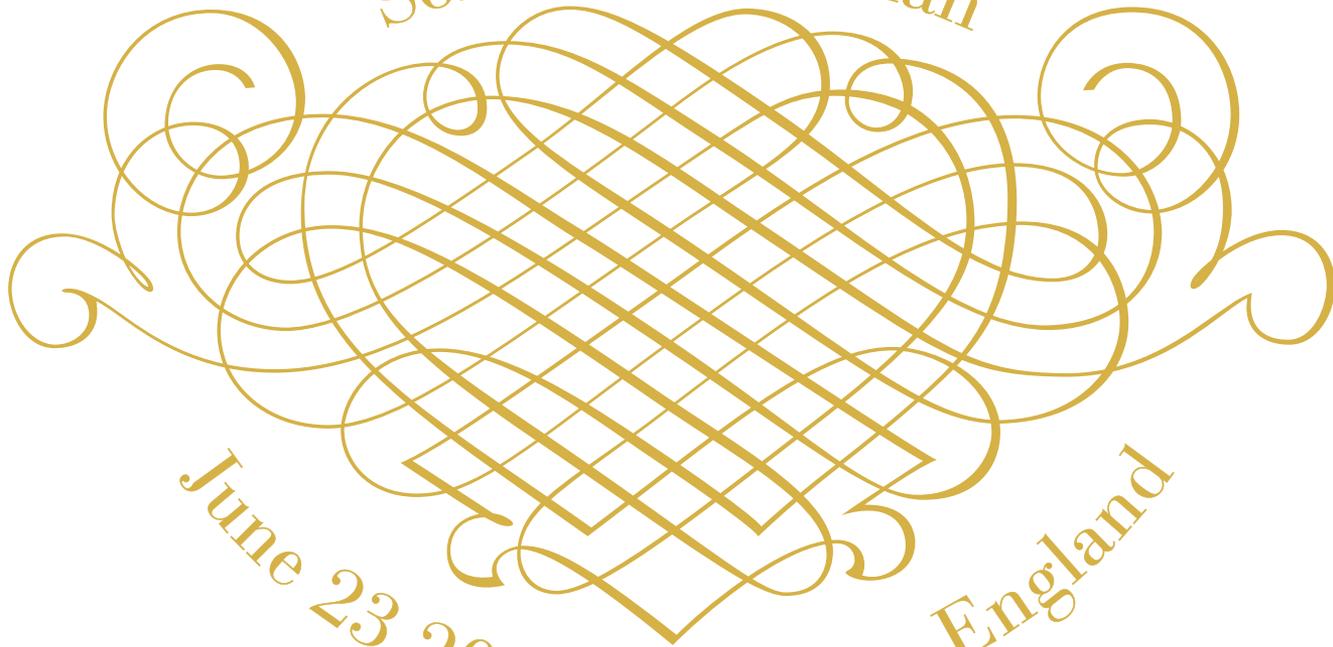


Sofia & Johnathan



June 23 2012 - London, England



our wedding story

Sofia & Johnathan
Gentry-Mayfield

23
June 23, 2012





This book was exclusively orchestrated by Wedding Story Writer, LLC
with the help of select artisans, designers and writers

in the year of 2012
for

Sofia & Johnathan Mayfield

from Long Island, NY

as a first and single edition
to commemorate their wedding.

This is a sample book
designed and illustrated by Astrid Mueller Exclusive
for www.WeddingStoryWriter.com

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part two

our wedding

Our Wedding Day
Preparations

Merrily dancing in a field of yellow flowers, spinning around in circles, Sofia’s world started to swirl, and then slowly dissolved. What a lovely dream that had been, she thought, as she happily stretched and rolled over in her bed. Wiping the sleep from her eyes, she let the moment linger and lazily watched the sun play a shadow dance with the nearby trees on her white, gold, and yellow striped sheets. Wait...

Yellow? Gold? Those weren’t her sheets! With a jolt, and suddenly wide-awake, she sat up in her bed and frantically scanned her surroundings. Through the draperies of antique yellow and rose gold brocade, a large window allowed morning sunlight to stream into the room, accenting old-world charm Louis XVI furniture with touches of golden light. Sofia suddenly remembered—she was residing in the Bridal Suite of her favorite hotel.

How long had she been asleep? The delicate hands of the antique clock on her bedside table assured her it was only seven-fifteen. Happy and relieved, she sighed and sank back into the soft feather pillows with a smile. June 23, 2012, the day she had been anticipating for over a year, was finally here. Sofia Gentry, the future Mrs. Mayfield, whispered to herself, as her smile widened, “I’m getting married today!”

Enjoying a last moment of peace before the chaos that was sure to ensue, Sofia wrapped herself in the lavish hotel robe and casually wandered to the balcony. The sun was bathing the Royal Gardens of Green Park in a crisp, golden morning light, and Sofia was mesmerized by all of the lush green hedges, beds of colorful flowers, marble fountains, and sculptures. Flocks of birds accented the scene, like a renaissance painting, while cheerfully fluttering and chirping in the trees.

As her gaze wandered over the scene, she was relieved to see that preparations for the wedding were well on their way. Just a few white-suited attendants were still discreetly moving about, and everything already looked beautifully arranged. A sea of white, puffy Queen Anne’s lace flowers draped the sides of the aisle and framing bouquets of Callas and ribbons of lace adorned the pews with two chic tents and lounge areas lining the scene...everything seemed ready for the festivities to begin. The wedding arch, spilling over with a curtain of lace and floral embellishments, seemed so elegant, yet modern. It was just like she had envisioned it would be.

Rows of white chairs were arranged in uniform lines on the lawn, with her lace sashes draped around them. Johnathan hadn’t cared so much for them, but she was glad that he had allowed her to have her wish—these sashes looked so beautiful in the sunlight now, as they were gently dancing in the wind. She felt a warm wave of love wash over her, thinking about Johnathan and the upcoming ceremony.

Trying to catch her breath, she thought about Johnathan and the expression he would have on his face when he first sees her in her wedding gown. Would he tear up? Would she? She closed her eyes for a moment, deeply thankful for all of the good things and the amazing people in her life, but most of all, for Johnathan, her wonderful fiancé. She giggled, and said out loud, “Johnathan, my husband.”

Infatuated with this thought, and relieved to see that everything seemed to be under control in the courtyard, she suddenly began having butterflies about everything lying ahead. Eager to get ready, she swiveled around to prepare herself for the day. Walking across the room, she turned the door knob leading to the lounge of her suite with a mixture of giddiness and happy excitement.

Sitting on a gold brocade chaise by the fireplace was her mother, Amy Gentry, a petite woman with delicate features, fair skin and vibrant red hair, coffee cup in-hand and reading a newspaper, despite the early hour. Another dozen people were hustling about, and the room was abuzz with happy banter, and bubbly, busy stylists. No one noticed she was standing in the doorway.

Yet. Then her mother looked up. In a quiet manner, she set aside her newspaper, slowly stood, and walked towards Sofia, greeting her with a big smile. “Honey, I was afraid you were going to sleep through the ceremony,” Amy teased as she gave Sofia a warm hug, “We have to get you ready.”

One moment later, Alaina, a close friend and bridesmaid, welcomed her with a warm, loud, and drawn-out, “Sofia-a! Good morning, Mrs. Mayfield-to-be!” She immediately burst into song, “Going to the chapel and we’re gonna get mar-ar-ar-ried...” Other ladies in the large room joined in, dropping everything and rushing over to the bride. For a moment, the historical hotel ambience gave way to a flutter of girly happiness as everyone reached out to greet and hug Sofia, while the stylists and hairdressers did their best to keep curlers in proper order. Overwhelmed by the commotion, Sofia tried to calm her heart rate. She hadn’t really been nervous.

Until now. As if on cue, her best friend and Maid of Honor, Angela, appeared at her side with a glass of liquid courage. “Here,” in a serious manner, she extended the mug of strong coffee, like a doctor giving out a prescription, “You look like you could use this.”

Radiant, Sofia smiled and readily accepted the fragrant, warm drink. Throughout their friendship, Angela had always been able to read Sofia perfectly and keep her grounded. On the day of her wedding, she couldn’t think of a better person to be her Maid of Honor. She took a large sip, and then another, instantly feeling better while gazing at the food at the other side of the room.

Steaming Earl Grey tea, colorful fruit, and fresh scones with cream beckoned Sofia from shiny silver trays, but failed to convince her fluttery stomach. Sofia finished her coffee, and was soon whisked away to begin her transformation into a beaming bride.



To be continued...

We hope you enjoyed this wedding story book sample!

If you'd love to learn how to get
a special keepsake book of this kind
as memento of your own wedding,
or of someone dear to you

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