



Clockwise from far left: **COLLIN CREIGHTON** and **MOLLY CREEDEN**. The vast prairie country. The tented reception. **FOUNTAIN VALLEY SCHOOL OF COLORADO** in Colorado Springs. The raucous celebration. The bride and her father.



Prairie Flower

Writer **MOLLY CREEDEN** looks back on her **COLORADO** union to husband **COLLIN CREIGHTON**

◆ Collin and I met after midnight at a bar called No Malice Palace on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, known for its raucous dance floor and heavy rotation of Biggie Smalls. So when we got engaged on the Venice Beach canals six years later—having moved to Los Angeles, where Collin works at Netflix and I’m a writer for magazines and the online estate-sale platform Everything But the House—we wanted our wedding to conjure the fun and rowdiness that started it all. And if I’ve learned anything during my four years in California, it’s that there’s a gorgeous alchemy in gatherings that are both elegant and laid-back.

We picked a location where we’d have the most freedom: Fountain Valley School of Colorado, a boarding-school campus in Colorado Springs where I grew up while my father was headmaster. It’s a stunning place—an adobe enclave tucked into the prairie at the foot of the Rocky Mountains that informed much of my personal aesthetic and my connection to the West. Serendipitously, Irene Neuwirth, with whom Collin worked to design my engagement ring, also attended the school.

We let the backdrop of the campus, with its crisp peach and pink Pueblo Revival Style architecture (some of which dates back to



1927), open blue skies, and view of Pikes Peak, do a lot of the visual work, opting for a clean, muted palette as a complement.

My bridesmaids wore white Joanna August floor-length dresses, and I asked my florist, Frances Harjeet of Prema Style, to fashion bouquets and arrangements that were almost matte.

I leaned on my West Coast sensibility as we planned remotely—getting my veil from Solstice Bride, my dress from Vera Wang in Beverly Hills and custom “Hecho en Venice” cups specially for the after-party.

There were plenty of memories to rehash the next day, from antics in the campus dorms where our friends stayed, to the dramatic thunderstorm that erupted

after the reception, to the bonfire after-party (where a surprise mariachi band stole the show). My favorite, however, is the moment I walked with my dad into the school’s small chapel—whose pews I had sat in hundreds of times while he led all-school assembly—and saw Collin’s and my favorite people, assembled in the same rows. •