



What's the deal with buttonholes anyway? Who came up with the idea to stick a flower into a buttonhole instead of...well I don't know, let's just say....a button?!? And shouldn't it be called a flower hole instead? However, more important than that, much more important than that – how on earth am I supposed to stick a flower into it if it's SEWN SHUT?

Believe it or not, these were my thoughts as I walked down the hill (not figuratively speaking) to Lapsi Chapel in St Julian's, where I was about to get married last June. I know I should have been thinking about other stuff like how important this day is in my life or about my lovely wife-to-be and how great our life together will be. But such worldly thoughts pale into insignificance when faced with the problem of buttonholes.

That's the problem with weddings. Nobody teaches you this stuff. It's assumed you know exactly what you need to do and when to do it. I had never got married before and I assume that's the deal with most of us who go through with it. So how are we supposed to know what to do?

I tried to recall how it all started way back when, just after Erika and I had announced our engagement. I started hearing words like 'venue' and 'possible dates' being flung around. I distinctly remember thinking, "What's all this wedding talk? We've only just got engaged. Let's do this one step at a time!" But apparently by giving her a ring, I'd started a ball rolling. There was nothing for it but to get down and help out. Starting off with the big four: Date, Church, Venue, Entertainment. We discussed it, looked at a few places and before I knew it we had ticked off that list.

I couldn't believe it. It was done! It was so easy! I settled back to think about other stuff I could do in the year and a bit before the wedding day. All I needed to do now was show up.



Fr Claude Portelli celebrated Mass



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