

TOWN TRIBUNE

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Sudoku

5			4				1	2
2	4	7		6				5
8	6			9				
9			7				4	
1		6		4		5		7
	5				1			9
				1			5	6
3				2		8	9	1
6	1				8			3

		9			7			
			5	4	1	9		
	7		2					3
					4	7	9	
	4	5		2		3	1	
	9	1	8					
9					3		4	
		4	1	5	8			
			4			5		

The Youngest Of Us

Maria Jean Zegarelli



The Wedding Planner

There is a very specific stage of being engaged that nobody really prepares you for.

You're engaged, which is exciting. You have the ring, you've told your family, you've posted the photo, and you've probably spent at least three consecutive days staring at your left hand like it belongs to someone else.

And then, eventually, someone asks:
"So... when's the wedding?"
Wedding? I thought I was *just* engaged.

Alex popped up the question in July. Apparently, the second you say "yes," a timer begins somewhere in the universe. Suddenly, you are expected to know your wedding date, venue, guest count, color palette, dress style, cake flavor, and whether you prefer round tables or long tables. I've faced decisions seemingly more important than whether or not I want health care when I turn 26 this January. Band or DJ? Hair up or hair down? Buffet or family style?

I have barely decided what I want for dinner this evening.

The early stages of wedding planning are a strange combination of excitement and complete confusion. You start with Pinterest, naturally. Creating a board that begins innocently enough with a few dresses and pretty bouquets. Two hours later, you've saved 147 photos of European castles, handwritten menus, vintage champagne glasses, and a reception tent that costs more than your first car.

You tell yourself you're "just getting ideas." *You are not just getting ideas.* Instead, you're planning a wedding for a fictional couple who lives in a \$5 million Italian Villa on the coast of Santorini.

Then comes the venue search, which feels a little like online dating. My mind has become a dumping ground for pictures and reviews. Don't ask me where I've looked so far, I simply don't remember. I've started learning words I never cared about before like uplighting, floor plans, and bridal suites. Seems like the only phrase I'm familiar with is cocktail hour.

Then I discovered that a "wedding package" can mean approximately 900 different things. Meaning your wedding will cost you somewhere between \$4000 and four kidneys.

And somewhere between comparing venues and figuring out guest counts, the excitement becomes a little more real. Like brush strokes on a canvas, art begins to take shape. And, eventually, a wedding begins to appear.

This day isn't just about flowers or table linens. It's about imagining the people who will be there. The friend who has known me since I was twelve. The grandparents who will probably cry before I do. The people you haven't seen in years but somehow know you couldn't get married without them there.

That's the part of wedding planning I think gets lost beneath the spreadsheets and Pinterest boards.

In the beginning, you're not really planning a wedding yet. You're imagining a day. You're imagining what it will feel like to look around a room and realize that nearly everyone you love is standing in the same place. And they're all celebrating two people who decided to choose each other.

Maybe that's why the overwhelming parts feel worth it. Even if we still haven't set a date.

LETTERS AND OPINIONS

EDITORIAL@THETOWNTRIBUNE.COM

"INHERIT THE WIND" IN SHERMAN
To the Editor:
Travel to the Sherman Playhouse and experience an historic event.
A one-hundred-year-old court case (the Scopes Monkey Trial) that really did happen and is as relevant today as it was then.
Your guides will be a very talented director and cast, that will present a thought-provoking journey that, hopefully, will stay with you. We must learn from the lessons and mistakes of the past to have a brighter and more secure future.
Well-done – great show!
Diane Gucker, New Fairfield



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TOWN TRIBUNE LETTER POLICY

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Letters should **not exceed 500 words**. Letters exceeding this length will be subject to editing and may not be published in their entirety. The Town Tribune reserves the right to end debate on any topic after both sides have had ample chance to express their views. The Town Tribune reserves the right to reject any letter.

Letter submissions **must always include** full name, physical address, and telephone number for verification purposes. Letters will only be printed with the writers' name and town.

Letters can be emailed (preferred) to editorial@thetowntribune.com or mailed To the Editor, Town Tribune, PO Box 8048, New Fairfield, CT 06812. Deadline for letters is 3pm every Monday. *MS*



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