

Ladies and gentlemen,

Thank you all for being here today to celebrate this wonderful occasion--my parents' anniversary! Now, when I look at my parents, I often think, how did they manage to stay together all these years? Then it hits me--it's their mutual love for avoidance of heavy lifting and explaining how a new TV remote works.

Dad always jokes that the secret to a happy marriage is having two TVs, but we all know it's Mom's cast-iron skillet that keeps him in line. And speaking of iron, isn't it ironic how their love has only strengthened even though they seem to misplace metal objects constantly?

Now, I must say, their relationship hasn't just survived--it's thrived.

Who knew that a couple who argued about the quickest route on road trips could end up being this amazing duo? Or that the person who consistently wins Scrabble can be humbled so easily by a remote control "emergency"?

Thank you both for setting the bar so high, proving that love is about finding someone who will watch bad TV shows with you, get lost on vacation, and still have the courage to ask for directions after 30 years together.

Happy anniversary, Mom and Dad! Here's to many more years of slightly burnt toast and shared hysterical laughter!

Cheers!