

CELEBRATIONS



FLOWER GIRLS
Donning waxflower head wreaths and custom dresses by Alexandra Grecco, young attendants posed in the ivy- and flower-draped entrance to St. Senan's Church in Kilrush, Ireland, before the wedding of their cousin Simone Sheils to Darren Mullane.



Hand-dyed muslin runners rippled down linen-draped tables topped with vintage brass candlesticks and centerpieces that included roses, hellebores, and lilacs.



Wearing Alexandra Grecco dresses, bridesmaids (including Simone's sister, Audrey, center) and flower girls beamed before the ceremony.

The vanilla, chocolate-raspberry, and chocolate biscuit cake was frosted with a swirled buttercream that was flecked with gold leaf to evoke the sea.



Dramatic cliffs line the County Clare coastline, high over the churning ocean.



“
The sea down there is always so wild. We wanted those colors to come through: soft blues, dove grays, and greens.

—SIMONE

”



The couple wed at 19th-century St. Senan's Church. "The music took everyone's breath away," says Simone.

Men pinned boutonnières of rosemary, thistle, spray roses, and ranunculus to their lapels.



Sleek and Chic

"I wanted something streamlined and modern, with a beautiful drape," says Anne of the Alexandra Grecco silk-crepe sheath she wore to wed Ivan Juarez-Mrazek. She paired it with a romantic white-and-green bouquet.

Opposite: Hellebores topped an almond cake with mascarpone cream.





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Los Angeles is a city of

contrasts,” says Anne Sage, describing the way the SoCal town’s natural beaches and forest converge with an urban sprawl of nearly 24 million people. That same juxtaposition could be applied to Anne and her husband, Ivan Juarez-Mrazek: She’s an outgoing creative type who helms a bustling self-titled lifestyle blog, and he’s a fact-obsessed analytical marketer.

Still, even the most opposite people can be brought together by a mean breakfast taco. In 2011, Ivan was a bachelor living in L.A., and Anne was a married editor living in San Francisco—but every month or two, Anne and other editors would meet at Ivan’s house (he was a friend of one of them) to work on a joint magazine project. And sometimes, Ivan would cook breakfast. “He was this smart, funny, awesome guy who could cook,” Anne says. “I asked him one time when we were all sitting around, ‘How are you still single?’”

As Anne’s marriage was ending, she and Ivan stayed in touch and corresponded through funny GIFs on Twitter, but it wasn’t until after a lunch “date” in 2014 (“I was super-nervous, because I was like, ‘Is this a date? Is this not a date?’,” says Anne) that the two became a couple. Two years later, Ivan proposed—but not before overanalyzing and missing two opportunities to pop the question—at their

house, the same one Anne had often visited years before.

The pair’s delightful yin/yang-ness also made its way into their big-day details: Their venue, Hudson Loft, an industrial space, was peppered with pretty, soft fabrics and flowers in muted shades. Invites mixed clean lines with romantic gold leaf, and Anne’s sleek, architectural gown draped and flowed, thanks to its silk-crepe fabric. For other details, their vision was singular: “The most important thing for us was that we wanted it to be really fun for everyone,” Anne says. “Oh, and the food had to be amazing.” So they decided on Mexican—for Ivan’s family heritage and because, as this pair knows well, not many people can resist a good taco.

On Friday, April 21, 2017, the duo exchanged self-penned vows in a nonreligious ceremony that was led by a close friend. It included the maid of honor and best man acting out some of the pair’s entertaining text exchanges from their early days (Ivan had kept them all!). After the I do’s, 107 of their nearest and dearest, all decked out in white, black, or shades of gray, gathered for signature cocktails and an authentic Mexican feast. Afterward, the duo switched up their footwear—she into Frēda Salvador boots, he into Saint Laurent sneakers—to get down on the dance floor as L.A.’s lights, from both the stars and the city’s buildings, twinkled in the loft’s windows.