

“Best Day”

By; Seana Mekari

A professor in a writing class once prompted us to write about our, “best day.” Being 36 at the time, I immediately started flashing through memories in my head. At least fifteen minutes had passed, and I had not put a single word to the page. The professor came over, concerned, and asked if I had writer’s block? On the contrary, my mind was flooded with images of happy times and my body tingled with warmth at the thought of a young life, well lived. Don’t get me wrong, there was plenty of brokenness along the way, but ultimately, mine was a story of repair and resilience.

One day? One day? How was I going to choose? I met the love of my life at sixteen years old – do I write about the day we became an official couple? October 18th, 1989 (in case you were wondering). I could recount every detail of that day. Or the day I graduated from high school and moved from my mother’s home? That was also a life defining moment. Maybe I should write about an average day – one that looked like so many others – a family night with my boyfriend; filled with Armenian food, family stories, more Armenian food, the tossing of paper plates around the room, and more Armenian food. These family dinners spent with my new family defined my young adulthood and solidified the idea that family stability could be a reality. My first day of my first teaching position was momentous! Or do I choose the day I was proposed to – finally – after EIGHT long years? I was convinced that I was with the right person and that it was going to be a forever deal, but I was equally convinced that he was never going to propose! But he did.

So, eventually I decided to write about my wedding day, July 12, 1997. We were engaged for little over one year. I woke up on a beautiful July morning and was ready to start what I believed was the most important day of my life! The moments leading up to the service were filled with being force fed breakfast by my best friend (I had to fit in the dress – there was no room for waffles!) Going to my

soon-to-be mother-in-law's house to get my hair done – she's a hair dresser for little old ladies, but she knows how to execute an up-do like no one's business! I left there with my hair beautifully coiffed and my veil in place. I ran out the door with my blue overalls on and no make-up and drove directly to Macy's Department Store – I realized I had forgotten to buy a pair of support panty hose to get me through the night! I was a surreal vision in my veil and overalls. I was stared at by people with looks of horror at my wild, left-at-the-alter appearance, or by sympathetic people who recognized the crazed behavior of a scatter-brained-bride-to-be. Either way, I got my panty hose! I drove myself straight to my sister-in-laws house and did my make-up and donned my dress – my perfect – white, Italian satin dress, with a sweetheart neck, and Queen Anne beading. I felt like royalty! It was my day – my perfect day! I was surrounded by the women who would soon be my sisters by marriage. We rode to the church and I can remember my heart beating outside of my chest. I can't exactly explain why. I had no hesitation and no fear – but this was the day. Everything from here on out would be different.

As the wedding march began and the doors opened, I took my first step down the aisle. I took the time to look at the faces of friends and family who were in the pews. People who had been there for so many of the amazing days that preceded this perfect day. So many people celebrating my love for a man who would complete me in the sweetest way. Before I was halfway down the aisle, I realized I was crying. Again – no hesitation and no fear – tears of joy. As I was given away by my dad, I saw my best friend, with tears streaming down his handsome face too. As we approached the alter, the priest laughed at us and whispered, "It's a wedding guys, not a funeral!" From that moment on, we giggled through the entire ceremony. We pledged our love and lives to each other, were bound by threaded crowns in Armenian fashion, and shared in a holy sacrament. Oh – and an awesome kiss to seal the deal! Nothing wet and wild, but a perfect kiss for a perfect day. We turned and beamed as man and wife before the sea of faces and took our first steps together in this awesome journey.

The rest of the night was a wonderful blur of music, dancing, toasting, laughing, and more dancing! I wish I could remember all the details, but I don't. I remember the weariness of my cheeks from smiling, the soreness of my feet from dancing, the spinning of my head from champagne, and the warmth in my heart from being newly named Mrs. Mekari.

Most people would think that the most special days of my life would have been the days that I gave birth to my daughters Maddy and Elly, however, the truth is, that the most special day in my life was my wedding day. The day I married my high school sweetheart of eight years, was a life changing experience. I knew, that from that special day on, my life would be filled with many more special days. Looking back on the last three decades, I can see that so many of the momentous occasions in my life, including the birth of my children, all stem from my wedding day. Because I was so lucky to find a perfect mate, I have been lucky to navigate a path in life that has been filled with off road adventures and long stretches of clear highway!