

## My Sisters Wedding

In Mid September 1998 a telephone call to my mum and dad was change my family's life for the next year and a half. My sister announced that she was getting married. I was nine at the time of the announcement and I found this also exciting because I would be getting a plane to go to England and it would be like a holiday as well. The biggest part of this wedding was the location because my sister lived in the south of England with her boyfriend.

The organisation of the wedding was to be bigger than we all thought. Firstly my parents had to organise the flights for my family who were going to the wedding, secondly we all had contribute to the making of the bridesmaids' dresses. Thirdly my mum and my sister had to communicate with each other to see if everything was going well.

A lot of time and hard work later, two months before the wedding my mum had nearly all the clothing for the wedding made and all we had to do was wait until a month before the wedding, at which time we would fly away to England.

Finally the day had arrived; we were going to England; we had everything packed and ready to go and were on our way to the airport. I couldn't wait! I just couldn't stop thinking of the wedding and, of course, seeing my sister and future brother in law who I hadn't seen for almost two years.

As soon as we arrived at the airport, we checked our bags in and proceeded to the lobby where we got something to eat at McDonalds. Then my dad rang my sister and organised for us to be picked up at the airport. We didn't have long to wait because on the intercom it said "Flight to Gatwick Airport in half an hour". My dad took all the hand luggage and we got on the plane, which didn't take long to get to Gatwick and we soon found ourselves at the exit door at Gatwick Airport where we got picked up by my future brother-in-law, Chris. He picked us up in a minibus, which he had hired so that everyone could fit in. Everyone had a blast on the minibus, e.g. we played music, played cards and told jokes. Entertaining ourselves was very important because the journey was three hours long.

Eventually we arrived at my sister's apartment, which was situated in the south of England. We grabbed our bags and went into the apartment, where we met my sister Clare who welcomed us and put the kettle on. Once everyone got all the luggage in, we started to relax by sipping our tea. It wasn't long before we started talking about the wedding. My Mum pulled out the dress, which my sister Clare was to wear. She looked at it and cried with joy; she couldn't wait to get married. My brother-in-law then turned around and asked if any of us wanted to go to Brighton. My sister and I jumped up and said, "yes" because Brighton had lots of shops and lots of entertainment.

The next day we got up and got some breakfast and sat and watched television. We were excited about going to Brighton. Soon we got into the minibus and ventured on a two-hour journey.

We arrived at about two o'clock. I looked out the window to see Brighton Pier. We then ventured out onto the high street. My mum bought a jacket in a massive store. I bought a pair of jeans and my sister bought some necklaces.

We had a great time at Brighton, but that wasn't the end of the excitement. During the next few weeks we went to Alton Towers, Beano Land and a couple of water parks. We couldn't believe how much fun we were having. The greatest thing was that we were together which made it so much better. The fun stopped a week before the wedding and we had to seriously think about rehearsals for the wedding. We had to do lots of essential tasks like ring the cameraman, order the flowers and book the hotel for the night after the wedding. So we were all set for doing this to make my sister's wedding one to remember. That week we all worked hard, we didn't have time even to make dinner so we ordered Chinese every night. By the end of the week, we had everything done and there was only one day until the wedding and my sister had doubts. It was not whether she loved Chris or not; it was wondering if everything was going to turn out well. That night I felt nervous for my sister but I tried to calm myself so I went to sleep.

The next morning at eight o'clock, the makeup artist arrived. They were called July and Anne. We let them in and they started doing their magic on my sister. A while later, around ten o'clock the cameraman arrived and didn't we know it because every time he walked past you, he would do lots of close ups and it was enjoying. Thankfully I didn't need any makeup so all I had to do was get dressed.

Another knock on the door and it was the taxi man who had to bring everybody except my sister and my dad; they stayed behind to go into the limo later on. Meanwhile we all had arrived at the church and I was instantly given the role of being an usher. I had to show people to their seats. It was hard to be comfortable that day because it was thirty-two degrees and I was wearing a lot of clothing. Everybody had turned up and all we had to do was wait for my dad and sister Clare.

Meanwhile we all started praying for a smooth wedding. Then, suddenly, the music started and everybody looked behind them. We were all amazed at the lovely silk dress my sister was wearing and the pearl necklace. When they finally got to the altar, my dad handed over my sister to my brother-in-law. We all sang a song and then the priest started to perform the marriage ceremony. They both said, "I do" and proceeded to a small room to confirm their marital status by signing a big black book.

We all started to make our way out of the church where we took pictures. This was short-lived so we all went to the reception where we got our seats. The DJ arrived with a big stack of songs to dance to. The reception area had two bars, a dance floor and a buffet area which I liked the best.

We all sat down to hear the speeches from the father of the bride and the best man. The father of the bride gave a beautiful speech in which he told us all what he thought of my sister from when she was born and how proud he was of her.

The best man then got up and talked of how well the bride and groom got along and that he wishes them good luck. Once everyone had said their piece, the bride and groom cut the cake. This was followed by the first dance on the dance floor [a slow

dance]. After that we all got up and danced the night away. We had lots of food and drink.

At twelve o'clock I had to go home, and in the taxi on the way home I thought to myself that this was the happiest day of my life