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Good evening everyone.

I'm Jake Miller, Daniel's older brother, lifelong partner-in-crime from backyard soccer to late-night study sessions, and—at least for tonight—the best man.

Before I get myself in trouble, a quick thank you to Linda and Robert for all your support, and to the vendors who made today look and feel this good. You've helped create a day none of us will forget.

Growing up with Daniel was like living beside a very cheerful hurricane. He was determined, hilarious, and occasionally a hazard to any breakable object within a five-foot radius. We spent summers turning the backyard into a World Cup stadium, winters into engineering labs for cardboard sleds, and many school nights into debates over who got the better half of the shared desk lamp. I learned early that Daniel is all heart and all in—unless we're talking about his fashion sense, in which case he's usually wearing all the wrong things all at once.

Yes, this is the promised light roast. To this day, Daniel has looked at a drawer full of socks and thought, "Why pick two that match when I can make a statement?" He believes a flannel works for every season and that a graphic tee is formalwear if you put a blazer over it. Emily, thank you for gently steering him toward shirts with buttons and colors found in nature.

And speaking of nature—these two met doing something that tells you everything you need to know about them. A volunteer beach cleanup in 2019. They bonded over bad sunburns and good tacos. Only Daniel could turn SPF 15 into a personality trait, and only Emily could make peeling like a lobster feel dignified. They were both there to do something that mattered, and they left with someone who mattered more.

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Since then, they've built a life that looks a lot like them: curious, kind, and slightly competitive. Farmers' markets on Saturdays, where Emily analyzes tomatoes like she's drafting a dissertation and Daniel pretends he wasn't already sold by the free sample. Trivia nights, where Daniel buzzes in with total confidence and Emily calmly, lovingly corrects him with facts. Long hikes in national parks, where Daniel sets a pace based on misguided optimism, and Emily brings the snack plan—and the map that proves he did, in fact, miss a turn. And of course, Piper, their rescue dog, who has been on more road trips than most of us and has mastered the art of judging playlists from the back seat.

They moved in together in 2021 and discovered that nothing says "teamwork" like assembling furniture without turning on each other. I watched them figure out the unglamorous things—who does the laundry, who remembers the dentist appointments, who talks to the neighbor about the mysterious leaf blower that only runs at dawn. They did it with humor and respect. They keep choosing one another in the tiny, daily, unphotographed moments. That's how you know it's real.

Then in 2023, Daniel called me the week before Yosemite to ask a very Daniel question: "Which pocket is safest for the ring if I'm also carrying trail mix?" He proposed at Taft Point at sunset—no reception, no audience, just the kind of quiet that makes you pay attention to what matters. Emily said yes, the sky did its dramatic Yosemite thing, and Daniel somehow didn't drop the ring off a cliff. Growth.

Emily, on behalf of the Miller clan, welcome. You're already family, but consider this your official induction. Our group texts are chaotic, our board games are taken way too seriously, and holidays involve twice as many desserts as people. You fit us like you've always been here—steady, thoughtful, and ready to laugh at the ridiculous. You make my brother more himself: kinder, braver, and occasionally color-coordinated. For that—and for the way you look at him the way Mom hoped someone would—I'm grateful.

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Daniel, I've always admired how you show up. For teammates, for friends, for me. You've learned to be decisive, even when the decision is between heirloom and beefsteak tomatoes. You've learned that being right is less important than being kind—especially on trivia nights. And you've learned that love isn't grand gestures alone; it's grocery lists, shared calendars, and keeping emergency gummy bears in the glove box.

Together, you two are the kind of pair who make plans and make memories, who tackle big hikes and bigger questions, who choose generosity and laughter over winning the argument. That's a marriage I believe in.

So, everyone—please raise your glasses.

To Emily and Daniel: to sunburns that became beginnings, to trailheads and finish lines, to Piper-approved playlists and perfectly ripe tomatoes, to always showing up for each other with wit, patience, and joy. May your days be full of teamwork, your nights full of laughter, and your sock drawers forever—well, at least mostly—matching.

To the Millers and the Carters becoming one very happy, slightly competitive trivia team.

To Emily and Daniel. Cheers.

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