

# Wedding Day

Welcome to you one and all,  
We trust that you'll have quite a ball,  
And with great attention you should pay,  
On what we are about to say.

But first congrats to our bride and groom,  
And silence please from around the room,  
As memories from a bygone age,  
Float as rhyming words upon this page.

We know our Sophie will love our poem,  
As anecdotes revealed will roam,  
Soph's single years as our little sis,  
These revelations you shouldn't miss.

So we'll start before she met dear Mark,  
Then forward it and then go back,  
As Sophie believe it or not was Fred,  
"I prefer it," Sophie always said.

But before Mark thinks 'what have I done?'  
It was her favourite nickname when she was young,  
She was also Soph, or number four,  
Because Mum and Dad had girls galore.

Well four in total... the other three,  
Are Catherine Lucy and Helen (me),  
And don't forget who made us four,  
Foster and Bobbie who we all adore,

As a Ranger our Soph learned to ride,  
And play a drum stuck to her side,  
But because our sis was so petite,  
She found the side drum hard to beat.

Soph loved her horses Selwyn and Jay,  
Who even on her wedding day,  
Along with chief, Charlie and other pets,  
Are creatures that she'll not forget.

A Labrador might well be next,  
Well that's what's written in this text,  
A friend for life they say... a doggie,  
As long as its not all wet and soggy.

Olivia, Archie and 'maybe' Mark  
Will learn to love his noisy bark  
Already Archie loves their pesky mice,  
He giggles and he thinks they're nice.

Our Sophie loves a holiday,  
And can make two tickets go some way.  
She also taught in Japan for a year,  
Occasionally swapping her normal gear.

For that of a Geisha girl no less,  
She preferred that to her normal dress.  
But Tom cruise should look out and be aware,  
Cos there's a bigger stuntman than him out there.

As our little sis takes more risks than Tom,  
Battling against some threatening foam,  
While white water rafting Soph almost took a tumble,  
And in the water she thought she would rumble.

But if that's not enough for our heroine,  
For our dear Sophie our ' kith and kin',  
She went and got a proper fix,  
From driving a Cadillac on route sixty-six.

Do you remember, tonight's lovely bride?  
When you enjoyed your chopper ride?  
Not any old place... not any old where,  
But your view of HAWAII...from the air.

Apart from holidays galore,  
And travelling the world, which she seems to adore  
Sophie loves to dance and she loves to sing,  
Quite honestly she can do anything.

As a teacher she inspires her class,  
To paint and draw... she's a clever lass,  
And although she's now part of a pair,  
As a single girl she could afford Sloane Square.

Well maybe not as a real abode,  
But she shared the Sloane Square's postal code,  
This made her proud right to the core,  
Apart from the hike to the very top floor.

Some while ago she got a kiss,  
Remember she was still a Miss,  
From the man that's just made her his Misses,  
No doubt tonight there'll be lots more kisses.

So we feel really proud and blessed,  
Our Mark and Sophie are just the best,  
On this their lovely wedding day,  
There's really not much left to say.

Apart from 'raise your glasses all',  
"To Soph and Mark let us hear you call",  
May this day go down in history,  
As we all shout loud... hip hip hooray!