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SAMUEL ADAMS OCTOBERFEST®:  
THE NECTAR OF THE GODS  
(BASED ON A TRUE STORY)

by

NICK IANDOLO

"I'll tell you right now Harry, I'll go along with anything you and Bev would like to do for the wedding as long as I get to have my Samuel Adams Octoberfest® there," I emphatically said to my future father-in-law.

To which Harry easily replied, "Sounds good to me! Now let's open up that bottle of champagne and celebrate you're pending engagement to my daughter!"

And that was how I got to have my favorite beer served at my wife's and my wedding in (of all times) the month of October-October 16th, 2004 to be precise. A great Oktoberfest in and of itself to be sure!

I've long since had a great love for that subtly spicy sweet tasty brew. I've likened it to the "nectar of the gods" on more than one occasion—as my over-enthusiasm for this fine beverage was prone to embarrass my girlfriend and now wife, Sue (which I think she has finally gotten used to now, maybe). And when our pending wedding was quickly approaching, I knew that I had to ensure that my favorite drink of all time would be present to help ring in this new and wonderful chapter in my life.

However, like most celebrations of its kind, one can be too busy hosting or being the star of such events to take the time to savor that which one comes to associate with the most special of events. And my wedding was no different.

It started the moment we had arrived by limo to this beautiful French Chateau in Portsmouth Rhode Island called, The Glen Manor House. What a lovely picturesque edifice this was, located on the shores of the tranquil Sakonnet River. This grand residence of famous land owner, H.A.C. Taylor, in the 1920's was also a private school for young girls in training to be proper ladies of society in the 1960's—such as the debutants that graced the halls of the socially elite in nearby Newport at the Vanderbilt mansions and the like. The Glen Manor House was eventually purchased by the town of Portsmouth in the early 1970's and the Portsmouth Historical Society was charged with the responsibility of repurposing much of its former elegance for the endearing role that it seemed to be especially built: weddings.

The building's facades were repaired, the grounds were beautifully landscaped (you should see it in the Fall), its romantic bridge out on the river was refurbished, and it's spaciouly baroque style interiors (including an awe inspiring Grand Ballroom) were lovingly restored. This was the perfect place for a wedding reception. And what more perfect a drink to accompany this cherished sacrament than my beloved Octoberfest.

And so as we entered in high-style to an awaiting crowd of well-wishers and admirers (at least for that day), with my new bride looking like the goddess Aphrodite herself, we traipsed through the main hallway of the chateau straight to the grand ballroom and out on to the patio to begin the long and cumbersome time-honored process of taking wedding photographs. Fortunately for me our wedding coordinator, Meredith, intercepted us as we

made our way onto the grounds and asked both my wife and I what beverage we would like.

Sue, my most beautiful woman of all the ages, requested a glass of white wine to satisfy her parched palette. For me, nothing would quench my insatiable thirst for a drink of celebration other than my renowned seasonal Sam Adams (available only between September through November). So I requested and was promptly given a glass full of this sweet ambrosia.

Oh, how that liquid draught flowed down my throat like sweet honey. The rich and full taste (toffee-like with Autumnal spices), the full body of its amber liquid consistency, and the caramel-tasting head of foam all coalesced into an experience that seemed to crystallize my whole ethereal matrimonial event. And that was all in the first sip!

Then something unexpected happened to me. As soon as I put the mostly unconsumed glass of beer down for a moment and was called upon to pose for the photographic record of this most auspicious day; upon my return, the Oktoberfest was gone! Yes gone! But where did it go? I was slightly annoyed. How could such a fine libation have been so carelessly removed? No doubt to be unceremoniously tossed down a drain like some third-rate homebrew! I was not happy.

"Just ask for another one," my most lovely and adored wife retorted to my recriminations about my lost beer.

So I did, and was justly rewarded with another Samuel Adams Oktoberfest®. All was right with the world again. I expediently drank a large gulp and jealously guarded what was left (about two-thirds a glass). But then I was called away again on some other errand. Cocktail hour was over and so began the ritual meal for over one hundred and thirty guests.

Somehow, during the time it took for us to be seated, went through a round of champagne toasts, and kissed my Venus more times than I can count to the clanging chorus of overflowing glasses, I seemed to have lost yet another completely un-drunk Oktoberfest! Yes, hard to believe I know, but there it was—or wasn't actually.

So, I requested yet another one, and another one faithfully came. One sip into the tantalizing beverage and suddenly my precious wife and I were called upon to cut the cake.

Then we danced a lovely foxtrot/swing hybrid together as dreamy-eyed newlyweds should. And after came the other customary dances. Once they were over, I found myself sadly bereft of my favorite drink in the whole wide world—hitherto yet again.

And so on it went, beer after beer, and distraction after distraction (speaking to guests, helping my eternally resplendent queen with carrying the train of her dress, trying to grab an Hors d'Oeuvres when I could...) until the end of the evening came and there were no more guests to entertain and no more Oktoberfests to be found. Like Sisyphus and the rock, I was never able to fully enjoy a whole glass of my dearly favored brew.

And that was that. Fortunately for me, the wedding (ceremony, reception, and the wedding night nuptials) were such enchanting traditions that missing the beer of my desire was not as bad as one might think. Not soon after my wife and I spirited away to the lush Caribbean island of St. Lucia where the only beers available on that tropical paradise were a local brew called, Piton Lager (after the twin mountain peaks on the island of the same name), and the ubiquitous Heineken Beer of Holland. Both are good brews, but they left me longing for my Patriotic ale brewed in the place of my

birth, Boston Massachusetts—home of the Sons of Liberty including the redoubtable Samuel Adams.

Upon our arrival back to the states, my Island princess and I took a quick sojourn to visit with my new in-laws as husband and wife. After a brief greeting full of hugs and happiness, my father-in-law brought me over to the pantry of the kitchen to show me something of what he implied was yet another heartfelt wedding gift. He said to me, "Nick, I know that you were just way too busy during the wedding to really enjoy your Sam Adams Octoberfest, so I picked some up for you."

Opening the door to the pantry my eyes went wide with astonishment as they beheld not one, not two, but THREE cases of Samuel Adams Octoberfest®! There they were three glorious cases, seventy-two of the sweetest beers on the continent for me to enjoy all winter long. What a great father-in-law, and what a fitting end to a picture perfect wedding.

Now I know I've married the right girl!

THE END

*Next month read about how enjoying a Samuel Adams Spring Ale® in the Nation's Capital inspired me to make an impromptu visit to the National Archives and see for myself Samuel Adams' actual signature on The Declaration of Independence—reminding me of the honored sacrifices all of our forefathers have made to bring this great nation to life.*

This story is dedicated to my father-in-law, Harold C. Howland Jr. who recently passed away on December 19<sup>th</sup>, 2005. I only wish that I could be enjoying a beer with him right now. He is so dearly missed by all of us.