

BRINGING THE BABY TO THE WEDDING

One summery Sunday afternoon a flivver pulled up in front of the house. A young couple displaying country manners and airs got out and came to the door. Within the "privacy" of the parlor they expressed a desire to be married the following Saturday afternoon. After inquiring as to their home ward and family backgrounds, Father asked them why they weren't being married by their own bishop.

"He thinks we've sinned," said the young man, "and that we'd be a compoundin the sin and makin a mockery of' holy matrimony."

"Oh pshaw, it seems to me the longer you wait the more you're compounding it. If' you wait too long there may be the devil to pay. We'd better take care of it Saturday, but you tell your bishop about it."

Saturday afternoon about an hour before time 'or the ceremony Father answered the phone. Apparently someone was asking if it would be alright to come to the house through the back way instead of' the front.

"Well, 1 t seems like a lot. of' confounded tomfoolry to me, but there's a lane through the back yard if' you want to use it. Come to think of' it, though, there isn't a wall nor a door in my house that the Lord can't see through. "

When the wedding party of' three arrived it was clear why they had chosen the back door. The girl was carrying a baby.

Fatter was outraged for a moment but managed to keep his composure with a mere off hand comment, "No wonder the bishop thought this thing was being compounded. Does he know about the baby?"

"Yes," snapped the girl somewhat flippantly, "but he's the only one and he's sworn to keep his mouth shut. Anyway we're not ashamed of' what we've done."

The fellow, more inclined to level-headedness and not so much on the defensive hastened to pick up the conversation.

"The baby's been in a nursing house in Ogden. We want a whole new start, without no black mark against the baby. We picked up and left home long fore he was born. Now we been back there a couple a weeks to see which way the wind wuz blowin. We reckon it's best this way. After the weddin we're heddin fer the city 'till the baby's partly raised 'fore we go back agin. I left a note fer my pa."

The girl was getting more belligerent, protesting again, "We're not ashamed of nothing. We'll get a long. We've got a real cute baby and we're proud of it. George has got a good head on him. He's got brains and I've got a good build and a healthy body. If the baby grows up with my body and George's brain he'll really be somebody. Are you going to marry us or not?"

"Now hold on young lady. Of course I'm going to marry you. If you're eighteen and he's twenty-one it's probably for the best, but it's too bad the baby isn't smart enough yet for me to ask him 'do you take these two to be your legally and lawfully wedded parents?' And I can't help wonder how devilish it might be if the baby grows up to have George's body and your brain.

The bride, without reacting to the implications of that admonition, calmed down and they proceeded with the ceremony which was witnessed by Mother and a married sister who was visiting with us.

Before they left, Father had mellowed as usual, giving them his blessing and best wishes. He talked them into leaving by the front door, holding their heads high, and suggested they stop by the store so he could fix up a box of groceries to help them get started. As a parting admonition he said,

"When you get settled get back into church activity again. It will please the Lord and bring you happiness too. Besides it's the best way to bring up a little one."