

Family and friends,

I'm Olivia, and today I get to marry my best friend, Daniel.

Four years ago, in a quiet neighborhood bookstore, we both reached for the same novel. Our hands brushed, he smiled, and he let me have the book—then very calmly asked if he could have a coffee with me instead. That small, steady kindness is so Daniel. I said yes, and we've been saying yes to each other ever since.

Our first date was at a poetry reading. We were two people leaning in, whispering our favorite lines, sharing shy glances like we were both a little surprised by how easy it felt. A year later we moved in together—boxes, coffee mugs, and a shared sense that home had less to do with walls and more to do with us.

There was the road trip up the coast, windows down, ocean on our left, your laugh filling the car. There were Sunday mornings with books spread across the couch and the ritual of pour-over coffee that you make with the precision of a scientist and the patience of a saint. There were museum days where we wandered until our feet ached and somehow still found one last gallery to get lost in.

And then there was that snowy evening in Central Park. The world was quiet, the city softened by snow, and you asked me to marry you with hands that were warm around mine. I will never forget the look in your eyes—steady, funny even as you stumbled over a word, and so deeply kind.

Daniel, I love you for the way you ground me when my creativity runs wild, and for the way you encourage it when I need to be brave. I love that you bring a

calm center to every storm, and that you make me laugh exactly when I need to remember joy. You are my favorite person to read with, to wander with, to share silence with.

Today, in front of the people we love, I promise to be your partner in every chapter ahead. I promise to listen the way we listen to poems—attentively, with room for meaning to unfold. I promise to make the coffee on the mornings you need a little more sleep, to save you the last page of the novel, and to hold your hand in every museum, every crowded street, every ordinary day.

I promise to cheer for you when life is bright, and to stand close when life is hard. I promise to protect the magic of our small rituals, to create a home that is safe and generous, and to love you with sincerity and courage for all our days.

Thank you to our families and friends for shaping us, for showing us what love looks like in practice, and for being here as we begin this new page.

Daniel, from a bookstore shelf to this moment, you have been my greatest adventure and my softest place to land. I choose you now and always.

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