

April 11, 2006

## Tying the Knot in Vermont

Neither of us were the sort who had spent our girlhoods planning our dream wedding. I suggested to my partner, once Vermont created civil unions, that we drive up and have one; so much more romantic than heading down to City Hall here in NYC, getting a domestic partnership certificate notarized at a Chinese restaurant and filing it with the city clerk. My three sisters (with six weddings between them) had gone in for honeymoons from Disney World to Australia, but I'd seen enough of Disney World in high school, and between the two of us, we didn't have enough vacation time to head to another hemisphere.

So, the more computer literate (as opposed to the more romantic) of us booked a package on [www.gayweddings.com](http://www.gayweddings.com), and we drove up to Waterbury, where we checked in at Grunberg Haus Bed & Breakfast ([www.grunberghaus.com](http://www.grunberghaus.com)) and were shown to a beautiful little cabin perched on a hill behind the main house. It was just big enough for two, with a lovely bed (perched on it, the teddy bear on it that I think is required by law in all B&Bs), a woodstove, a rocking chair, and a welcome basket of sweets and souvenirs.

Toward the end of a long, hot summer, we caught a cool breeze in our hilltop nest, smelled the pine and the crunchy, crackling noises we heard as we sat on our deck and looked out were the chipmunks rustling under the leaves. From the breakfast room the next morning, we were entertained at the picture window by hummingbirds feeding and bluejays calling.

The ceremony was a simple, private one. The local justice of the peace, who was also one of the Vermonters who worked toward the passage of the civil unions bill, performed the ceremony. It was on the back deck of the B&B, witnessed by the owners, who obligingly played "our song" on the CD player when the ceremony was over. (It's *Crimson & Clover*.)

And then...we were civilized, after a fashion.

*~ Kathlenn Warnock*