Good evening,

My name is Emily Doss. I am Kat’s older sister, and I am honored to be one of Kat’s maids of honor. Kati, thank you so much for allowing me to be a part of this special day.

I’ve known Kati since my parents brought her home from the hospital, all pink cheeked and cute, and one day old. And I was pissed!! Our birthdays are 2 days apart.

It was my birthday the next day. What about me?! What about my party?! This tiny baby that cried, pooped, and wanted milk was getting all the attention!! People were coming over, not for my birthday, but to see the baby! So. Not. Fair.

It took a while, but once I grew up – I wanted to be around my sister all the time. She’s pretty cool. Not many three year olds can say Helicobacter pylori, but I guess that’s the problem with having a gastroenterologist as a dad. She’s easy to be around. And maybe this is why she makes such fast friends, but you feel like you can tell her anything.

When I was living in San Francisco for law school, I was lucky enough to have her stay with me for a weekend. And it was a blast. My little sister was not so little anymore. She was becoming a woman, a beautiful woman at that. But as most of you probably know, no matter how grown up Kati can get, she’s always ready for fun. So on the drive back to LA from San Francisco, we had a mission. We were going to stop at every fruit stand along the 5 freeway. And we were going to get EVERY semi-truck to honk their horns at us.

The drive was a success. We stopped by every fruit stand, picked up candy and dried apricots along the way – and got every semi-truck to honk for us. We talked and we sang obnoxiously loud to songs. And we ate all the candy and 2 bags of dried apricots.

When we got home, we were hyper, talking a mile a minute to our mom, and promptly spent the rest of the day in the bathroom, because we didn’t know that dried apricots are just as effective as Ex-lax.

She was 16 back then. And since then, I’ve seen her grow up. I’ve seen her have set-backs. I’ve seen her lose her way a couple times. But I’ve also seen her get up, brush herself off, and become the independent woman that she is now.

Kat, I’m so proud of you. I love who you are.

And you, Kyle! You are a sarcastic, movie quoting smart-ass! And I think you fit perfectly into my family!! Since you came into Kati’s life, I have seen how you treat her, how you respect her, and how you love her. I remember the day that you showed us all the ring that you intended to give her, and I couldn’t have been happier.

Bryan and I have been married for a little over 10 years now. I am not even close to being an authority on marriage, and I’m sure there are couples here with more sage advice. So for what it’s worth – in marriage there will always be bad times. The trick is to resolve, to recommit, each and every time, to be together, to get through bad times together. Then the good times will always outweigh the bad.

So have adventures. Take those road trips. Enjoy life together and visit every fruit stand along the way. Just don’t eat all the dried apricots.

So please, raise your glass, and toast the new married couple. To Kat and Kyle!