

# Waiting till the wedding night – getting married the right way

By [Steven Crowder](#) Published September 14, 2012 FoxNews.com



The author and his wife on his wedding day in August 2012. (Courtesy of the author.)

As anyone who's read my [abstinence column](#) here at Fox News Opinion could guess, my wedding is something that I've looked forward to for quite some time. After having tied the knot at the end of August, I can now say beyond all shadow of a doubt, that it was everything I'd hoped and prayed that it would be since childhood. (I'd also prayed to be bitten by a radioactive spider and develop sticky hands, but... I was an idiot.)

Let me preface this column by saying this: my wife (I have to get used to saying that) and I not only waited sexually in every way (no, we didn't pull the Bill Clinton and technically avoid "sex" sex,) but we didn't shack up as live-ins and most importantly, we courted each other in a way that was consistent with our publicly professed values.

We did it right.

Our wedding was perfect. Our wedding night was nothing short of amazing. I write this on a plane heading into a tropical paradise with the most beautiful woman to have walked the planet earth.

Feeling judged? I couldn't care less. You know why? Because my wife and I were judged all throughout our relationship. People laughed, scoffed and poked fun at the young, celibate, naive Christian couple.

We'd certainly never make it to the wedding without schtupping, and if we did, our "wedding night would be awkward and terrible," they said.

Turns out that people couldn't have been more wrong. Looking back, I think that the women saying those things felt like the floozies they ultimately were, and the men, with their fickle manhood tied to their pathetic sexual conquests, felt threatened.

I think it's important to write this column not to gloat (though I'll be glad to), but to speak up for all of the young couples that have also done things the right way. When people do marriage right, they don't complain so much, and so their voices are silenced by the rabble of promiscuous charlatans, peddling their pathetic world view as "progressive."

Our wedding was perfect. Our wedding night was nothing short of amazing. I write this on a plane heading into a tropical paradise with the most beautiful woman to have walked the planet earth. I know everybody says that their bride was the "most beautiful in the world." They're wrong. I win.

I'd like to tell you a story of our morning after, however. One that transpired into one of the most glaring epiphanies I'd ever had.

As my wife (again, still not used to that) and I ate breakfast at a local inn, we discussed how excited we were to start the rest of our lives together, how scary it was that everything was now so different. At the same time, we overheard the table next to us discussing their very own wedding from the night prior. What a coincidence!

“The thing is, nothing’s really changed,” the bride said.

Puzzled, my wife asked, “Did you get married last night too? So did we!”

“Congratulations!” the other dame said. “Yeah we did, just last night.”

“Where’s the groom?” my wife innocently... scratch that, naively asked.

“Oh, he’s sleeping. There was no way he was coming out with me this morning!” She paused and smirked.

“Let’s just say that he’s got a lingering headache from a really good time last night.”

My heart sank. Firstly, that poor schmuck's “good time” was simply getting snookered. Not enjoying the company of close family and long-lost friends with a clear head and clean conscience, not staring in awe at his beautiful new wife, wanting to soak in every glimmer of her eyes as she shot him heart-racing looks from across the dance floor, not taking all of the cheesy pictures as they cut the cake, not even carrying her across that suite threshold as they nervously anticipated their “nightcap.” He probably won’t remember any of it. Instead, he got smashed. He was “that guy”... at his own freaking wedding.

Then I realized something. Our wedding was truly a once in a lifetime event. It was a God’s-honest celebration of two completely separate lives now becoming one. Physically, emotionally, financially and spiritually, everything that made us who we were individually was becoming what bonded us together. Our family traveled from far and wide to celebrate the decision of two young people to truly commit themselves to each other, and selflessly give themselves to one another in a way that they never had before that very night.

The people next to us that morning? Well, theirs was just one big party. And the morning after? Just another hangover.

Our “weddings” were the same event in name only. They know it, and we know it.

Do yours the right way. If you’re young and wondering whether you should wait, whether you should just give in, become a live-in harlot/mimbo and do it the world’s way. If you’re wondering whether all of the mocking, the ridicule, the incredible difficulty of saving yourself for your spouse is worth it, let me tell you without a doubt that it is. Your wedding can be the most memorable day and night of your life... or just another party.

Oops. Did I just make a “judgment?” You’re darn right I did.

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