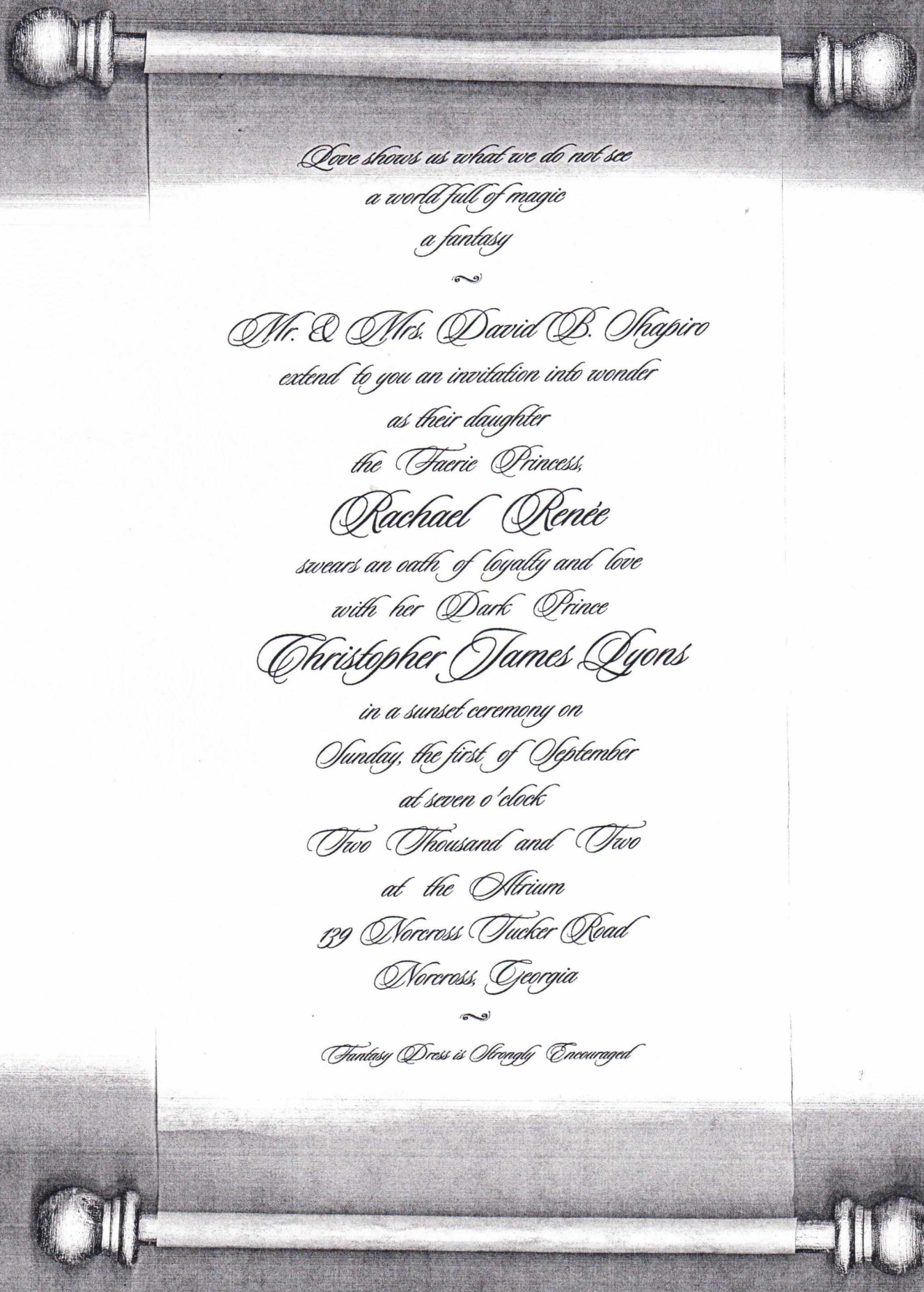


Passages

#15





*Love shows us what we do not see
a world full of magic
a fantasy*

Mr. & Mrs. David B. Shapiro

extend to you an invitation into wonder

as their daughter

the Faerie Princess,

Rachael Renée

swears an oath of loyalty and love

with her Dark Prince

Christopher James Lyons

in a sunset ceremony on

Sunday, the first of September

at seven o'clock

Two Thousand and Two

at the Strium

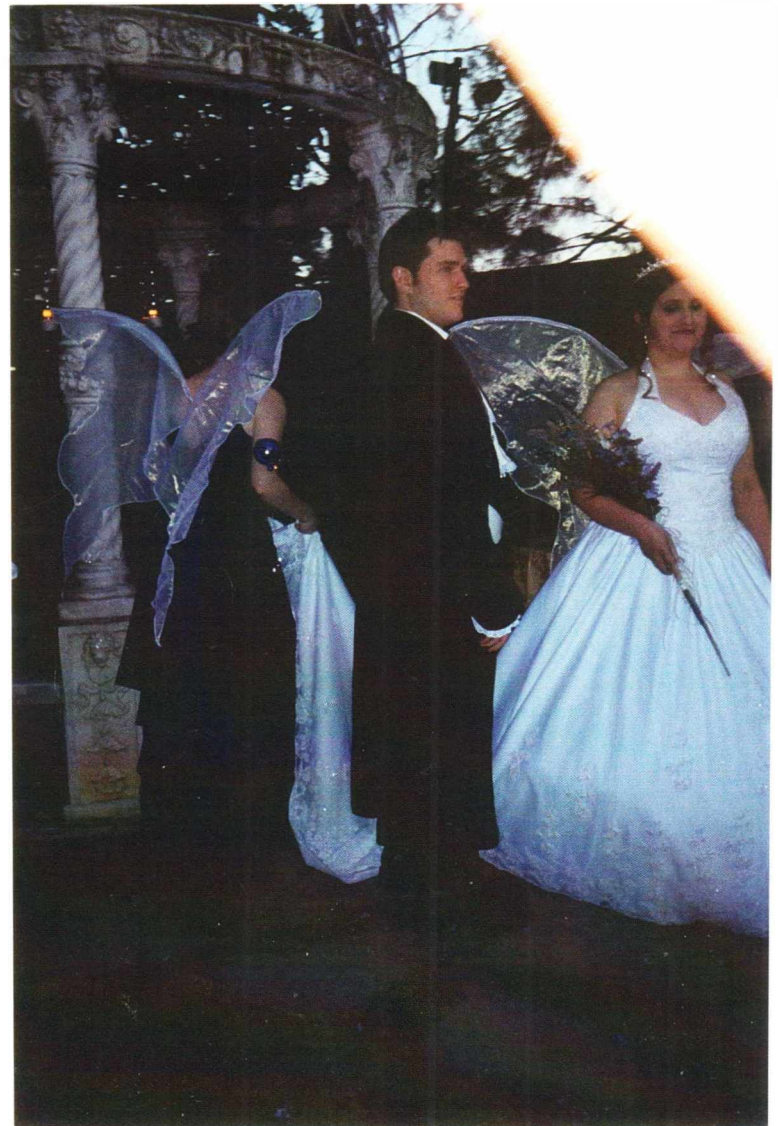
139 Norcross Tucker Road

Norcross, Georgia

Fantasy Dress is Strongly Encouraged



Cathryn and the other fairy princesses in
The Bride's dressing room.



The Bride circled the Groom
7 times. That's my finger
upper right....



Chris and I dancing the mother-son dance at the reception.



My family at the reception.



Cassie on her pony, Chips Ahoy, at the horse show.



Me on my horse, Indiana, warming up before the horse show.

Passages #15

Written and produced by Janet Larson, 1659 Huntsman Drive, Aiken, SC 29803, phone (803)642-3227, email jdlarson@bellsouth.net. Intended for SFPA 229. Today is Sunday, September 22, 2002.

I'm typing this during the season premiere of Enterprise, so it may be a little disjointed. I've already seen it, since it was first on Wednesday. I'm really enjoying the new Star Trek series; I think they're doing a good job of playing to long-time fans, and yet keeping it new and fresh. Archer and T'Pol are starting to build up a Kirk-Spock type of relationship, with a little sexual tension thrown in. The doctor constantly cracks me up, and I love the way the engineer, Trip, keeps trying to mother-hen the girls, Hoshi and T'Pol. I enjoy listening to Malcolm's British accent. The writers just seem to be having a good time exploring how the Star Trek universe got started. I loved their first meeting with the Ferengi, with the Neelix actor featured as their leader, and the other episode with the actor from Quantum Leap, please forgive me for blanking on his name.... I'm sure one of you will provide it!

There's a lot of news at the Larson farm.... Cassie and I are pressing on in our quest to be horse show enthusiasts. I have some snapshots of us that I was going to include in the mailing.

The most amazing thing, however, is that my 22-year old son, Chris, got married September 1. The wedding was beautiful, even though it's hard to admit I'm old enough to have a child getting married.... He and his wife, Rachael, wanted to have a fantasy wedding. "Fantasy dress strongly encouraged," the invitations read. I understand that theme weddings are becoming more popular now.... Chris was the Dark Prince, in a Gothic black velvet Tuxedo coat with tails, the white frilly shirt with cravate, and devils horns. Rachael, the bride, was a fairy princess in a contemporary wedding dress with a crown and fairy wings, and silver metallic sneakers. The guests included classical Roman, medieval and Renaissance period, devils, fairies and elves. I was wearing a velvet wine red dress with gold satin sleeves and gold braid from 14th century time period, and an amethyst and gold cross that is a replica of an actual medieval cross currently found in the Vatican museum. Next to some of the more flamboyant costumes, I guess I looked pretty plain. I have some snapshots I'll be including in this issue. The wedding itself was a combination of Jewish, Christian, and Druid traditions, that they wrote themselves.

A couple of weeks after the wedding, Chris forwarded the following email to me, from his father's stepmother, Dot Lyons. To introduce this, you have to understand that her son, Vince's stepbrother Bowen, is gay. He works as a hair dresser and massage therapist, and, I didn't know this before the wedding, but he also has an avocation of putting on drag shows. As of the time Vince, Chris' father and I, divorced, Bowen had not yet come out, so most of this happened after I was out of the family.

>>The following is an article Bowen wrote for a gay magazine that he writes for >>monthly. I think he did a good job of covering the wedding.

>>

>>dot

Oy! What a wedding I have just attended. Let me tell you. Mix together one Jewish Princess, one bizarre yet Highly intellectual and creative man (that's my side of the family), a bunch of weird friends, three parts family, a lot of costuming, and Viola! You have a "fantasy wedding" of epic proportions.

My darling and very handsome nephew... I'm not biased here folks he's just scrumptious, has found his soul mate. In a ceremony to beat all ceremonies, these two young lovers tied the knot (literally with cords of various colors), crushed the glass, prayed to the four directions, exchanged vows and rings, sang songs, and had a kick ass good time at a wedding of their own creation. She was the Fairae Princess and He the Dark Prince. Behind her beautiful wedding gown (the girl has got taste!) flowed beautiful fairy wings. He was a vision in black with small horns and a sword at his side. I got the honor of tying his ascot. Seemed when no one else could figure it out they turned to Auntie Bo.

Sound strange? Wait it gets better. The bridesmaids wore smaller fairy wings and the groomsman horns with their tuxes. The Priestess... Honestly I don't know her title but she looked like someone you'd get really good pot from, wore an ankh and a swirly blue number that would rival any of Endora's getups. But wait... There's more! Everyone in attendance was encouraged, no persuaded, to wear some type of costume. Anything they felt like. They wanted the festivities to be "dreamlike and surreal. Like a fancy Marti Gras Ball". Well, honey, you know they just put a challenge to my family that we met with wild abandon!

I must say with complete honesty that the family of the groom outdid my wildest expectations. We had my parents as king and queen. My goodness but they looked regal. My mother had on a Olig Cassini gown of vivid blue with Tiara and jewels dripping everywhere while my dad was in a red and green satin cape with a fur cap, fitted vest and gold medallion. . Ok, so I dressed my parents head to toe. I must say that my mom filled out my gown rather nicely. And Jake, my husband, 'bout died when I agreed to lend her my jewels. It's true love when this queen lends anything that glitters! Jake, was in a flame red cape with a high collared ascot and a beautiful feathered mask. Gwen and Howell, the other half of the fraternal grandparents were, Anthony and Cleopatra in complete Egyptian garb. I just can't tell you how proud I was to be with this group.

Now I decided that if I was gonna go to this shindig I was gonna do it right. How many times do you get to dress as Marie Antoinette at a wedding and be welcomed with open arms? Yes the pink lame hoop skirt came out with the full crown and opera length satin gloves. I dripped rhinestones from the tips of my hair to the bottom of my ta-tas and THEN SOME. I had a half cape in white satin trimmed in feathers and a white feather fan to match. My own sister-in-law didn't recognize me! Oh she knew I was Marie, she just didn't know who was underneath the twenty-five yards of pink Lame! Needless to say the photographer got out his wide angle lens..For the dress dammit, don't go there, and had a field day snapping our picture. The women just gasped as I entered and all made lovely comments about how beautiful I looked. My nephew didn't even blink an eye and stoically introduced me to his groomsmen who just kinda stammered. I think they were in awe that Chris' insanity truly came from my side of the family! Rachael, the ravishing bride, had a family to die for! The Shapiros know how to have a good time and were all completely costumed and looking fabulous. Her parents were particularly dashing as purple ensconced king and queen. Her mother had the most fabulous set of purple wings on.

I think Christopher cried more than anyone did as he married the woman of his dreams. She came gliding down the garden aisle on the arms of her parents looking every bit the royal fairae princess. And may I say that her complete look was stunning including a terrifically romantic updo. Now one of the bridesmaids had not only wings on, but purple horns to match her dress. How could this be? It

was none other than the Lady Catherine, my own darling niece, who happens to be as beautiful as her brother is handsome, AND she can sing. She sang a beautiful song accompanied by guitar. It just doesn't get any better than that.

As Chris broke the glass we shouted "Mazel Tav!", and headed indoors for the reception. Well I excused myself and told everyone I had to slip into something more comfortable for the buffet line. They all of course assumed I was resorting to boy clothes...Silly people! I returned in a perfectly fitted, bead encrusted, floor length gown of pale green, with four-inch transparent mules. As God is my witness I think Aunt Edna dropped her teeth in the punch bowl. The MOTB (mother of the bride) came rushing over to announce she hated me even more because I looked better than any woman there! I said, "Honey when you start with a square frame and put the perfect sized curves just where you want them, it's not hard to create the illusion of perfection!"

The bride and groom were gracious enough to ask for a picture with them. Well who was I to say no? One man finally asked, "what possessed you to wear these outfits?" I smiled and said, "the invitation". I figured you couldn't get much more surreal than this. My niece smiled and said, "you are so cool!" Like music to my ears I tell you! Rachael greeted me with enthusiasm and bless her heart she didn't bat an eye when I said maybe next time we met I'd be dressed as a man. Even I have to admit it was a little over the top for our first meeting. She just laughed and said "if not I'm sure that'll be fun too!"
WHAT A WOMAN!

I have to tell you these two looked so dang happy and content it just gives you hope for the future generations. And WHAT pretty babies they're going to have! Oy! My little boy he's all grown up! Congrats to the happy couple and once again "Mozel Tav!"

What else is new at the Larson farmhold? The twins, Samantha and Haydon, will be two years old on October 4. They are into the Terrible Twos with a vengeance. I have experienced 3 versions of Terrible Twos, one at a time, and I have to say that the double dose of it is exponentially more intense. These children can get into trouble that one child would never dream of. But they're so darn cute that it's hard to get to mad at them. I keep remembering the advice from one of the twin books: "when the going gets tough, the tough get the giggles". You just have to keep your sense of humor.

Cassia will be five November 8. She's in 4K pre-kindergarten. They're learning the alphabet, one letter at a time, and every Friday they have show and tell, and they're supposed to bring something that starts with the letter of the week. We were going over all the words that start with the letter B, and she decided that she wanted to bring her Brother, who is also a Baby Boy, and her little Buddy. So Kyle took Haydon into the classroom to be her show and tell. I can't wait until the letter S, when she wants to take her Sister, Samantha....

I've reached a major milestone in my Equestrian career; two weeks ago, my trainer strapped a pair of spurs on my boots. She decided my legs are now stable enough to guarantee that I'll only use them on purpose, and not kick her by accident with them. I was extremely nervous at first, but after riding with them a couple of times, I'm starting to build up my confidence. We went to a horse show earlier in the month, and I was watching the little girls riding the devil out of their horses, and I couldn't figure out why I can't do that; why am I so nervous? After all, I used to be able to do that when I was their age... Of course, then I quit riding for 25 years, and when I started back, there was something different about my physical body.... I don't ever remember feeling pain after riding when I was 11 or 12 years old, except the time I fell off and broke my wrist.

Mailing Comments SFPA #228

(In no particular order, since the mailing was scattered by the babies.....)

Home with the Armadillo #54, Liz Copeland.....What a depressing month you had with those funerals; I hope Allie's boyfriend is better. ... Your quilt is in a book? You're famous!... I hope I get to go back to Buchart Gardens again someday. I was there in 1985, and really enjoyed it.

Tennessee Trash #47, Gary Robe.... Hope your ankle is better; that is so painful. Sounds like you enjoyed your visit to D.C. I'm looking forward to taking our kids in about 8 or 10 years. I hate it that I had to miss DSC. Hopefully next year.....

All the Mailing Comments that Fit in Print, Jeffrey Copeland..... I still haven't seen Spiderman; I guess I need to rent it. I actually was slightly afraid to watch it in the theater, since I do get motion sickness at times.... Thanks for the capsule summary of Eyes Wide Shut. Now I really now that I don't want to see it. ... I guess your kids are too young to seen the Jimmy Neutron movie, but my favorite line from it, when the kid genius is showing his friends how to build rocket ships to go rescue their parents from aliens, he says, "It's not rocket science..: no wait, I guess it is rocket science." ... ct Guy Lillian: I think it's amazing, the stories of how quickly the opium production in Afghanistan resumed. ... ct Sheila Strickland: re: the Austin Powers movies: it's terrifying just how popular they are. No, I don't like to think about that. ...

Sorry about ending the last page so abruptly..... I had to get to Kinko's, and I just took what I had ready at the time. I bought some extra colored paper that the rest of the zine is printed on, and I'm going to try to finish some mc's between patients before FedEx comes, and just print them on my laser printer here that's not working right since I got my new computer with Windows XP. They don't seem to be able to talk to each other right, and I can't convince the printer that all my pages aren't manual feed! I hope you all appreciate the sacrifice I'm going through to print this! I just need to get off my rear and buy a new printer so I can get one that's compatible with Windows XP and do my own color printing so I don't have to pay Kinko's.

All the Mailing Comments that Fit in Print, Jeffrey Copeland..... addendum I never did use the fix to change my Windows XP format so it looks like Windows 2000; I started to get used to the new XP format, so now when I try to use Kyle's computer at home, I can't find where anything is.

Spiritus Mundi #190, Guy H. Lillian III..... I enjoyed your pictures of SCD; I hate it that I couldn't go. Is Rosie excited about her Rubble? You giddy windbag. ... DSC in March? Should be interesting.... I'll try to remember to take the vacation time this year! Maybe Chris and Rae will come; they live in Nashville, and her parents live in Memphis. ... I missed The Crocodile Hunter in the theaters; I guess I'll need to rent it! I really enjoy the TV show.....

ct Jeff: I've heard that the slower you lose the weight, the easier it will stay off. The weight has been creeping up on me; I had gained almost 10 pounds over the last year and a half. I started jogging again 3 weeks ago (I hate jogging! I had to do it in the Army); don't know how long I can keep it up, but I've already lost 4 pounds. Part of my incentive to get in shape is because I don't have the stamina for riding. With my increasing equestrian skill level, it becomes more and more physically demanding; I'm trying to be more than a passive passenger, and actively guide the horse. I just need to get in better shape, and jogging is, unfortunately, the quickest and easiest way to do that with a limited schedule. ...

Ingvi Is a Louse But does mailing comments to make up for it, T.K.F. Weisskopf sometimes called Reinhardt..... You are too kind; I was just trying to give everyone a feel for how crazy and overbooked my life can be. Comes from being too Type A. ... I actually did look up the chapter on Israel in the Encyclopedia Britannica. It's a confusing chapter, really. I don't know the answer.