BAT MITZVAH SPEECH

FOR

ITAI SHOSHANI

Hello everyone! I want to thank all of you for being here today to celebrate with us, and I especially want to thank those of you who have traveled from far off places, some as far as Israel, to be here to share this wonderful celebration of Alex and her Bat Mitzvah. (**If there is anyone in particular you want to acknowledge, do so here**) I want to extend a special hello and thank you to \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. Some of you may know I may not be a man of many words, but you also know how much I love Alex and (**name her sister**) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ more than life itself, and so today, I get to say a few words about my very, very special daughter, Alex.

To know Alex is to love her. Really. From the minute she was born, she was a gift, and I will never forget the first time I laid eyes on her and held her. Before she was born, I have to admit I was kind of afraid of babies; in fact I had made a small announcement to Lynn-on the way to the hospital-yeah, probably not the best time or place for a “true confession,” and maybe a little late in the game, I said, “Honey, you get the kid for the first two years. Train it a little, show it the ropes, make sure it doesn’t break, and then when he or she is old enough, I’ll step in and play.” (**Wait for the laugh**) Of course that plan went totally out the window when I laid eyes on our new baby girl. It was love at first sight. Alex emerged in complete command, and to paraphrase the expression, “Give me the child and I will show you the man,” the baby we held that day was the picture of poise and dignity to such a degree I don’t think we had ever seen in a baby. I will never forget that when the “slap the tush” moment came, Alex didn’t cry. She didn’t scream. She didn’t make a peep. The attendants thought there might be something wrong, and called in a specialist to insert a tube in order to clear her lungs. The doctor finished the small procedure and handed her to me and very simply said, “Here. All’s good. She’s perfect. She’s not a crier.” And that’s our Alex.

(**Turn to Alex and say**) Alex, I can’t believe that thirteen years have passed since I was the first person to see you and hold you. You were a beautiful baby and you’ve evolved into a really, really special person (**If you said young lady, would it embarrass her? Your choice**). I am constantly astounded by your maturity and your kindness, your poise and the special ways that you express yourself. Whether it’s coming up with inspired combinations of layers of color and print or the way you advocate for the underdog, every gesture you make expresses your unique point of view. If I didn’t know better, I would have thought that Tim Gunn learned how to “make it work” from you! (**Wait for the laugh**).

Today is your very special day and, I am sure, the first of many special occasions that we will be blessed to celebrate together. I want you to know how much you are loved and how much you inspire me. Someday, when I “grow up,” I would be proud to be just like you! And someday, just maybe, if I play my cards right, hopefully you’ll be as proud of me as I am of you! For now you’re my very special little girl, the one who’s not a crier, but who is wise and independent and caring beyond her years, talented and giving, loving and loved.

Thank you for inspiring all of us Alex!!! We love you!! Mazel Tov!