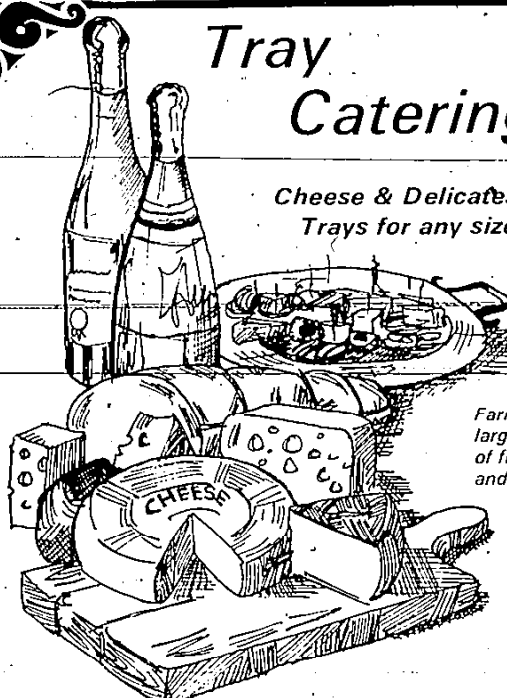


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More than a year ago, Anne Deborah Fuchs of Southfield married Robert Nathaniel Smith of Bloomfield Hills. They were part of a growing number of young couples who have departed from the traditional marriage ceremony to write their own.

In a small pamphlet given to those who had come to witness their marriage, Anne and Bob wrote: "Our wedding celebration will not be the traditional ceremony usually performed on this occasion. We chose to depart from the traditional structure in order to share with you our personal thoughts about love and marriage in the form which holds the most meaning for us. We hope you experience as much joy in witnessing this celebration as we experienced in creating it."

Readings from their marriage celebration included selections from "The Prophet" by Kahlil Gibran, "The Theory of Love," from "The Art of Loving" by Eric Fromm and the poem "I Love You" by Carl Sandberg. Anne sang the Carole King song "You've Got A Friend."

Anne and Bob chose to write their own vows in the form of poetry which they spoke to one another. Together they wrote and said:

*Before we were one we were two.
Everyday belonged to each of us.
We both laughed at different things
and smiled at different people
and walked on different paths
and ran on separate sea shores.
Before we were one we were two.
Busy with our own blueprints
and firm foundations
and bright decorations
and fitting into the scenery.
Because we were two, we can find joy in being one.
Our different parts now fuse to enrich the whole
And all the times we skipped stones separately
Make all sense now.*

And Anne said to Robert:

*It's like feeling in the very core of me
A new growth
With roots
extending
entwining
enmeshing
All of me.
As a plot of land
Cannot help but be more beautiful for a tree,
I feel a new beauty
for
loving
you.*

And Robert spoke to Anne:

*I have waited a lifetime
to share this moment with someone like you.
A more perfect person to complete my soul
cannot be found.
The joys ahead are like bursting blooms of spring,
full of hope and beauty,
signaling the wonders of future seasons.
The love you have given
and the love we will share
will be as complete as love was meant to be.
Anne, the ways of love are not clear paths to follow,
but then, my love, nothing is simple
which is of great worth.
Yet while the road may be difficult,
the direction is clear.
My love, I come to you with the realities
of what long-lasting lives are made of
to fuse our separate futures into one.
Our time is now,
I await with my dreams to take you with me.
My love, I want to share your tomorrows.*

And then the two were one.