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# Some Tastes Never Change

By Catherine Roscoe Barr

Remembering my wedding, 10 years later, elicits both smiles and cringes. It's funny to think how much things have changed since then.

I was only 21 and living in small-town Alberta when I got engaged, and the pages of my wedding album document some laughable scenarios, as well as curious events.

One of the first in my group of friends to be married, I met my husband back in the seventh grade, within the walls of Montrose Junior High School in Grande Prairie, Alberta.

We were sweet on each other and even shared a communal date, watching *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves* when it first hit theatres, where we awkwardly held hands and were met with jealous giggles from my girlfriends.

But at the end of that school year, his family moved a thousand kilometres away to Lethbridge and that was the last I heard of him until four years later.

My family moved to Montana when I was in Grade 11 and towards the end of that year, I learned we were moving again. As we pulled up to the last stop on a tour of Lethbridge's high schools, I was furious that I had to start all over again. But just as my parents and I entered the school, the intercom blared a single message: Could my former crush please come to the office. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all, I thought.

Excited and nervous, I waited at the office door and spied a much larger

version of the boy I remembered walking towards me. I flung my arms around him and, as I released my grip, looked up to see a baffled expression. I stammered a series of identifying facts until recognition registered on his face at last.

Always the strong, silent type, he didn't even ask me on a date until my second semester at the University of Lethbridge. Three years later, on bended knee, he asked me if I'd like to spend the rest of my life as his wife. I certainly did.

My wedding was basically the first one I'd ever been to, and my mother wasn't a source of know-how either because my parents were married by my maternal grandfather, the United Church minister, in their living room. Desperately needing help, we enlisted the services of a wedding planner.

The first thing we set out to secure was a photographer. We checked out the top photographers in town and, new to the wedding game, were aghast at their prices. Our wedding planner suggested her best friend, who turned out to be a talented photographer with excellent rates. She also had a mullet, wore '80s-style Hammer pants and, despite taking many cherished photos, orchestrated a number of cheesy poses (the series of my husband lying on his side in the grass with one hand behind his head never fails to make me guffaw).


One of the next tasks to cross off our list was ordering flowers. I gathered images of tightly packed rose bouquets from my trunk of wedding magazines and off I went, examples in hand, to my local Safeway florist. Despite completing a neuroscience degree the week before my wedding, my understanding of reverse psychology escaped me and my repeated reminders not to include any carnations, filler greens or baby's breath (which were all proudly displayed around the counter) resulted in loads of carnations, filler greens and baby's breath. The horror!

At the time, neither my nor my husband's family were wine drinkers, so we reasoned that choosing a white zinfandel for the reception dinner was the perfect compromise for red wine and white wine fans alike. In retrospect, and as an enthusiastic wine lover today, I can barely describe how hysterical that choice makes me feel.

I could go on about the cringe-worthy happenings on our wedding day, but there were many, many wonderful moments too. We were surrounded by the most important people in our world, and we felt their blessing and support as we promised to love each other for better or for worse until death do us part.

We made our exit that night, dashing through two lines of sparkler-waving guests bidding us farewell. One of my favourite photos shows my smiling husband proudly leading me through the crowd.

Two days later we moved to Toronto to begin our new life together, a life that has seen us move to Sydney and Vancouver with many stops in between, developing new passions and refining our tastes along the way.

As many of our friends embark on their first (or second) marriages, we sometimes think about how differently we'd plan our own wedding today. But two things remain unchanged: our ability to take laughable scenarios and curious events in stride, and the fact that we're still sweet on each other 20 years after our very first date. 

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