

Ladies and gentlemen,

If I could have your attention, I'd like to say a few words before I inevitably start crying and have to blame it on "allergies."

Being the father of the bride is a role I've been preparing for ever since my daughter started using her puppy-dog eyes to get that extra scoop of ice cream. And today, those eyes are brimming with happiness... and possibly concern, since I'm holding a microphone.

First, let me start by saying how stunning my daughter looks today. In fact, she's so radiant I had to double-check if the lighting in here wasn't just her glow. Today, she has truly proven that 'daddy's little girl' can grow up to be a breathtaking woman, even if she never quite figured out the whole 'keep your room clean' thing.

And speaking of messes, let's welcome my new son-in-law! Seriously, folks, I couldn't have picked a better match for my daughter if I'd arranged it myself. I mean, he voluntarily plays board games with us. That's a man of great patience and perseverance... or someone who really understands the concept of "in-laws."

Jokes aside, I genuinely couldn't be happier for the two of you. I've watched you grow from puppy love to the kind of love that can survive Netflix disagreements and thermostat wars.

So let's raise a glass: to my daughter and her husband -- may your life be filled with laughter, endless love, and as many adventures as you've ever dreamed of... Oh, and perhaps a few kids along the way to return the favor of all those sleepless nights you gave me.

Congratulations to the both of you! Cheers!