

# The Pirate Chef and his first mate

[Emily Everywhere Blog](#) 

## Emily Jade

Tuesday, October 26, 2010 at 02:45am



A few months ago a lovely young couple Aidan and Aleisha contacted me to marry them.

They wanted a garden wedding in November, so I met with them at my home and I was inspired by their story.

Childhood sweethearts, they met in year 10 and loved each other almost from the beginning. He had just moved from South Africa and had that new boy mysterious charm. Aleisha sat staring at him in Art class, intrigued, not realising that this rosy cheeked boy was also impressed with her bubbly nature and beautiful brown eyes. It didn't take long for them to first find friendship and then love.

On her 17th birthday he gave her a ring, with a note, asking her to marry him, even though they weren't officially dating. Seven years later, after celebrating all their important life events together 18th's, 21st's, Uni graduation, Chef graduation and many more, they were finally walking through my door.

Or should I say limping in. Aidan struggled slightly up the stairs to my home with a walking stick and an eye patch. He had an in operable brain tumour that was slowly robbing him of his ability to walk. He had been battling the tumour for a few years and things weren't looking good, but he still wanted to celebrate one more important life event, his wedding.

I soon learned that was just Aidan's way. No tumour was going to stop him achieving. When he started to get double vision from the tumour, he simply wore an eye patch. A chef by trade, he embraced the patch and called himself the **Pirate Chef**. When the tumour started to slow him down so he couldn't work full time, he started

cooking and baking from home, taking orders from friends and family and selling his delicious baked goods at the Moggill Markets on the weekends.

He even released a cookbook of all his favourite recipes to sell. His cancer treatment didn't come free, and he was going to try to do whatever he could to fund it...to buy more time with his precious Aleisha.

Two weeks ago the call came asking if I could bring the wedding forward, Aidan was going down hill and he was determined to give Aleisha the wedding she had been excitedly planning. Of course I said yes and on the following Friday I married that beautiful couple.

Overlooking the Story Bridge at an apartment in New Farm as a storm rolled in, it wasn't the garden wedding she had dreamed of, but that view was powerful and poignant. Aidan, still squeezing every last drop out of life, sipped on a beer out of a pink straw (Aleisha's favourite colour) in his wheelchair aided by his groomsmen and he calmly waited for his young and beautiful bride.

She did not disappoint when she walked down the makeshift aisle in the lounge room, a pink dress covered in lace and flowers. Aidan cried when he saw her.

Normally I threaten to pinch the groom if he doesn't at least shed one tear. I didn't have to that day, Aidan knew how lucky he was...to have Aleisha and to have made it to the wedding day he so wanted to have.

Although he was now losing his speech and spoke in a bare whisper and only when he needed to, he repeated his vows he had written to Aleisha.

*I, Aidan, take you Aleisha to be my wife, I remember the day you let me fall into those big brown eyes and we fell in love, now 7 years later were finally tying the knot in front of our loved ones. I treasure the bond we share and will always hold my tiny dancer close to my heart.*

We all silently knew the short nature of the vows were because it would have been a struggle to say any more, but they said enough.

When they exchanged their rings, knowing they were not afforded the luxury to speak words like together forever, they spoke of the never-ending circle of the wedding bands forever reminding them both of the never-ending love they had always felt for each other, through the good and bad.

What a privilege I had that day, to be blessed with the very special task of making a young couples dream come true, of witnessing true strength when there seemed there was none left to find, of witnessing true love when that was all that remained.

When I got home that night to my husband Gerard, for the first time in a long time I didn't care about his snoring, or worse. I snuggled up and held him tight all night, silently thanking God for his good health. And he didn't push me away, he knew exactly what was going through my mind and felt the same.

I know you know where this is going.

Aidan passed away on Wednesday with Aleisha by his side. He was only 24, and when most young brides are meant to be lying on a beach enjoying a honeymoon, Aleisha is bravely planning a funeral.

I guess I wanted to share their story with you in the hope that maybe you might be touched by their love and dedication to each other, so Aidan's beautiful actions will be remembered by many and not just the 50 friends and family and me that were empowered by their love for each other on that stormy Brisbane night.

