

Buenas tardes, good afternoon everyone.

I'm glad that we've all arrived today, despite the gas shortage and the government shutdown. Undoubtedly, Diana and Salo are more important than governance crises.

Before I begin, I would like to take a moment to thank Mónica (mi tía preferida) for inviting me to speak today, it is an honor.

It's particularly meaningful to me to start the weekend's festivities here — so many celebrations have brought us all together in this room. Looking around, I remember running around as a kid during Eduardo's bar mitzvah, or celebrating Diana's quinceañera. And perhaps most recently, I remember Rosh Hashana five years ago, the same day as my 21st birthday, celebrating alongside family.

Reuniting as a family is always a joy, and as I look around this room there's a unique vibrancy in how many of us have been able to come together to celebrate, well, the coming together of Diana and Salo in marriage. I cherish the memories I have with our family, and the time we have spent

together — whether in this room or elsewhere — and today, I'm so excited to be here to celebrate the welcoming of a new member to the family and all the memories to come.

Speaking of memories, allow me to travel back in time and share a few memories of growing up with Diana. As you know, my family carries the gene of crying while speaking, so perhaps today I'll learn if it's been passed down to me.

To me, Diana was like my older sister. She was the person I looked up to for guidance, schemed alongside, and laughed along with. And of course, as any older sibling would do and with the experience of being Eduardo's favorite *victim*, Diana always teased me. Frankly, I feel much less nervous giving this speech in English, since to this day she reminds me that I still cannot roll my R's in Spanish.

We were inseparable, Diana my talented assistant in magic shows; I, her faithful partner in Kemps, a card game. We formed a perfect clique — but then, of course, came my sister Claire, ever jealous of us and our games. Like an apprentice with his master, I learned from Diana how to tease

Claire — we let her play with us, but when we invariably won, we never did miss the opportunity to tell her we were older and wiser— and still are.

(Sorry Claire!)

When I was 6, my family moved away from Mexico. Perhaps my last memory before leaving is going to see the pyramids in Teotihuacán with Diana. We climbed the Sun Pyramid and then, with Claire exhausted but us still eager for another challenge, Diana and I climbed the Moon Pyramid as well. We were too young to fully understand what separation meant, but still we stood there at the summit, sharing our last moments together living in the same country.

Thankfully, distance was no match for our closeness— it offered new opportunities to see each other, whether rollerblading in our basement in Saint Louis, almost getting trampled by an ox in Peru—I thought I was going to lose my cousin—, and seeing cherry blossoms in D.C. We began to share trips instead of daily life. I remember that after an exhausting day in the Costa Rican rainforest, we fell asleep in the car ride back to the hotel, holding hands.

One of my favorite memories with Diana is when we were probably 6 or 7, during a sleepover at her house. Eduardo was 12 — so basically an adult, but then again, he's been an adult since his first sentence. He was watching a scary movie, and warned us that we were not allowed to watch. So of course, little Diana and little me are hunched in this corner, watching the movie on the screen, just a bunch of scientists wandering around a pool... and then BOOM, all of a sudden, a shark bursts out, ripping an arm off the guy next to the pool, there's blood spewing everywhere, Diana and I scream, Eduardo screams at us, we run back to the room. We all had nightmares that night. [Each morning, I still make sure I have both arms.]

Somewhere along the way, nearly ten years ago to be precise, a supporting actor in my memories appeared. He was described to me as having dark hair and blue eyes, and my mom and sisters insisted he looked like Adam Lambert, from American Idol. The first photo I have with Salo, perhaps the first time I met him, was from a fortuitous encounter: in the remote archeological site of Yaxchilán, accessible only by river at the Mexican–Guatemalan border, we found Salo and his family climbing a pyramid.

Since then, my friendship with Salo has flourished through shared trips and our common interests, particularly our love for guitar and music. I have learned that music is so important to Salo that, when he and I talk about The Beatles, Pescado Rabioso, or Queen, everything else becomes secondary, and Diana, third. Beware, Diana, burn his guitar and his discs.

As I wrote this toast, I began to examine what it is that has made them an excellent couple through the years. Certainly, they are both generous, humble, funny, and have many more individual qualities that I won't list here. Yet at its core, there is one element that has always defined their relationship: they are always happier together. There is a plain joy in being together, a synergistic happiness that has carried them through the years, and will do so for the rest of their lives.

Life can be scary to navigate, even if it's not the horrors of an arm-chomping shark. Sometimes the best thing you can have is someone next you, holding your hand and being scared just alongside you. Diana, I'm so happy you have found that someone to share all of life's fears and challenges with — near or far. Salo, welcome, officially, to the family. Ladies and gentlemen, to the couple.