



Encore! Encore!

Wedded bliss the second (third, tenth) time around. ■ By Bobbie Willis

When a person finds love again after divorce, it can, in many ways, be more a cause for celebration than a first wedding. Two and a half years ago when my friend and future mom-in-law Laurel decided on remarriage with sweetheart Mark Neighorn (both of whom had gone through divorces years ago), friends, family and their coastal community in Lincoln City whooped for joy at the union.

Laurel, owner of The Red Cock Craftsmen's Outlet, and Mark, a real estate agent and owner of Lincoln City's Real Estate 100, had been dating a few years. Each of them had raised two sons from their previous marriages, and both had worked hard to establish themselves as mainstays in their coastal community: Mark had served the town through various civic committees and Laurel had been regularly sponsoring a fashion show and dinner through an organization she helped found called The Snowflake Foundation, which raises funds to provide medical services, such as mammograms and immunizations, to those community members who can't afford them. After the youngest of their collective children had finished high school, they knew the time was right to have a wedding. They set a date of September 16, 2001 and began plans for the big event.

For both Laurel and Mark, planning this wedding was very different from their first weddings. Laurel says, "I was first married in July of 1967, immediately after summer school. I remember that my mother did much of the actual preparations, as I was finishing school. It was a conventional ceremony held in a local church. ... I remember picking the flowers and the colors. I don't remember being very involved with the food, reception or music much." Mark says, "My first wedding was in March, 1979. I was 25. I thought I was an adult. In retrospect ... I didn't know what I was doing. We eloped and went to Reno. It was to be a double ceremony with my ex's sister also getting married at the same time."

Laurel and Mark worked together to plan their event and to involve their children, family and friends as part of the celebration. Laurel says, "We spent a lot of time together planning our wedding, and agreed on nearly everything. We both wanted our families involved a lot. The actual ceremony was small and limited to our families and a couple of dear friends. The younger of my sons, Ben, married us, and the older, Dan, stood up with me. My youngest brother, El, catered the food for the reception." El's wife and daughter arranged all the flowers, which he had grown himself.

Of the planning process Mark says, "I was way more involved and committed the second time: I handled the initial meeting with the photographer and arranged for the garden rental [where the ceremony was held]. Laurel and I did the invites together, selecting papers, inks, wording, etc. Pretty much it was joint decisions on all stuff: reception place, menu, etc. I would have been happy to be given veto power only, but Laurel kept after me for ideas and thoughts."

The reception, Mark and Laurel decided, was "the place where we wanted everyone to come and celebrate with us and have a really good time, and share our joy, and the promise of the day." Held on a warm, sunny fall day in the B'nai B'rith Hall over-