Good evening everyone—

I’m honored to stand here as Michael’s best man, college roommate, and the guy who still hasn’t gotten his phone charger back from freshman year. Yes, Michael, I’m bringing that up in front of witnesses. Seven years into a relationship and I still can’t get closure on a $12 cable.

I met Michael in the dorms, when he knocked on my door and asked, with the confidence of a man who’d only been away from home for 48 hours, “Can I borrow a charger… for like, ten minutes?” Ten minutes turned into a semester, which turned into a decade of the most loyal, quick-witted friend a person could ask for. Michael is that guy who shows up—at 2 a.m., in the rain, with snacks, and a joke that somehow makes even the worst day manageable.

And then came Emily.

They met on a Brooklyn rooftop at a barbecue hosted by mutual friends. The rest of us were circling the guacamole like it was a rare artifact, and Michael got that look—the one where his brain is doing startup speed but his words are buffering. Emily, being organized and adventurous, gave him just enough grace to find a sentence, and then a punchline. From that night, the vibe was different: grounded, light, real.

Their first date was at trivia night—of course. It was like watching a buddy-cop movie: Emily with her spreadsheets of obscure facts she definitely didn’t bring but somehow had in her head, and Michael with the quick-fire quips and surprising knowledge of 90s jingles. I remember the post-date debrief. He said, “She’s brilliant, she’s fun, and she doesn’t hate my jokes.” I said, “Marry her.” He said, “Too soon.” I said, “Fine, give it seven years.” Apparently he took that literally.

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Two years in, they moved in together, and shortly after, they adopted Moose, a rescue dog with linebacker shoulders and the soul of a poet. If you want to understand their dynamic, watch them with Moose: Emily is the organized mom who knows where the vaccination card is at all times, and Michael is the quick-witted dad teaching Moose how to “stay” by delivering a TED Talk. Together, they’re the team you want in your corner—steady, supportive, and somehow always making life feel like Saturday.

They’ve spent weekends on the road, turning exits into adventures, finding new coffee shops that Emily bookmarks and Michael reviews with stand-up-level commentary, and hosting game nights where the snacks are labeled, the scoreboards are legible, and the trash talk is world-class. Their love is full of curiosity, tenderness, and an easy joy. It’s not loud or performative; it’s the kind that looks you in the eye and says, “I’m here”—and then makes you laugh so hard you forget what you were worried about.

The proposal in Acadia National Park was peak Emily-and-Michael: big sky, clean air, well-packed snacks, and a plan that felt spontaneous because it was so thoughtfully prepared. I wasn’t there, but I’ve heard enough to know this: when Michael dropped to one knee, the wind paused to listen; when Emily said yes, the whole trail felt lighter. That’s what they do together—they make the world feel lighter.

Emily, you are organized in a way that makes the rest of us aspire to have our lives in even mild alignment. But you’re also fearless and adventurous—you lean into the unknown with grace. You saw Michael clearly from the start—the loyalty, the humor, the big heart—and you’ve brought out the best in him. You’ve given him a partner who matches his energy and steadies his soul. And you’ve made Moose an Instagram star, which is frankly a public service.

Michael, you are loyal and quick-witted, yes—but I’ve also watched you become even more patient, more present, more yourself with Emily by your side. You grew from the guy who borrowed a charger and never returned it into the man

who built a life where everyone around you is better for being included.

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After seven years, they’re not just still choosing each other—they’re still curious about each other. They’re still laughing at midnight. They’re still mapping out road trips with coffee stops circled in red. That’s love as a daily practice, not just a feeling. It’s teamwork, and gentle honesty, and an inside joke that lasts a lifetime.

So here’s what I wish for you, Emily and Michael: May your mornings always include good coffee and better conversation. May your weekends always have a stretch of open road and a new place to explore. May your home be full of friends, games, and Moose’s dramatic sighs. May you keep choosing each other, with the same intention and delight you chose on that rooftop, that trivia night, that trail in Acadia.

Please raise your glasses—

To Emily and Michael: to a love that’s grounded and adventurous, loyal and quick-witted, supportive and so much fun. To seven years down, and a lifetime of yes ahead. Cheers!

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