

ARIANE AND BRADY MULLEN

NOVEMBER 12, 1999



ARIANE MULLEN

A BIT ABOUT US

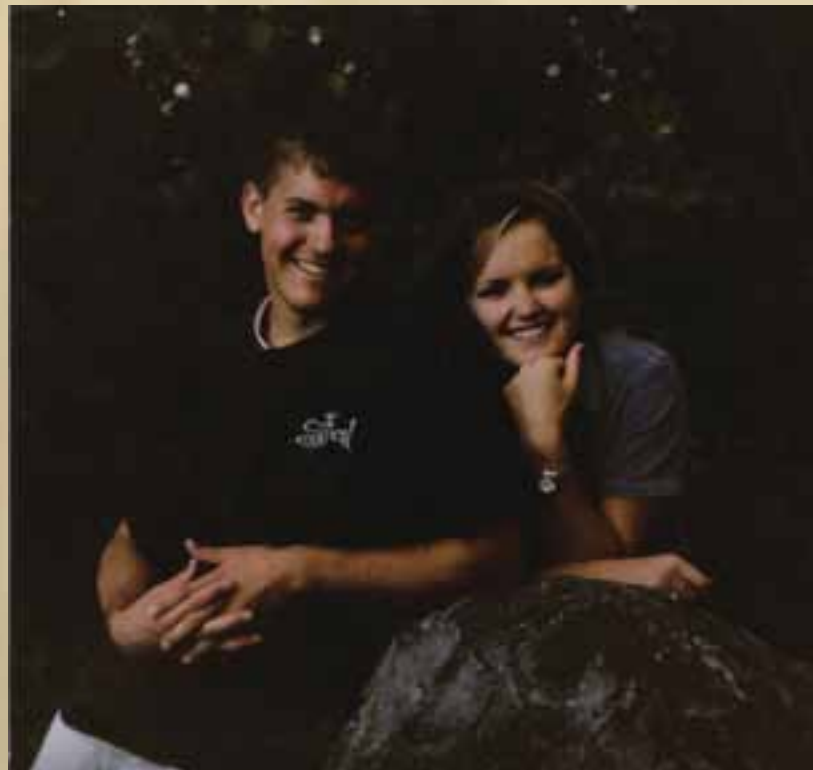
Bliss

Brady and I met on August 5, 1999 at our stake young single adult campout. We had never met before then, even though we lived only a mile from each other, and had the same friends. Once we did meet, however, we *literally* fell in love overnight. The first day I met him, I thought how strange it was that I could have so much in common with a person. He fit all my “perfect man” requirements, and then some. We had so much to talk about, and conversation felt so easy. At the end of the trip, I felt like I had known him for years, and I couldn’t wait to see him again. Thankfully he felt the same way about me, and after our first real date, we scarcely spent a day apart.

Of course, we knew it seemed crazy to everyone around us, but we knew after just under a week that we wanted to spend eternity together, and nothing felt more natural. We knew our decision might cause a few raised eyebrows, but we were working from inspiration. We fasted and prayed, and we received the answer that we should be married. I remember, as I fasted and prayed, thinking about what life might be like as Brady’s wife. When I pictured us married, I was overcome with such peace and comfort. The best way I can describe it is like a feeling of coming home after being gone too long. Wherever Brady was, I wanted to be. Forever.

We made it official (with a ring) just two weeks after we met, and started planning a wedding! Of course, we also spent a lot of time just having fun together and getting to know each other. We spent all of our time together and we hated to be apart. I knew I had found my soul mate. Brady was and is the best friend I could ever hope for. He loves me despite my shortcomings. He makes me laugh. He lifts me up. He is an example to me at all times.

This is the picture we used for our invitation. Silly me, I didn't think to actually save one. Oops.



We had our engagement pictures taken in Pocatello, Idaho at a place called Ross Park. Eric Gordon took our pictures. I lived in Pocatello until I was six, and my family often ate at this old, run down taco stand there at the park. So when were done, I just *had* to go get an order of taco spaghetti and an enchilada. I dont think it was as tasty to Brady as it was to me. I think good memories make food taste better.





THE DRESS



I didn't really have a specific dress in mind when I started looking. I did know that I wanted something simple and elegant. When I tried it on at the boutique, I fell in love with it instantly. There was not a bead or a sequin on the whole thing. It was just simple and beautiful. It was a tank dress with a low back, so of course we had to alter it somewhat, but the finished product was perfect. I wore white satin gloves and a simple veil. It reminded me of something Audrey Hepburn would wear.

love





IT'S SO FUN TO
DRESS UP AND GET
YOUR PICTURES
TAKEN! I FELT LIKE A
SUPERMODEL!







OUR WEDDING DAY

We were married on Friday, November 12, 1999 in the Logan, Utah Temple. We had already moved our things into our trailer at the USU married housing trailer park, and I spent the night before our wedding there with my mother. We stayed up late talking about what it would be like to be married, and remembering funny stories from when I was little. I was glad to get to spend that time with my mom. She is one of my best friends. We were lucky we got to stay there at all. We almost had to stay in a motel, because just two days before the wedding, our water heater broke and the water was ice cold. We couldn't find anyone that could come fix it before the wedding. Luckily, Brady's uncle, Del, had some connections and talked someone into coming out to fix it. A cold shower on my wedding day would have been no fun!!

Do we look good together or what?





THE WEDDING PARTY

MY FAMILY

Front row: Shane, Melvin, Christy,
Ali, Zack, Richard, Mark

Back row: Carla, Rosalyn, Carl,
Alice Mae, Gayle, LuJuan, Brady, Me,
Madison, Dad, Mom, Angela, Todd,
Marilyn, Burke, Camille



BRADY'S FAMILY

Jodi, Jared, Jeff, Tristin, Taylor,
Torri, Traci, Del, John, Brady, Me, Sue,
Eric, Jenna, Becca, Paul, Dan



PARENTS OF THE
BRIDE AND GROOM



Eewww! They're kissing!







MY BEST GIRLFRIENDS

Christy, Jamey, Bailey, and Chaune.

Rachel was running late and
missed the temple pictures.

We joke about getting a picture
of her and superimposing it in.



OH, YEAH - HE'S
CHECKIN' ME OUT!



Strangely enough, this is one of my favorite pictures of us.
It is just a candid shot of us walking, but I love the colors
and the way it is out of focus. I think it captures a real moment.



THE RECEPTION

We held our reception at the church in Mountain Green. I always wanted to have my reception in a reception center, not a church gym, but since most of the people who were coming lived in Mountain Green, we decided that it would be the best option. Besides, the more people that come, the more gifts you get! Just kidding.

Brady's brother and his friend played music for us. Brady's sister, Becca, and her husband Paul entertained as well. We had pumpkin rolls, nuts, mint chocolates and wassail for refreshments. My colors were green, lavender, and silver. My best friend from highschool, Jamey Susler did my floral arrangements, including my bouquet, which was gorgeous. It was made of white roses and lavender lillies.

Jamey Sulser, was my maid of honor, and Christy Merrill was my bridesmaid. I wanted to have all my best girlfriends as bridesmaids, but I couldn't afford all the dresses! But, they were all there supporting me just the same. Brady's brother, Eric, was the best man.

We didn't do a formal line, thank heavens. Brady and I just stood together and people came to greet us. Our parents, bridesmaids, and groomsmen just mingled, talking to people at their lesiure.

We didn't leave for our honeymoon till around 10:30 PM. It actually turned out to be a really fun party. People lingered around for a long time. We were dancing and singing and having a great time. Brady and I did a couple numbers and I even sang with my girlfriends. We had a great time.

When we did finally leave, we discovered that our car had taken a bath in mustard, whipped cream and oreos. We tried to hide the car, but of course our friends discovered the location and wreaked havoc on it. Little did they know, we were one step ahead of them. We purposely leaked the location of that car because we were planning on taking our other car on our honeymoon. We headed off to Snowbird in our Subaru and left my parents with the job of cleaning up the Camry.







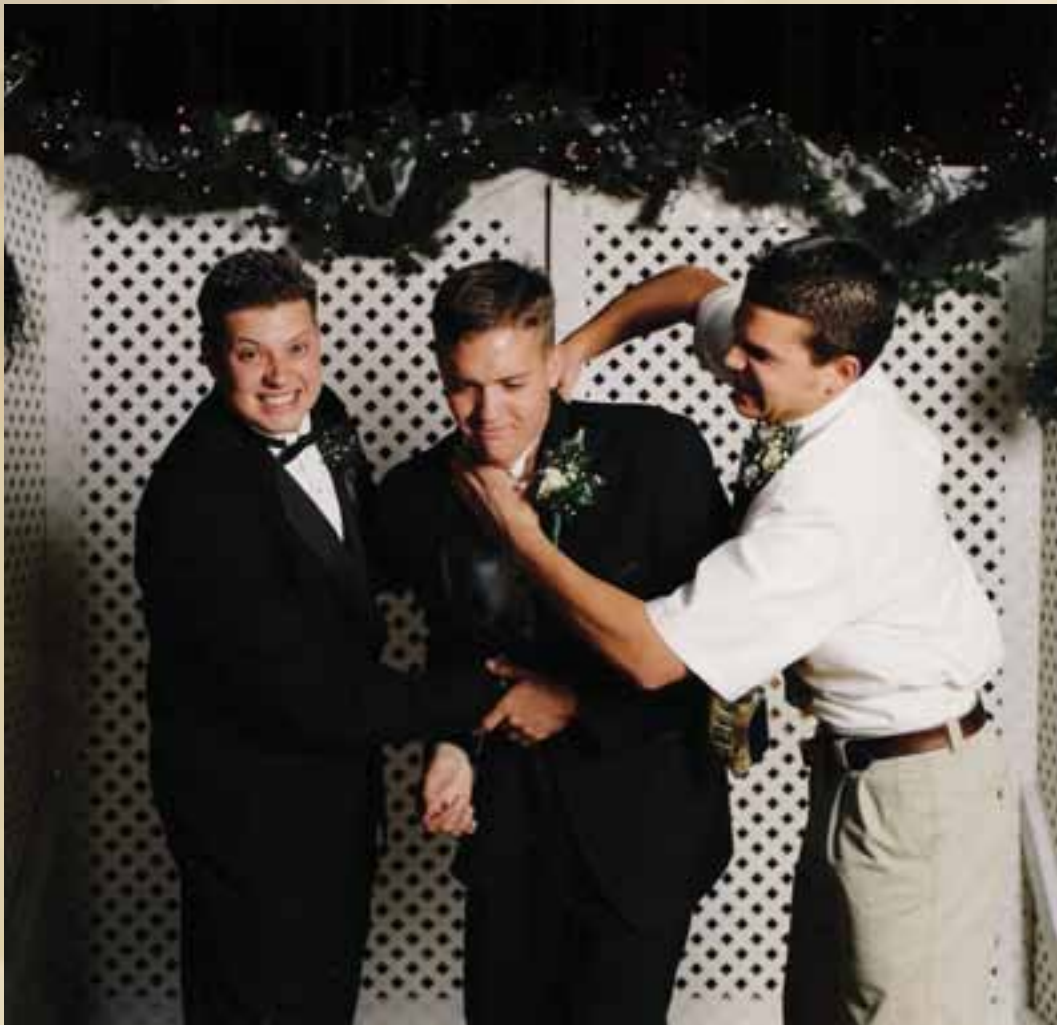
MY GRANDPARENTS



I'm so glad that my Grandpa Butters was able to see me get married.

I have such a special bond with my Grandma and Grandpa Butters. They mean the world to me. I know that Grandpa is watching out for me and my family from Heaven.





BOYS WILL BE BOYS

It wouldn't be a wedding without the traditional beating of the Groom.





OK,
SO WE'RE
A LITTLE WIERD







THE CAKE

I loved my cake. Like my dress, it was very simple...just smooth and white. I had it decorated with flowers.



THE STORY

I met Brady on August 5, 1999, at my stake young single adult campout. It was a campout I almost didn't go on because all my friends bugged out at the last minute. But, I remember thinking "Oh, I'll go anyway. Who knows maybe there is someone neat in the stake that I haven't met yet." Boy, was I right.

I pulled up to the church parking lot where where we were supposed to meet and noticed a guy sitting in a car that I hadn't seen before. I decided I'd better go check him out. He was talking to a friend of mine, so I casually walked over and joined the conversation. We chatted for a few minutes about this and that, and then it was time to go. People were splitting up into carpool groups to go to the camp, and Brady asked (in my direction, mind you) if anyone wanted to ride up with him. I thought to myself, "This guy is pretty cute, and there couldn't be a better way to get to know him

than a long drive," so I volunteered and off we went. We talked about everything under the sun on the way to the campsite - his mission, music, our hobbies and interests, etc. Every time he would tell me something about himself, I was mentally putting a checkmark on my list of traits the "perfect guy" would have. It was so easy to talk to him. By the time we stopped to ask for directions (due to the leader's lack of directional skills,) we were so comfortable with each other that when a friend asked if we knew each other before that day, I jokingly said, "Yah! Didn't you know? We are engaged!" I didn't know I was predicting the future....or did I?

Up at the camp, I was trying to find excuses to hang around him, and I thought I sensed that he was doing the same. I was disappointed at dinner, when a friend came and sat down in the chair next to me where I was hoping he would find his way. So, I

settled for sitting across the fire from him. Later that evening, while still sitting across from me, he brought out his guitar and started playing. He had told me he played and sang "a little," which was a serious understatement. I have a real weakness for a guy that can sing and play the guitar, and I found it hard to concentrate on anything but his playing. Then, he started singing. That was it. I was having, or rather trying to have, a conversation with one of the leaders, but I couldn't take my eyes or ears off him. His voice was pouring into my ear like honey, and I just had to be by him. I dropped my conversation in midsentence and went and sat down by him. I didn't even try to pretend to act cool. I didn't care who saw me sitting there adoring him. I actually wished that everyone else would disappear because they were being so noisy and all I wanted to hear was his guitar and his voice.

I sat by him, listening to him play for the rest of the evening, and as everyone was wandering off to their tents, we were still sitting around the fire, playing and singing songs. Unfortunately, there were three other stragglers sitting around the fire as well, and I was anxious for them to leave. I decided to wait them out, but as minutes turned into hours, I got impatient. I sensed, or at least hoped, that Brady was waiting for them to leave also, so I decided to take a chance. I stood up and asked for a volunteer to walk with me to the bathrooms (they were all guys). Up Brady shot saying, "I'll go with you!" It worked! But then, ARGH!! All three of our "companions" stood up and said, "We'll go up too". So, I was back to square one. But, I wasn't about to be defeated. I was trying to think of a way get a minute alone with Brady. I was thinking about what I could say that wouldn't be too forward, so when I came out of the bathroom, I lagged behind the other three and said to Brady, "Boy, I'm not even tired," to which he appropriately replied, "Me

either, do you want to go for a walk?"

Well, to make a long story not quite so long, we talked the night away. He was so easy to talk to, and I felt like I had known him forever. He was cute, and silly, and funny, and at about 4:00 AM he finally worked up the guts to ask if he could kiss me. I said that I didn't normally kiss on the first date, but considering we had spent enough time together just in that day to count for three or four dates, that I was sure an exception could be made. It was a good decision.

After a few much enjoyed kisses, we noticed the sun was starting to come up, and people were starting to stir. We laughed at ourselves for staying up all night, snuck a last kiss, and scurried off to our tents. I

really was tired, but I couldn't sleep, I was kind of delirious and slap happy, so I just laid there in my tent, thinking about him. I finally dozed off, but I woke up only a few minutes later to the sound of my own giggling. I was so giddy that I was giggling about him in my sleep. I poked my head out of my sleeping bag to see my tent mates staring at me, wondering what the heck I was laughing about. I just giggled again and ducked my head into my sleeping bag.

The next day while we were boating, I leaned over to a friend that was with us and told her, "I think I'm going to fall in love with Brady Mullen." She laughed at me and told me I was crazy...I had just met him. I laughed and said, "I know! Don't tell anyone!"

Brady asked me out for the night after we got home from the trip (Saturday), and it couldn't come soon enough. I was watching

the clock, bummed that he hadn't asked me out for the very night we got home. Little did I know that he had a date planned already for that night and actually broke things off with "the other woman." I like to think I had at least a little something to do with that.

I woke up Saturday morning thinking "Please, let him call before this evening." I knew I'd be sitting on pins and needles until I heard from him and I hoped he wasn't the type that wouldn't call until a half hour before he was going to pick me up. Well, I didn't have to worry. I hadn't even gotten out of bed when the phone rang. It was Brady, asking if he could pick me up around 2 PM. We discussed the date and hung up. About an hour later he called moved it up to noon. I was only too eager to oblige. And at about 11 AM, he called and said, "Why don't I just come pick you up now?". I guess I wasn't the only one that couldn't

wait to see and be seen again!!

On our date, we ran some errands he had to do, and then went up to Pineview with a couple of his married friends. We had a great time, and once again, at the end of the night, we found ourselves not wanting to say goodnight. I just wanted to be with him. He mentioned that he was going to Bear Lake on Monday, and I tried to hide my disappointment that he would be gone for a week. I didn't have to worry though, because in his next sentence, he told me he wanted me to come. So of course I did!

Falling in Love at Bear Lake

The trip to Bear Lake was great. I loved everything about it. Brady's family was very nice and welcoming, even though they didn't have a lot of time to get used to the fact that he invited me and THEN asked for permission to do so. We had such a great

time together. He was so easy to talk to and I was so comfortable with him. We would go on walks and just hold hands and talk...and of course kiss...and kiss. I think it was shocking to everyone BUT us how comfortable we were with each other. To us it was like we had been together forever.

One night on the trip we were sitting in the family room talking and Brady played a dirty trick on me. He tricked me into saying "I love you" first. I know he could tell it was on my mind and he flat out said, "Just say it". Of course, I played dumb. Then, he started to sing a Harry Connick Jr. song. "It's time to admit you love me..." he sang. Whoa, I just said it. I felt goofy, but I figured, "What the heck, he obviously knows." To which he said, "Whoa, you're moving too fast!" Of course, I slugged him. Then, he kissed me and said he loved me too. That was an early indication of his wacky sense of humor that has kept me

laughing ever since.

The next night Brady told me that he wanted me to be his wife. What surprised me was that I was NOT surprised, or scared, or nervous or unsure. It was the same conclusion I had come to and it seemed totally normal to hear him say it. I didn't care at all that I had known him for only six days. I felt like I had known him for six years.

Are We Engaged or What?

We decided not to make it official until we could get back home and have a chance to fast and pray about it away from each other. So, that's what we did. We didn't talk at all during the day that Sunday. We both fasted and prayed. I knew already what my answer was, and was just looking for that last confirmation to cement my decision. I hoped and prayed that he would get the same answer, and at 10 PM the phone rang. Brady was in Logan, and he apologized

for having to have the conversation over the phone. I asked him what he thought and he insisted I go first. I was terrified. I was so scared of saying that I wanted to marry him and having him say "Uh, sorry, I got a different answer." I'm only a little embarrassed to say that I started crying and hopping up and down when he said, "Well, I guess all we have to do now is pick a date." My mom was standing in the doorway and she started dancing the jig with me also. She loved Brady from the moment she met him and it made her happy to see me so happy.

After that night, we spent almost every waking moment together. I quit my job and moved to Logan where we planned to live. I started school there and found a new job. My funnest times with Brady were when we were just hanging out together. We would watch old Simpsons and Sienfeld reruns, read books aloud to each other, do homework together, make dinner together, go on walks, and talk and talk and talk.

And, oh, did I mention kiss? Ummm, that was our favorite pastime. Not that anyone else will get the opportunity, but kissing Brady is highly recommended.

My Favorite Things About Brady

One of my favorite things about Brady is his goofy, GOOFY sense of humor. He knows how to make me laugh and he does it very well. One of the best things about our relationship is that we have the same sense of humor. His personality is naturally funny and entertaining to me, and it seems like he is always going out of his way to do or say something to make me laugh. I am entertained just by being with him.

Brady is a very hard worker. His mission in life is to take care of his family. He loves his children so much and would do anything for them. He has told me several times that he would work ten jobs before he would have me leave the home to work. It is so important to him to take care of us

and make it possible for me to stay home with the children. I am so thankful that he feels that way about his family. I never worry that we won't be ok. I feel so safe with him as the head of our family. I know that whatever trials life throws us, that he will lead us through them. That is a quality that many men are missing these days, and I count my blessings every day that he cares so much about us.

It is a joy for me to see Brady interact with our children. He reads them books with hilarious accents, rolls around on the floor with them, makes up creative and silly games to play with them, talks and truly listens to them, and lets them know how

much they are loved by him - every day. I feel so blessed that he finds so much joy in being with his kids. He is the most wonderful father I ever could have hoped for. He amazes me every day, and I look to him as an example often times when I feel like I am missing the mark.

I love that Brady is strong in the gospel. I have never worried about him not being able to use the priesthood in our family's behalf. I know that I can look to him when I or my children are in need of a blessing or any kind of spiritual help. He strengthens my testimony by his example.

My most favorite thing about Brady is how he loves me. He is so good to me. He would do anything for me and he makes sure I know it. He treats me like I am the most beautiful woman on the the planet. He acts like he is the luckiest guy to have me for his wife. I'm not sure I deserve all

the praise and affection and love he showers me with, but I sure do love it. I think that it is me who is the luckiest person in the world. He is my best friend, and the love of my life. My soulmate.



OUR FAMILY TODAY

Brady, Sammy, AJ, Ariane, Natalie

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