

The story of a Hindu wedding

I was looking at the groom riding on the elephant, and he was very happy, for today was his wedding day.

There I was, staring at the bride's beautifully painted hands and feet, with the red and gold sari and the cloth over the grooms shoulder, beside the garland of flowers.



They both knelt in front of the blazing fire with their hands tied together as water was sprinkled over them. They stood, they slowly started to walk around the burning flames, and all anyone could hear were little whispered promises that they were saying to each other as they took each step. Everyone clapped as the new couple walked down the aisle and everyone clapped and cheered with joy and hope for the future. I smiled as they rode away, into the distance, to be seen again at the celebration.



At the celebration, you could see a lot of garlands on the floor, in the corner, I could hear the father of the bride saying to himself "I'm glad I gave her to him, this arranged marriage must have been my best idea yet", it was a magical occasion. The bride and groom were happy, the family from both sides were happy so everything looked happy for the future, see you in a couple of days when the celebrations are over.

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