

Luis, you sang flat for a whole term and I was the only one who told you,

and you asked me for coffee to discuss it, and we are still discussing it.

I married you on a Tuesday because I could not wait for a Saturday.

Since then there have been two flats, one van, one dog who is not temporary,

and the year your dad was ill, when I learned that driving someone to an appointment is a kind of love letter.

So here is what I promise now, in front of everyone.

I will keep driving.

I will keep telling you when you are flat, because somebody has to.

And I will stop pretending Pancake is temporary.

He is ours. So are you.

Grace, the first true thing you ever said to me was that I was flat,

and you have not stopped telling me the truth since.

In the worst year of my life you were in the driver's seat, every time,

and you never once made it a favour.

I did not say thank you enough. So I am saying it here, with witnesses: thank you.

I promise to say it out loud more.

I promise to learn the harmony, so you can finally stop carrying it.

I promise to be the one who gets up first with the dog.

And if the hard year comes back, I promise to do it again, next to
you,

which is the only way I know how.

CEREMONY SCRIPT · SAMPLE · BOTH · THE RING WORDS · SAY AFTER PILAR · SLOWLY

This ring was a promise.

Today it is a record.

Grace and Luis are a made-up couple. A real card carries only your own words.