

Good evening everyone,

I'm Daniel's best man and his friend since we were twelve, when we met at soccer practice and immediately became inseparable. Back then, he was the kid who'd pass the ball every time—dependable, kind, always making sure his team was okay. That's who he's always been.

And then came Sophie.

They matched on a dating app, but the magic started when they realized they both loved indie films—the kind you watch in small theaters with squeaky seats and big feelings. Their first weekend trip to Portland sealed something deeper. They got lost in bookstores and coffee shops, and when they came back, it felt like they'd found a direction together.

A year and a half in, they moved in and adopted a cat named Pixel, who decided immediately that Daniel's trusty shoulders were the perfect perch. Between film festivals, Sunday morning farmers markets, and making pasta from scratch—where Daniel swears he's the dough guy and Sophie's the sauce genius—you could see how they fit. Patient. Caring. A quiet kind of steady that feels like home.

Sophie, you are thoughtful and creative in all the ways that make moments feel intentional—like how you leave little notes on the fridge when he's had a long week, or how you plan a movie night with the exact snacks he loves. And Daniel, the dependable, kind kid from the soccer field grew into the man who shows up on the hardest days, who carries the bags and the worries so Sophie doesn't have to carry them alone.

When Daniel told me about the engagement at that lakeside cabin, he said, "It

just felt right—like the world was quiet and we were exactly where we were meant to be.” I heard the calm in his voice. I heard certainty. And I’ve never been happier for him.

Four years together, and what I love most about you both is how you take your time with each other—how you listen, how you laugh, how you haven’t lost your curiosity. You’ve built a life that’s warm and intentional, a life where love looks like long drives, shared playlists, fresh basil on the counter, and the occasional cat hair on your black clothes.

To Sophie and Daniel: May you keep finding new films to fall in love with, new recipes to learn, and new ways to say “I’m here.” May your home always feel like that lakeside—quiet when you need it, reflective and safe, and full of light.

I love you both, and I can’t wait for tomorrow.

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