



Perhaps it's because our big day is getting closer, but I feel like this week has been full of mishaps and minor (and perhaps one not-so-minor) melt-downs.

I'm not very good at leaving things "to chance," but I've been doing a better job of going with the flow lately. Unfortunately, I've had several people ask what the "schedule" is for our wedding week, and it continues to upset me that I don't know when we will be able to get into the reception hall. Most things are not too major, but it is hard to juggle the million tiny details.

Friday, Justin and I were supposed to meet at the Courthouse to get our marriage license. Justin was to grab my social security card and meet me there. Unfortunately, after twenty minutes of searching, he still couldn't find my card. So, of course, even though I knew exactly where the card had to be, I started to try to determine if I could get a new social security card in time to get our marriage license. Thankfully, it only took me two minutes to find the card after a detour to what will be our new place. The rest of the marriage license experience went off without a hitch. Of course, Justin joked that he was "all in" now because he literally spent his last dollar on our marriage license.

Sunday, after a culmination of several small details not coming together properly, I had a little cry session. Thankfully, Justin was very understanding and helped me realize at the end of the day, we'll still be married, no matter what goes wrong.

I'm sure many of you have heard about the flooding and expected flooding on the Missouri River. Many of our family and friends live north of us, and plan to come across I-29. It's looking like many of them will have to adjust their route.

In addition to other details, for the past week, I've been fielding several phone calls from family members asking if the church and our reception hall are going to be flooded. After a mini-freak-out, Justin assured me that we are, in fact, pretty safe. My uncle, however, cracked me up. He asked, "You did say you plan to marry Justin come hell or high water, didn't you?"

After laughing, that gave me some perspective. Our wedding week or even

wedding day is NOT going to be perfect. There's going to be some hiccups along the way – such as the flooding, perhaps the best man forgetting to bring the rings, or my pregnant matron of honor having morning sickness.

At the end of the day, Justin and I will FINALLY be married. We'll make promises during our vows that only God can help us keep. We'll be standing right together even if our world falls apart. And Justin means everything to me in a way that only God can trump.

I'm so honored to be marrying Justin – and not to use a clichéd cliché. I feel so lucky to marry him. And I feel lucky that so many people we think the world of will be in attendance to share our special day.