**MAID OF HONOR SPEECH**

**FOR**

**SARAH TIRRO**

Hello everyone!!! It’s a huge joy to be celebrating the wedding of Sarah and Elliot and it’s a great thrill to have the chance to be here in Edinburgh, at this castle, with all of you. So many of us have traveled from far and wide… and some **even wider**…. Let’s see if the Hawaii contingent made it … (**Wait for the laugh**). So how can we combine Aloha and Fàilte (**pronounced Fal ché**)??? **FA-MA-LA**??? I can’t help thinking this would have been a lot simpler if we had stayed in London and settled for a simple, “Cheers!!” … but since we had a little bit of time to research Scotland while planning this trip, I also want to say, “Fantasy, myth, legend, truth….all are intertwined…” believe it or not, the actor Laurence Overmire said that…. And it wasn’t even about Jeanne and Elliot!! (**Wait for the laugh**). And how can we forget what the great composer and conductor, Igor Stravinsky expressed in his love of this land and it’s gifts… “My God!! So much I like to drink Scotch that sometimes I think my name is Igor Stra-**WHISKEY**!!!” (**Wait for the laugh…**) I say, slow down Igor!!

Yeah, it’s all fun and games making “questionable jokes” about various elements of this event, but let’s get down to the nitty gritty… how much I love my sister, how happy I am for her and Elliot, and how thrilled I am to officially welcome Elliot to our family.

As most of you probably know, I am Jeanne’s older sister, and while there are several of us on “Team Tirro,” when Jeanne was born, a large and important part of my world began. From the moment that she was brought home from the hospital, I remember that all I wanted to do was snuggle with her. She was like my real live baby doll!!! I recall that my favorite time of the day was after school, when I would come home and get to lay in her playpen with her. Was it a little cramped?.. probably… was it worth it?? **ABSOLUTELY**. For the record, we are \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ years apart… It’s not like I was a teenager or anything… that could have gotten a little awkward…. (**Wait for the laugh**). We would snuggle and I would share my thoughts of my day while I played with her. She was the best listener. She would babble back her agreement on my debrief and ideas, my secret partner in crime.  She may not have fully grasped all the drama of a \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ year old, but boy, was she an enthusiastic listener!! Thank goodness, not much has changed. You can still find us snuggling on the couch sharing the highlights of our adventures…and while the playpen morphed into a sofa, I think it’s safe to say that the world has become our “oyster” and **sanctuary**… our closeness and “sister sessions” find a home wherever we are. All I can do is express gratitude for that and say, wholeheartedly, “**Sanctuary much.**” Okay you can groan but a laugh or two would be nice!! (**Wait for the laugh**).

As we all grew up and the five of us became adults, Team Tirro always kept a watchful eye on our precious baby sister, Jeanne. Of course, it was our older sister Grace who was the one with the vision…. not really a scary kind of Joan of Arc vision, but one that sensed a match when she saw one. Grace worked with Elliot…. Etc etc etc … and here we are in beautiful Edinburgh, dancing at this glorious wedding.

There are so many ways in which these two demonstrate their love for one another… they support each other through thick and thin… through feast or famine… **almost**… i remember when Jeanne and Elliot originally moved to London, it was the first time that Jeanne would miss a family holiday. We would usually cook together and to make her feel included we, decided to zoom with each other and cook together that way. When we started to cook lasagna, Jeanne realized she was missing an ingredient and Elliot volunteered to go to the store and pick up the missing product. When he got back, we continued to cook and about 15 minutes later Jeanne realized she had forgot another ingredient. Elliot noticed Jeanne’s frustration and went back to the store, no questions asked. We continued when he returned. 15 minutes later, Jeanne realized she didn’t have enough cheese and was ready to give up. Elliot knew how important this whole experience was to her and went back out to the store. I knew he must really love her then because I don’t think I would have gone back and forth to the store three times. If ever there were a test for demonstration of devotion, Elliot passed with flying colors. There’s just two more things I need to say about this…. **ONE**… Elliot, I see your pronouns are “he, him, and Jean….” That really touches my heart and shows, unequivocally, how much you love my sister….. and **TWO**, Jeanne, I **LOVE** you. **PLEASE**… next time, **MAKE A SHOPPING LIST**!!! You’re gonna wear this guy out!!! (**Wait for the laugh**).

Jeanne and Elliot, if I had to share one bit of magic with you, it would be this. Last Christmas, Elliot gave me a really sweet gift. It was a book of Scottish poetry… a different verse for each day of the year. Remarkably enough, the poem for this day, the day of your wedding, has a very special ending in the first stanza….

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo've best:
There's wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my **Jean**.

Here’s to a lifetime of magical beginnings, special endings, and more than you could ever wish for!! Congratulations!! We love you!! Thank you!!