



Wedding Bells



*Well.....she's amenable, very sociable, she makes and keeps friends easily,
she still has friends from her days at Asda and her time at both Universities.
She loves Harry Potter, and riding horses, she's been riding since she was six -
she's broken bones, umpteen times, but came back for more when they were fixed.
Whilst on a trek, she happened to break, her elbow in three separate places
but she got back on her horse, and of course, she rode it back to their location*

*She was a Daddy's girl, a tomboy, doing all the things that boys would do,
and if it was dangerous and dirty messy then all the better for you know who.
Oh, she can be crabbit, and has a habit, for being stubborn and dramatic, occasionally.
She talks a lot, quiet she is not, she has a killer look which means go warily.
and when she is emotional, she is confessional, and all her guilt comes pouring out
not just about her, but stories about her sisters, that she seems to need to spout.*

*She likes her music, and the cinema and a visit to the theatre,
she isn't a 'clubber', but I'm starting to wonder, for on her hen trip no-one could beat her.
And anyone watching her was bound to wonder - can she really be a secondary teacher?
But, hey, I wouldn't be the one to tell her or question her demeanour!
Because this is Monica, personified, my beautiful, middle daughter,
And I wouldn't change my girl, for the worldand today I have been so proud to escort her.*

*As I said, Monica, is my in between daughter ,she was born a year after Vicky.
Now Vicky was a good baby but, on the contrary, Monica made life tricky.
And because Vicky was so well behaved, we thought we were good parents, naturally
but this one cried all day and night and our patience was tested to its full capacity!
As she got older, we could plainly see that she was smart and very able
and soon her nursery teachers were telling us that she had exceeded their level.*

*She was given dispensation from The Education Authority to start primary school a year early
So Monica began school when she was four - which happens quite rarely.
This meant that she was always going to be the youngest pupil in the class
but that didn't seem to make a difference for when she sat exams, she always passed.
As they grew up, in primary school, the two girls were great chums
although Vicky could wind up Monica, who got the blame whilst she kept shtum.*

*Monica and Jason first made contact at Cumbernauld High when they were both thirteen
and she took a shine to him when he looked after her when school bullies came on the scene.
Actually, thirteen was an age I remember well but for all the wrong reasons -
I had arranged a birthday party for Monica but had to cancel it despite her pleadings.
She had an argument with her teacher, who reported the incident to me right away,
and I took the teacher's word instead of Monica's (but we had the party the very next day)*

*As you might surmise, Monica, being wise, planned to go to University.
At first, she wanted to be a teacher or a lawyer but teaching it was to be.
She got her degree, with honours, from Caledonia University, in Glasgow
but she wanted to be a secondary teacher and for that it was Aberdeen she had to go.
Her year there was difficult, she missed Jason and her family, and there was, often, some drama -
more than once, I saw her onto the bus on a Sunday night in a tearful trauma.*

*I had to use my powers of persuasion and often resorted to the Nike motto - 'just do it'
for she had worked so hard, to get this far and I didn't want her to lose it.
She had sacrificed and paid her way by working at Asda four days a week
but with this extra year, it was clear, the foundations were beginning to creek.
She would phone me at all hours of the night and was never one to minimise a situation,
One time she called 'I'm being sick, you need to hold my hair' - well, there's no answer to that exclamation!*

*Monica, being a schoolteacher, you may think that she's always in control, and quite smart
But this wee story, won't bore you. She was driving me to the airport - it was raining and very dark -
she skidded at a bend, suddenly the car's rear end, was playing pinball with the crash barriers,
the car was a write off, the police arrived, I was just relieved it wasn't nastier
Then Monica suddenly shouted, 'My Dad's in the back,' the policemen thought this could be messy, maybe
'It's ok it's his ashes', she said, 'he goes everywhere with me - we call him Dusty Davy!'*





*The first time I met Jason he was a young teenager when he knocked on my door,
he mumbled something about Monica, but I didn't listen to any more.
She had been grounded - just for a change - and I wasn't in a receptive mood
so, I slammed it shut and he must have thought, he had said something rather rude.
I passed that off as an incident, one very quickly to be forgotten
and it wouldn't surprise me if Monica told Jason, 'Oh that was my mother just being rotten'*

*So, fast forward a few more years now the year is two thousand and eleven
It's Monica's 21st, Jason's at the party, but he's feeling far from pleasant.
Rumour has it when he saw Monica on the dance floor with another guy
he looked on longingly, a little hopelessly, with a tear in his eye.
But Cupid's bow, as we all know, can fire arrows straight to the heart
and Jason's arrow hit directly and since then they've never been apart.*

*The second occasion I met Jason was slightly longer than the first
It was at my father's funeral and he was a little peripheral, until he began to quench his thirst
Now Jason's no monk and he got rather drunk, not the best way to curry favour
but he was quite amusing, despite his imbuing, and at the meal we all had later
he started to grow on me, he might have thought he was owing me, but I decided to hold my tongue
for it was patently obvious, that for Jason and Monica, a fine romance had begun.*

*On one of their first dates out together Jason learned just how Monica's mind works -
best to understand her, not to take her for granted, because you have to earn her trust.
At the restaurant they went to, Monica being Monica, wouldn't trust the waiter with her jacket,
this embarrassed Jason, who probably wondered, if this is love then I might not hack it!
But opposite attract, or so they say, and these two here are chalk and cheese -
where Monica frets and worries, Jason is laid back, always completely at ease.*

*He may be laid back, but he can be dangerous as Coral, here, will testify,
because on one occasion, when babysitting her with Monica, he swiped and let fly
and the baseball bat that he was holding cracked her flush upon her nose,
down she went, blood flowing everywhere, gushing like a hose.
Jason was mortified - he explained they were playing and he didn't mean to act like that -
it wasn't Coral he was trying to hit, but Monica..... but she ducked as he swung the bat!*

*Jason's a painter and decorator which comes in handy, when they decorate their house -
Monica picks the wallpaper, Jason does the papering, but a few weeks later when she's out
he rips the paper from the wall - he never fancies Monica's taste,
he usually makes an excuse, and lets her deduce, that she probably chose it in some haste.
And he's dedicated, just like Monica, but Jason's dedication is not quite the same -
he's a fan of Jack Daniels and loves getting his pals in to watch the boxing or a football game.*

*Now this brings me to a question - can you tell a man by how he pees?
because I know someone who can do this, and she doesn't even need to see!
When the boys are over and start drinking and have to pay some visits to the loo
Monica can presume, from her adjacent bedroom, when they're peeing, just who is who!
So, to solve this problem, indeed it's probably seldom, you'll have heard toileting described in this light
Jason's building a bar and toilet downstairs, so they don't disturb our Monica on these nights.*

*Next time Jason knocked our door, not like before, I didn't slam it in his face
he was a bit older and a little bolder, and I met him with good grace
He handed me a note, cleared his throat, and said 'sorry I'm not good with words,
I had to write it all down, not sure how it sounds, I'd better let you read it first.'
He said I was a brilliant Mum, that he loved Monica, and he was asking me in place of her Dad
could he have my daughter's hand in marriage and it touched me dearly when he said all that!*

*Everyone here today, especially all of you who know us very well
know that we're a really close family and I hope that you can tell.
We all meet for dinner every week, and we're always on the phone
and being here today at Seamill takes me back to when the girls were young.
We'd stay at the caravan at Saltcoats and later we would come here some weekends
and we'd watch the weddings on the lawn and now we're here ourselves, dear friends.*

*And friends you are and, as I'm standing here, I am looking out at a lovely sight -
everyone looks so beautiful, but can I ask for a moment, if I might?
I would like to say a special word to Jason because today I'm a very proud Mum,
Jason, I have three beautiful daughters and now I am so grateful to have a handsome son.
Good luck to you, and may good health and happiness on you both dwell
Congratulation Jason and Monica..... the new Mr & Mrs Bell!*

