

A Wedding Banquet Fit for a Princess

a Modern Day Parable inspired by Matthew 22:1-14



I am an only child. I am deeply loved by my parents. I have always felt like the luckiest girl in the world. My life may be likened to a Fairy Tale. I am the princess. My mum and dad are the queen and king. Our home has always been filled with people every weekend, mainly the “royalty” of the town, if you will. All the big fundraiser dinners are hosted by my parents.

I was given a brand new dress for every event, and I would make a grand entrance down the long stairway. I was treated like the star of the show! People would applaud and shower me with compliments. Usually, I had no idea who these people were, but they acted as if they loved my family and me. Later, I grew to understand that what they loved was being invited to these grand events with rich food and choice wines.....

Playing the role of the “princess of the ball” was something I actually enjoyed, even into my teen years. Somehow, amid all the glitz and glamour and show, I managed to keep two very close friends, Kylie and Cassie. These girls are my besties, my sisters. We met in 3rd grade. They love me despite the fact that I live in a castle, not because I live there. They love me for me, not for what my parents have, and their parents aren't part of the parade of “who's who” at those parties.

Now, let's fast-forward to today — my wedding day! My new husband, Brent, is a good man. We are so blessed to have found our way into each other's lives. But, we are not as socially outgoing as my parents. We prefer a quieter lifestyle so we decided on a simple ceremony in a country church with only our families and closest friends present. However, we did agree to allow my parents to host a wedding feast after the ceremony. They have spent years preparing for this day. They planned every single detail down to the guest list. That was our gift to them.

Here I stand in front of a mirror, having a last few moments alone before descending the staircase for my grand entrance. When I was young, I thought I would live in this house of my father for ever. I slowly survey my reflection to be sure everything is perfect and to enjoy the intricate details of my beautiful wedding gown. The tiny crystal beads look like twinkling stars when I softly sway side to side. My beautiful diamond heart necklace symbolizing our love hangs at just the perfect place above the neckline of my dress. My veil hangs in delightful folds encasing my curls cascading down my shoulders. The sparkle of my earrings perfectly matches the sparkle in my eyes. I do feel like a princess!

I look down at my wedding ring. It is simple and perfect. I wipe a few tears of joy from my face and sit to write my new husband a letter so we will never forget the feeling of this day.

Little did I know that the quiet and peace I am experiencing is contained to my dressing room. Downstairs, there is a large team of servers ready to tend to the catered fare of rich foods and choice wines — the finest ever served in this house. However, chaos is about to ensue because there are no guests! Mum and Dad are bewildered!!! More than 500 invitations were hand-delivered, and over 200 guests had RSVP'd their "yes" — what happened? My mum started a phone tree to call the invited guests. Dad dispatched some of the servers to summon the invited guests to the feast, but they refused to come. A second time, Dad sent other servers, saying, "Tell those invited: I have prepared the wedding banquet and everything is ready; come to the feast."

Some ignored the invitation and went away, one to a restaurant, and another to his office. The rest used various excuses; work, vacation, family obligations. The King and Queen were enraged. "How could they do this to our princess?" they lamented. My parents stood red-faced before the catering crew. "The Feast is ready," they said, "but those who were invited were not worthy to come. Go out to Main Street and the shopping malls, and invite to the feast whomever you find."

The servers went out into the streets and gathered all they found, poorly and properly dressed alike. The castle was filled with guests! As I made my way down the long staircase for one last grand entrance to the party, I gazed upon a sea of faces who I did not recognize. Mum and Dad stood at the landing, looking the part and applauding with great pride. In the back corner, I spied Kylie, Cassie, Brent, and his two best friends. I was really unsure why all these other strangers had been invited.

I gathered my new husband and our friends, and we by-passed the head table to dine in a smaller room toward the back of the house. Mum and Dad spent the evening weeding out and sending away those who weren't properly dressed in wedding garments. Many were invited, but few were chosen.

The good news is — we live happily ever after. ♡♡

###