

Plus Size Life: Being a Plus Size Bride

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There's one moment that sticks in my memory about my wedding day that didn't make the video or the photo album. Before the ceremony, the pastor checked that we had the rings. When we showed them to him, I

mentioned that the larger one was mine. I felt a little foolish, like I was saying, “by the way, in case you haven’t noticed, I’m the fat one,” but he assured me that it was a relevant detail. It’s just one of those things that’s part of the routine when you’re a plus size bride. Still, it seemed so weird to have to draw attention to the fact that I outweighed my groom by 20 or 30 pounds.

A woman’s wedding day is traditionally the skinniest day of her adult life. I got married a few months too late for that – a knee injury kept me from exercising and I gained a dozen pounds or so. But even at my lowest adult weight, I was still plus size. The expected thing is most heterosexual couples is that the man will be bigger than the woman – taller, heavier, like a cartoon prince. It just didn’t work out that way. We’re pretty nontraditional in a lot of ways. He does most of the cooking and I’m even the one in charge of confrontation – complaining to noisy neighbors for example. I’m a native New Yorker and he’s from Missouri – of course I’m the pushy one. So the fact that I’m heavier than him has never been an issue in our relationship. But I still had a bunch of special considerations that came with being a plus size bride.



Standing at an angle doesn't hide the fact that I outweigh him.

The Dress

After a friend of mine got married in red and black, I decided that I could get married in any color I wanted.

White doesn't look great

(<http://abbeypost.com/blog/best-ways-figure-colors-flatter-skin-tone/>) on me.

I was in my mid-30s and didn't want to



look like a princess. (Mind you, I did want to be the center of attention – I have a large extended family and I'd joked for years that the only time

I had laryngitis, but I looked great!

everyone would shut up and listen to me would be while I was reciting my wedding vows. Then I got laryngitis and had to whisper my vows into the pastor's body mike. Oh well.) I decided to go with blue. My bridesmaid wore something off the rack, but as a plus size bride that wasn't an option for me. I designed the dress myself based on a business suit I saw in an old movie. My dressmaker cobbled it together out of three separate patterns. The skirt fit perfectly, the bodice less so, but it was what I wanted. In retrospect, I think skipping the big white poofy wedding dress was the perfect plus size bride option. No one could compare me to all the skinnier brides in little white dresses that they've seen over the years. Not even me.



I was a fat and happy bride.

The Pictures

Our photographer was shorter than I am, so some of the shots from our engagement photo shoot showed my double chin in all its glory. We all have an angle that makes us look like Jabba the Hutt, so that isn't an exclusively plus size issue. I asked our photographer to bring a step ladder so we could avoid that angle in the

formal shots. Still, the first time I saw my wedding pictures, all I could think of was my recent weight gain, and how fat I looked. It took time (and further weight gain) for me to see how ridiculously happy I looked.

The Shapewear

I gave up shapewear in college and didn't look back. But I knew my wedding called for a little something to smooth out all the lumps and bumps. And since this was such an important event, I went to fancier department stores than I'm used to. And didn't find any plus size shapewear (<http://abbeypost.com/blog/shop-plus-size-shapewear/>). Even though they sold plus size clothes. Super frustrating. The one time I was willing to spend a small fortune on underwear, and no one wanted to take my money. This was way back in 2007 – there weren't as many online options as there are now. If I hadn't found what I needed at Macy's flagship store in Herald Square, I'm not sure what I would've done.

The Rings

We avoided an embarrassing mixup, and my husband slipped the right ring on my finger. As we've grown older and fatter together, I've had to stop wearing my ring (and my engagement ring). I keep meaning to have them re-sized, but there are always more pressing matters. A few weeks ago, my husband stopped wearing his wedding ring because it was getting too tight. So I gave him my ring. It fits him perfectly. And that's the thing.

It doesn't matter that I was a plus size bride. It's not important that I still outweigh my husband by several dozen pounds. What matters is that we're a team, and things have a way of working out for the best – like my laziness meaning that we own a wedding ring that fits him, even though it used to be mine.

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