**14469, William Bartholomew- Best man**

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen!

For those of you who don’t know me, I’m William Bartholomew, Andrew’s little brother. I would first like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Lakuriqi and my Mom and Dad for helping to make the wedding possible. I would also like to thank the guests for making the effort to come, near or far. Some Guests have come from Washington DC all the way from Maine to make the wedding. Andrew and Anisa, I would like to congratulate you both for picking such a beautiful venue. I think everyone is having an amazing time. While I’m thanking people let me not forget to thank Luke Bowen for his contribution of delicious Evil Genius beer, Pete for playing the guitar, Luke Lakuriqi for being the officiant and Elona for helping with the planning.

I want to make a point of saying just how radiant Anisa looks today—every bit the beautiful bride. As for Andrew, well, my mother always said if you don’t have anything nice to say, don’t say anything at all, right? But he tries hard, so we’ll give him some credit.

When I was thinking about what I’d say today, I asked myself, what does it mean, to have a brother, and not just a brother, but an older brother? At first my brother was an adversary. He took his older brother duties very seriously. We would fight, he would harass me, and we would fight again. And in thinking about that I thought of some funny stories about Andrew.

I remember one time he trapped me in the Elevator in Avalon NJ and sent it up and down for over 35 minutes. Another time he put a wool blanket on me while I was sleeping in the car during one hot summer day. When I woke up both Andrew and my sister were laughing because I was sweating in my sleep. I was not only miserable, but angry at the time, but looking back it was pretty funny.

I’ll never forget the story about the Bull and the Matador: One day when I was perhaps 5-6 years old, we were at the Radnor watching the races. I can’t quite remember exactly what he said but for some reason he set me off and I proceeded to charge at him like a bull. But as soon as I started charging him he stepped aside as I went smack right into the wall and had to go to the hospital. I ended up alright but on that day my brother certainly was a formidable adversary.

As an older brother Andrew was always making up nick names for us. Because of the day with the bull and matador, I decided I needed some skills, so I began wrestling. After wrestling for a few months I was able to handle my brother quite well. So well, that after showing him a wrestling move, he combined the first part of my name, Will, with the wrestling move Nelson. I was known as Wilson after that.

Another time we were down at my Dad’s boat anchored out at a local beach a few miles from the marina. Andrew wanted to go to shore in the dinghy. While he was driving to shore, he hit a large wave and was knocked from the boat. All I heard from below deck was screaming and when I got above deck of the sail boat I looked out and I saw Andrew swimming as the dinghy went round and round in a circle. And at that point I screamed DAD help!

One last story, I promise. After one of our regular poker trips down to AC, we were at a party and things got out of hand with two other guys. One was 6 foot 4 and the other about a 5 foot 9 inch. Now common sense would dictate Andrew would take on the taller guy and I would take on the small guy. But no! Instead of Andrew getting the bigger guy I got to fight him. Needless to say we didn’t win the fight that day. But, I think we were both learning.

While we had our trials and tribulations I just want to tell you about how generous Andrew is. There have been times when I was going through difficult times and Andrew has lent me money to get me through. Other times he has lent me his car, and last, but certainly not least, he has always been there to give me advice on the thousands of little problems life confronts you with.

I’m not sure if you know this or not but Andrew is a real people person. He’s always quick to strike up a conversation and he will discuss almost any topic. He also has a knack of knowing how to show a genuine interest in relationships with others.

Andrew is one of the most resilient people I know. Andrew, like most of us, has faced many challenges. After all, it’s not easy being an older brother- everyone expects you to be perfect example for your younger brothers. But, he wisely didn’t try to be perfect. He’s had his share of dark days, but through hard work and effort, he turned his dark yesterdays into brighter tomorrows. All in all my brother is a generous, kind, successful person.

Would everyone please join me in this toast to my brother and his beautiful bride?

Andrew and Anisa, "There is nothing more noble or admirable than watching two incredible people come together as one in the unity of marriage. As your friends and family, we delight in your marriage and offer our encouragement and support. Here is a toast to a long life filled with adventure, love, and cherished moments."