

# Wedding Bell Blues

## Or How to Throw the Perfect Buddhist Lesbian Nuptials

By Jennie Webb



In my opinion, it's unavoidable. Inescapable. The investment in nuptial rituals is the inalienable burden of all women, no matter how old we are or who we're marrying or why we're doing it. The women I know take these things very seriously, dammit. Especially if we're not the ones getting married.

The particular rituals I'm talking about here have nothing to do with rings or vows or—god forbid—bridesmaids. No, when it comes to weddings, we're hip to what really counts: throwing the best, most beautiful, loveliest party ever. A fun-filled, post-ceremonial bash that everyone talks about afterwards. An event so fabulous that no one dares use the word "reception."

"You girls have created a monster," my friend Katherine tells me, rolling her eyes dramatically. "Darla comes home now and talks about linens!" Our friends Katherine and Darla are getting married after 10 years together, to commemorate the anniversary of their private ring-exchange in Ireland. ("It was just us and the sheep.") This time it's a public Buddhist commitment ceremony, followed by a blowout of major proportions. So major, Katherine confides, "Our parents are coming!"

All of which means that we're collectively dealing with two stressed-out Buddhist lesbian brides. And honestly, I don't know if they could have done it without us.

The way it began was a casual mention slipped into a phone conversation: "Oh. We told you about our

wedding, right? It's in a couple of months and you're invited. Where should we have the party?" I was stunned. Who did they think they were, maintaining such a healthy tranquility? Never mind that the proceedings would be groom-free, didn't they know they should be Valium-dependent by now? Something had to be done. We have standards. And sorry, ladies—pizza and a boom box weren't going to cut it.

I'm not saying we've completely taken over the event. I've listened to their must-haves: smashing cake in each others' faces and dancing to Tammy Wynette. As for the rest, with a little help the now-frantic Darla has stepped up to the party-planning plate in remarkable fashion. The hall has been reserved, caterer selected, menu chosen, band booked, photographer arranged, and bartenders are at the ready.

But the final touches are all ours. "Colors? We don't really care," says Darla. "I mean, we love beauty when we see it," and she pauses and nervously giggles. "It's just that we're not very good at making it happen!"

So my girlfriends and I are forcing flowers on them (but not making anyone wear a corsage). We'll take care of the cake, and, yes, female couples from *Xena, Warrior Princess* and *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* will make excellent toppers; the more the merrier. Sure, we can allow paper napkins, but as far as tablecloths are concerned . . .

I'm opening a bottle of wine and going over linen options even as we speak. It's going to be one terrific and gorgeous party. They can relax after it's over. ■

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