



## *Mother of the Bride*

*The wedding is over and the mother of the bride walks slowly to her daughter's room and quietly steps inside.*

*The place is full of memories of all the years between that seem to come to life as if projected on the screen.*

*The days of babyhood are there, that first bewitching smile, the eager outstretched arms that beg, "Please hold me for a while!"*

*Memories of the toddler who would rather run than walk, recollections of the joy when she began to talk.*

*The early days of school and then the teenage years when she began to show the kind of lovely woman she would be.*

*Today she took the biggest step of any in her life, when marriage changed her status from daughter into wife. And though the precious memories of all the years between will never fade, it's time to put new pictures on the screen.*

*And hopefully, now with wisdom, the mother of the bride will quickly wipe her tears and quietly step aside.*