

## *Poems and Readings*

### *The Art of Marriage - Wilferd Arlan Peterson*

Happiness in marriage is not something that just happens.  
A good marriage must be created.  
In marriage, the little things are the big things.  
It is never being too old to hold hands.  
It is remembering to say, "I love you" at least once a day.  
It is never going to sleep angry.  
It is at no time taking the other for granted; the courtship should not end with the honeymoon, it should continue through all the years.

It is having a mutual sense of values and common objectives.  
It is standing together facing the world.  
It is forming a circle of love that gathers in the whole family.  
It is doing things for each other, not in the attitude of duty or sacrifice, but in the spirit of joy.  
It is speaking words of appreciation, and demonstrating gratitude in thoughtful ways.  
It is not expecting the husband to wear a halo or the wife to have the wings of an angel.

It is not looking for perfection in each other.  
It is cultivating flexibility, patience, understanding and a sense of humour.  
It is having the capacity to forgive and forget.  
It is giving each other an atmosphere in which each can grow.  
It is finding room for the things of the Spirit.  
It is a common search for the good and the beautiful.  
It is establishing a relationship in which the independence is equal, dependence is mutual, and the obligation is reciprocal.  
It is not only marrying the right partner, it is being the right partner.  
This is The Art of Marriage.

### *Marriage Advice - Jane Wells*

Let your love be stronger than your hate or anger.  
Learn the wisdom of compromise, for it is better to bend a little than to break.  
Believe the best rather than the worst.  
People have a way of living up or down to your opinion of them.  
Remember that true friendship is the basis for any lasting relationship.  
The person you choose to marry is deserving of the courtesies and kindness you bestow on your friends.  
Please hand this down to your children and your children's children.

**Yes, I'll Marry You – Pam Ayres**

Yes, I'll marry you, my dear,  
And here's the reason why;  
So I can push you out of bed  
When the baby starts to cry,  
And if we hear a knocking  
And it's creepy and it's late,  
I hand you the torch, you see,  
And you investigate.

Yes I'll marry you, my dear,  
You may not apprehend it,  
But when the tumble-drier goes  
It's you that has to mend it,  
You have to face the neighbour  
Should our labrador attack him,  
And if a drunkard fondles me  
It's you that has to whack him.

Yes, I'll marry you,  
You're virile and you're lean,  
My house is like a pigsty  
You can help to keep it clean.  
That sexy little dinner  
Which you served by candlelight,  
As I do chipolatas,  
You can cook it every night!

It's you who has to work the drill  
and put up curtain track,  
And when I've got PMT it's you who gets the flak,  
I do see great advantages,  
But none of them for you,  
And so before you see the light,  
I do, I do, I do!



Emma Morgan  
FAMILY  
CELEBRANT

**Gravitation – Albert Einstein**

Gravitation cannot be held responsible for people falling in love. How on earth can you explain in terms of chemistry and physics so important a biological phenomenon as first love? Put your hand on a stove for a minute and it seems like an hour. Sit with that special girl for an hour and it seems like a minute. That's relativity.

**Marriage – Anon**

Marriage is about giving and taking  
And forging and forsaking  
Kissing and loving and pushing and shoving  
Caring and sharing and screaming and swearing

About being together whatever the weather  
About being driven to the end of your tether  
About sweetness and kindness  
And wisdom and blindness

It's about being strong when you're feeling quite weak  
It's about saying nothing when you're dying to speak  
It's about being wrong when you know you are right  
It's about giving in, before there's a fight  
It's about you two living as cheaply as one  
(you can give us a call if you know how that's done!)

Never heeding advice that was always well meant  
Never counting the cost until it's all spent  
And for you two today it's about to begin  
And for all that the two of you had to put in  
Some days filled with joy, and some days with sadness  
Too late you'll discover that marriage is madness.

Emma Morgan

**How do I love thee? – Elizabeth Barrett Browning**

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being an Ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old grief's, and with my childhood's faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life!— and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

**S/He's Not Perfect - Bob Marley**

He's not perfect. You aren't either, and the two of you will never be perfect.

But if he can make you laugh at least once, causes you to think twice, and if he admits to being human and making mistakes, hold onto him and give him the most you can.

He isn't going to quote poetry, he's not thinking about you every moment, but he will give you a part of him that he knows you could break.

Don't hurt him, don't change him, and don't expect for more than he can give.  
Don't analyse. Smile when he makes you happy, yell when he makes you mad, and miss him when he's not there.

Love hard when there is love to be had.

Because perfect guys don't exist, but there's always one guy that is perfect for you.

**Extract from Captain Correli's Mandolin - Louis de Bernières**

Love is a temporary madness; it erupts like volcanoes and then subsides. And when it subsides, you have to make a decision. You have to work out whether your roots have so entwined together that it is inconceivable that you should ever part. Because this is what love is.

Love is not breathlessness, it is not excitement, it is not the promulgation of promises of eternal passion, it is not the desire to mate every second minute of the day, it is not lying awake at night imagining that he is kissing every cranny of your body.

No, don't blush, I am telling you some truths. That is just being "in love," which any fool can do. Love itself is what is left over when being in love has burned away, and this is both an art and a fortunate accident.

**Extract from A Farewell to Arms – Ernest Hemingway**

At night, there was the feeling that we had come home, feeling no longer alone, waking 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 woman 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. We were never lonely and never afraid when we were together.

**Blessing of the Hands - Rev. Daniel L. Harris**

These are the hands of your best friend, young and strong and full of love for you, that are holding yours on your wedding day, as you promise to love each other today, tomorrow, and forever.

These are the hands that will work alongside yours, as together you build your future.

These are the hands that will passionately love you and cherish you through the years, and with the slightest touch, will comfort you like no other.

These are the hands that will hold you when fear or grief fills your mind.

These are the hands that will countless times wipe the tears from your eyes; tears of sorrow, and tears of joy.

These are the hands that will tenderly hold your children.

These are the hands that will help you to hold your family as one.

These are the hands that will give you strength when you need it.

And lastly, these are the hands that even when wrinkled and aged, will still be reaching for yours, still giving you the same unspoken tenderness with just a touch.

**Sonnet 116 - William Shakespeare**

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O no; it is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Emma Morgan  
FAMILY  
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**To Love is Not to Possess - James Kavanaugh**

To love is not to possess, to own or imprison,  
Nor to lose one's self in another.

Love is to join and separate,

To walk alone and together,

To find a laughing freedom

That lonely isolation does not permit.

It is finally to be able to be who we really are

No longer clinging in childish dependency

Nor docilely living separate lives in silence,

It is to be perfectly one's self

And perfectly joined in permanent commitment

To another—and to one's inner self.

Love only endures when it moves like waves,

Receding and returning gently or passionately,

Or moving lovingly like the tide

In the moon's own predictable harmony,

Because finally, despite a child's scars

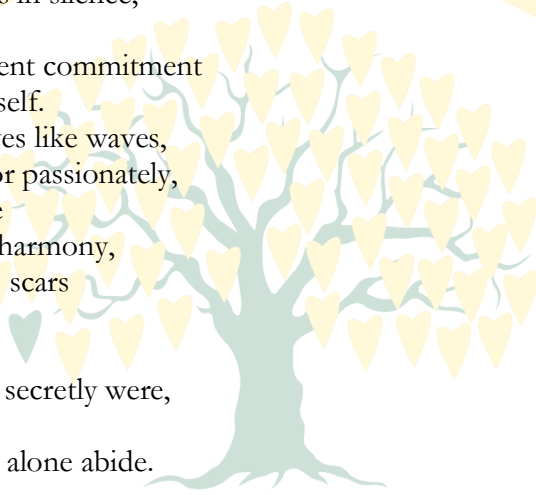
Or an adult's deepest wounds,

They are openly free to be

Who they really are—and always secretly were,

In the very core of their being

Where true and lasting love can alone abide.



**Roads Go Ever Ever On - J.R.R Tolkien**

Roads go ever ever on,

Over rock and under tree,

By caves where never sun has shone,

By streams that never find the sea;

Over snow by winter sown,

And through the merry flowers of June,

Over grass and over stone,

And under mountains in the moon.

Roads go ever ever on

Under cloud and under star,

Yet feet that wandering have gone

Turn at last to home afar.

Eyes that fire and sword have seen

And horror in the halls of stone

Look at last on meadows green

And trees and hills they long have known.

*Emma Morgan*  
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**Jane Eyre by Charlotte Brontë**

'I have for the first time found what I can truly love - I have found you. You are my sympathy - my better self - my good angel; I am bound to you with a strong attachment. I think you good, gifted, lovely: a fervent, a solemn passion is conceived in my heart; it leans to you, draws you to my centre and spring of life, wraps my existence about you - and, kindling in pure, powerful flame, fuses you and me in one.'

**Poem - Rumi**

Beloved, between you and I there is no separation  
It's like moving into an ocean  
At the place where it meets the sky  
The horizon is melted.

I love you with neither my heart  
Nor with my mind  
My heart might stop  
My mind can forget  
I love you with my soul  
Because my soul never stops or forgets.

**All I Ever Really Needed to Know I Learned in Kindergarten – Robert Fulgham**

All of what I really need to know about how to live, and what to do, and how to be, I learned in Kindergarten. Wisdom was not at the top of the graduate school mountain, but there in the sandbox at nursery school.

These are the things I learned...

Share everything.

Play fair.

Don't hit people.

Put things back where you found them.

Clean up your own mess.

Don't take things that aren't yours.

Say sorry when you hurt somebody.



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Wash your hands before you eat.

Flush.

Warm cookies and cold milk are good for you. Give them to someone who feels sad.

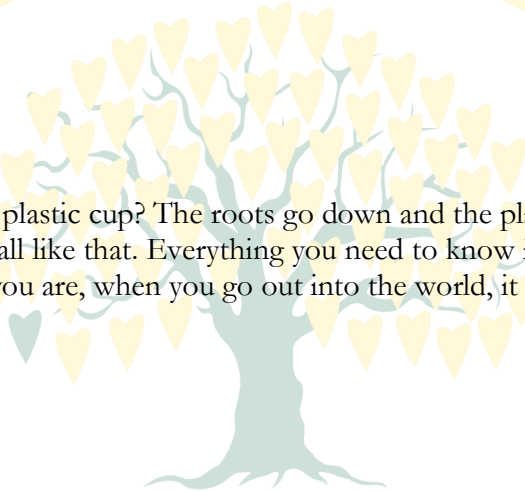
Live a balanced life.

Learn some and think some and draw and paint and sing and dance and play and work every day.

Take a nap every afternoon.

Be aware of wonder.

Remember the little seed in the plastic cup? The roots go down and the plant goes up and nobody really knows how or why, but we are all like that. Everything you need to know is in there somewhere. And it is still true, no matter how old you are, when you go out into the world, it is best to hold hands and stick together.



**Falling in Love is Like Owning a Dog – Taylor Mali**

First of all, it's a big responsibility, so think long and hard before deciding on love.

On the other hand, love gives you a sense of security: when you're walking down the street late at night and you have a leash on love, ain't no one going to mess with you.

Because crooks and muggers think love is unpredictable.  
Who knows what love could do in its own defense?

On cold winter nights, love is warm.  
It lies between you and lives and breathes and makes funny noises

Love wakes you up all hours of the night with its needs.  
It needs to be fed so it will grow and stay healthy.

Love doesn't like being left alone for long.  
But come home and love is always happy to see you.

It may break a few things accidentally in its passion for life,  
but you can never be mad at love for long.

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Is love good all the time? No! No!  
Love can be bad. Bad, love, bad! Very bad love.

Love makes messes.  
Love leaves you little surprises here and there.

Love needs lots of cleaning up after.  
Sometimes you just want to get love fixed.

Sometimes you want to roll up a piece of newspaper and swat love on the nose,  
not so much to cause pain, just to let love know Don't you ever do that again!

Sometimes love just wants to go for a nice long walk.  
Because love loves exercise.

It runs you around the block and leaves you panting.  
It pulls you in several different directions at once, or winds around and around you  
until you're all wound up and can't move.

But love makes you meet people wherever you go.  
People who have nothing in common but love stop and talk to each other on the street.

Throw things away and love will bring them back, again, and again, and again.  
But most of all, love needs love, lots of it. And in return, love loves you and never stops.



Emma Morgan

**True Love - Unknown**

True love is a sacred flame  
That burns eternally  
And none can dim its special glow  
Or change its destiny

True love speaks in tender tones  
And hears with gentle ear  
True love gives with open heart  
And true love conquers fear

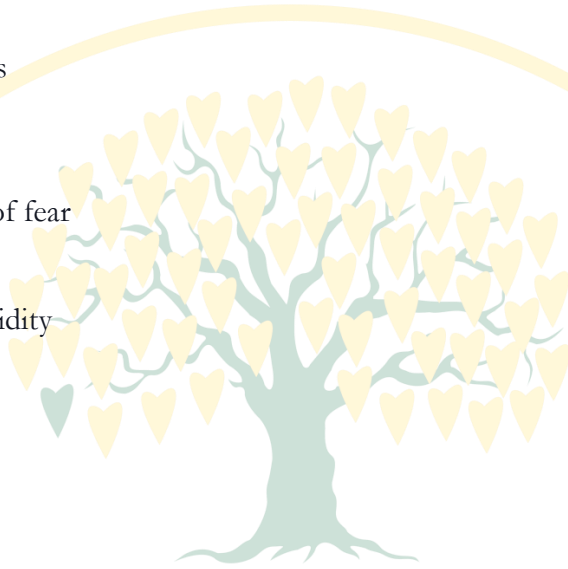
True love makes no harsh demands  
It neither rules nor binds  
And true love holds with gentle hands  
The heart that it entwines

**Touched By An Angel – Maya Angelou**

We, unaccustomed to courage  
exiles from delight  
live coiled in shells of loneliness  
until love leaves its high holy temple  
and comes into our sight  
to liberate us into life.

Love arrives  
and in its train come ecstasies  
old memories of pleasure  
ancient histories of pain.  
Yet if we are bold,  
love strikes away the chains of fear  
from our souls.

We are weaned from our timidity  
In the flush of love's light  
we dare be brave  
And suddenly we see  
that love costs all we are  
and will ever be.  
Yet it is only love  
which sets us free.



*Emma Morgan*

**Les Misérables - Victor Hugo**

The future belongs to hearts even more than it does to minds. Love, that is the only thing that can occupy and fill eternity. In the infinite, the inexhaustible is requisite.

Love participates of the soul itself. It is of the same nature. Like it, it is the divine spark; like it, it is incorruptible, indivisible, imperishable. It is a point of fire that exists within us, which is immortal and infinite, which nothing can confine, and which nothing can extinguish. We feel it burning even to the very marrow of our bones, and we see it beaming in the very depths of heaven.

**At Nightfall – Charles Hanson Towne**

I need so much the quiet of your love  
After the day's loud strife;  
I need your calm all other things above  
After the stress of life.  
I crave the haven that in your dear heart lies,  
After all toil is done;  
I need the star shine of your heavenly eyes,  
After the day's great sun.

**I Wanna Be Yours - John Cooper-Clarke**

I wanna be your vacuum cleaner  
breathing in your dust  
I wanna be your Ford Cortina  
I will never rust  
If you like your coffee hot  
let me be your coffee pot  
You call the shots  
I wanna be yours

I wanna be your raincoat  
for those frequent rainy days  
I wanna be your dreamboat  
when you want to sail away  
Let me be your teddy bear  
take me with you anywhere  
I don't care  
I wanna be yours

I wanna be your electric meter  
I will not run out  
I wanna be the electric heater  
you'll get cold without  
I wanna be your setting lotion  
hold your hair in deep devotion

Deep as the deep Atlantic ocean  
that's how deep is my devotion.



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**From Beginning to End – Robert Fulghum**

The symbolic vows that you are about to make are a way of saying to one another, “You know all those things we’ve promised and hoped and dreamed—well, I meant it all, every word.” Look at one another and remember this moment in time. Before this moment you have been many things to one another—acquaintance, friend, companion, lover, dancing partner, and even teacher, for you have learned much from one another in these last few years. Now you shall say a few words that take you across a threshold of life, and things will never quite be the same between you. For after these vows, you shall say to the world, this—is my husband, this—is my wife.

**Variation on the Word Sleep - Margaret Atwood**

I would like to watch you sleeping.  
I would like to watch you, sleeping.  
I would like to sleep with you, to enter  
your sleep as its smooth dark wave  
slides over my head.

and walk with you through that lucent  
wavering forest of blue-green leaves  
with its watery sun and three moons  
towards the cave where you must descend,  
towards your worst fear.

I would like to give you the silver branch,  
the small white flower,  
the one word that will protect you  
from the grief at the centre of your dream,  
from the grief at the centre.

I would like to follow you up the long stairway again  
and become the boat that would row you back carefully,  
a flame in two cupped hands  
to where your body lies beside me,  
and you enter it as easily as breathing in

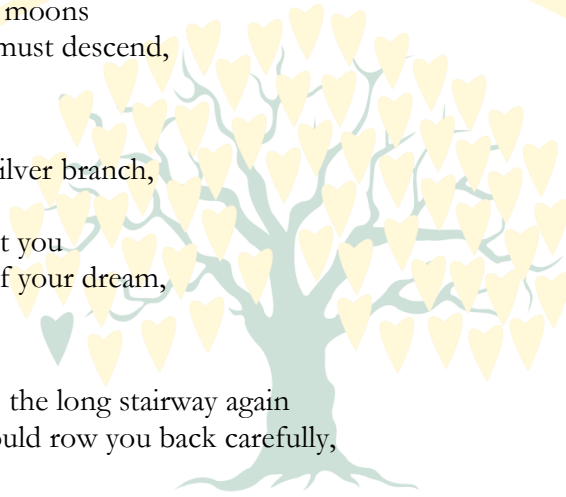
**The Beauty of Love – Anon**

The question is asked: “Is there anything more beautiful in life than a young couple clasping hands and pure hearts in the path of marriage? Can there be anything more beautiful than young love?”

And the answer is given: “Yes there is a more beautiful thing...”

It is the spectacle of an old man and an old woman finishing their journey together on that path. Their hands are gnarled but still clasped; their faces are seamed but still radiant; their hearts are physically bowed and tired but still strong with love and devotion.

Yes, there is a more beautiful thing than young love. Old love.”



*Emma Morgan*  
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*The Lovely Dinosaur - Edward Monkton*

The fierce Dinosaur was trapped inside his cage of ice. Although it was cold he was happy in there. It was, after all, his cage.

Then along came the Lovely Other Dinosaur.

The Lovely Other Dinosaur melted the Dinosaur's cage with kind words and loving thoughts.

"I like this Dinosaur," thought the Lovely Other Dinosaur. "Although he is fierce, he is also tender and he is funny. He is also quite clever though I will not tell him this for now."

"I like this Lovely Other Dinosaur," thought the Dinosaur. "She is beautiful and she is different and she smells so nice. She is also a free spirit which is a quality I much admire in a dinosaur."

"But he can be so distant and so peculiar at times," thought the Lovely Other Dinosaur. "He is also overly fond of things. Are all Dinosaurs so overly fond of things?"

"But her mind skips from here to there so quickly," thought the Dinosaur. "She is also uncommonly keen on shopping. Are all Lovely Other Dinosaurs so uncommonly keen on shopping?"

"I will forgive his peculiarity and his concern for things," thought the Lovely Other Dinosaur, "for they are part of what makes him a richly charactered individual."

"I will forgive her skipping mind and her fondness for shopping," thought the Dinosaur, "for she fills our life with beautiful thoughts and wonderful surprises. Besides, I am not unkeen on shopping either."

Now the Dinosaur and the Lovely Other Dinosaur are old. Look at them. Together they stand on the hill telling each other stories and feeling the warmth of the sun on their backs.

And that, my friends, is how it is with love.

*Edward Monkton*  
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