

MARTHA STEWART weddings



WINTER 2008 74

THE EVENT OF THE SEASON
plus incredible cakes, dresses,
bouquets, favors, and more

92567 10151

\$5.95 USA (CAN \$6.95)
marthastewart.com



Lily and Rob share a *stirring moment* on the grounds of her family's house in suburban New York. Originally, she had chosen a shorter veil to pair with her lace Lazo gown. "It just didn't seem *dramatic* enough for the dress," she says, "so I had a long one made at the last minute." In keeping with English sartorial tradition, Rob wore a three-piece morning suit with a *tailcoat*. Opposite: Lily had always dreamed of marrying at her *childhood home*. For the reception, tents were erected on the lawn; they seemed as though they were an extension of the living room. Guests stepped inside the house to fetch their place cards, then rejoined the *festivities outside*.

perfectly scripted

Lily Mayer to Robert Roscoe
LARCHMONT, NEW YORK

IT'S A LOVE STORY that seems lifted from the script of a Hollywood movie: American girl meets British guy on New Year's Eve during a ski trip in Switzerland. They flirt and share a quick goodnight kiss. He quips that he's an international spy; she tells him she's still in high school. Exactly a year goes by, and they find themselves back at the same resort; this time they only exchange meaningful glances. Fast-forward half a decade—and four thousand miles—and the impossible happens: They run into each other, serenaditously, at a restaurant in New York City's East Village.

Just like every good courtship comedy, this real-life romance, starring Lily Mayer and Rob Roscoe, isn't without its screen-worthy quirks. After he temporarily moved to Manhattan in 2001, Rob, who now owns a handyman business in London, tried calling the girl who had captivated him all those years before. "I actually kept Lil's phone num-

ber," he says. "Sadly, I had copied down the last digit incorrectly." For her part, Lily had finally tossed out his number, thinking they would never meet again. And they didn't—until the next night, when she walked into that little Italian bistro. "Before I spotted him, I heard him talk, and laugh, and it totally clicked that it was the same 'spy guy' I had met in Switzerland," says Lily, who manages an art gallery. There was really only one way this story could end, so she approached him and he, of course, remembered her.

They wed at Lily's childhood church on August 25, 2007, and then, accompanied by a Dixieland band, traveled the short distance to the house she grew up in. With the Long Island Sound as a backdrop, family and friends gathered to celebrate not just the marriage of two people and two cultures, but also the destiny that brought them together. It was, as they say, just like a movie.



The elegant stationery, by Mrs. John L. Strong, reflects the *classic simplicity* of the day. The embossed invitation design evokes the *English-garden* feel of the reception, and the cream card stock and delicate blue tissue paper match the wedding's soft color palette. Calligraphy by Deborah Delaney. Opposite, clockwise from top left: The pair with their wedding party; the *bridesmaid gowns* were made by Lily's friend and attendant Sophie Buhai, a designer for Vena Cava; each dress's label features the couple's name and wedding date. The bridesmaids carried *mini versions* of the bridal bouquet. The *new family* includes, from left, Rob's stepfather and mother, Gerard and Jennifer Kenny, and Lily's parents, Margery and Theodore Mayer. Mother and daughter share a smile for the camera. Lily's *bouquet*—clematis, sweetpea, lilies of the valley, garden roses, and small hosta leaves—is bound with satin and tied with ivory ribbon.

