

## Wedding of Anisa Qualls Kline and Andrew Kline

*Welcome ~ Martha Kline*

*Processional*

*Selections from the Bahá'í Writings ~ read by Kim Kremer, Cyprian Sajabi, Nadia Malarkey*

The true marriage of Bahá'ís is this, that husband and wife should be united both physically and spiritually, that they may ever improve the spiritual life of each other, and may enjoy everlasting unity throughout all the worlds of God. This is Bahá'í marriage.

Among the people of Bahá... marriage must be a union of the body and of the spirit as well, for here both husband and wife are aglow with the same wine, both are enamoured of the same matchless Face, both live and move through the same spirit, both are illumined by the same glory. This connection between them is a spiritual one, hence it is a bond that will abide forever.

And above all other unions is that between human beings, especially when it cometh to pass in the love of God. Thus is the primal oneness made to appear; thus is laid the foundation of love in the spirit.

*Excerpt from Letters to a Young Poet ~ read by Sarah Cook*

To love is good, too: love being difficult. For one human being to love another: that is perhaps the most difficult of all our tasks, the ultimate, the last test and proof, the work for which all other work is but preparation. Love is a high inducement to the individual to ripen, to become something in himself for another's sake, it is a great exacting claim upon him, something that chooses him out and calls him to vast things. ~ Rainer Marie Rilke

*Selection from the Bahá'í Writings ~ performed by Kevin Mulhall and Mike Kremer*

O SON OF JUSTICE! Whither can a lover go but to the land of his beloved? and what seeker findeth rest away from his heart's desire? To the true lover reunion is life, and separation is death. His breast is void of patience and his heart hath no peace. A myriad lives he would forsake to hasten to the abode of his beloved. ~ Bahá'u'lláh

*i carry your heart with me ~ read by keith gunderkline*

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in  
my heart)i am never without it(anywhere  
i go you go,my dear; and whatever is done  
by only me is your doing,my darling)  
i fear  
no fate(for you are my fate,my sweet)i want  
no world(for beautiful you are my world,my true)  
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant  
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows  
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud  
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life; which grows

higher than the soul can hope or mind can hide)  
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)  
e e cummings

*Happier Than the Morning Sun* ~ performed by Caitlin Kannapell and Darren Rappa, original song by Stevie Wonder

*The Peace of Wild Things* ~ read by Caitlin Cusack

When despair for the world grows in me  
and I wake in the night at the least sound  
in fear of what my life and my children's lives may be,  
I go and lie down where the wood drake  
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.  
I come into the peace of wild things  
who do not tax their lives with forethought  
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.  
And I feel above me the day-blind stars  
waiting with their light. For a time  
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.  
~ Wendell Barry

Corinthians 13 ~ read by Johnny Kline

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It is not rude, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. <sup>7</sup>It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.  
Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away. For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when perfection comes, the imperfect disappears. When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put childish ways behind me. Now we see but a poor reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.  
And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love.

*Excerpt from Bahá'í Marriage Prayer* ~ sung by Makini Boothe

Wherefore, wed Thou in the heaven of Thy mercy these two birds of the nest of Thy love, and make them the means of attracting perpetual grace; that from the union of these two seas of love a wave of tenderness may surge and cast the pearls of pure and goodly issue on the shore of life...  
O Thou kind Lord! Make Thou this marriage to bring forth coral and pearls. Thou art verily the All-Powerful, the Most Great, the Ever-Forgiving. – 'Abdul-Bahá

*Excerpt from Shapechangers in Winter ~ read by Aurelia Blake*

Once we were lithe as pythons, quick  
and silvery as herring, and we still are, momentarily,  
except our knees hurt.

Right now we're content to huddle  
under the shed feathers of duck and goose  
as the wind pours like a river  
we swim in by keeping still,  
like trout in a current.

Every cell

in our bodies has renewed itself  
so many times since then, there's  
not much left, my love,  
of the originals. We're footprints  
becoming limestone, or think of it  
as coal becoming diamond. Less  
flexible, but more condensed;  
and no more scales or aliases,  
at least on the outside. Though we've accumulated,  
despite ourselves, other disguises:  
you as a rumpled elephant—  
hide suitcase with white fur,  
me as a bramble bush. Well, the hair  
was always difficult. Then there's  
the eye problems: too close, too far, you're a blur.  
I used to say I'd know you anywhere,  
but it's getting harder.

3.

This is the solstice, the still point  
of the sun, its cusp and midnight,  
the year's threshold  
and unlocking, where the past  
lets go of and becomes the future;  
the place of caught breath, the door  
of a vanished house left ajar.

Taking hands like children  
lost in a six-dimensional  
forest, we step across.

The walls of the house fold themselves down,  
and the house turns  
itself inside out, as a tulip does  
in its last full-blown moment, and our candle  
flares up and goes out, and the only common  
sense that remains to us is touch,  
as it will be, later, some other  
century, when we will seem to each other  
even less what we were.

But that trick is just to hold on  
through all appearances; and so we do,  
and yes, I know it's you;  
and that is what we will come to, sooner  
or later, when it's even darker  
than it is now, when the snow is colder,

when it's darkest and coldest  
and candles are no longer any use to us  
and the visibility is zero: Yes.  
*It's still you. It's still you.*  
- Margaret Atwood

Bahá'í Prayer for Unity ~ read by Jackie Mulhall

O my God! O my God! Unite the hearts of Thy servants, and reveal to them Thy great purpose. May they follow Thy commandments and abide in Thy law. Help them, O God, in their endeavor, and grant them strength to serve Thee. O God! Leave them not to themselves, but guide their steps by the light of Thy knowledge, and cheer their hearts by Thy love. Verily, Thou art their Helper and their Lord. –  
Bahá'u'lláh

*Exchange of Vows and Rings*

Recessional