



12-31-2008

Avec L'amour...

We wish to extend our appreciation to each of you for attending this celebration of our years together. If not for all of the special people in our lives, we would not stand before you as the people that you see today.

To our friends, thank you for supporting and caring for us. To our family, thank you for nurturing us. To everyone that went into making this day possible, thank you from the bottom of our hearts for creating with us.

Special gratitude goes to ____, ____ and ____, three of the people we hold most dear, for standing by our sides. Your unwavering love and friendship carry us through each and every day. We are honored that you are here.

With much love,

S and A

La Musique

Guitar & Voice
Ches Eaton

Prelude *Drops of Jupiter*
Train

Yellow
Coldplay

Processional *Hallelujah*
Jeff Buckley

Chasing Cars
Snow Patrol

Recessional *The Blower's Daughter*
Damien Rice

Into the Mystic
Van Morrison

La Cérémonie

Best Man

Honor Attendant

Celebrant

Introduction _____

Excerpts *A Farewell to Arms*

Ernest Hemingway
Recited by _____

The Velveteen Rabbit

Margery Williams
Recited by _____

Renewal of Marriage Vows..... _____

Chasing Cars

Snow Patrol

We'll do it all... Everything... On our own
We don't need... Anything... Or anyone

If I lay here
If I just lay here
Would you lie with me and just forget the world?

I don't quite know... How to say... How I feel
Those three words... I said too much... They're not enough

If I lay here
If I just lay here
Would you lie with me and just forget the world?

Forget what we're told
Before we get too old
Show me a garden that's bursting into life

All that I am
All that I ever was
Is here in your perfect eyes, they're all I can see

I don't know where
Confused about how as well
Just know that these things will never change for us at all

If I lay here
If I just lay here
Would you lie with me and just forget the world?

A Farewell to Arms

Ernest Hemingway

That night at the hotel, in our room with the long empty hall outside and our shoes outside the door, a thick carpet on the floor of the room, outside the windows the rain falling and in the room light and pleasant and cheerful, then the light out and it exciting with smooth sheets and the bed comfortable, feeling that we had come home, feeling no longer alone, walking in the night to find the other one there, and not gone away; all other things were unreal. We slept when we were tired and if we woke the other one woke too so one was not alone. Often a man wishes to be alone and a girl wishes to be alone too and if they love each other they are jealous of that in each other, but I can truly say we never felt that. We could feel alone when we were together, alone against the others. It has only happened to me like that once.

The Velveteen Rabbit

Margery Williams

"Real isn't how you are made," said the Skin Horse. "It's a thing that happens to you. When a person* loves you for a long, long time, not just to play with, but REALLY loves you, then you become Real." "Does it hurt?" asked the Rabbit. "Sometimes," said the Skin Horse, for he was always truthful. "When you are Real you don't mind being hurt." "Does it happen all at once, like being wound up," he asked, "or bit by bit?" "It doesn't happen all at once," said the Skin Horse. "You become. It takes a long time. That's why it doesn't happen often to people who break easily, or have sharp edges, or who have to be carefully kept. Generally, by the time you are Real, most of your hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out and you get loose in your joints and very shabby. But these things don't matter at all, because once you are Real you can't be ugly, except to people who don't understand."

*wording slightly modified from the original version

S'il vous plait...

Silence cellular phones

Remain seated for the full processional

No flash photography