

# ORDER OF THE DAY

**2 pm**

THE CEREMONY

**3pm**

THE RECEPTION

**5.30pm**

SPEECHES

**6pm**

DINNER SERVICE

**9.30pm**

FIRST DANCE AND EVENING ENTERTAINMENT

**11pm**

EVENING BUFFET

**4am**

CARRIAGES

# CEREMONY READINGS

## Everything I know about love

By Dolly Alderton

I know that love can be loud and jubilant.. It can be dancing in the swampy mud and pouring rain at a festival and shouting YOU ARE AMAZING over the band. It's introducing them to your colleagues at a work event and basking in pride as they make people laugh and make you look lovable just by dint of being in love with them.

It's laughing until you wheeze.

It's waking up in a country neither of you have been in before.

It's skinny dipping at dawn.

It's walking down the street together on a saturday night and feeling the entire city is yours.

It's a big, beautiful, ebullient force of nature.

I also know that love is a pretty quiet thing.

It's lying on the sofa together drinking coffee, talking about where you're going to go that morning to drink more coffee.

It's folding down pages of books you'd think they'd find interesting.

It's hanging up their laundry when they leave the house having moronically forgotten to take it out of the washing machine.

It's saying "you're safer here than in a car" as they hyperventilate on an easyjet flight to Dublin.

It's the texts "Hope your day goes well", "how did today go?", "Thinking of you today", and "picked up loo roll".

I know that love happens under the splendour of moon and stars and fireworks and sunsets but it also happens when you're lying on blow up airbeds in a childhood bedroom, sitting in A&E or in the queue for a passport, or in a traffic jam.

Love is a quiet, reassuring, relaxing, pottering, pedantic, harmonious hum of a thing; something you can easily forget is there, even though its palms are outstretched beneath you in case you fall.

# CEREMONY READINGS

## Union

By Robert Fulghum

You have known each other from first glance of acquaintance to this point of commitment. At some point, you decided to marry. From that moment of yes, to this moment of yes, indeed, you have been making commitments in an informal way.

All of those conversations that were held in a car, or over a meal, or during long walks - all those conversations that began with "When we're married" and continue with "I will" and "you will" and "we will".

All those late night talks that included "some day" and "somehow" and "maybe".

And all those promises that are unspoken matters of the heart.

All these common things, and more, are the real process of a wedding.

The symbolic vows that you are about to make are a way of saying to one another "You know all those things that we've promised, and hoped, and dreamed - well I meant it all, every word."

Look at one another and remember this moment in time. You have been many things to one another - acquaintance, friend, companion, lover, dancing partner, even teacher, for you have learned so much from one another these past few years. Shortly you shall say a few words that will take you across a threshold of life, and things between you will never quite be the same.

For after today you shall say to the world - This is my husband. This is my wife.



# THE BRIDAL PARTY

**Maid of Honour**  
Serena Fernandes

**Best Men**  
Henry King  
James Perkins

**Bridesmaid**  
Bethan Jones

**Flower girls**  
Evie James  
Ester James

**Ushers**  
David Fraser  
Christopher James

**Witnesses**  
Caroline Bolger  
Tara James

*In loving memory of Olivia Rose Bolger our Angel Bridesmaid who is watching over us today. Forever in our hearts, dancing with us in the stars.*