

Love and laughter

By Marty Coffin Evans

“It was really a great wedding, wasn’t it?” asked daughter Ali. In reflecting on her August 1, Red Rocks Park and Amphitheatre wedding to Dan, she wondered what I thought of it all, even with the 95 degrees.

It was beautiful, full of love and laughter. From the taco bar rehearsal lunch at The Fort Restaurant to the wedding at the Red Rocks Trading Post site, several opportunities for laughter with stories to remember arose.

Both lunch and wedding locations added to the celebration of Colorado’s 150th. It would be hard to top the Western charm of these legendary locations unless you bump them for a beautiful bride and wedding party.

Our first opportunity for a good laugh came at the conclusion of the rehearsal lunch, when The Fort staff packaged the leftovers. With three such bags, we took one while groom to be Dan took another as did Jason, daughter Alana’s partner.

Upon arriving home, we opened our bag expecting to see the tortillas, meat, toppings, rice/beans and mac ‘n cheese w/ chiles. Much to our surprise, we had the large container of ground beef, large container of sour cream and shredded cheese. Well, we wondered what the others had, not finding a third of the entire meal in our bag. Yes, you guessed it: One had all the rice/beans and mac ‘n’ cheese while the other – tortillas, lettuce and toppings. We froze the beef and cheese. What do you do with lots of sour cream?!

On the wedding day, Ali had asked us to come early for pictures where she and the wedding party were staying. We dutifully showed up at the Residence Inn, Room 210 only to find “early” meant they were still in their PJs. Robert and son Adam headed back to the lobby where they enjoyed provided snacks from Room 210 along with plenty of conversation as other family members later joined them.

When I was enjoying the family conversations, I spotted Dan’s mother, sister and aunt arriving. I joined them to head up to Room 210. That’s when I learned they had been knocking at the door of Room 210, Courtyard by Marriott across the way. Fortunately, no one answered that door so, being the smart ladies they are, they found the right hotel with that same numbered room.

An earlier question about seating the mothers of the bride and groom was answered in several ways. Dan’s father and best man, Ross, escorted mom Inez to her seat. I’d been told to wait for a signal when Jason was to escort me to our respective seats.

Communication is a wonderful thing when it works, or so I recently found out. Not having any signal, and believing perhaps we'd been forgotten, Jason and I went ahead to our seats. I later learned Ali and the wedding party weren't quite ready yet. No doubt we caused unintended anxiety, although it never showed. They gracefully descended the steps from the second floor of the adobe style Trading Post and walked toward Dan, his father Ross and officiant Uncle Jamie, who stood in front of nature's backdrop of massive red sandstone rocks with a view of the valley in the distance.

Yes, it really was a great wedding, filled with love of family and friends, along with laughter to keep us entertained for years to come. As to the beef and cheese, they'll be defrosted for an upcoming family birthday meal. I'm still working on what to do with the sour cream!

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