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Good evening, everyone.

I'm Sophia's maid of honor and next-door kid from way back—the one who learned to whistle just loud enough to get her to climb the backyard fence for one more conversation after curfew.

We've had a front-row seat to each other's lives since sidewalk chalk and science projects, so when Sophia told me about a rooftop barbecue where she and a guy named James spent an hour comparing lenses instead of eating, I knew this wasn't small talk. It was a beginning.

Three years later, their lives are a string of small, deliberate choices that add up to something luminous—Wednesday nights spent conquering pub trivia, Sunday mornings attempting “just one more” hollandaise, and everywhere in between, a camera passed back and forth like a promise.

I've watched James steady a tripod in the wind while Sophia checks the light, and I've watched Sophia slip a snack into his bag because she knows he'll forget. The way they take care of each other is quiet, specific, and real.

And yes, Sophia's itineraries are color-coded. We've all seen the spreadsheet. But when James proposed at Taft Point at sunset, there wasn't a cell in that chart that could have captured the way she looked at him—surprised, certain, home.

To Sophia and James: may your photos keep catching the in-between moments, may your brunches remain a delicious experiment, and may your kindness lead you to the right answers—on Wednesdays and always.

Please raise your glasses—to adventure and kindness, and to the two of you

who make both look effortless
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