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Good evening everyone.

I'm Hannah, Emma's older sister and, for most of our lives, her designated partner-in-crime. And tonight, very happily, Daniel's co-conspirator in making sure Emma is as loved as she deserves to be.

I have had a front row seat to Emma becoming the person she is. When we were kids, she used to line up her stuffed animals by height and then write a "seating chart" for them before bedtime. That's Emma: thoughtful and meticulous in the most endearing way. When she got to college, that instinct didn't go away—it got bigger. She called me one afternoon sounding excited and a little nervous and said, "I think I accidentally volunteered to organize a food drive." I said, "Accidentally?" She said, "Well, there was a sign-up sheet."

That's the day she met Daniel, at the volunteer fair, both of them leaning over the same clipboard. Emma had the plan; Daniel had the calm. They were a team before either of them realized it. They spent their first conversation arguing—in the gentle way that only Emma can—about whether they needed two sorting stations or three. By the end of the week, the drive was running like clockwork, and by the end of the month, they were finding excuses to bring each other extra coffee.

Their first official date was at a tiny coffee shop with wobbly tables and the best chocolate chip cookies in town. Emma called me afterward and said, "I don't know how to explain it—he's just...steady." I met him soon after, and that word has never left me. Daniel, you have always been the person who slows a moment down and makes it easier to breathe. I watched you sit on a cluttered apartment floor while Emma diagrammed your future spice rack on a napkin, and you listened like she was unveiling a masterpiece. And honestly, the spice rack did end up a masterpiece.

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Over seven years, I've seen your life together take shape in a hundred small rituals. You never miss Thursday trivia night—apparently the Brooks-Carter brain trust is unbeatable on obscure geography and early 2000s pop songs. On Sundays, your kitchen turns into a flour-dusted laboratory, and you roll out pasta like you're solving a puzzle together—Emma squinting at the thickness, Daniel humming and taste-testing with scientific dedication. There's the way you circle the farmer's market, Emma choosing peaches by smell, Daniel slipping an extra bunch of basil into the bag because “we'll use it, I promise.”

You adopted your rescue dog—who I think believes the meaning of life is “these two people.” I've watched Daniel teach her to high-five, and I've watched Emma pack a tiny dog first-aid kit for a five-mile hike, color-coded. Those hikes turned into weekend habits, and eventually into a cliffside trail in Big Sur where Daniel proposed. Emma texted me a photo after: wind-tangled hair, eyes bright, her hand held out so far the ring was almost out of frame. The caption was only three words: “He asked. Yes.” I cried in my kitchen, obviously, and then called her to ask whether she had planned this trail for six weeks. She had.

Here's what I love most about the two of you: you don't just say you care—you build it, piece by piece, in the practical, everyday ways that last. You write notes on the fridge. Not big speeches, just the essentials: “Have a good day,” “Leftover lasagna is yours,” “Saw you being brave today.” You show up for each other on the days that look nothing like Instagram. When the stove broke during Sunday pasta, Daniel calmly boiled water on the camping burner, and Emma said, “We adapt,” and somehow dinner tasted better. When a flat tire threatened trivia night, Emma already had the jack out and Daniel had the playlist going, and you still made it by round three.

Emma, I have always known you to be exacting with yourself and endlessly generous with others. You've met a partner who takes your precision as a gift and matches it with patience. Daniel, I have watched you hold space for Emma's ideas, protect her joy, and add your own quiet humor to every room you enter. You became family the moment you stepped into ours, but tonight just makes it

official.

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If marriage is a long hike—and I say this as someone who has watched you debate trail snacks with more intensity than some Supreme Court cases—you already know how to do it. You take turns leading. You check the map. You stop to look at the view, even when you're behind schedule. You pack for each other. And when you hit a steep stretch, you save your breath for the climb and your words for the water break.

So here's to what you've already built, and to the seasons ahead—more markets, more pasta, more notes on the fridge, more Thursday nights loudly arguing about capital cities. May the steadiness that brought you together carry you forward, and may your love continue to be proven true in all the small, ordinary, extraordinary ways you live it.

Please raise your glasses with me—

To Emma and Daniel: for the life you're making, one thoughtful plan and one calm, generous act at a time. Cheers.

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