

JANA ZVIBLEMAN

BUCKET OF WATER

There's a place you pass on the highway, between those two funky little hill towns of Paradise and Egypt, where a bucket pours water down—do you know where I mean? A huge bucket up in the air, tipped; a stream of water is falling out of it, into what looks like a well. The bucket is just hanging from the sky, and you can't see where the water comes from—at all. I've passed it time and again over the years, and I've yet to figure it out—real water keeps pouring and pouring.

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On Wednesday, I received the special Bridal section of the local paper, which carried my ad about being a wedding officiant. It gives a link to my website, which has photos of me with brides and grooms, in gardens, at inns, in a manicured park by a river, in a gazebo. . . . I'm wearing a long velvet dress draped with a purple scarf in one, an off-white tuxedo suit in another, and in the most recent wedding, my new silver silky duster. It says that "I'll help create your perfect ceremony," that I am "ordained" by Universal Life, and that "I'd love to help you with your special event."

On Thursday morning, I opened an email.

Hi,

Can you give me an estimate for tomorrow-or Sat? We got our licens tues and I excited to get married sooner, the better. There will only be like 8-10 people and we will probably all be in jeans and tshirts, including me, the bride. (: No kidding, we love each other dearly but can't afford a real wedding so we just want to get the basics and some down the line when we can afford a real wedding, we will do it again right now we just need someone spirtual and kind to read the words and marry us. It will take like 20 minutes top you know more than I, I guess how long it takes. Everyone keeps wanting to send