

Readings

suitable for use at
a wedding



You might look at these to give you some ideas,
or one or two of these actual readings may be what you wish to say

Rev'd Camilla Walton. Email camillawalton@aol.com
THE VICARAGE, PILLEY HILL, BOLDRE, LYMINGTON SO41 5QF
01590 677529

The Parishes of Boldre and South Baddesley

READINGS SUITABLE FOR A WEDDING SERVICE

In the longer readings you may wish to have only part of one or two used - please indicate. There are many other suitable readings from poetry, newspaper cuttings, to the words of pop songs. If you want anything special, it can always be fitted in.

If you are using any of these readings or prayers, please quote the number as well as the title on your planning sheet

1. I am so happy with you.
I can discuss all my thoughts, or
don't have to say anything
you always understand.

I am so relaxed with you,
I don't need to pretend,
I don't need to look good,
You accept me for what I am.

I am so strong with you,
I depend on you for love,
but I live my own life,
You give me extra confidence to
succeed.

Susan Polis Schutz

2. LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY
by Percy Bysshe Shelley

The Fountains mingle with the River
And the Rivers with the Ocean,
The winds of Heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one spirit meet and mingle,
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high Heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother.
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What is all this sweet work worth
If thou kiss not me?

3. If I truly love one person,
I love all persons,
I love the world,
I love life.

If I can say to somebody else,
'I love you'
I must be able to say,
I love in you everybody,
I love through you the world.
I love in you also myself.

Erich Fromm

4. My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a water'd shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thick
set fruit;

My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes;
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

5. US TWO from Now We are Six
by A.A. Milne

Wherever I am, there's always Pooh,
There's always Pooh and Me.
Whatever I do, he wants to do,
"Where are you going today?" says Pooh:
"Well that's very odd 'cos I was too.
"Let's go together," says Pooh, says he.
"Let's go together," says Pooh.

"What's twice eleven?" I said to Pooh,
("Twice what?" said Pooh to Me.)
"I think it ought to be twenty-two."
"Just what I think myself." said Pooh.
"It wasn't an easy sum to do,
But that's what it is," said Pooh, said he.
"That's what it is," said Pooh.

"Let's look for dragons," I said to Pooh,
"Yes, let's," said Pooh to Me.
We crossed the river and found a few -
"Yes, those are dragons all right," said Pooh.
"As soon as I saw their beaks I knew.
"That's what they are," said Pooh, said he.
"That's what they are," said Pooh.

"Let's frighten the dragons," I said to Pooh.
"That's right," said Pooh to Me.
"I'm not afraid," I said to Pooh.
And I held his paw and I shouted "Shoo!
Silly old dragons!" and off they flew.
"I wasn't afraid," said Pooh said he,
"I'm never afraid with you."

So wherever I am, there's always Pooh,
There's always Pooh and Me.
"What would I do?" I said to Pooh,
"If it wasn't for you," and Pooh said: "True.
It isn't much fun for One, but Two
"Can stick together," says Pooh, says he.
"That's how it is," says Pooh.

6. FROM THIS DAY FORWARD
by Helen Steiner Rice

Sharing and caring
 Giving and forgiving
Loving and being loved
 Walking hand in hand
Talking heart to heart
 Seeing through each others eyes
Laughing together
 Weeping together
 Praying together
 And always trusting
And believing
 And thanking God
For each other.

7. I love to have you near me,
To kiss and hold you tight,
And when I'm in your warm embrace
Everything is Right.

For Something very precious
Between us both has grown,
Such happiness you've given me,
Such tenderness you've shown.

I'll try my best to show you
How much you'll always mean,
With care and loving phrases,
And kisses in between.

So please don't ever doubt me,
On days when I feel blue;
Forever I will love you,
Forever I'll be true.

Anon

8. A DESCRIPTION OF LOVE
by Sir Walter Raleigh

Now what is love? I pray thee, tell.
It is that fountain and that well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell.
It is perhaps that sauncing bell,
That tolls all into heaven or hell:
And this is love, as I hear tell.

Yet what is love? I pray thee say.
It is a work on holy-day;
It is December matched with May;
When lusty bloods, in fresh array,
Hear ten months after of the play:
And this is love, as I hear say.

Yet what is love? I pray thee say.
It is a sunshine mixed with rain;
It is a toothe-ache, or like pain;
It is a game where none doth gain;
The lass saith no, and would full fain:
And this is love, as I hear say.

Yet what is love? I pray thee say.
It is a yes, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray;
It is a thing will soon away;
Then take the vantage while you may:
And this is love, as I hear say.

Yet what is love? I pray thee show.
A thing that creeps, it cannot go;
A prize that passeth to and fro;
A thing for one, a thing for mo;
And he that proved must find it so:
And this is love, sweet friend, I trow.

9. THESE I CAN PROMISE *author
unknown*

I cannot promise you a life of sunshine;
I cannot promise riches, wealth, or gold;
I cannot promise you an easy pathway
that leads away from change or growing old.

But I can promise all my heart's devotion;
A smile to chase away your tears of sorrow;
A love that's ever true and ever growing;
A hand to hold in yours through each
tomorrow.

10. Love, they say, is patient,
Love, they say, is kind;
It sees beyond other faults,
For love they say is blind.

Love takes away the me and mine,
Instead it's us and we;
Yours and mine is ours now,
For love is unity.

Love will not diminish
Or rust and fade with years,
But it will gain strength from time,
Laughter and joy and tears.

Love is God's own gift to us,
A present from above;
He gives us peace, He gives us joy,
But first He gives us love.

11. No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a manor of thy friends or of thine were. Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind. And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.

John Donne

12. FROM 'LOVE' *by Laurie Lee*

13.

12a) Love is; and makes all the rules itself, according to the multiple needs of the lover. To be in love, of course, is to take on the penthouse of living, that topmost toppling tower, perpetually lit by the privileged radiance of wellbeing which sets one apart from the nether world.

12b) Love also brings into our lives that mysterious apparition called style, the special fluency of our acts and feelings, so that we are dressed, while it lasts, in the flashy garments of superman, omnipotent, supercharged. At best love is simply the slipping of a hand into another's, of knowing you are where you belong at last.

12c) But if we have chosen to live in the private grip of love, and it seems that most of us have, perhaps we might ask what such love should be. Not the seeking of ourselves in others certainly, which can lead later to mutual rejection, but in acknowledging the uniqueness of the sexes, their tongue-and-groove opposite, which provides love with its natural adhesive.

12d) Most of all love must be built on truth, not dreams, the knowledge of what we are, rather than what we think it is the fashion to be. For no pair of lovers was ever built to an identical programme. So beware of the norm, for no-one is normal. There is only one rule that demands what love should be - the dovetailing of oddities which love welcomes and combines.

12e) All such is right, if love is right, and neither person is used simply as the other's victim, but as one whose needs should also be cherished. Love approved, allows and liberates, and is a warm-blooded acceptance of what one is.

12f) The sum of love is that it should be a meeting place, an interlocking of nerves and senses, a series of constant surprises and renewals of each other's moods, a sharing of the gods of bliss and silence - best of all, a steady building from the inside out, from the cosy centre of love's indulgences, to extend its regions to admit a larger world where children can live and breathe.

12g) Love must be deeper to adapt to the shifting sands of the world; able to withstand disaffections and occasional betrayals; be sufficiently constant, in the centre of orgy and bedlam, to create its own area of sacred quiet; and also be strong enough to take marriage, its toughest test, and to sink the best of its virtues in it, so that its children may be heirs of its proper kingdom rather than the frail castaways of its self absorption.

12h) For love still has intimations of immortality to offer us, if we are willing to pay it tribute. Love is not merely the indulgence of one's personal taste-buds; it is also the delight of indulging another's. Also in remembering the lost beauties of tenderness and care, in taking some pleasure in the act of adoring, and in being content, now and then, to lie by one's sleeping love and to shield her eyes from the sun.

13. THE MOST WONDERFUL OF ALL THINGS IN LIFE *by Sir Hugh Walpole*

The most wonderful of all things in life is the discovery of another human being with whom one's relationship has a growing depth, beauty and joy as the years increase. This inner progressiveness of love between two human beings is a most marvellous thing; it cannot be found by looking for it, or by passionately wishing for it. It is a sort of divine accident and the most wonderful of all things in life.

14. BLESSING FOR A MARRIAGE *by James Dillet Freeman*

May your marriage bring you all the exquisite excitements a marriage should bring, and may life grant you also patience, tolerance and understanding.

May you always need one another – not so much to fill your emptiness as to help you to know your fullness. a mountain needs a valley to be complete; the valley does not make the mountain less, but more; and the valley is more a valley because it has a mountain towering over it. So let it me with you and you.

May you need one another, but not out of weakness.
May you want one another, but not out of lack.
May you entice one another, but not compel one another.
May you embrace one another, but not out encircle one another
May you succeed in all important ways with one another, and not fail in the little graces.
May you look for things to praise, often say "I love you" and take no notice of small faults.

If you have quarrels that push you apart, may both of you hope to have good sense enough to take the first step back.

May you enter into the mystery which is the awareness of one another's presence – no more physical than spiritual, warm and near when you are side by side, and warm and near when you are in separate rooms or even distant cities.

May you have happiness and may you find it making one another happy.

May you have love and may you find it living one another.

15. WHAT IS LOVE *Author unknown*

Sooner or later we begin to understand that love is more than verses on valentines and romance in the movies. We begin to know that love is here and now, real and true, the most important thing in our lives. For love is the creator of our favourite memories and the foundation of our fondest dreams. Love is a promise that is always kept, a fortune that can never be spent, a seed that can flourish in even the most unlikely of places. And this radiance that never fades, this mysterious and magical joy is the greatest treasure of all – one known only by those who love.

16. DESIDERATA *by Max Ehrmann*

Go placidly amid the noise and haste and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even to the dull and ignorant; they too have their story.

Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain and bitter; for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans.

Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in face of all aridity and disenchantment it is perennial as the grass.

Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself.

You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.

Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive of Him to be, and whatever your labours and inspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul.

With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.

17. THOUGHTS ON ST. FRANCIS' PRAYER *by Alan Paton*

It is not uncommon in a society where there is great disparity of wealth for the "haves" to argue amongst themselves as to whether the "have-nots" are grateful or ungrateful. Some "haves" are obsessed with a belief in the ingratitude of the "have-nots", to the extent that they are embittered by it. "I gave him this and I gave him that, and look what he did to me!" That there are cases of ingratitude one cannot doubt, but apart from those it is my experience that those who complain of ingratitude never give themselves with their gifts. It is the gift, the thing, the money, that they expect to evoke the response, and very often it does not. But when we give ourselves, not seeking gratitude, we are often overwhelmed by the response in some other person who at that moment gives himself to us. It is in that moment that we receive; it is in that moment that God is; it is in that place that God is. That, above all, is what we receive, and it is an experience of joy. And that for me is one of the meanings of God, that He is in that time and place where you and I give of ourselves to each other.

18. THE BOND

D. H. Lawrence, Kangaroo

When a man and woman truly come together, when there is a marriage, then an unconscious, vital connection is established between them, like a throbbing blood circuit. A man may forget a woman entirely with his head, and fling himself with energy and fervour into whatever job he is tackling, and all is well, all is good, if he does not break that inner vital connection which is the mystery of marriage. But let him once get out of unison, out of conjunction, let him inwardly break loose and come apart, let him fall into that worst of male vices, that vice of abstraction and mechanisation, and have a concert of working alone and of himself, then he commits the breach. He hurts the woman and he hurts himself, though neither may know why. The greatest hero that ever existed was heroic whilst he kept the throbbing inner union with something, God, or Fatherland, or woman.

19. In love, the gates of my soul spring open, allowing me to breathe a new air of freedom and forget my own petty self. In love, my whole being steams forth out of the rigid confines of narrowness and self assertion, which make me a prisoner of my own poverty and emptiness.

Karl Rahner

20. 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 end of Being and Ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
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 griefs, 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.

E B Browning

21. A RED, RED ROSE *by Robert Burns*
My love is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June:
My love is like a melody
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art you, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love you still, my dear,
Till all the seas run dry

Till all the seas gone dry, my dear
And the rocks melt with the sun;
And I will love thee still, my dear
While the sands of life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only love,
And fare thee well a while,
And I will come again, my love
Though it were ten thousand mile

22. I love you,
Not only for what you are,
But for what I am
When I am with you.

I love you,
Not only for what
You have made of yourself
But for what you are making
of me.

I love you,
For the part of me
That you bring out.
I love you
For putting your hand
Into my heaped up heart,
and passing over
All the foolish, weak things
That you can't help
Dimly seeing there;
And for drawing out
Into the light
All the beautiful belongings
That no-one else had looked
Quite far enough to find.

I love you because you are
helping me to make of the lumber
of my life

Not a tavern, but a temple;
Out of works of my everyday
Not a reproach, but a song.

I love you,
Because you have done
More than any creed
Could have done
To make me good,
and more than any fate
Could have done
To make me happy.

You have done it,
Without a touch,
Without a word,
Without a sign,

You have done it,
By being yourself.
Perhaps that is what
Being a friend (and lover) means
After all. *Rod McKewan*

28. IZZAT LOVE *by Todd Rungren*

Izzat love what I feel when you're in my arms
Make me die before I'd do you harm
When you're lost I will lead you home
If you're cold, you know I'll keep you warm
Am I wrong?

Or Izzat love when I dream there is no one
Else in the end? Who's your friend? just myself.
Izzat love to forget my pride
To conceal how it feels deep inside
Am I wrong?
Or Izzat love?

Izzat love to forgive all those things you've done?
If you go, still you know, I'm the one.
Only love, love alone can survive
Deep inside. I believe it's alive.
Am I wrong?
Or Izzat love?

29. BLAKELOVE

And did that Love, in times gone by,
work upon all our hopes and dreams?
And did that Heart, that Touch, that Voice,
make holy all life's common themes:
and was the Wonder, Power and Joy
embodied there, in souls made new?
And was the heaven of grace builded here
where daily I go on with you?

Here is my strength pledged for your peace:
here my respect, my worth, my good;
here all my tenderness, my tears,
my friendship, all my heart's best food.
I will not cease from total fight,
nor shall my prayer give up its gains,
till we have built our house of love,
and Love forever in us reigns

30. THE CUP *by F. J. Harding*

One day I dropped a china cup,
A wedding present too,
I simply stood and stared awhile
Not knowing what to do.

For just high days and holidays
It saw the light of day,
Then spent its life high on the shelf
Securely packed away.

And now the broken pieces lay
All scattered on the floor,
The china cup we so much prized
Had gone for evermore.

But many moons have waxed and waned
Since that eventful day
And other pieces of the set
Have gone the self same way.

And yet, somehow as years pass by
The broken cups and such
Which caused so much anxiety
Don't matter over much.

For as we journey day by day
No need to be dismayed,
The highest mountains, as we know,
Are out of mole-hills made.

As long as we can heed God's word
And strive to do His will,
Remembering that in His sight
Small things are precious still.

A happy smile, the kindly word,
One act of love maybe
Will be remembered up above
Throughout Eternity.

31. A SONNET *by 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.

32 From MARRIAGE AND MORALS (1929) *by Bertrand Russell*

It is ... possible for a civilized man and woman to be happy in marriage, although if this is to be the case a number of conditions must be fulfilled. There must be a feeling of complete equality on both sides; there must be no interference with mutual freedom; there must be the most complete physical and mental intimacy; and there must be a certain similarity in regard to standards of values. (It is fatal, for example, if one values only money while the other values only good work.) Given all these conditions, I believe marriage to be the best and most important relation that can exist between two human beings. If it has not often been realized hitherto, that is chiefly because husband and wife have regarded themselves as each other's policeman. If marriage is to achieve its possibilities, husbands and wives must learn to understand that whatever the law may say, in their private lives they must be free.

33. THE ROSE

Some say love it is a river that drowns the tender reeds,
Some say love it is a razor that leaves your soul to bleed,
Some say love it is a hunger, an endless aching need.
I say love it is a flower and you its only seed.

It's the heart afraid of breaking that never learns to dance,
It's the dream afraid of waking that never takes the chance,
It's the one who won't be taken who cannot seem to give,
And the soul afraid of dying that never learns to live.

When the night has been too lonely and the road has been too long
And you think that love is only for the lucky and the strong,
Just remember in the Winter, far beneath the bitter snow
Lies the seed that with the sun's love in the Spring becomes the Rose.

34. ANNIVERSARY *by Susan De Vore*

Love, like friendship
Must be about something
Besides itself.

I love you, not for the sake of loving,
Nor for the sake of being loved,
But for the sake of the truths we share,
The joy of walking on the same secret road.

I love you, not out of my need for love,
But because of our common vision.
Our travels on the same quest.
We are collaborators, companions, allies,
Face to face, and side by side.

I love you, not because love has survival value,
But because you are helping give value to survival.
I love you because you stand for yourself
And I for myself
And we are the sovereign princes of independent states,
On neutral ground,
Free of context and naked of surroundings.
No shadow of necessity, no burdensome duty
Oversees our love, nor constraint without reason.
We are free and equal as we had met an hour ago,
While the affection and tenderness of years
Enfolds us.

I love you, because in making this journey with you,
I have seen you a thousand times,
In fear, in anger, in sickness and in tears,
And still you ring true.

I love you, and you love me,
Because we bring out of each others depths
All that is best, and wisest, and funniest,
And most exquisite.
Among all the spirits that roam our planet
We have found each other,
And we are lucky beyond measure and description
To be in such company.

35. FOOTPRINTS

One night a man had a dream,
He dreamed he was walking along the beach with the Lord.
Across the sky flashed scenes from his life.
For each scene, he noticed two sets of footprints in the sand,
One belonged to him and the other to the Lord.

When the last scene of his life flashed before him,

he looked back at the footprints in the sand.
He noticed that many times along the path of his life
there was only one set of footprints.
He also noticed that it happened at the very lowest and saddest times in his life.

This really bothered him and he questioned the Lord about it,
'Lord, you said that once I decided to follow you, you'd walk with me all the way.
But I have noticed that during the most troublesome times in my life,
there is only one set of footprints.
I don't understand why when I needed you most you would leave me.'

The Lord replied,
'My precious, precious child, I love you and I would never leave you.
During your times of trial and suffering, when you see only one set of footprints, it was then
that I carried you,'

36. from THE GIFT OF THE SEA by Anne Morrow Lindbergh

When you love someone, you do not love them all the time in exactly the same way, from moment to moment. It is an impossibility. It is even a lie to pretend to. And yet this is exactly what most of us demand. We have so little faith in the ebb and flow of life, of love, of relationships. We leap at the flow of the tide and resist in terror its ebb. We are afraid it will never return. We insist on permanency, on duration, on continuity; when the only continuity possible, in life as in love, is in growth, in fluidity – in freedom, in the sense that the dancers are free, barely touching as they pass, but partners in the same pattern.

The only real security is not in owning or possessing, not in demanding or expecting, not in hoping, even. Security in a relationship lies neither in looking back to what was in nostalgia, nor forward to what it might be in dread or anticipation, but living in the present relationship and accepting it as it is now. Relationships must be like islands, one must accept them for what they are here and now, within their limits – islands surrounded and interrupted by the sea and continually visited and abandoned by the tides.

37. COMPATIBILITY

Are we compatible?

I am illogical, when you are the epitome of logic.

I am incongruous, impulsive and emotional, against your sensibility, consistency and infallibility.

I can be reckless, foolishly extravagant and unrestrained; you are reserved, cautious, measured.

Are we compatible?

Our relationship remains exciting, stimulating and unpredictable; complacency is not in our vocabulary.

Are we compatible; do opposites really attract?

Who cares?

We are in love.

38. MARRIAGE JOINS TWO PEOPLE IN THE CIRCLE OF ITS LOVE *by Edmund O'Neill*

Marriage is a commitment to life, the best that two people can find and bring out in each other. It offers opportunities for sharing and growth that no other relationship can equal. It is a physical and an emotional joining that is promised for a lifetime.

Within the circle of its love, marriage encompasses all of life's most important relationships. A wife and a husband are each other's best friend, confidant, lover, teacher, listener and critic.

Marriage deepens and enriches every facet of life. Happiness is fuller, memories are fresher, commitment is stronger, even anger is felt more strongly and passes away more quickly.

Marriage understands and forgives the mistakes life is unable to avoid. It encourages and nurtures new life, new experiences and new ways of expressing a love that is deeper than life.

When two people pledge their love and care for each other in marriage, they create a spirit unique unto themselves which binds them closer than any spoken or written words. Marriage is a promise, a potential made in the hearts of two people who love each other and takes a lifetime to fulfil.

39. OUR LOVE *by Bruce B Wilmer*

Our love is something we have built from passions, hopes and dreams.
It's safe from any passing moods, secure from all extremes.
It's something real and special, something solid, something pure.
It's something we can always count on, ringing sound and sure.
It's something grounded in the heart emitting confidence.
It lives in our emotions, it's something we can sense.
Our love remains a binding force, resistant to all strife.
amidst the outer pressures it's our anchor throughout life.

40. MARRIAGE OF TWO HEARTS *by Bryce B. Wilmer*

In every heart there is a spark
That wants to be a flame
In every life there is a part
That only love can tame.

In every day there is a moment
Eager to be shared.
In every mind a tender thought
Just waits to be declared.

In every forest there's a trail
Which two can happier roam
In every place there is a spot
Which two can call a home.

In every joy a higher gladness
Reigns if there are two.
In every love there is the hope
That dreams will all come true.

In every marriage of two hearts
Two lives exist as one.
In every journey that two share
Life's really just begun.

41. THE BLESSING OF THE APACHES

Now you will feel no rain,
For each of you will be shelter to the other.
Now you will feel no cold
For each of you will be warmth to the other.
Now there is no more loneliness for you,
For each of you will be companion to the other.
Now you are two bodies,
But there is only one life before you.
Go now to your dwelling place,
To enter into the days of your togetherness
And may your days be good and long upon the earth.

42. COME LIVE WITH ME AND BY MY LOVE *by Christopher Marlowe*

Come live with me and be my love
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There we will sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold;
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

43. IRISH BLESSING

May the road rise to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back
May the warm rays of sun fall upon your home
And may the hand of a friend always be near.
May green be the grass you walk on,
May blue be the skies above you,
May pure be the joys that surround you,
May true be the hearts that love you.
May God be with you and bless you;
May you see your children's children.
May you be poor in misfortune,
Rich in blessings.
May you know nothing but happiness
From this day forward.

44a. THE ART OF A GOOD MARRIAGE *by Wilfred Adrian 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 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 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 person., it is being the right partner.

44b THE ART OF A GOOD MARRIAGE – shortened version

A good marriage must be created
In the 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 each day,
It is never going to sleep angry,
It is standing together and facing the world,
It is forming a circle of love that gathers in the whole family,
It is speaking words of appreciation
and demonstrating gratitude in thoughtful ways,
It is having the capacity to forgive and forget,
It is giving each other an atmosphere in which each can grow,
It is a common search for the good and the beautiful,
It is not only marrying the right person It is being the right partner.

45. TRUE LOVE (*author 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 hearts that it entwines.

46. BECAUSE SHE WOULD ASK ME
WHY I LOVED HER
by Christopher Brennan

If questioning would make us wise,
No eyes would ever gaze in eyes;
If all our tale were told in speech,
No mouths would wander each to each.

Were spirits free from mortal mesh
And love not bound in hearts of flesh,
No aching breasts would yearn to meet
And find their ecstasy complete.

For who is there that lives and knows
The secret powers by which he grows?
Were knowledge all, what were our need
To thrill and faint and sweetly bleed?

Then seek not, my sweet, the "if" and "why"
I love you now until I die.
for I must love because I live
And life in me is what you give.

47. THE COLOUR OF MY LOVE
by David Foster and Arthur Janov

I'll paint a sun to warm your heart
Knowing that we'll never part.
I'll draw the years all passing by,
So much to learn, so much to try.

I'll paint my mood in shadow blue,
Paint my soul to be with you.
I'll sketch your lips in shaded tones,
Draw your mouth to my own.

I'll trace a hand to wipe your tears
And trace a look to calm your fears.
A silhouette of dark and light
To hold each other oh so tight.

I'll paint the stars in the evening sky,
Draw the light into your eyes,
A touch of love, a touch of grace,
To softly fall on your moonlit face.

And with this ring our lives will start,
Let nothing keep our love apart.
I'll take your hand to hold in mine,
And be together through all time.

48. A GOOD WEDDING CAKE *Author unknown*

4 lbs of love
1lb of butter of youth
1lb of sweet temper
1lb of blindness to faults
1lb of self forgetfulness
1lb of pounded wit
1lb of good humour
2 tablespoons of sweet argument
1 pint of rippling laughter
1 wine glass of common sense

Put the love and sweet temper into a well furnished house. Beat the butter of youth to a cream and mix well together with the blindness of faults. Stir the pounded wit and good humour into the sweet argument, then add the rippling laughter and common sense. Work the whole together until everything is well mixed and bake gently for ever.

49. THE CONFIRMATION *by Edwin Muir*

Yes, yours, my love, is the right human face
I in my mind had waited for this long.
Seeing the false and searching the true,
Then I found you as a traveller finds a place
Of welcome suddenly amid the wrong
Valleys and rocks and twisting roads.
But you, what shall I call you?
A fountain in a waste,
A well of water in a country dry,
Or anything that's honest and good, an eye
That makes the whole world bright.
Your open heart simple with giving, give the primal deed.
The first good world, the blossom, the blowing seed,
The hearth, the steadfast land, the wandering sea,
Not beautiful or rare in every part,
But like yourself, as they were meant to be.

50. WHY MARRIAGE? *author unknown*

...Because to the depths of me, I long to love one person
With all my heart, my soul, my mind. my body.

...Because I need a forever friend to trust with the intimacies of me,
Who won't hold them against me,
Who loves me when I'm unlikable,
Who sees the small child in me and
Who looks for the divine potential of me.

...Because I need to cuddle in the warmth of the night
With someone who thanks God for me,
With someone I feel blessed to hold.

...Because marriage means opportunity
To grow in love in friendship.

...Because marriage is a discipline
To be added to a list of achievements

...Because marriages do not fail, people fail
When they enter into marriage
Expecting another to make them whole.

...Because, knowing this,
I promise myself to take full responsibility
For my spiritual, mental and physical wholeness,
I create me,
I take half of the responsibility for my marriage.
Together we create our marriage.

...Because with this understanding
The possibilities are limitless.

51. ON LOVE by *Thomas a Kempis*

Love is a mighty power, a great and complete good.
Love alone lightens every burden, and makes rough places smooth.
It bears every hardship as though it were nothing and renders all bitterness sweet and acceptable.

Nothing is sweeter than love,
Nothing stronger,
Nothing higher
Nothing wider,
Nothing more pleasant,
Nothing fuller or better in heaven or earth; for love is born of God.

Love flies, runs and leaps for joy.
It is free and unrestrained,
Love knows no limits, but ardently transcends all bounds.
Love feels no burden, takes no account of toil,
attempts things beyond its strength,

Love sees nothing as impossible,
for it feels able to achieve all things.
It is strange and effective,
while those who lack love faint and fail.

Love is not fickle and sentimental,
nor is it intent on vanities.
Like a living flame and a burning torch,
it surges upward and surely surmounts every obstacle.

52. I PROMISE by *Dorothy R. Colgan*
I promise to give you the best of myself
and to ask of you no more than you can give.

I promise to respect you as your own person
and to realise that your interests, desires and needs
are no less important than my own.

I promise to share with you my time and my attention
and to bring joy, strength and imagination to our relationship.

I promise to keep myself open to you,
to let you see through the window of my world
into my innermost fears and feelings, secrets and dreams.

I promise to grow along with you,
to be willing to face changes in order
to keep our relationship alive and exciting.

I promise to love you in good times and in bad,
with all I have to give and all I feel inside
in the only way I know how.
Completely and forever.