

## By big fat wedding

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**By ANGEL KANE**

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This past week, my husband attended a meeting in Memphis and, while there, was completely overjoyed to pop in for a visit with my family. On his way back to town, he called me, "Tell the kids to wait up because I'm bringing home a surprise."

When I got off the phone, I informed all of them of the possibility of huge surprise and each starting playing the guessing game.

"I bet he's bringing home Granny's dog, she hates that dog!"

"No, I bet he is just bringing home dinner," noted my grumpy teenager. (Because dinner at our house...would be a pleasant surprise!)

"Maybe he bought me some jewelry, and just wants you all to stay up to see it." I chimed into the game.

To which I received a trio of rolled eyes and a resounding "no, that's not it!"

The guessing continued to the point that the children were in a frenzy, and raced to door as their father walked in expecting a dog, jewels or at the very least, some Taco Bell.

And much to the chagrin of all three, they were not too happy when he informed them, "Granny found our wedding video, who wants to watch it?"

Not quite the surprise they were looking for and no longer interested in playing the game, they politely refused. But after some poking, prodding and forcibly restraint, all three took their places on the sofa to watch our much talked about wedding of 1994.

“You guys are going to love this. It was the best wedding of the year. And I had the most beautiful dress with 8 bridesmaids in tulle and taffeta – it was sooo gorgeous – wait until you see it.” I gushed.

Little did I know that in the time it took to hit play, I would wipe away 16 years of beloved memories.

“What is up with your hair?” was the first shout out from the audience, as I appeared on the screen wrapped in organza from head to toe.

“Oh my God, look at everybody’s hair – the hair back then was enormous!! Why are your bangs curled under like that? Did you mean to do that? Look, look, there is Uncle Gerry, does he have highlights in his hair?”

And in complete unison, all three proceeded to roll over in hysterical laughter.

And mind you ...they were not laughing with us (because we were not laughing) ...but were laughing at us!

“Mama, your dress is almost as big as your ginormous hair.

“Daddy looks really scared, probably because he thought Mama’s dress would crush him.”

And the heckling from the audience only escalated when the reception video started and the children watched in horror as their grandmother proceeded to ...dance the Macarena.

When it was finally over, I turned the video off and looked at my children who, by this point, had tears of laughter coming down their faces!

They were all sent to bed without dinner ...otherwise known as Taco Bell in our home.

I then turned to my husband. "Well, I hope you're happy. It's taken me 14 years to convince them I am a pretty cool person and in one hour, with that video, you have reduced me to a cast member of Jersey Shores."

"Yeah, sorry, I forgot about that thing you used to do with your hair. How did you get it so big?"

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