



DAVID & RONAH'S WEDDING

The kids have always called me Daddy David (actually dah-DEE, accent second syllable). For many, the only dah-DEE they have known. And what they got was a single father. In the early years a cross between a cantankerous monk (minus the piety) and a novice juggler. Balls flying everywhere. But, like all families, we got on. Reinforced by mountains of love from Mam Joy, Grandma Peggy, Britt, Monte, some of you in person, and many, many of you from afar.

The kids have known Ronah for three years, Auntie Ronah. The woman that I and they have fallen in love with. A year ago November 9, in the weird and sometimes wonderful way that life falls, the kids danced with their Daddy's bride and his two bridesmaid daughters at their fabulously festooned home, Red Rhino, and a circle closed, round and gold and safe.

"I love the kids very much. They are my source of joy and happiness. They have showered me with the kind of love that is so true. Their genuine love towards me is priceless and the wedding was a gift to the kids and I had so much fun preparing for it with them and in the end it was OUR wedding, David's and mine and the kids," said Ronah.

