

Rose Petals and the First Wedding

“Step, toss, step, toss,” Jessie said to herself. She took a step then tossed a handful of pink and white rose petals. Then another step and toss.

“That’s right! You got it,” whispered her mom as she walked slowly behind Jessie.

Jessie looked up ahead of her. There was the pastor standing at the front of the church. And the tall man standing beside him was going to be her new uncle Peter. She looked at the other man next to him—it was her daddy. He smiled as he watched her come down the aisle.

Jessie was nervous; she had a very important job as the flower girl. She had to make sure that she tossed the flower petals just right so they wouldn’t swish into someone’s face! They had to float to the floor so the bride could walk through them. Step, toss, step, toss. . . .

Phew! Jessie finally made it to the front of the church and stood very still on her little piece of tape stuck to the floor. She turned and watched as her mom came and took her place beside Jessie. Then the music changed, and they all watched as Aunt Traci started up the aisle in her shimmery white dress.

“Ooh, ahh!” the audience said as Aunt Traci glided to the front of the church in time with the music.

Then the pastor started to speak. He talked for a long time, but Jessie tried her best not to wriggle. She loved her Aunt Traci and knew this was a very important day for

her. This was her wedding! She was getting married to Uncle Peter.

Jessie tried to listen to the pastor. He was saying things like “husband and wife,” “promise,” and “what God has joined together.” Jessie wasn’t too sure what it all meant, but everyone looked really happy.

“I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride,” said the pastor. Eww! It seemed a little funny for Aunt Traci to be kissing somebody, but the pastor told them to.

Finally, it was time for Jessie to go back down the aisle. People with cameras took pictures of Jessie and her mom and Aunt Traci. Jessie even got to have her picture taken with her new uncle and her daddy!

After pictures, they all sat down to drink fizzy punch and eat the enormous cake. It was very tall and had flowers all over it. It sat right in the middle of the table for everyone to see. Jessie was very careful not to spill her punch and cake. She liked her new pink dress and wanted to keep it clean.

In the car on the way home from the church, Jessie was worn out; it had been a long day. But she was happy that her aunt asked her to be the flower girl. It was fun to wear a poufy dress and throw flower petals. She said to her mom and dad, “I like being a flower girl. How many times is Aunt Traci going to get married? I want to be her flower girl next time, too.”

Mom and Dad both laughed a little. Then Mom turned and explained, “Well, Sweetie, I’m glad you enjoyed it, but Aunt Traci is Uncle Peter’s wife now. They’re already married, and they’ll stay that way as long as they live. So there probably won’t be another wedding.”

“Oh. Did you and Daddy only have one wedding, too?” she asked.

“Yes, your dad and I were married seven years ago, and we’ve promised each other to stay that way forever.”

“How come? I mean, Matt’s mom was married, but now she’s not. Matt even said she might get married again.” Jessie felt a little confused.

“Well,” said Mom, “that’s true, some people do get married more than once. But God’s plan for marriage is for a man and a woman to marry each other one time and stay together as long as they live.”

“Actually,” Dad added, “when God created Eve, He gave her to Adam to be his wife, and that was the very first wedding.”

“Really? So getting married is something God made up?”

“Yes. God joined Adam and Eve together so they could be husband and wife as long as they lived. And since that was the way God did it in the Bible, that’s the way God wants marriage to be.”

“But what about Matt’s mom and dad? His dad doesn’t live with them anymore,” said Jessie.

“I know, and that’s very sad. But remember how sin came into the world and ruined God’s perfect creation?” Mom asked.

“Yeah.”

“Well, because of that, now the world can be a sad place with things like divorce,” Mom explained.

“But that’s not the way God planned it, right?” Jessie asked.

“Right. God’s plan for marriage is for one man and one woman to be together forever.”

Dad turned the car into the driveway. They all got out and walked into the house. Jessie fed Freckles and tucked him into his little bed then went upstairs to her room and got ready for bed herself. Her warm blankets felt good as she climbed under them.

Jessie’s dad sat down beside her. “Love you, Pumpkin. You were a beautiful flower girl today,” he said as he kissed her cheek.

“Thanks, Daddy. I love you, too!” Jessie blew a kiss to him. He pretended to catch it and put it on his cheek.

“What a nice day it was,” Mom sighed. “I’ll put your dress away so you can wear it to church on Sunday, okay?”

“I like my dress, and yours is really pretty, too, Mom. But I think Aunt Traci’s dress was the most beautiful of all.”

“Yes, it certainly was,” Mom smiled. “I’m so glad for my sister, Traci. She and Peter will be very happy together.”

“Like you and Daddy?” asked Jessie.

“Yes, Jessie. Just like me and Daddy,” Mom said as she leaned over to kiss Jessie goodnight.

Jessie closed her eyes. She thought about the wedding, the cake and flowers, Aunt Traci in her white dress, and Uncle Peter smiling at her. “Thank you, God,” she whispered. “I like weddings.”

