



There was cake. There was dancing. There were bursts of colour everywhere. It was their idea of a perfect party. The flowers were delicate, her dress was ornate, the champagne was flowing, and the feathered hats were theatre. Such boldness, how refreshing! Mother was crying, father was quiet. The brides maid's looked like delicious sorbet. The emotions of that special day were not hidden behind handkerchiefs. They were thrown out there, with tears, laughter, and smouldering love for show.

The dresses worn by guests were a pageant. The ceremony was so grand. The bride's shoes were sexy. The groom's tie was too. The flower girls were cupcake princesses. So sweet. A centerpiece sat atop each table, filled with delightful floral extremes. Tiny dried flowers, twigs like bolts of lightening, and sweet fragrant green draping like willow trees. The dishes kept arriving on tables, each better than the next, filled with delicious meats, hot and plentiful. Diamonds glittered, chiffon swayed, lipstick was ruby red, the suits were jet black.

The beauty of youth and the grace of age were together on the dance floor. Music pulling them out of their seats. The evening was coming to a close. The bride kisses the groom. She lays her hand on his and rests her head on his shoulder. Such a private, tender moment. And the story comes to an end.

Michael Francis captures your story.











## Stephanie & Vache May 23th 2009

Photography By: Michael Francis Photographers





