

THE WEDDING

Evelyn O. Shih

I just came back from my grandson, Gregory's wedding. I was so excited because I became a great-grandma now.

People said, "Hey, you have to wait until you have a great-grandchild to become a great-grandma." No, I argued. According to Chinese custom, a lady who has a daughter-in-law can be called a grandma; so what about her who has a granddaughter-in-law now, can't she be called a great-grandma?

I remember more than twenty years ago, when my daughter, Joy, first brought Gregory to New York visiting us. We all went to Coney Island for a picnic. Coney Island is the beach we used to take our children there every week in Summer. Now, we were taking our grandchild. How time flew! I wondered what would I become when Gregory got married. Would I be so weak that people had to drag me in?

But praise the Lord, time really flies, Gregory's wedding is here already, and I am strong enough to be ushered in with a steady pace. Furthermore, I was the only grandparent living. Did I feel lucky? Yes, I also felt gratitude with awe. Why? Why am I the only one left? What is my purpose of living? What is my responsibility?

Needless to say, I was the oldest in the wedding. I was the most relaxed one too. I

didn't have to do anything, just got myself ready and smiled to everybody at all times. I recalled my own wedding 50 years ago, I was so nervous that I was really dizzy through the whole thing. 25 years ago, in Joy's wedding, I worried about every detail and everyone. Since it was the first wedding in our family, I could only expect the worst thing would happen at anytime. Now, finally, I could enjoy and appreciate the beautiful garden wedding.

Was it a perfect wedding? Did I agree to every procedure? Of course not. If I chose to criticize, there was a lot to be picked on. If I wanted to complain, again there was full of reasons to do so. However, would it help the situation? No, it would spoil the happiness and harmony, not mention to spoil my own peace and enjoyment.

One more surprise, the Bride still has a great-grandma in the nursing home. She is 97 years old, blind and not too alert. Since she could not come to the wedding, the wedding party went to her after the ceremony. You can imagine the excitement aroused that afternoon in the nursing home! All the people envied her with such a good family.

Maybe when my great-grandchild gets married, I will also survive in a nursing home to accept their visiting? 