

The Gathering and Welcome

Diarmuid Maguire

Entrance of the Wedding Party, Groom and Bride

Opening Remarks

First Reading

“Lines Written for a Thirtieth Wedding Anniversary”

by Eavan Boland

Read by Rose De Coverley

Somewhere up in the eaves it began:
high in the roof – in a sort of vault,
between the slates and the gutter – a small leak.
Through it, rain which came from the east,
in from the lights and foghorns of the coast –
water with a ghost of ocean salt in it –
spilled down on the path below.

Over and over and over
years stone began to alter,
its grain searched out, worn in:
granite rounding down, giving way
taking into its own inertia that
information water brought, of ships,
wings, fog and phosphor in the harbour.

It happened under our lives: the rain,
the stone. We hardly noticed.
Now this is the day to think of it, to wonder:
all those years, all those years together –
the stars in a frozen arc overhead,
the quick noise of a thaw in the air,
the blue stare of the hills – through it all
this constancy: what wears, what endures.

Second Reading
"Marriage Is Like A Devonshire Lane"

Read by Julien Renaud

In a Devonshire Lane, as I trotted along
T'other day, much in want of a subject for song,
Thinks I to myself, I have hit on a strain;
Sure marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.

In the first place 'tis long, and once you are in it,
It holds you so fast as a cage does a linnet;
For howe'er rough and dirty the road may be found,
Drive forward you must for there's no turning round.

But though 'tis so long, it is not very wide;
For two are the most that together can ride;
And e'en then, 'tis a chance but they get in a pother,
And jostle and cross and run foul of each other.

Oft poverty greets them with mendicant looks,
And care pushes by them o'erladen with crooks;
And strife's grazing wheels try between them to pass,
And stubbornness blocks up the way on her ass.

Then the banks are so high, to the left hand and right,
That they shut up the beauties around them from sight;
And hence you'll allow 'tis an inference plain,
That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

But, thinks I too, these banks within which we are pent,
With bud, blossom and berry, are richly besprent;
And the conjugal fence, which forbids us to roam
Looks lovely when decked with the comforts of home.

In the rock's gloomy crevice the bright holly grows,
The ivy waves fresh o'er the withering rose;
And the evergreen love of a virtuous wife
Sooths the roughness of care, cheers the winter of life.

Then long be the journey and narrow the way,
I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to pay;
And what e'er others say, be the last to complain
Though marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

The Address

The Blessings

Laughter, happiness and friendship

Read by Aisling Maher

May your home be filled with laughter,
May your pockets be filled with gold,
And may you have all the happiness,
Your young hearts can hold.

May your blessings outnumber,
The Shamrocks that grow,
And may trouble avoid you,
Wherever you go.

May luck be a friend to you,
And be with you in all your days,
And may trouble be to you,
A stranger, always

Love

Read by Richa Ghai Chauhan

May you be blessed with love.
May your admiration, appreciation and understanding of each other
Foster a love that is passionate, tranquil and real.
May this love between you be strong and enduring
And bring peace into your lives.

Luck and Good Fortune

Read by George Oakley

May the road rise to meet you
May the wind be always at your back
May the warm rays of sun fall upon your home
And may the hand of a friend always be near.

May green be the grass you walk on,
May blue be the skies above you,
May pure be the joys that surround you,
May true be the hearts that love you.

Counting your Blessings

Read by Jean Bauler

Count your blessings instead of your crosses,
Count your gains instead of your losses.

Count your joys instead of your woes,
Count your friends instead of your foes.

Count your smiles instead of your tears,
Count your courage instead of your fears.

Count your full years instead of your lean,
Count your kind deeds instead of your mean.

Count your health instead of your wealth,
Love your neighbour as much as yourself

The Vows

The Exchange of Rings

The Handfasting Ceremony

The Pronouncement – WooHoo!

Recessional

Time to Party!