

Weddings are a joyous occasion, but the receptions are the real party

My husband and I attended a dear friend's wedding this weekend. Don't you. just love weddings? I do. Who doesn't love a good wedding? Other than my dad, who is wedding-phobic ever since my mother and I drove him crazy while planning my wedding eight years ago.

But I love everything about weddings. I love the, music, the flowers, the dresses, the food (open bar! cake!), all of it. And the entertainment - I love the entertainment. Especially the dancing. And that's exactly what I'm talking about when I refer to the entertainment-there are few things in this world more entertaining than watching other people get their groove on out on the dance floor at a wedding reception. I don't know what it is, but put a group of people in a room with a buffet meal, an open bar, a DJ, and a woman in a white dress, and normally sane adults lose their minds. Blue-haired, little old ladies do the chicken dance, flapping their arms and skipping in circles. Respectable, middle-aged adult men start putting their backsides in and their backsides out; they do the hokey pokey and they shake it all about.

That's what it's all about, right? And if there are women in attendance (and of course there are), they will be line dancing. Young, old, it doesn't

matter-women love to line dance. Why is this? What is it about the Electric Slide that attracts every woman in a 2-mile radius onto the dance floor? You almost never see men doing the Electric Slide. And men don't squeal with glee and drag their man friends onto the dance floor when they hear "The Cha Cha Slide" either. (There's a lot of "sliding" going on at wedding receptions.)

No, when they're not hokey-pokeying, men are too busy checking football scores on their iPhones in the corner. That is, until they are dragged out onto the dance floor by their dates, who demand a romantic turn around the room to "Unchained Melody." Because men love slow-dancing to "Unchained Melody" almost as much as they enjoy discussing in depth, the details of the bride's attire. (Men love a good chat about Swarovski crystals). But put on a song like "Cotton-Eyed Joe" and you'll see them all out there - men, women, children, everyone-because who doesn't enjoy hollering profanities in public? If you are wondering why anyone would holler profanities at a wedding reception you are obviously not familiar with the Cotton-Eyed Joe. If you'd like more information on this



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lyrical and dignified dance, just contact my mother; it's one of her absolute favorites.

It's not a truly successful wedding reception until somebody busts out the conga line. The conga line is a huge crowd pleaser because everyone can participate-even the most uncoordinated clod in attendance. Because all you have to do in the conga line is walk around the room and holler for your friends still sitting at the table to join you. Or, as we prefer around these parts, the second line, which is just like the conga line, except you wave a Kleenex in the air.

Your average wedding reception is people-watching at its finest. Especially if there's an open bar involved. Because nothing says "happily ever after" like a rousing rendition of "Brick House".