Good evening, everyone.

I’m Sophie’s dad, and I’m still getting used to calling her Mrs. Turner without tearing up.

I first met Michael seven years ago, right after Sophie’s dog and his dog decided to tie the knot long before these two did. Leashes were tangled, gloves were lost, and this calm, polite man showed up on our doorstep to return Sophie’s glove and, as it turns out, quietly steal our hearts.

From that very first food truck festival date—where Sophie tried to convince Michael that three different taco trucks still counted as “one dinner”—I watched something wonderful take root. They adopted a rescue dog together, and I saw how they cared: Sophie with her wit and warmth, Michael with that steady calm you want around when the smoke alarm goes off and the trivia answer is on the tip of your tongue.

They’ve built a life in small, joyful moments: dog park adventures where the humans pretend it’s for the dogs, trivia nights where Sophie’s quick humor and Michael’s cool head make them a terrifying team, and a personal mission to test every taco in a 50-mile radius. If commitment had a flavor, for these two, it would be salsa.

And then came that rainy picnic. Most people would pack it in. Michael didn’t. He stayed calm, opened the umbrella, and asked Sophie to marry him with raindrops tapping their own applause. That’s them in a nutshell—playful and loyal, soaking wet and absolutely certain.

Sophie, you’ve always been witty and warm—ever since you were little and tried to negotiate bedtime like a lawyer with dimples. You love big, and you love

bravely. Michael, you are calm under pressure, kind to the core, and you look at my daughter like she is both the question and the answer.

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Together, you're the kind of team that untangles life's knots—of the leash variety and the bigger kind—with humor, patience, and a lot of love.

So, please raise your glasses.

To Sophie and Michael: May your home be full of laughter, your dogs be only mildly chaotic, your trivia answers accurate, and your taco spots endless. May rainy days always feel like celebrations, and may your love stay as playful and loyal as it was in that very first tangle.

To the Turners—cheers!

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