

Ethan and Kaleigh
(McGee) Simmons

Friday, 24 July 2020 @
6:30pm



The Groom's cake. Made rather poorly by a local bakery, and my former wife's matron-of-honor, Darlene, fixed it – added palm trees, chairs, some sort of cookie crumbs for a more righteous looking sand, and waves in the frosting.



Left-to-right: Lisa, my sister-in-law, and Florence (Flo), Ethan's mother (my former wife).



Flo being escorted to the front row by Garrett, our youngest son.



(Darlene is the lady on the left in the blue dress.)



Ethan, our middle son, is of course the groom (center). Daniel, our oldest, is the best man, standing on the far left of the row of groomsmen. (The shortest of the group. ☺)



Kaleigh (McGee) being escorted down the aisle by her father. The music was provided by a flautist and oboist from the Auburn University band. Was very nice!

My guess was, Kaleigh did not wear the veil over her face at the start because she and Ethan got married back on 22 May. They would have had this ceremony and reception *then* were it not for all the virus lockdown things.



And so, the ceremony began.

The pastor shared Scripture, as well as what Ethan and Kaleigh had written about, what they most admired about each other.



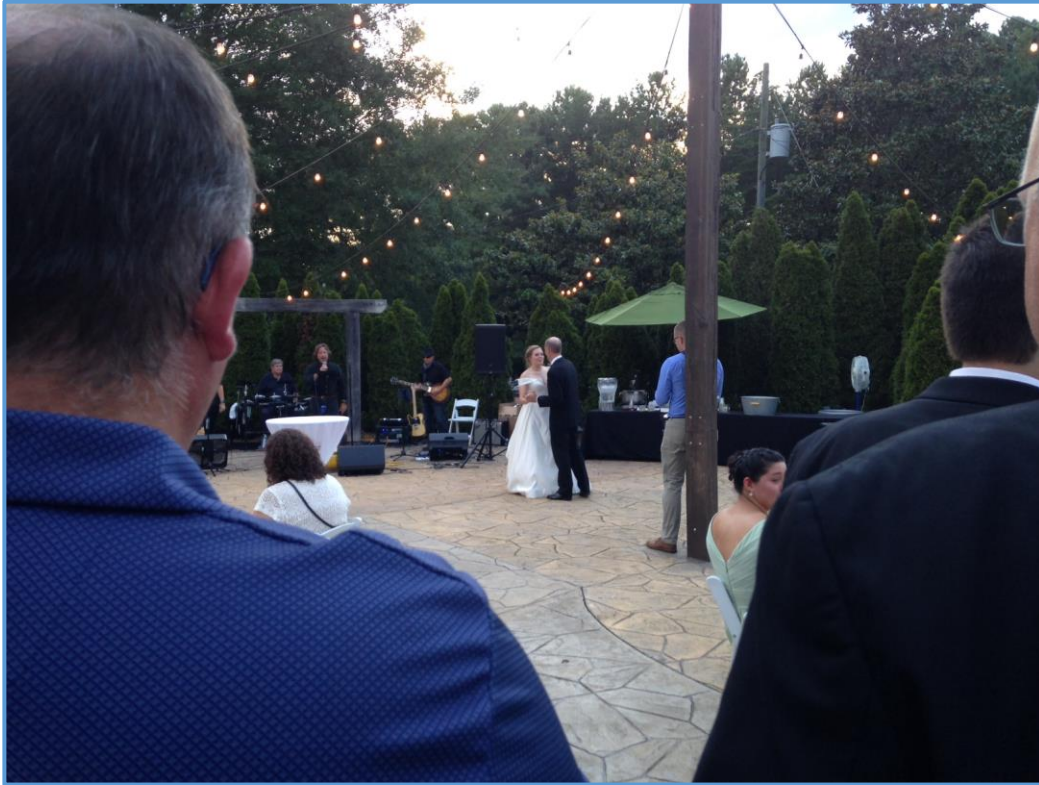
They exchanged rings...



... the “you may kiss your bride” moment...



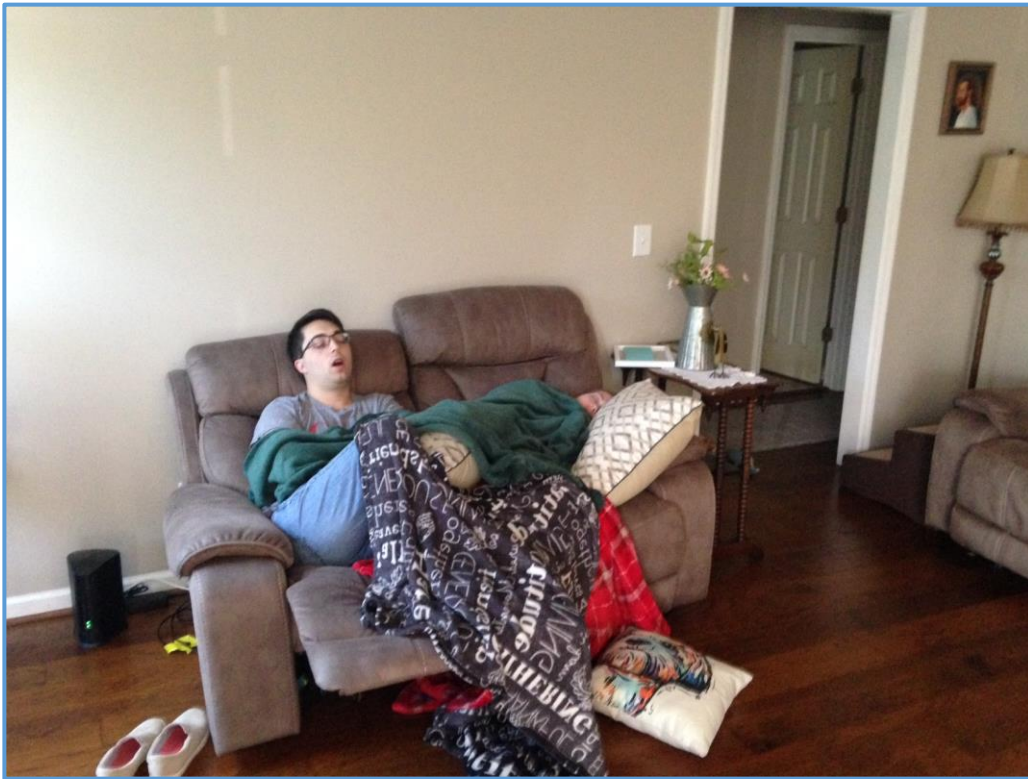
...then the official pronouncement of the couple now known as “Mr. & Mrs. Ethan Simmons.”



Ethan and Kaleigh danced their first dance (video snippet was still too large), followed by Kaleigh and her dad, followed by Ethan and Flo dancing together. (Again, the few-second video was too big to post here.)



They had their official cake-cutting ceremony after the main part of the reception. Ethan and Kaleigh later left under a shower of bubble-blowing and what I thought was just a small amount of rice – could have been bird seed I suppose. They spent the night and part of the next day at a hotel going through the wedding gifts and cards. Hung out at our house in Oxford, Alabama over the weekend too.



Ahh, the happy, and WAY-TIRED couple on Sunday morning at our house in Oxford, Alabama.