Reconciling yucky boys and gross kissing with the occasional dance



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My niece was positioned to be at the right age when many members of her extended family reached marrying age. In one summer, she served as the flower girl in three weddings. If she had wanted to sit bored during yet another rehearsal, I wouldn't have blamed her.

Her service as a flower girl overlapped the onset of the "boys are yucky" stage of young-girl development. Mind you, she still loved dressing up and playing princess. I guess she figured Sleeping Beauty's life was pretty good at first, but once the princess met Prince Phillip, it was all downhill from there.

Anyway, at one point she decided to tell me, "Kissing is gross. Boys are yucky. I'm never getting married."

I asked her, "What about Benjamin? You danced with him at your auntie's wedding yesterday."

She replied, "Oh, we're just friends."

And so it begins.

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