

Ladies and gentlemen, friends, and family,  
Welcome to my son's brand new abode! Or as I like to call it, the "Museum of Manhood," where the art exhibits consist of dirty dishes, mismatched socks, and an impressive collection of takeout menus.  
When my son first told me he was buying a house, my first thought was, "Great! Now, where am I going to store all his stuff?" But here it is, folks--a place where the Wi-Fi is fast, the laundry baskets are always full, and the fridge is more uncharted territory than familiar ground! In all seriousness, I couldn't be prouder of him. Buying a house is a huge milestone. It means he's responsible enough to own something big... or at least big enough to hide all those socks his washing machine keeps eating.  
Let's raise a glass to this new chapter. May his home be filled with laughter, love, and the occasional visit from a cleaning crew!  
Cheers!