

The Nuptial News

Richmond, Virginia

14-16 October 2016

I will fight no more forever

Chief Joseph of the Nez Percé

Meachams on the morning after the wedding. Front row (L-R): Mary Wood Stallings, Emily Meacham, Charlene Nalbandian, Nancy Crase and Lee Meacham, father of the bride. Back row: Jody Meacham, Julie Jones, Mac Jones, Gordon Meacham, Butch Nalbandian, Gary Crase, Anne Meacham, mother of the bride, and Hank Stallings.



Father of the bride Lee Meacham, sister of the FOTB Julie Jones and brother of the FOTB Jody Meacham.

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Emily, Gordon and I traveled east last weekend to marry off Mary Breslin Meacham, the first of our nieces and nephews to tie the knot, with Thomas Edward Bahen in Richmond, Virginia.

Thus united by a priest, no longer can the Meachams and Bahens steal each other's camels or poison their wells.

History has recorded plenty of marriages to solve those and other problems, not to mention the more modern custom of marrying someone you love.

The event was a reminder of how clans define

themselves depending on the occasion, the location and who's doing the defining.

After the ceremony, when the photographer called up different family groups for group shots, the newlyweds and their parents remained the same as another group of aunts, uncles and cousins came forward.

My brother and father of the bride, Lee, moved from Meacham to Siewers to Bahen to Cunningham without taking a step.

We Meachams included a Moak, Joneses, a

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Mary B, the bride, and her two Meacham-side cousins Gordon Meacham and Virginia Jones.

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Siewers, a Picanco, Nalbandians, a Crase and Stallingses. Some of those names had been obliterated by previous weddings and the social convention of women losing their surnames.

But their lineages were there, audible or not, as well as others such as the Algonquin woman, whose name is not known, through whom Emily may exercise her right to kill a moose without a licence next time we're in Manitoba.

I, however, am going to miss camel rustling.



All the Meacham-side cousins – brothers John and Thomas on either end, Gordon and Virginia in the middle – with my sister Julie photo-bombing in the rear.

