

Not Happening Here

When Prince Charles and Diana got married about 30 years ago, I was a young un just out of college and living in a group house in Washington, D.C. with 3 other women. Yes, it made total sense for us to get up early (I remember something pretty early like 5 am), huddle with coffee and watch the festivities with stars in our eyes. Sure, we thought Charles pretty dowdy, but Di was young and lovely, and her dress was all that the excess of those times celebrated. I remember the gasps as she exited the carriage and that amazing train unfolded behind her.

Well, it ain't happening again. Combine 30 years and the fact that I now live on the best coast, and that means Prince William and Kate will be taking their vows in the bloody middle of the night. In this era of DVRs, YouTube, and the like, I'm sure that I'll be able to catch anything I want to see. For me, I'm very curious about the John Rutter piece composed especially for the ceremony - I love his music!

The cats are with me in my thinking. Izzie has decided on a calm inspection of my slog-a-long sweater for Afghans for Afghans:



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I'm hoping to finish it by the weekend - just about 1/2 a sleeve, some neckline ribbing, and the weaving in of the ends!

While Brandy makes clear what she thinks of the idea of getting up in the middle of the night to watch a royal wedding.



(Let me assure you that no knitwear was harmed in the production of this blog post.)

See you all on the other side!