“Geauxing to the Chapel”
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For: Family and friends of the Bride and Groom
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The smile on his face reached from ear to ear. The tears continued to stream down her cheek. It was a moment they would remember for the rest of their lives. They were no longer two single people, but a husband and wife. And then the drummer screamed, “WHO DAT?!?!”

Seconds later the band started up, and the bride was on the groom’s shoulders. “WE DAT,” screamed the new Mr. and Mrs. Billy and Carlie Barbier.

This was no ordinary wedding, and these two were no conventional couple. This was a New Orleans’ wedding with two very cajun individuals.

The festivities took place in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana last weekend. The wedding party and visiting guests all stayed in the Bourbon Orleans hotel located in the French Quarter of Louisiana. Guests knew from the start this weekend was going to be 48-hour long party. The hotel itself was located on Bourbon Street, equipped with a balcony connecting each of the wedding party’s rooms. Now let’s see here…Bourbon Street and balconies. What’s the next “B” to come to mind? Beads! Upon arrival, each guest was given a pack of beads to throw by the mother of the bride. When asked why this was the case, Carlie replied, “Girl, y’all in Louisiana, it’s all about gettin’ dem beads.” Now I don’t know about you, but this wedding sounds like a fun time.

On Thursday, the rehearsal dinner took place, located conveniently in the ballroom of the hotel. Not a single person was seated, but instead, dancing around the ballroom, no dance floor needed. Many of the groomsmen even made their way on top of the bar, drinks in hand, of course. “Our Michigander family members might have trouble finding something familiar to eat, but I’m sure they’ll love it!” said the bride. The menu consisted of fried catfish, gumbo, and crawfish
cakes; this was not the traditional chicken dinner many are used to. And to top off the evening, the party moved out to Bourbon Street.

Finally, it was the big day. The ceremony was also located in the French Quarter, in the St. Louis Cathedral built in the 19th Century. The church was decorated to perfection; Stained glass windows, intricate murals, and tall white pillars were all accented by the purple flower arrangements. An outsider looking in would never be able to tell how non-traditional this wedding truly was. However, anyone in the first few pews had a very different view. As the father of the bride gave away his youngest daughter and she turned to face her soon-to-be husband, a tiny whisper escaped from her lips, "Babe, I have to poo."

The ceremony ended with a police escorted parade from the chapel all the way to the reception hall. The bride carried an umbrella resembling southern bell attire, while the groom, wedding party, and guests followed with traditional rags to wave while marching down the streets. After the reception, it was off to Bourbon Street yet again.

While there is more to the story of the Barbier wedding, "What happens in Nawlins, stays in Nawlins!" according to the bride anyway!