

An Alternative Blessing

(Read at Wedding Reception)

An Essex girl deserves a Hornchurch wedding;
An Essex girl has nothing but the best:
Pete in his whistle,
Nik' in *that* dress:
It's about bleedin' time that their union was blessed!

Nine years together –
And they hit a mid-life crisis;
Some have breakdowns, mad affairs
Or take up filthy vices;
Others sod off travelling
And fritter all their cash
On fanciful frivolities;
Fast cars; designer novelties
All sorts of silly jollities –
Anything that's flash...

“But what did they think they were doing –
Going all legit? –
Not drawn up a pre-nup – and none of that shit!
For Pete's sake – they've lost it -
They must be bewitched!
You *what* – tied the knot?!
Those two... Hitched?”

When Pete descended on one bended knee,
Nikki went red, said:
“Please don't go down on me here, dear!”
In New London Restaurant,
He'd planned a cunning stunt –
But the cork popped – along with the question
At the very suggestion;
All over his front:
What a Brut!

A sort-of thought-of kind of thing
Saw a trip to the market - an antique ring –
A fine bit of bling for a fiancée,
In lieu of the do that they're doing today...
So now, to the vow that should've been said
In a less-than-traditional way to be wed.

(Mimicking Vicar/Celebrant)

“We are gathered her today to celebrate the joining together of
Peter and Nicola in holy matrimony;
Skip the bit about just cause or impediment
And cut to the first dance:
Put your hand down Ryan:
You had your chance!

So...

“Nikki,
Will you take this multi-storey Tory,
World of Warcraft,
Clash of Clans, *Def Leppard*-loving
Hammers fan to be your awful wedded
Gary Barlow substitute man,
He, who always orders three plain cheeseburgers,
Large fries
Eight chicken nuggets
And a diet coke from *McDonalds*
Who swings from romantic to pedantic
In awe of team formation;
The proper chopping of onions;
The critical distinction between medium and fine –
And the optimal drinking temperature
For various varieties of chilled white wine?”

(Nikki says Yes)

“Pete,
Will you take this super social socialist – ‘Nik’
This lovely, lefty hippy chick
So crap with a map she gets lost in a straight line –
This divine, wicked paradox;
This red-hot fox;
This rabble-rousing, shot sinking,
Play-loving playwright;
This Lady – addicted to *Britain’s Top Model*
(Which you think is “twaddle” – but then,
You’re hooked on *Desperate Housewives* –
 “For its intricate plot” - (You *what?!*)
This marathon-running, rave-loving, dancing maid;
This russet-haired renegade,
To serenade, for the next decade
And until you’re decrepit, deceased and decayed?”

(Pete says Yes)

Congratulations to husband and wife –
You’re guilty of marriage -
Your sentence is life!