I remember waiting with my grandmother at home making indian bread, and sometime around that time I met my brother for the first time when my mom carried him into our house wrapped in a small blanket. I was excited that day to have a little compadre that I could teach things to, could follow my example, and that would get to tell what to do just like our parents told me what to do.

But Let me skip past those days of him watching PG-13 movies when he was 11, how he somehow convinced mom to let him get a motorcycle, and the crazy frat house that he lived in college with some of his roommates being right here.

Because the Atul that’s most important to me is the one right now.

Atul, over the last few years I’ve seen you change in more ways than I could have imagined. I learned about myself through talking to you. I found that even though you’ve been the rebellious little kid, you somehow came back around and agreed on several things, and you not only listened to me, but understood me. (-I’ve seen that you’ve made sure to carry on the values that dad taught us, while also shaping yourselves on your own through your life’s experience. -) And maybe some of that comes from Ridhima, because you changed around when Ridhima came into your life.

Ridhima, whenever I’ve found myself talking to you, I feel like you are my younger sister naturally. You and your parents have been so welcoming to me, accepting me

for who I am, as Vivek, rather than Atul’s brother. I remember you welcomed me after coming back from Paris for a 3-week work trip with no one speaking in English, and feeling like I came to your and Ridhima’s house then.

In the last few years, you’ve been happy together and grown together. Most importantly, you’ve made others around you to be happy.

I know you’ll continue to grow together and be happily married.

Finally, I just wanted to say to everyone to please raise your glass to the newly married couple and to all of you for letting them share their happiness with you.