, from Les Miserables

You can give without loving but you can never love without giving. The great acts of love are done by those who are habitually performing small acts of kindness. We pardon to the extent that we love. Love is knowing that even when you are alone, you will never be truly alone again. And great happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved. Loved for ourselves. And even loved in spite of ourselves.

Extract from Amber Spyglass - Phillip Pullman

I will love you forever; whatever happens. Till I die and after I die, and when I find my way out of the land of the dead, I'll drift about forever, all my atoms, till I find you again... I'll be looking for you, every moment, every single moment. And when we do find each other again, we'll cling together so tight that nothing and no one'll ever tear us apart. Every atom of me and every atom of you... we'll live in birds and flowers and dragonflies and pine trees and in clouds and in those little specks of light you see floating in sunbeams... and when they use our atoms to make new lives, they won't just be able to take one, they'll have to take two, one of you and one of me, we'll be joined so tight...

All I Know About Love, Neil Gaiman

This is everything I have to tell you about love: nothing.
This is everything I've learned about marriage: nothing.

Only that the world out there is complicated,
and there are beasts in the night, and delight and pain,
and the only thing that makes it okay, sometimes,
is to reach out a hand in the darkness and find another hand to squeeze,
and not to be alone.

It's not the kisses, or never just the kisses: it's what they mean.
Somebody's got your back.
Somebody knows your worst self and somehow doesn't want to rescue you
or send for the army to rescue them.

It's not two broken halves becoming one.
It's the light from a distant lighthouse bringing you both safely home
because home is wherever you are both together.

So this is everything I have to tell you about love and marriage: nothing,
like a book without pages or a forest without trees.

Because there are things you cannot know before you experience them.
Because no study can prepare you for the joys or the trials.
Because nobody else's love, nobody else's marriage, is like yours,
and it's a road you can only learn by walking it,
a dance you cannot be taught,
a song that did not exist before you began, together, to sing.

And because in the darkness you will reach out a hand,
not knowing for certain if someone else is even there.
And your hands will meet,
and then neither of you will ever need to be alone again.

And that's all I know about love.



Yes, I'll Marry You – Pam Ayres

Yes, I'll marry you, my dear,
And here's the reason why;
So I can push you out of bed
When the baby starts to cry,
And if we hear a knocking
And it's creepy and it's late,
I hand you the torch, you see,
And you investigate.

Yes I'll marry you, my dear,
You may not apprehend it,
But when the tumble-drier goes
It's you that has to mend it,
You have to face the neighbour
Should our labrador attack him,
And if a drunkard fondles me
It's you that has to whack him.

Yes, I'll marry you,
You're virile and you're lean,
My house is like a pigsty
You can help to keep it clean.
That sexy little dinner
Which you served by candlelight,
As I do chipolatas,
You can cook it every night!

It's you who has to work the drill
and put up curtain track,
And when I've got PMT it's you who gets the flak,
I do see great advantages,
But none of them for you,
And so before you see the light,
I do, I do, I do!



He Never Leaves The Seat Up – Anon

He never leaves the seat up
Or wet towels upon the floor
The toothpaste has the lid on
And he always shuts the door!

She's very clean and tidy
Though she may sometimes delude
Leave your things out at your peril
In a second they'll have moved!

He's a very active person
As are all his next of kin
Whereas she likes lazy days
He'll still drag her to the gym!

He romances her and dines her
Home cooked dinners and the like
He even knows her favourite food
And spoils her day and night!

She's thoughtful when he looks at her
A smile upon his face
Will he look that good in 50 years
When his dentures aren't in place?!

(Contd....)



He says he loves her figure
And her mental prowess too
But when gravity takes her over
Will she charm with her IQ?

She says she loves his kindness
And his patience is a must
And of course she thinks he's handsome
Which in her eyes is a plus!

They're both not wholly perfect
But who are we to judge
He can be pig headed
Whereas she won't even budge!

All that said and done
They love the time they spent together
And I hope as I'm sure you do
That this fine day will last forever.

He'll be more than just her husband
He'll also be her friend
And she'll be more than just his wife
She's be his soul mate – till the end

To My Valentine – Ogden Nash

More than a catbird hates a cat,
Or a criminal hates a clue,
Or the Axis hates the United States,
That's how much I love you.

I love you more than a duck can swim,
And more than a grapefruit squirts,
I love you more than a gin rummy is a bore,
And more than a toothache hurts.

As a shipwrecked sailor hates the sea,
Or a juggler hates a shove,
As a hostess detests unexpected guests,
That's how much you I love.

I love you more than a wasp can sting,
And more than the subway jerks,
I love you as much as a beggar needs a crutch,
And more than a hangnail irks.

I swear to you by the stars above,
And below, if such there be,
As the High Court loathes perjurious oaths,
That's how you're loved by me.

Marriage – Anon

Marriage is about giving and taking
And forging and forsaking
Kissing and loving and pushing and shoving
Caring and sharing and screaming and swearing

About being together whatever the weather
About being driven to the end of your tether
About sweetness and kindness
And wisdom and blindness

It's about being strong when you're feeling quite weak
It's about saying nothing when you're dying to speak
It's about being wrong when you know you are right
It's about giving in, before there's a fight
It's about you two living as cheaply as one
(you can give us a call if you know how that's done!)

Never heeding advice that was always well meant
Never counting the cost until it's all spent
And for you two today it's about to begin
And for all that the two of you had to put in
Some days filled with joy, and some days with sadness
Too late you'll discover that marriage is madness.

Grow Old With You – The Wedding Singer

I wanna make you smile whenever you're sad
Carry you around when your arthritis is bad
All I wanna do is grow old with you

I'll get your medicine when your tummy aches
Build you a fire if the furnace breaks
Oh, it could be so nice, growing old with you

I'll miss you
Kiss you
Give you my coat when you are cold

Need you
Feed you
Even let you hold the remote control

So let me do the dishes in our kitchen sink
Put you to bed when you've had too much to drink
Oh, I could be the man who grows old with you
I wanna grow old with you

1 Corinthians, Chapter 13, Verse 1-13

The Way of Love

If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. If I give away all I have, and if I deliver up my body to be burned, but have not love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient and kind; love does not envy or boast; it is not arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice at wrongdoing, but rejoices with the truth. Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never ends. As for prophecies, they will pass away; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will pass away. For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when the perfect comes, the partial will pass away. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I gave up childish ways. For now we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I have been fully known.

So now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

Extract from Everything I Know About Love, by Dolly Alderton

I know that love can be loud and jubilant...It can be dancing in the swampy mud and the pouring rain at a festival and shouting "YOU ARE AMAZING" over the band.

It's introducing them to your colleagues and basking in pride as they make people laugh and make you look lovable just by dint of being loved by them.

It's laughing until you wheeze.

It's waking up in a country neither of you have been in before.

It's skinny-dipping at dawn. It's walking along the street together on a Saturday night and feeling an entire city is yours.

It's a big, beautiful, ebullient force of nature.

I also know that love is a pretty quiet thing.

It's lying on the sofa together drinking tea, talking about where you're going to go and drink more tea that morning.

It's hanging up their laundry when they leave the house having moronically forgotten to take it out of the washing machine.

It's saying 'You're safer here than in a car' as they hyperventilate on an EasyJet flight.

It's the texts: 'Hope your day goes well', 'How did today go?', 'Thinking of you today' and 'Picked up loo roll'.

I know that love happens under the splendour of moon and stars and fireworks and sunsets but it also happens when you're lying on blow-up airbeds in a childhood bedroom, sitting in A&E or in the queue for a passport, or in a traffic jam.

Love is a quiet, reassuring, relaxing, pottering, pedantic, harmonious hum of a thing; something you can easily forget is there, even though its palms are outstretched beneath you in case you fall.

A poem to remember loved ones

On this special day we remember that loved ones are missing today,
Ones our hearts hold on to,
As we travel along life's way,
Loved ones who made life so special,
For all those who gather here,
Ones who won't be forgotten
But cherished from year to year.
And now as we pause to remember,
Let us all fondly recall,
How dearly each of us loved them,
And oh... how they loved us all!

Although we cannot see you,
We know that you are here.
We feel the warmth of your smile,
And can sense that you are near.
We want you for you to know,
Your love is still our guide,
Memories carried in our hearts,
You are always by our side.
It's so sad you will not be here,
On the day that (insert names) say I do
And so they say their vows today
In loving memory of you.

The Art of Marriage, by Wilferd Arlan Peterson

Happiness in marriage is not something that just happens.

A good marriage must be created. In marriage, the little things are the big things.

It is never being too old to hold hands. It is remembering to say, "I love you" at least once a day.

It is never going to sleep angry.

It is at no time taking the other for granted; the courtship should not end with the honeymoon, it should continue through all the years.

It is having a mutual sense of values and common objectives.

It is standing together facing the world.

It is forming a circle of love that gathers in the whole family.

It is doing things for each other, not in the attitude of duty or sacrifice, but in the spirit of joy.

It is speaking words of appreciation, and demonstrating gratitude in thoughtful ways.

It is not expecting the husband to wear a halo or the wife to have the wings of an angel.

It is not looking for perfection in each other.

It is cultivating flexibility, patience, understanding and a sense of humour.

It is having the capacity to forgive and forget.

It is giving each other an atmosphere in which each can grow.

It is finding room for the things of the Spirit.

It is a common search for the good and the beautiful.

It is establishing a relationship in which the independence is equal, dependence is mutual, and the obligation is reciprocal.

It is not only marrying the right partner, it is being the right partner.

This is The Art of Marriage.