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Good afternoon, everyone.

I'm Emma, Charlotte's maid of honor and her friend since the era of crooked pigtails and glitter glue. We learned to spell our names at the same tiny table, and from then on I watched Charlotte become the kind of person who notices the small, true things—like who needs a hand, or when the sky is about to rain.

Years later on a friend's rooftop, she met Noah.

Their first conversation was half laughter, half apology for the salsa steps they were absolutely not nailing.

That night I saw something new in her—this quiet, delighted focus—like she'd found the answer to a question she didn't know she was asking.

Since then it's been five years of a life they've made with intention:

vegetarian dinners that start with chopping and end with everyone crowded around the stove,

art gallery Saturdays where they argue—in a very gentle way—about which shade of blue feels braver,

and sunrise runs by the river, keeping pace with each other even when the city is still waking up.

They did the hard part, too.

When Charlotte moved to London for a year, their days became a mess of time zones and late trains, but they built a bridge out of small rituals—shared playlists, photos of imperfect curries, the kind of calls that begin with “I'm tired” and end with “I'm here.”

And then, on a rainy walk across the Brooklyn Bridge, the real one answered back.

Noah asked, Charlotte said yes, and the city applauded with umbrellas.

Today, in a ceremony that holds both Hindu and non-denominational traditions, we are witnessing what they already practice so well: honor, listening, and a love big enough to welcome two families, two histories, a thousand colors and one promise.

Charlotte, you have always led with care.

Noah, you meet that care with steadiness and warmth.

Together you make room—for joy, for curiosity, for the ordinary miracles of every day.

May the blessings spoken here root deeply in your home.

May your days continue to start in wonder and end in laughter.

And may you keep choosing each other—step by imperfect step—through every season that follows.

With love, and with gratitude for being here to witness this, congratulations, Charlotte and Noah.

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