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1. Now you will feel no rain, for each of you will be shelter for the other.
Now you will feel no cold for each of you will be warmth to the other.
Now there is no more loneliness.
Now you are two persons but there is only one life before you.
Go now and enter into the days of your life together
And may your days together be good and long upon the earth.

(Apache marriage blessing).
Words from a Native American Poem.

2. A marriage.....

Makes of two fractional lives a whole;
It gives to two purposeless lives a work
And doubles the strength of each to perform it
It gives to two questioning natures a reason for living,
And something to live for;
It will give a new gladness to the sunshine,
A new fragrance to the flowers,
A new beauty to the earth,
And a new mystery to life.

Mark Twain

3. Marriage is

Marriage is a dynamic process of discovery,

Marriage is a journey, not an arrival.

In marriage, being the right person is as important as finding the right person.

Marriage is starting to love, over and over again.

Marriage is a life's work.

Marriage is an art and like any creative process,

It requires active thought and effort.

We have to learn how to share on many different levels.

We need to practice talking from the heart,

And understanding attitudes as well as words.

Giving generously and receiving graciously are talents that are available to anyone.

But all these skills need to be developed, if the marriage picture that we paint is to be anything approaching the masterpiece intended.

Anon.

4. Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

William Shakespeare

5. 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 wand'ring 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.

William Shakespeare.

6. Where There Is Love.

Where there is love the heart is light,
Where there is love the day is bright,
Where there is love there is a song
To help when things are going wrong,
Where there is love there is a smile
To make all things seem more worthwhile,
Where there is love there's quiet peace,
A tranquil place where turmoils cease –
Love changes darkness into light
And makes the heart take “wingless flight”

Helen Steiner Rice

7. The Magic Of Love

Love is like magic
And it always will be,
For love still remains
Life's sweet mystery!

Love works in ways
That are wondrous and strange
And there's nothing in life
That love cannot change!

Love can transform
The most commonplace
Into beauty and splendour
And sweetness and grace!

Love is unselfish,
Understanding and kind,
For it sees with its heart
And not with its mind!

Love is the answer
That everyone seeks –
Love is the language
That every heart speaks –

Love can't be bought
It is priceless and free,
Love, like pure magic,
Is a sweet mystery!

Helen Steiner Rice

8. Marriage is one long conversation

Marriage is one long conversation, chequered by disputes.
The disputes are valueless; they but ingrain the difference;
The heroic heart of woman prompting her at once to nail her colours to the mast.
But the intervals, almost unconsciously, and with no desire to shine,
the whole material of life is turned over and over,
ideas are struck out and shared,
the two persons more and more adapt their notions one to suit the other,
and in process of time, without sound of trumpet,
they conduct each other into new worlds of thought.

R L Stevenson

9. A Walled Garden

“Your marriage”, he said, “should have within it, a secret and protected place open to you alone.

Imagine it to be a walled garden, entered by a door to which you only hold the key. Within this garden you will cease to be a mother, father, employee, homemaker or any other of the roles which you fulfil in daily life.

Here you are yourselves two people who love each other.

Here you can concentrate on one another’s needs.

So take my hand and let us go back to our garden.

The time we spend together is not wasted but invested.

Invested in our future and the nurture of our love.

Anon

10. Love is the most incredible of all our experiences

Love is the most incredible of all the experiences that touch our lives.

It creates for us the world that we want to live in.

From the beginning of our lives, we know that love is the power that comforts and protects us;

It is the one feeling that we can depend upon to help us through life's ups and downs.

Love is the understanding and security that never changes;

It allows us to be ourselves and feel self confident.

Today, as the two of you join together and commit your love to each other,

remember the lessons of love that you have always known.

Let your love comfort, support and encourage you.

Let your love be the best part of your lives;

Always know that it will make everything better and it will make your world a place of happiness.

11. What is love?

What is love? Who can say?
Poet and sage, through long ages
Have sought to tell, and failed.
But in our hearts, we know what it is,
Yet each time we find it, it is bright and new,
Always different, yet never changing,
And we are filled with awe, that a tiny human heart,
Can hold within itself so much.
It is the sun, coming out from behind the clouds,
It is the rainbow, that takes us by surprise,
The song of birds, and the flight of butterflies,
The myriad stars in velvet skies,
The perfume of the blood red rose,
The secret, that only a lover knows.

12. “Your love and my love keep each other company
that is why I am so joyful.

That your heart is constant in its love for mine
Is a solace beyond compare.

Yours is the clasp that holds my loyalty,
You dismiss all my heart’s sorrow.

And yours is a devotion that does not end or alter just as the Antarctic Pole stands
opposite the North Star, and neither moves, your love and my love shall be
steadfast in their loyalty and never drift apart”.

Adapted from an early 13th Century poem by Walfram Von Eschenbach

13. If you can always be as close
And as happy as today,
Yet be secure enough to grow
And change along the way.

If you can keep for you alone
Your love as man and wife,
Yet find the time to share your joy
With others in your life.

If you can be as one
And walk through marriage hand in hand,
Yet still support the goals and dreams
That each of you have planned.

If you can dare to always go
Your separate ways together,
Then all the wonder of today
Will stay with you forever.

14. Serenely far there swam in the sunny height
 A buzzard and his mate who took their pleasure
 Swirling and poising idly in golden light:
On great pied motionless moth-wings borne along,
 So effortless and so strong,
Cutting each other's paths, together they glided,
 Then wheeled asunder till they soared divided
 Two valleys width (as though it were delight)
 To part like this, being sure they could unite
 So swiftly in their empty, free dominion,
Curved headlong downward, towering up the sunny steep,
 Then with a sudden lift of the one great pinion,
 Swung proudly to a curve and from its height
 Took half a mile of sunlight in one long sweep.

15. As I walked one evening,
Walking down Bristol Street,
The crowds upon the pavement
Were fields of harvest wheat.

And down by the brimming river
I heard a lover sing
Under an arch of the railway:
“Love has no ending.

I'll love you, dear, I'll love you
Till China and Africa meet
And the river jumps over mountain
And the salmon sing in the street.

I'll love you till the ocean
Is folded and hung up to dry
And the seven stars go squawking
Like geese about the sky.

The years shall run like rabbits
For in my arms I hold
The flower of the ages
And the first love of the world”.

W H Auden

16. Look to this day!
For it is life,
The very life of life....
For yesterday is only a dream,
And tomorrow is only a vision
But today, well lived,
Makes every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And very tomorrow a vision of hope!

17. LOVE – FROM AN ESSAY BY LAURIE LEE

Born, we are mortal, dehydrated, ordinary; love is the oil that plumps us up, dilates the eyes, puts a glow on the skin, lifts us free from the weight of time.

At best, love is simply the slipping of a hand in another's, of knowing you are where you belong at last.

But if we have chosen to live in the private grip of love – and it seems most of us have – (and remembering at the same time that there are worse masters in the world) – 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 is acknowledging the uniqueness of the sexes, their tongue-and-groove opposites, which provides love with its natural adhesive.

Love should be an act of will, of passionate patience, flexible cunning, constant proof against roasting and freezing, drought and flood, and the shifting climates of mood and age. In order to make it succeed, one must lose all preconceptions, including a reliance on milk and honey, and fashion something that can blanket the whole range of experience from ecstasy to decay.

Most of all it must be built on truth, not dream, the knowledge of what we are, rather than what we think it is the fashion to be. Neither person is used simply as the other's victim, but as one whose needs should also be cherished. Love approves, allows and liberates, and is not a course of moral correction, nor a penitential brainwash or a psychiatrist's couch, but a warm-blooded acceptance of what one is.

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 others 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.

Love is not merely the indulgence of one's personal taste-buds; it is also the delight in indulging another's. Also in remembering the lost beauties of such simplicities as tenderness and care, in feeling able to charm without suffering loss of status, 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.

18. Love is indeed “a many splendoured thing!”
When it is given and returned,
It enriches both the lover and the beloved.
And as long as two people love each other,
Nothing in this world is too difficult or too impossible, for wanting to do something
for the one you love
Takes all the burden out of it
And the roughest way becomes smooth
When you can travel it hand in hand.

19. A Definition of Marriage

A good marriage resembles a pair of shears so jointed that they cannot be separated often moving in opposite directions.
Yet always punishing anyone that comes between them.

20. Today Is Our Wedding Day

And how happy we both are.

With family and friends gathered to hear us promise to each other all the good we can think of.

Today it is easy, we are full of joy and confident in one another.

And yet we know it will not always be as easy as this.

We know there will be less happy times, even very difficult times.

But we will always have our love for each other and family and friends to help us.

We ask all of you with us today to take pleasure from our happiness and to enjoy our day with us and the love we share.

Let everyone here today stop and reflect.

It is our wedding day and each and everyone here is forever involved in the marriage we make today.

21. Marriage Is A Bit Like Learning To Drive A Car

You get your licence and off you go.

Your confidence is high, the new experience is exciting.

After a short while you stop seeing only yourself and suddenly realise there are thousands and thousands of others out there all doing much the same thing.

Some are good at it, some never seem to get the hang of it, some never waver the same tomorrow as they are today, others have their ups and downs, their little mishaps and their near misses.

Marriage, like driving, needs working at to become successful. Getting the licence is just the beginning.

What a happy exciting beginning!

22. If I Tried To Describe How Much I Love You.

I would get all tongue tied, trip over my words and blush with embarrassment.

It would be particularly difficult here in front of all our family and friends. In any case you would probably start laughing at my stumbling efforts and we'd both end up giggling.

So just let me say to you I love you from the bottom of my heart. I am so happy that we are being married today.

And as we start our life all over again together, I want you to understand that you are my partner, my friend, my love. There, now I've said it so we can both laugh happily together.

23. The Meaning of True Love

It is sharing and caring,
Giving and forgiving,
Loving and being loved,
Walking hand in hand,
Talking heart to heart,
Seeing through each other's eyes,
Laughing together,
Weeping together.

For love that is shared is a beautiful thing –
It enriches our lives and makes our hearts sing!

24. A Dedication To My Wife

To whom I owe the leaping delight
That quickens my senses in our waking time
And the rhythm that governs the repose of our sleeping time;
The breathing in unison

Of lovers whose bodies smell of each other
Who think the same thoughts without the need of speech
And babble the same speech without need of meaning.

No peevish winter wind shall chill
No sullen tropic sun shall wither
The roses in the rose-garden which is ours and ours only

But this dedication is for others to read:
These are private words addressed to you in public.

25. Marriage

Marriage is a partnership in which two people proclaim their love and commitment to each other.

With their love and commitment both people can learn how to create a loving, supportive environment in which they can both grow in themselves, as they continue to grow closer to each other.

The creation of a good partnership requires time, thought and effort. It means being open to learning and discovering new things about yourself and your partner for the rest of your life.

It requires a lot of trust and respect for one another and means learning to share on many different levels;-

- Learning to give and receive love generously;
- Learning to be open, honest and understanding;
- Learning to search for the good and the beautiful in yourself and your partner.

Some of the ways we can do these things can sometimes seem unimportant – but in marriage it is the little things that are the big things;

- Like never being too old to hold hands and show affection;
- Making time for each other and having lots of fun together;
 - Remembering to say “I love you” often;
- Speaking words of appreciation and demonstrating gratitude in thoughtful ways;
- Talking about yourself and how you feel and learning to listen when your partner wants to do the same.

Marriage is about giving unconditional love,

The more love you learn to give, the more love you receive.

Marriage is not only about being with the right person it is also about learning to be the right partner.

26. Now each of us will be warmth to the other

Now there is no more loneliness

Now we are two persons but there is only one life before us

Go now and enter into the days of our life together

And may our life be long and happy upon the earth”.

Adapted from an American Indian Wedding Ceremony.

27. “My heart is like a nesting bird
Whose nest is in the watered 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 thy love is come to me”

Adapted from a poem by Christine Rosetti

28. “Your love and my love keep each other company,
that is why I am so joyful.

That your heart is constant in its love for mine
Is a solace beyond compare.

Yours is the clasp that holds my loyalty,
You dismiss all my heart’s sorrow.

Any yours is a devotion that does not end or alter
Just as the Antarctic Pole stands opposite the North Star,
And neither moves, your love and my love shall be steadfast in their loyalty
And never drift apart”.

Walfram Von Eschenbach

29. Marriage

Love one another, but make not a bond of love:
Let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your souls.
Fill each other's cup but drink not from one cup.
Give one another of your bread but eat not from the same loaf.
Sing and dance together and be joyous, but let each one of you be alone.
Even as the strings of a lute are alone though they quiver with the same music.

Give your hearts, but not into each other's keeping.
For only the hand of life can contain your hearts.
And stand together yet not too near together:
For the pillars of the temple stand apart,
And the Oak tree and the Cypress grow not in each other's shadow.

Kahlil Gibran

30. Love

When love beckons to you, follow him,
Though his ways are hard and steep.
And when his wings enfold you, yield to him,
Though the sword hidden among his pinions may wound you,
And when he speaks to you believe in him.
Though his voice may shatter your dreams as the North Wind lays waste the
garden.

For even as love crowns you so shall he harm you.
Even as he is for your growth so is he for your pruning.
Even as he ascends to your height and caresses your tenderest branches that
quiver in the sun,
So shall he descend to your roots and shake them in their clinging to the earth.
Like sheaves of corn he gathers you unto himself.
He threshes you to make you naked.
He sifts you to free you from your husks.
He grinds you to whiteness.
He kneads you until you are pliant:
And then he assigns you to his sacred fire.

All these things shall love do unto you that you may know the secrets of your heart,
and in that knowledge become a fragrant of Life's heart.

Love gives naught but itself and takes naught but from itself.
Love possesses not nor would it be possessed;

For love is sufficient unto love.

Kahlil Gibran

31. If thou must love me, let it be for naught
Except for love's sake only. Do not say, "I love her for her smile – her look – her
way of speaking gently, - for a trick of thought that falls in well with mine, and
certes brought a sense of pleasant case on such a day" –
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may be changed, or change for thee –
and love, so wrought, may be unwrought so.
Neither love me for thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry:
A creature might forget to weep, who bore thy comfort long, and lose thy love
thereby!
But love me for love's sake, that evermore thou mayst love on, through love's
eternity.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

32. How Do I Love Thee?

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 ends 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 childhoods face;
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 life choose, I shall but love thee better after death.

(adapted from Elizabeth Barrett Browning)

33. One World, Two People

Climbing mountains in the mist of a sweet smelling dawn
Walking beaches washed with the hues of a setting sun
Standing dwarfed in the cathedral light of a rain forest
Gazing at a myriad of sparkling stars on a dark desert night

Awakening to the hustle, bustle, noise and smells of exotic cities
Foods tasted with trepidation on the tip of the tongue
Exploring cultures and histories of different countries and people
Exciting anticipation of new things to come

Two people sharing their lives, their dreams, their ups and downs
Travelling the road of life together through its twists and turns
Through many countries their wanderings have led them
To a very special place in space and distance and time.

Sean Manners

34. Words From Anatole France

“It is not enough to love passionately; you must also love well.
A passionate love is good, doubtless, but a beautiful love is better.

May you have as much strength as gentleness; may it lack nothing, not even
forbearance, and let even a little compassion be mingled with it.....

You are human, and because of this, capable of much suffering.

If, then, something of compassion does not enter into the feelings you have for one
another these feelings will not always befit all the circumstances of your life
together;

They will be like festive robes that will not shield you from wind and rain.

We love truly only those we love even in their weakness and their poverty.

To forbear, to forgive, to console, that alone is the science of love”.

35. Words from Jane Eyre

I know what it is to live entirely for and with what I love best on earth. I hold myself supremely blest – blest beyond what language can express; because I am my husband's life as fully as he is mine. No woman was ever nearer to her mate than I am: ever more absolutely bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. I know no weariness of my Edward's society: he knows none of mine, any more than we do of the pulsation of the heart that beats in our separate bosoms; consequently we are ever together. To be together is for us to be at once as free as in solitude, as gay as in company. We talk, I believe, all day long: to talk to each other is but a mere animated and an audible thinking. All my confidence is bestowed on him, all his confidence is devoted to me; we are precisely suited in character – perfect concord is the result.

Words From "Jane Eyre" At The Marriage of Jane and Rochester – Bronte

36. The life that I have is all that I have
And the life that I have is yours.
The love that I have of the life that I have is yours and yours and yours.
A sleep I shall have, a rest I shall have yet death will be but a pause,
For the peace of my years in the long green grass
Will be yours and yours and yours.

Attributed to both Etienne Tzaro and Leo Marks

37. Tell Her So

Amid the cares of married strife
In spite of toil and business life
If you value your sweet wife
Tell her so!

When days are dark and deeply blue
She has her troubles same as you
Show her that your love is true
Tell her so!

There was a time you thought it bliss
To get the favour of one kiss;
A dozen now won't come amiss –
Tell her so!

Don't act if she has passed her prime,
As though to please her were a crime;
If ever you loved her, now's the time –
Tell her so!

She'll return, for each caress,
A hundred fold of tenderness;
Hearts like hers were made to bless
Tell her so!

You are hers and hers alone;
Well you know she's all your own:
Don't wait to carve it on a stone –
Tell her so!

Never let her heart grow cold –
Richer beauties will unfold;
She is worth her weight in gold
Tell her so!

38. Love is giving as the sun gives light
And roses perfume, beautiful and free.
Love seeks no recompense, it is a flight of generous thoughts, given unreservedly.

Love never makes demands, nor begs returns
But seeks the best, forgiving any faults.
Love is a heat that glows but never burns
A flow of warm delight that never halts.

39. The more you give, the more you get
The more you laugh, the less you fret
The more you do unselfishly
The more you live abundantly
The more of everything you share
The more you'll always have to spare
The more you love, the more you'll find
That life is good and friends are kind
For only what we give away
Enriches us from day to day
Together for always

40. Thank You

If I were to make a solemn speech
In praise of you, in gratitude, in deep affection,
You would turn an alarming shade of crimson and try to escape
So I won't
Take it all as said.

41. Love is caviar and wedding cake
Strawberries and cream.

Love is champagne

Friendship is new bread, fresh butter, farmhouse cheese and a pot of tea for two.

Of course, to get through life, it is best to combine the two.

Even if friendship is easier on the digestion, I wish you the joy of both love and
friendship.

Pam Brown

42. Because You Care.

Because you care, each task will be much lighter
Each burden so much easier to bear
And each new morning's outlook better, brighter
And each new day more blest, because you care

Because you care, each joy will seem completer
Each treasure doubly dear and true and rare
And in my heart I'll always find it sweeter
To want the higher things, because you care

Frank Crane

43. I Love You

I love you not only for what you are but for what I am when I'm with you;

I love you not only for what you have made of yourself, but what you are making of me:

I love you for putting your hand into my heaped up heart and passing over all the foolish weak things you can't help dimly seeing there, and drawing out in 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 the work of my everyday life 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 happy than any fate could have done to make me happy.

You have done it without a touch, without a word, without a sigh:

You have done it by being yourself and loving me.

44. Make It Up

Life is too short for grievances –
For quarrels and for tears,
What's the use of wasting
Precious days and precious tears.

If there's something to forgive
Forgive without delay
Maybe you, too, were part to blame,
So make it up today.

Be generous, forget the past
And take the broader view,
Cast away all bitterness and
Let the sun shine through.

If it's within your power
The broken heart to mend,
Remember – Love is all that really matters
In the end.

45. The Art of Marriage

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 having a mutual sense of values and objectives.
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

Love can never more grow old,
Locks may lose their brown and gold
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow,
But the hearts that love will know
Never winter’s frost and chill,
Summer’s warmth is in them still.

Eben Eugene Rexford.

46. Rock And Stone

This is a story of a rock and a stone,
And a stream, and a rainfall, and not being alone.
In the land of this tale, in a mountain's shadow
Was a stream brisk and bending the swift water's flow.

On the bank of the stream, just beyond a great birch,
Was a rock, strong and sturdy, holding back clay and dirt.
Just below with the edge of the stream as its home,
Was a glimmering beauty, a shiny smooth stone.

To the rock, with its pride of supporting the earth,
A stone was not useful: it was without worth.
To the stone, with its beauty and lustering glory,
A rock was not pleasing and belonged in a quarry.

Yet the fear of the rock and the stone were the same.
Each dreaded the future, the day of great rain.
The rock might be dislodged and roll to stream's bottom.
The stone might be pushed into mud and forgotten.

The rainfall came quickly, as sometimes storms will,
The rock was dislodged, it rolled down the hill.
Stopping not under water, and without one moan
The rock came to rest upon the fine stone.

Stream became river; though waters enraged
The stone was not pushed to a dark muddy grave.
The rock safe yet wetted, the dirt now sprayed loose,
Still formed the bank, still had a use.

As sunshine returned the river to stream
Rock and stone together were seen.
Savior each was, and after that fright
Each saw the other in a new light.

The rock saw the stone as a rock ever more,
With beauty and strength supporting the shore.
The stone saw the rock as a stone from that day,
With strength and beauty under robe of clay.

Together they stayed, more shiny and strong
Than either had been by itself all along.
The story is told; the message you see
Is that you and I will be better as we.

47. The most ideal expression of love is the joining in spirit of two people whose hearts are as one.

Love.....

A word that promises so many happy tomorrows,
That gives meaning to everyday moments of sharing
That strengthens and supports in difficult times.....
That makes a commitment that never ends.

Today is the beginning of a whole new life together ...
A life of special moments, shared with love....
Today is the beginning of countless bright tomorrows.....
Filled with all the special dreams you are dreaming of.

May the happiness you have found together be yours throughout a lifetime of love.

48. This life is yours

Take the power
To choose what you want to do
And do it well

Take the power
To love what you want in life
And love it honestly

Take the power
To walk in the forest
And be a part of nature

Take the power
To control your own life

No one else can do it for you

Take the power
To make your life happy

49. Atlas

There is a kind of love called maintenance
Which stores the WD40 and knows when to use it;

Which checks the insurance, and doesn't forget the milkman, which remembers to
plant bulbs;

Which answers letters, which knows the way the money goes, which deals with
dentists

And road fund tax and meeting trains, and postcards to the lonely

Which upholds the permanently rickety elaborate structures of living; which is
Atlas.

And maintenance is the sensible side of love,
Which knows what time and weather are doing to my brickwork;
Insulates my faulty wiring;
Laughs at my dry rotten jokes,
Remembers my need for gloss and grouting;
Which keeps my suspect edifice upright in the air,
As atlas did the sky.

50. Go placidly amidst 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 the dull and ignorant, they too have their story.

Avoid loud and aggressive persons, they are vexation 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 invested 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 the 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, whatever your labours and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace with yourself. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.

51. Tin Wedding Whistle

Though you know it anyhow
Listen to me, darling, now

Proving what I need not prove
How I know I love you, love

Near and far, near and far,
I am happy where you are

Likewise I have never learnt
How to be it where you aren't

Far and wide, far and wide
I can walk with you beside:

Furthermore, I tell you what
I sit and sulk where you are not.

Visitors remark my frown
When you're upstairs and I am down

Yes, and I'm afraid I pout
When I'm indoors and you are out

But how contentedly I view
Any room containing you.

In fact I care not where you be,
Just as long as it's with me.

In all your absences I glimpse
Fire and flood and trolls and imps.

Is your train a minute slothful?
I goad the stationmaster wrathful.
When with friends to bridge you drive
I never know if you're alive

And when you linger late in shops
I long to telephone the cops.

Yet how worth the waiting for,
To see you coming through the door.

Somehow, I can be complacent
Never but with you adjacent.

Near and far, near and far,
I am happy where you are:

Likewise, I have never learnt
How to be it where you aren't

Then grudge me not my fond endeavour,
To hold you in my sight forever;
Let none, not even you, disparage,
Such valid reason for a marriage

52. TELL ME THE TRUTH ABOUT LOVE

Some say that love's a little boy
And some say it's a bird
Some say it makes the world go round,
And some say that's absurd
And when I asked the man next door
Who looked as if he knew
His wife got very cross indeed
And said it wouldn't do

Does it look like a pair of pyjamas
Or the ham in a temperance hotel?
Does it's odour remind one of llamas
Or has it a comforting smell?
Is it prickly to touch as a hedge is,
Or soft as eiderdown fluff?
Is it sharp or quite smooth at the edges?
O tell me the truth about love.

Our history books refer to it
In cryptic little notes,
It's quite a common topic on
The transatlantic boats,
I've found the subject mentioned
In accounts of suicides,
And even seen it scribbled
On the backs of railway guides.

Does it howl like a hungry Alsatian,
Or boom like a military band?
Could one give a first rate imitation
On a saw or a Steinway Grand?
Is its singing at parties a riot?
Does it only like classical stuff?
Will it stop when one wants to be quiet?
O tell me the truth about love.

I looked inside the summer house
It wasn't ever there
I tried the Thames at Maidenhead
And Brighton's bracing air
I don't know what the blackbird sang
Or what the tulip said,
But it wasn't in the chicken run
Or underneath the bed.

Can it pull extraordinary faces?
Is it usually sick on a swing?

Does it spend all its time at the races
Or fiddling with pieces of string?

Has it views of its own about money?
Does it think patriotism enough?
Are its stories vulgar but funny?
O tell me the truth about love.

When it comes, will it come without warning
Just as I'm picking my nose?
Will it knock on my door in the morning
Or tread in the bus on my toes?
Will it come like a change in the weather?
Will its greeting be courteous or rough?
Will it alter my life altogether?
O tell me the truth about love.

53. Possibility

In the seed, there is a forest waiting to grow. On the artist's canvas, a masterpiece is waiting to be painted.

In the engineer's workstation, a technical breakthrough is waiting to be developed.

Everywhere there is possibility.

Every moment of every life is filled with possibilities, and the next moment as well.

Every problem has a possible solution.

Every goal has a possibility of achievement.

Right now, right this moment, your life has possibilities that you never even considered. Possibilities you can follow to overcome the challenges you face. Possibilities that can bring joy and fulfilment.

There is a pathway leading to wherever you want to go.

All you need to do is find it and start the journey.

Today does not have to be like yesterday. There are plenty of other possibilities.

Consider your possibilities. Follow your possibilities. Open yourself to what could be, and make it so.

Ralph Marston.

54 WHITE

I bring you a posy of Spring Flowers
Hellebore, the Snowdrop and White Eglantine;
The White Narcissus trumpeting this morning's joy
When Green, I clad to you in Innocence
We begin again, we live, we die,
New leaves are turned, new Love is opened,
And pricked, new red with love, the White Rose blows,
And Quickthorn froths snow white on every branch,
Settling these Apple Blossom Days
When under Bridal Arch we dance.

I bring you white - laced and in veil
Voile pearled and scented with the Ashphodel,
To carry six Arums and a sprig of Heather
We die, we begin again, we live
God spare us Time to weather all our Winterings:
I come as a King, bearing my Ermine,
In echoing churches, slippers of Nuns,
Whispering ghosts of wax and vellum
And Druids who stand in their scented groves
Slender as Birches with white dove hands,
Circling the milky mistletoe

Myself I bring, and this gold, seal,
New born, the lambs are bleating in their purity
And turns the tide and Angels are reborn
To bring white snowflakes from a satin sky,
And in white stuccoed halls the bells do peal,
Until white scalped and white in lime, we die:
And I, they promise bear, and surety
For We are One and Pair within Eternity
We live, We die and we begin again

PAUL THWAITES

This was read at Paul's own wedding at Harrogate Registry Office

55.

Because of you
My sleeping dreams are brought to life
And daylight cracks the dark of the night
Any every wrong becomes a right
Because of you

In all the years that we have spent
Together
And, through all the tears we've laughed
and cried
we've weathered every storm
and never will subside

Because of you

Because of you
Each twist of pain is eased away
And I rejoice the waking of the day
And I can see a better way
Because of you.

In all the places we have seen
Together
And, in all the places we have yet to see
And share
We've never been so strong
And free from care.

Because of you.

Because of you
My world was never brighter
And I am softer, lighter
And I embrace life tighter
Because of you.

Written by Pennie Cabot on the occasion of the wedding to Timothy Stringer on the
4th August 2002