

Bubbe Says / By Kay Rosenfeld

BY KAY ROSENFELD
writetobubbe@aol.com

Meddling Granny

upsets bride's plans

Dear Bubbe,

I'm 25 years old and just became engaged. We will be married next June.

I have thought a lot about my wedding and I want it to be tasteful and memorable. My parents are in agreement and are not pushing the doves and the 14-piece band. But my out-of-town and over-the-top grandmother seems to think SHE'S getting married, not me.

She says we have to "do it up right" or her social circle will not be suitably impressed. How do I get her out of my hair and out of my plans?

*It's My Party,
Fort Lauderdale*

Dear It's My Party,

I can see it now. If Granny has her way, you will float down the aisle wearing an obscenely expensive dress destined to be wine-spattered and hem-tattered.

Your photographer, easily spotted in shiny black pants and wrinkled shirt, will annoy everyone by attempting to elicit clever comments from half-in-the-bag cousins once removed. (You won't watch the video but will save it. You will never again be that thin -- ever.)

You will have multiple bridesmaids in "yes, of course you can wear this again" burgundy velvet ankle-length sheaths with dyed-to-match satin sandals.

Your mom will be heavily medicated and corseted, dabbing tears from Botoxed eyelids. Your father will sob, too, as he writes check after enormous check.

The liquor will flow. Soon the ladies will dance with each other and you will be so busy kissing strangers and accepting envelopes that five hours later you will realize you never got to eat anything, there is wedding cake in your hair extensions and it's all over your (grandmother's) perfect wedding.

Unless she is paying for it, in which case if you cross her YOU will be paying for it forever, try to gently spin elegance over opulence, class versus crass.

The site www.brides.com suggests that brides "make a grand entrance to your ceremony: float in by hot-air balloon, arrive in a horse-drawn carriage, zip in by motorboat or land by helicopter."

The newest wrinkle on gift-giving, because so many first-time couples are living together and have established households, is a honeymoon registry. With a mere click of one's mouse (www.honeymoonwishes.com), one can help the couple hula in Honolulu.

Actually, it's probably wiser to save off-the-wall ideas for the second wedding. In my case, that's the one where Daughter No. 1 (the Bombshell) and her Husband No. 2 opted to dress as Frankenstein and the Bride of Frankenstein. A major celebration was held, appropriately enough, on Halloween. I'm sorry to say we have not seen the groom's mother, colorfully clad as a clown, since.

Meanwhile, Daughter No. 2 (the Belly Dancer), having planned and executed her own Cinderella-like ceremony, complete with a white Rolls-Royce, is equally busy now planning divorce No. 1.

If you ask me, nobody should have a big wedding. On your fifth anniversary -- no, make it the 10th -- go for broke on a huge celebration. By this time, you will have beaten the odds, you and your husband can, hopefully, afford to pay for it yourself and Grandma -- well, she just may be too "far away" to interfere.

Write to Bubbe at writeto

bubbe@aol.com, or visit her at www.bubbesays.com. For more of Bubbe's columns, visit MiamiHerald.com and click on Columnists.

The Miami Herald

