

Friday, August 25th, 2007

A photograph of a bride and groom in a garden. The bride is wearing a dark, strapless gown and has her hair styled up. The groom is wearing a dark suit and is kissing the bride on the cheek. They are standing in front of a large tree with pink blossoms. The background is a lush green garden with various plants and flowers.

Ilke & Jerome Charlotteaux

By Ilke Charlotteaux

Ilke and Jerome are not your usual bridal couple. Indeed marriage was not even on the cards – that is until they met each other. Although Ilke simply knew within two weeks, it took Jerome, a real Belgium bachelor at heart, the better part of three years to propose.

“So take my heart and take your place...”



I announced to my Mum that I wanted to get married “Kaalvoet in die Bos.” Oakfield Farm is almost “in die bos” and anyway, an instant connection was made. Trying to explain the setting to others was not easy, but it was just a “knowing” that “this is it”. In the end, I did wear shoes but the wedding still had the blend of elegance and informality that I wanted. “I was delighted with the beautiful forest pictures with my stunning golden dress which was just as I imagined it would be.”

As an art graduate, I, with Jerome’s support and encouragement, planned the whole wedding to the “utmost detail.” The décor, flowers and invitations were all beautifully prepared by my close friends and I, and family and friends flew in from across the globe to join Jerome and I for this glorious day.

I began my wedding story with “one day when we’re old, sitting on a porch sipping whisky, I would love to look back on our life together and not want to change a thing.” And as far as they were concerned they certainly put the first part just right!



Photographs by WM STUDIOS



Share with us the words to the music in the Homestead, with which we opened the dancing:

(Collective Soul – Youth – Satellite)

Soon a man will kneel to pray;
Soon the light will burn our shade.
And with the sweet the bitter fades
So take my heart and take your place.

'Cause I will be your faults
And I will be your rights
And I will watch over you like a satellite.

Soon reason will have rhyme,
Soon wisdom will imply
And with courage doubt subsides,
So take my heart and take my pride.

'Cause I will be your faults
And I will be your rights,
And I will watch over you like a satellite.
And I will be your sword
And I will be your might
And I will watch over you like a satellite.

Your river will flow from scenes unknown I'll
guide you through,
By the love I'll show.
And the stars will wish upon the night that
they could have a guiding satellite.

And I will be your sword
And I will be your might;
And I will watch over you like a satellite.
And I will be your days
And I will be your nights
And I will watch over you just like a satellite,
Just like a satellite.

