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I Did

By: Sarah Sutherland

I stood in the parlor and witnessed my first miracle. There were so many people in one tiny home that I swore the walls were expanding just to keep the party inside. This was no reception; this was a festival. The aroma of scratch recipes, the hum of drunken voices, and the scratching draw of a fiddle made the air romantic. Everyone was in love. Guitars shouted.

The rafters were lighted with what looked like decorations from last year's Christmas. This was a modest attempt to transfigure an ordinary room into a hall fit to dance in. Yet the beauty of this whimsy spoke the truth: this wedding was planned in a week's time. However, the family didn't even notice.

Children ran, women laughed, men played in their own band, and the old sat and watched with eyes charmed with crow's footprints. There was laughing, there was kissing, there was drinking, there was playing, there was eating. Wood floors creaked under the weight of our joy.

Autumn makes people need to find their own reason to celebrate. This night in October was about the young couple the neighborhood watched grow from toddlers to one soul tied into matrimony and bound by the blessing of God.

The groom held his bride and spun in slow circles in the middle of what, under normal circumstances, was the living room. The bride floated above a family carpet. Her countenance told the guest, "Everything is okay." There were no tables or chairs besides the stairs that lead to the upper level of the home. I liked it, a wedding with no seating arrangements.

We were all arranged by grace, under one roof, for one night, and for one purpose: To love one another.