

My Friend's wedding

Anyway, in all it was a great punjabi wedding and I hope the bride and groom have a happy life together. By Shilpa Ah! What a title....it sounds like its been stolen but you know its not stolen exactly and you know its close...Nevermind, I chose this cuz I think it fits well.

Middle of this week, I hopped into a train to leave for Chandigarh - a city which serves as the capital to two states in India namely Punjab and Haryana (Good Lord! and they are not fighting about it? Is our country getting better at sharing n caring?). Anyway, it was my friend's wedding in Jalandhar which is 146 Kms from Chandigarh.

My introduction to anything Punjabi in terms of celebrations began with the very famous 'Sangeet' ceremony. Its what we all fondly call a dancing 'function'. People sing aloud..wait let me re-phrase....People sing ALOUD. (sorry ji, joke tha!) And some other more confident people also dance. I loved all the singing and dancing. It was a small gathering where the bride - my dear friend- was the most excited participant. She innocently told me it hadn't yet dawned upon her that tomorrow is her wedding day. The funniest thing is that, I think, it never did at all even after the wedding!

I sang along in Punjabi (I got the key words which were repeated periodically..lemme show you...Oye sale lagi hai, Dhai Ane, Oye kudi da mama, Dhai Ane, Koi lelo isko, Dhai Ane, Mainu nai jachnda, Dhai Ane and more....It was easy to echo Dhai Ane everytime.), I danced and I got henna drawings on my hand, in other words the Mehendi. I love the mehndi, I got it after almost a decade I guess. Later in the Sangeet party, all the dancing was accompanied by doorstep serves of Tequila shots. I choose not to drink but my friend tells me, there's nothing more heavenly than dancing carefree with all those tequila shots coming right into your mouth. I am happy for her.

The next day, the bride and her two friends (one of them is me, of course) set off for Jalandhar. There are stories to tell but I guess I want to wrap this up so I'm gonna hurry-up. We reached the venue talking about life, love and marriage. All through the Chooda ceremony and the Jaimala ceremony the bride couldn't keep herself mum! She was one sweet, innocent, chatty bride who chose to comment on things during the chooda ceremony, chose to laugh at the pundit during the pheras and also chose not to go mad crying in the vidai/doli ceremony.

I stayed up until 7 in the morning eventually. Watching the whole thing was refreshing....it kinda gave me a feeling that getting married is not all that big.

Anyway, in all it was a great punjabi wedding and I hope the bride and groom have a happy life together. Interesting wasn't it? Do you have a wedding story to share? Mail us at simplymarryzine@timesgroup.com For more wedding stories [Click Here](#) .