



Mr. and Mrs. M. McNeil of Streetsville announce the engagement of their daughter, Morag Davidson, to Stephen Richard Smith, son of Mrs. M. Smith, also of Streetsville. The couple are to be wed on Remembrance Day in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. They are both teachers and will reside in Oakville.

The elopement was scrapped in favour of a more traditional wedding.

We got it all set up. We rented an apartment in Oakville. Neither one of us used to go to church much—at that point I never went at all—but we went down to the Anglican Church in Oakville. It was a nice-looking church, so we walked in and talked to the guy and he said he was glad to do it.

We were going to elope on a Saturday, but the minister advised us, "On the Thursday night of that week, get your parents together and tell them your plans. Then they at least have the option of attending."

So, that's what we did on the Thursday night. We sat them down, and they just went crazy. Not in a good way.

And when they found out that Morag wasn't pregnant, they *really* went ballistic. Not my mum as much, but Morag's parents. Because they said, "Well, everybody's going to *think* you're pregnant anyway!" What a mess.

Morag and I went and sat in the car, and I said, "You know, this wedding has nothing to do with us. Why don't we just accept that and do whatever they want? We still love each other and we're getting married."

So we put the wedding off for a couple of months. By then I had finished Teachers' College. I started teaching in the fall of '66 and we got married on Remembrance Day, November 11th of that year.

We had the ceremony in the church in Streetsville, and everybody came. But the wedding for us, because of that—all the romance went out of it that night when we told our parents our plan to elope and they weren't happy about it. We just went through the wedding. We did what we were supposed to do. Had the rings and said the things.

Eloping was where the romance would've been for us. We didn't even make any of the decisions about the wedding. And Morag had dyed her hair. I didn't even know who was coming down the aisle. And she was half an hour late.

So she's late. I'm waiting. I'm standing there thinking, "What's going on?" And then this person comes down the aisle with a white dress on. "Who the hell is that? Oh geez, that's Morag."

I said, "What'd you do that for?"

She said, "I don't know." She was just fed up.

But here we are, still in love forty-one and a half years later.

**MAG:** *What were you looking for? How did you know that Morag was your ideal girl?*

**STEVE:** I didn't. It was a process of elimination. The light went on for me when I could talk to Morag about things. And she would respond in a way that encouraged me to talk more and share my real inner thoughts. I had never experienced that before. I'd never connected with anyone intellectually before. Or emotionally.

I mean, you're a kid and the hormones are raging. There's always the physical attraction. That's easy. But usually when it came down to the talking it was...errrrr.

But Morag and I could talk about the stuff that I thought was really important, things that were important in life.

Brother Dave clocks the newlyweds.

