

Heather
LAMPE

Engaging conversations

Wedding bells leave ears ringing



Don't bother trying to call me. My phone is going to be off the hook for a few months. I've decided to become a hermit until next summer.

It may sound a little rash, but for the sake of my sanity it has to be done. I can't take the prenuptial hell anymore. If I have to see one more bridal magazine, I may need to be prescribed Lithium.

One should really be happy for their friends when they become engaged, and I am. Really, I am. But something strange overcomes a woman who is planning a wedding—a sort of unexplained matrimonial fever that persists from the day of engagement 'til the day of wedded bliss.

Unfortunately, my friends have contracted the fever. They've lost the will to converse about anything other than taffeta and lace. I recently spent two hours on the phone discussing the pros and cons of gold embossed invitations.

They carry around scraps of fabric and pictures of their bridesmaid's dresses in their purses. They're much like parents of young children who incessantly get out photos to show anyone who happens to be standing around.

"Would you like to see the dresses I'm going to have for my bridesmaids?"

"No, that's OK. I'll wait and be surprised at the wedding."

"No, really you must see them. Don't you just love the bodice? Look I have the fabric with me too! Touch it, it's so lovely ... I said touch it dammit!!"

It's become a little game with me. If I have to succumb to forum discussions about the high price of unity candles, I should at least get to have a little fun with them.

"Gee, I don't know if you want to send gold embossed invitations. They just seem to scream out gaudy. I'm getting flashes of my aunt Gladys."

"Oh, oh, you're right. I thought they would be elegant, but I see your

don't know me, but I notice from your shopping cart that you share my love of pork rinds. Could I persuade you to come?"

On top of having to endure endless hours of talk about reception centerpieces and the perfect champagne flutes to toast with, I also get to look forward to being in the weddings and wearing the lovely attendant's dresses.

I will admit, my friends do have good taste. The dresses they choose for the bridesmaids and attendants are beautiful. There isn't a lime green or fuchsia dress among them. And unlike other bridesmaids dresses I've seen, the material doesn't look the least bit flammable.

But with beauty comes price. And if you know anything about wedding traditions, the bridesmaids pay for their own dresses. My friends have tried to cushion the fiscal blows by telling me that I will be able to wear the dresses later. The only way I would ever have the opportunity to wear these dresses again would be if Vanna White needed me to fill in on "Wheel of Fortune."

The people I feel truly sorry for are the husbands-to-be. I can lock my doors and disconnect my phone, but they can't avoid their fiancées. I'm convinced that men must have some sort of hormone that lets them block out useless noise. This is the only way these couples could ever end up getting married. Without this hormone, the men would pack up their bags and move to Mexico.

I want to end this column by letting my friends know that even though my ears bleed when I'm forced to hear the Lionel Richie songs that will be sung at their weddings, I do support them in their quest for the perfect nuptials.

And for my friend who called last night and wanted advice on hors d'oeuvres, I say forget the liver pate and shrimp. Go with the beenie weenies. Trust me, guests love beenie weenies.

Lampe is a senior news-editorial and English major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

“*Something strange overcomes a woman who is planning a wedding—a sort of unexplained matrimonial fever that persists from the day of engagement 'til the day of wedded bliss.*”

point. How about simple calligraphy hand-printed inside with a lovely wax seal on the outside? I saw it on the Martha Stewart show.”

“Oh no, honey, that just screams poor. You might as well go to Kmart and get the \$3 packaged ones if you're going to do that.”

She begins weeping uncontrollably.

Maybe I just don't understand. I'm already married, but I had a small intimate gathering of family and friends. One friend of mine is inviting 800 people to her wedding. I don't even know 800 people. I'd have to go around inviting strangers to the wedding to even come close to hitting the capacity of the church.

“Excuse me, but I'm getting married in a month, and I know you

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