

Respectfully Decline

A family friend I have not seen in forever texted me last week:

“Hey I got a wedding Thursday June 17th, want to come to Boston and be my date?”

I wanted to reply:

“Hmm, that depends.

Are you asking me to buy a new, expensive dress that won't fit me quite right? Then spend the night meeting a boatload of people I will never see again, although I will reveal a hideous amount of personal information to them in a short period of time, including (and this is in no way an exhaustive list): where I'm from, where my family is currently, what I do, what I used to do, what I want to do, my relationship (status, history and wants), any kids, marriage, money, hopes, dreams, disappointments... ?

Is that the offer?

When I get there, shall I pound an extensive variety of drinks in quick succession just to convince myself that my 80's foot-shuffling dance techniques trump any 22 year-old droppin' it like it's hot? Kick my shoes off and just have some good old fashioned fun, celebrating the most important day in a complete and utter stranger's life, all before I have to jump back on a BUS to New York less than 24 hours later?”

What I *did* text: “I respectfully decline.”

I don't even want to go to weddings *I* get invited to.

Wedding hosts should get a little video clip of the moment invitees receive the wedding invitation in the mail.

For me, it would look like this:

(person rifling through pile of mail comes across a high quality paper envelope addressed in **olde English calligraphy**. A wedding invitation! Only lovebirds practice calligraphy.)

Me: C'mon, what the hell is this ? You gotta be shitting me!

(throws head back)

Nooooooooooooo nooooooooooooooooooooo nooooooooooooooooooooo I don't want to go.”

(rips thick white envelope open)

No I do not want to bring a guest. I do not *have* a guest. If I *had* a guest I would definitely be busy on a vacation with said guest on the very date of the wedding. OR my guest would be having a surgery the week prior, forcing us to pass. OR, me and my guest would be in a third world country, doing good stuff for people in need. We'd definitely be too busy. We'd be a very busy couple.

Don't frickin' invite me. It's like a personal challenge...

“Hey – you got 6 weeks to find a guy to ask out on a formal date that will last approximately 10 hours and take place in another state – good luck!

And.. oh yeah, it'll cost you AT LEAST 500 bucks. Here is a link to our gift registry. There is a small viewing charge and then a hundred dollar minimum. You're really important to us! Even though we sent the invitation to an apartment you haven't lived in for years, and invited you "and guest" despite knowing that you have had nothing but meaningless passing flings for the past two years. Two years, the exact length of time it took us to meet, fall in love, and decide to spend the rest of our lives together, what a coincidence!"

Thanks for listening!

Kisses-

Kendra

Kendra is a stand up comic living in Brooklyn where she owns a super comfortable bed. She spends most of her time wondering where the hell her sugar daddy is and hoping he didn't settle.

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