Wedding in the Appalachian Mountains

by Jeanne Murray Walker in the July 2024 issue
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Clouds slosh over these rugged mountains and spill onto the hillside where our host has pitched a white tent from which we watch a herd of brindled cows below us, eating up the meadow. Then a magician struts in,

pulls a quarter from his ear, and hands it to the bride’s oldest child, as we wait for the slow canter of bridesmaids down the aisle. Knowing it’s the bride’s third marriage (three shots fired at the target, bing, bing, bing), I think, Oh Lord, how smart of her, to hire a magician.

Meanwhile the cows on the hillside are turning crabgrass into cream without a wand. And I think, we don’t get many chances in a world that’s constantly unraveling and words like “I do” are such tiny hooks to darn it back together.