



DIANE & PHINEAS

22 August 2026
English Version



Vows Phineas

Diane,

There's a formula that seems to work for these types of speeches. A funny, cute anecdote about the first time we met, or maybe a romantic gesture that you did. Then, a reflection on how that anecdote or gesture revealed itself to be not just something anodyne, but a deeper symbol of our love. Next, the bigger picture: the two of us growing into that love, deepening it, nourishing it. It would end with vows to do always that, and more.

As you can maybe tell from this intro, that's not exactly the plan – but you know how I feel about plans.

Instead, I want to start *in media res*. So, let's set the stage. It's a balmy summer night in July 2024, the night of the Route du Champagne. A thunderstorm has just passed, and the air still smells of fresh rain. We can't smell it, of course, because we're in a hospital waiting room that reeks of dried vomit. My mom is in the next room, connected to an IV. Hours earlier, she had injured herself after lunging across a rain-soaked tile floor in an attempt to shut an open window, successfully completing, as she would later tell us, her first splits since high school. Next to us is a man attached to a respirator machine, making horrible, pained sounds. It's, to make a long story short, about the least romantic scenario you can possibly imagine.

And yet. This was the moment I knew I wanted to spend my life with you. After my mom fell that night, you called the emergency services; you held her hand in the ambulance as Sam and I drove behind in the car; in your sweet way, you convinced the nighttime vigils that two Rueckerts, one Hulstrand and a De Vignemont were all somehow members of the same party. You were unflappable, positive, caring: in a word, you. It wasn't some big gesture on a first date, but a sequence of small ones in a miserable hospital ward that sealed the deal.

As you tell it, that's the night I pre-proposed. We curled up on a plastic waiting room couch, and I whispered to you: "If we weren't in a hospital right now, I'd ask you to marry me." You contend it was a proposal. I'll admit I may have been testing the waters.

In the end the result is the same. Here we are, gathered with so many loved ones, friends and family – many of whom came from far away to celebrate us. It feels funny to be speaking to you in English, since over these years we've developed our own language. The American whose family lives in France speaking in French to the French woman whose family lives in the US, who responds in English.

It doesn't make any sense, but it works. The first night we met – I do feel obligated to mention it – at an annoyingly on-brand poetry bar called the *Club des poètes*, you kept hushing your voice to speak to me in English, not trusting that I wasn't just another one of those Americans who eclipse through Paris in a whirlwind of cigarettes, bad rosé and unfinished novels before going back to their real life back home. But you also confidently ordered an entire bottle of red wine, which I took as a sign that, at least for that night, you were in for the long-haul – and you figured I was too.

In that weird, apocalyptic summer and fall of 2020, we became a Covid couple. France locked down – again – imposing a 1 kilometer radius beyond which you were legally not allowed to venture. Luckily, we lived 850 meters from one another, or by another metric, a walk of the exact duration of LCD Soundsystem's *Dance Yourself Clean*. You initiated me to cats, the work of French actor Louis de Funès and the joy of the windowsill cigarette. We smuggled samizdat burgers into your 30-square meter apartment, and binged cult classics – except for *La cité de la peur*, which was so bad I couldn't finish it. We created our own little world, which is something I love about us – our ability to build worlds wherever we are, whether it's Paris or Montreuil, Santiago or Buenos Aires.

To put the next six years into words would take way more than the five minutes I've been allotted. But here are a few highlights. We became independent journalists together – each of us trying to put this complicated world into perspective, supporting and challenging one another in equal parts. We lived for three months in Latin America, working on a graphic novel project that I swear will get off the ground the day after this wedding ends. And we played 158 games of Scrabble, in English, and 70 games of Wingspan, in French. (And, audience, I have to admit: she's ahead by double digits in both.)

In that time, I've learned a lot about you, including some surprising things. Despite your cute appearance, you're a killer at board games. You're equally as relentless and inventive at fixing things. I'll always remember walking home to our apartment in Montreuil to find you

taking apart the toilet and eventually repairing it by inserting a bottle of cooking wine into the tank. I learned that you hate bananas and, unexpectedly, really love hookah.

Some things are less surprising: your gift with kids (and kittens) and devotion to your family, even if they're very different from you. At gatherings, you make sure to spend quality time with every cousin, aunt and uncle. You're the first to clear the table, and the last to finish up the dishes. And I feel honored to have been welcomed into that family in the most French way possible: through a cheese hazing ritual. I look forward to the coming years of Scrabble games by the fire with Clemence and hope someday to have the answer to the question Gilles asked me within the first five minutes of our meeting: how do I feel about sanctions on Iran? I'm happy to gain not just one, but two *frerots* in Clo and Thibault.

You know better than anyone that I struggle with conclusions. How to summarize a story and kick it forward all at once? But being here and looking at you makes it an easier task. Sometimes a formula works best. So here goes:

Diane, I vow to always take three deep breaths with you when you're stressed; to bring you coffee in bed every morning; to play one more bird game even when I should be doing work. In other words, more of the same. But I also vow to grow into whatever comes next with you, no matter what that looks like: a BD, a bébé, your 40th, 50th, 60th or 70th birthday. I vow to someday memorize the pattern of the beauty marks on your back. I vow to double and triple layer the books in our bookshelves until we're wealthy enough to afford a library. I vow to be there for the good and the bad, and to always give back the enormous, relentless love that you've given me. I love you, Diane, and I love our life together.

Vows Diane

My love,

Last month, from New York, you sent me a message to let me know that you'd finished writing your vows, and that they came to, and I quote, "exactly 1,400 words." Once a journalist, always a journalist!

On the other side of the world, just as I was about to start writing mine, I hit a major case of writer's block.

When I get stuck writing an article, you're usually the one who comes to my rescue. You ask me to tell you about my interviews, to lay out my findings, my argument, my angle—you do everything you can to help me realize that I actually have everything I need to start writing. I did try to call on you for help this time, asking if I could maybe take a look at your own vows to gather some inspiration—"please, pretty please"—but you stood your ground.

Well, then. I had no choice but to follow the advice you give me so often: stop looking for the perfect formula, and just tell the story. And, if I'm really stuck: reread my interviews and start my piece with my best quote.

I didn't have to look far to find it.

Two years ago, we went together to a concert by a singer from your home state of Minnesota. Adrienne Lenker performed one of her latest songs there, which we hadn't heard before. We looked at each other the whole time, and as we walked out of the venue, we told each other that this was our first dance—even though we hadn't even planned to get married yet. At 11 p.m. sharp tonight—Mom warned you that I like my days to be or.ga.ni.zed—your brother Sam will sing it for us—and for all of you.

It sums up better than I ever could all the reasons why I love you (even more than dark chocolate with hazelnuts). Here it is:

*"You show understanding
Your patience and adventures,
Your time, your attention
A love without measure*

Pure, enduring treasure"

These six lines tell the story of who you've been since day one.

Your understanding can be found when listening to every one of my existential questions. "Should I drop everything to become a midwife, or a freelance journalist?" Or, "If the Vignemonts, as part of your initiation into the family, force you to eat Roquefort cheese while wearing an orange beret and singing the French tradition raunchy songs (*chansons paillardes*), will you run for the hills?" Or even: "But how on earth are we going to pull off a wedding with a mix of vegan activists and hunters?" Not only do you take each of these questions very seriously, but you remain, time and again, the very picture of calm in the storm.

Time

Your patience, is what I see when you play with a child without ever getting tired, when I beat you at Scrabble for the hundredth time thanks to obscure British English words, or when you agree to discuss with Dad whether or not you're a member of the Communist Party. I also see it in each of our numerous moves, trips, or planning sessions for this collaborative wedding—when I turn into what my parents call "the Didi machine," a little whirlwind of planning energy that inevitably burns out, who you, inevitably, have to pick up, pieces by pieces.

Your adventures have been shared with me since the very beginning, when we used to pretend to get lost in a lockdown-bound Paris without ever straying from our shared neighborhood. Since then, the adventure has continued, with secretly booked train tickets to meet a historian on the beaches of Saint-Malo, and bed-and-breakfasts at unbeatable prices... only to discover at the last minute that they're actually located on an Italian military testing ground or on the other side of a Chilean ravine whose bridge has mysteriously vanished.

Your time, always devoted to me. Always up for proofreading an article, to play another game of Wingspan, to cuddle Ginger despite your allergies, to read a book when I absolutely need to talk to someone about it, or to go on adventure with our friends, your family or mine.

Your attention has been given to me without holding back. Your best (and worst) puns are for me, just like your bouquets of mimosa on days when nothing's going right. You lend me your sweater before I'm even cold, and you always know I'm "hangry" before I do.

And this love without measure, I feel it every time you team up with my friends to give me a box full of cataloged memories, when you call Clo "bro," when you gently tease Tiboooo, or when you force me to tag along with my parents for yet another "two-hour" hike in the mountains.

This pure, enduring treasure is what you give me every morning when I wake up next to you, with a cup of hot coffee on my nightstand.

Today, in front of all the people we love, I want to promise you, in turn, to devote the same to you.

I promise you my understanding: for all those times you leave me behind to go on an investigation to the other side of the world or to cycle around the Balkans, for your thousandth rant against the French bureaucracy, mass surveillance, or Bruno Retailleau (or all three at once).

I promise you my patience: for all those times you lose your phone, your keys, or your glasses (or all three at once), for all the projects that will take us longer than expected to finish.

I promise you all my adventures: I promise to say "yes" to spontaneous trips, to explore Cuba and Minnesota, and to try to hate cycling a little less.

I promise you my time, even during the weeks when everything seems urgent except us. I promise to help you devise a brilliant strategy to keep your French Ranch, to keep loving your family as much as you love mine, to share way too many things in common with Janet, and to do my best to be the daughter Steve once told me he'd always dreamed of. I promise you my attention: the real kind—the kind that takes an interest in all your passions, even public works projects or the Albanian Socialist Party's technology policy—the kind that stops counting stitches when you ask me a question.

And I promise you my love without measure. A love that will endure through the years, the moving in and out, the time as expats abroad, the career changes, the child we might have, your curls turning gray... A love that will remain, against all odds, a pure and enduring treasure.

Thank you for letting me struggle alone with my words this month.
Thank you, above all, for giving me—for six years to the day—so many
reasons to write them.

I love you.

Mother of the Groom

Janet

First of all, I'd like to give thanks where thanks is due.

Thanks to you, Clémence and Gilles, for raising such a wonderful young woman.

Thanks to you, Steve, for all you have done to help me to raise our two wonderful sons.

And thanks to you, Phineas and Diane, for all you have done to prepare this wonderful celebration of your love for each other, and to share it with all of us here today.

My heart is full today. I am so happy for the two of you—so happy that you found each other, and that you have decided to take this big step forward together in your lives.

As I've watched you through the six years you've been together, I've been impressed by many things but the thing that both impresses me and pleases me most is to see not only how much you care for each other—but even more, the mutual respect you have for each other.

You share lots of common interests—travel, reading, writing, Scrabble—but you each also have interests that you do *not* share. For example, bicycling, and knitting. And you are wise enough to see that you don't have to share every interest—and that you can have space in your relationship to enjoy time apart as well as time together. I think that is a good thing; I think that, that respect for each other, will surely carry you through many of the ups and downs you will undoubtedly encounter along your way.

I also love seeing how well you work together. I love to see the collaborative relationship you have as writers—testing new ideas with each other, editing each other, sometimes even writing a piece together. (For those who may not know this—getting two serious writers to agree on every thought, every word, every comma, every detail in a final draft is no easy matter.) And I've seen you do that—or get close to it—time and time again.

I also admire and deeply respect the work that you do, and how dedicated you are to it—trying to bring a little more truth, justice,

humanity, and awareness into our world, one article at a time. Your work is important, and it matters. Thank you for doing it.

Today we officially welcome Diane into our family, and that means that starting today I can stop referring to you as my "*presque belle-fille*" I can go all the way and claim you as my indeed *très belle fille*. Nothing could feel more natural or more wonderful than to have you as a member of our family—and when you had to be held back from going to Minnesota in the dead of winter to report on an important story—after having assured Phineas you would never in a million years do such a thing—you earned your Minnesota stripes too. *Félicitations!*

Diane—welcome to our family. Phineas, thank you for choosing such a wonderful partner. Blessings on both of you from the bottom of my heart. I promise—and I think I can speak for all of our family when I say this: that we will be there for you as much as we can be, and will help you in whatever ways you need as much as we can—as you enter this next stage of your lives together. We love you so much!

In short, in French : We are pleased to welcome Diane in our family! Thank you!

Father of the Bride Gilles

Good evening, everyone,
So here it is,
Dad's speech
I must admit that I am quite emotional

My Diane
My beloved Didi of my heart whom I love so much
Your Papounichka is so happy about this wedding
30 years of happiness by your side,
From your tender childhood in Cameroon
Your youth spent between France and Gabon
Your adolescence in the United States
And your adult life in Reims, Sydney, then Paris .

I feel, almost with certainty, that we have loved each other deeply during all these years, sometimes in confrontation, but always with this feeling that an unbreakable bond united us, beyond our differences.

We are the same, not counting the occasional contradiction (as you so often like to say), organized, methodical, sometimes raw and with this hypersensitivity that often plays tricks on us.

Diane, to me, is a bit like the Martine comic books, you know, Martine at the beach, Martine cooking, etc.

A Swiss army knife full of resources, impossible to classify.

Diane the historian, Diane the journalist, Diane the English teacher, Diane the translator, Diane The Machine, Diane the adventurer, and many more.

I am so proud of my beloved daughter, of what you have become.

There is one topic that separates us, though, I was told, a speech needs to be balanced, and I can't just stick to compliments and niceties, it would weaken credibility. And it will also give me a chance to transition to Phin.

So, I'm going to talk to you about Robert Menart....

Red card, but no, the topic that separates us and allows me to transition to Phin isn't politics, it's sports and in particular two-wheelers, bicycles, bikes, the little queen, you know.

Phin: I still wonder how she could fall in love with a guy who loves cycling so much?? They say love is blind, and this is pretty much a demonstration of that saying. Your immense qualities simply blinded her, to our greatest happiness.

Over all these years, when I see you looking at my beloved daughter I see nothing but love in your eyes, kindness, care, delicacy, and it's certainly the most beautiful thing I could have hoped for my daughter.

Above all, don't change, keep the bike and your adventures, fight, don't give in too much.

Finally, and to conclude, a few words about Clémence, my beloved Clémence, without whom nothing would have happened. I didn't think when I got married more than 30 years ago now, that I could keep the flame of the early days, the first years, alive. I was wrong, this love not only hasn't faded but has grown, along with our three darlings, Diane, Clotilde, and Thibault.

Diane and Phin, I wish you all the happiness in the world.

I send you kisses.

Mother of the Bride Clémence

We All Wish You A Merry Happy Life
(Yellow Submarine – The Beatles)

Original Version – to sing in the language you feel comfortable in (choose your verses !)

In the town / we're here today
To celebrate in style / our dear lovers
In Paris / for their Big Day
Diane & Phin turn us / into singers
Enfin ici / tous réunis,
Fêtant ce beau mariage / nos voix s'élèvent
En leur chantant / sur cette péniche
Nos vœux au gré de l'eau / et des rêves

We All wish You / a Merry Happy Life
A Merry Happy Life / a Merry Happy Life
*Nous vous souhaitons / tout le Bonheur du monde
Tout le Bonheur du monde / tout le Bonheur du monde*

Our dear Phin / has performed brilliantly
Wanted a French Lady / caught the finest
And realized / in fact very promptly
A wedding will follow / her Chartreuse test
Notre chère Diane / a déniché
Son bel Américain / à Paris
Afrique, US, / Oxford, ou Australie
En fait c'est en Champagne / qu'il l'attendait

We All wish You / a Merry Happy Life
A Merry Happy Life / a Merry Happy Life
*Nous vous souhaitons / tout le Bonheur du monde
Tout le Bonheur du monde / tout le Bonheur du monde*

Phin after / the Club des Poètes night
Quickly dealt with his / cat allergy
But' the one thing / he was never ready
Was to abandon / his cycling rights
Et notre Diane / bizarrement inspirée
Dans le journalisme / s'est vite lancée
Encor' un Prix / cela leur permettra
Une Honeymoon dans le / Minnesota

We All wish You / a Merry Happy Life
A Merry Happy Life / a Merry Happy Life
Nous vous souhaitons / tout le Bonheur du monde
Tout le Bonheur du monde / tout le Bonheur du monde

Oh, dear Phin / you have become so French!
We're so proud of you / and so happy
That Diane and your / so beautiful romance
Brings you for real into / our family
Diane & Phin / très fort nous vous aimons
Toujours rayonnez / à chaque seconde
Et tous en chœur / encore nous vous souhaitons
De nager dans tout le / Bonheur du monde

We All wish You / a Merry Happy Life
A Merry Happy Life / a Merry Happy Life
Nous vous souhaitons / tout le Bonheur du monde
Tout le Bonheur du monde / tout le Bonheur du monde.

We All Wish You A Merry Happy Life
(Yellow Submarine – The Beatles)
Translated version – Unsung !

Dans la ville / nous voici aujourd'hui
Pour fêter avec style / nos amoureux
À Paris / pour leur Grand Jour
Diane & Phin font de nous / des chanteurs

Siblings of the Bride

Clotilde & Thibault

Thib: Clo and I grew up under Diane's dictatorship (*Clo:* With!), so we are used to following her orders (*Clo:* advice!) and there has been many for this speech:

1. Order/Advice n°1: *Thib:* You HAVE to give a speech (*Clo:* criminal use of pathos "it would make me really really really happy if you have a speech")
2. Ordre/Conseil n°2: *Thib:* It must be nice (*Clo:* with a hint of blame, "What I mean is, don't be mean with me the way you always are" - what a great start.
3. Ordre/Conseil n°3: *Clo:* It must be bilingual (*Thib:* that, we can do)
4. Ordre/Conseil n°4: *Clo:* It must be short (*Thib:* yessss!)
5. Ordre/Conseil n°5: *Clo:* It must be written without using AI (*Thib:* noooo)

Clo: So, we are offering you a brother/sister speech of our lovely Diane, with a partial translation in English, written with our own intelligence, which is limited... very limited.

Thib: Basically, as usual with Diane, expectations are very high so bear with us while we try to not mess this up.

Clo: Diane spent her childhood reading (*Thib:* NERD). Never asking for new toys, never wanting to go horse riding, or to have a trampoline, Diane was the easy kid who simply wanted to be left alone to read. Luckily, it fitted with our parents rules which stated that there would always be an unlimited budget for books. As a consequence, Thib and I were unfairly ruled as illiterate when we asked for a new polly pocket or a princess dress.

It was hard to follow in the footsteps of the child prodigy, who found the classes too easy... In French class, for example, they'd say to Diane,

"Miss Devignemont... come to the board and explain to the rest of us how to get a perfect score on a text analysis." A year later, for me, "Miss de Vignemont" took on a whole new meaning: "Miss de Vignemont..."

Thib: So Diane's the smart one, what else is new?! But weirdly not smart enough to serve a Paella at her wedding.

Clo: Diane has been the first in so many ways: top of her class, of course, but also the first child, niece, and cousin; the first to leave home; the first to stir things up and spark political debates with the family; the first to bring "added value" to the family; and now the first of the three of us to get married.

Thib: Of course Diane was the first one of us to experience and test a lot of stuff in life, but it wasn't always the things that mattered for us... Where was she when the parents had to ground their first child to hold a party with underage drinking? Or when they had to find out fake IDs were purchased with their credit card? She left us hanging!

Clo: Lucky for us, she's also made a name for herself in other ways—as the first and only person to be hospitalized by a *Montreuil* hornet, to have had chickenpox three times, and to hold the record for the most sneezes at the top of a climbing wall. On the other hand, she is NEVER the first one to wake up, and she is definitely not the first to volunteer for hiking, caving, or skiing activities *Vignemont style*—and she certainly wasn't the first to learn how to ride a bike.

Thib: Let's talk about Phin now. In any case, it started to be difficult to talk about Diane without mentioning Phin, since they're so inseparable. After I met him for the first time, Diane asked me what I thought about him. I said "2 words, respectful beard!". But in all seriousness Phin you're awesome and I'm really glad you and Diane met.

Clo: Phin, bro, we were a little worried about you and how you'd fit in with us crazy folks, but your performance at the first Vignemont Christmas party cleared up any doubts. For the stinky cheese tasting, we'll give you a 5/10; for the rock&roll dance, a 4/10 (though it has to be said that Diane wasn't a big help); for your command of French and

its traditional raunchy songs (*chansons paillardes*), an 8/10, and for provocation (the most important thing around here), we're giving you a 10/10 since you've already found yourself having to justify whether or not you were really a communist.

Thib: Growing up, Diane and I argued about everything. Phin, congratulations, you're now officially the person who gets to continue that tradition. Diane, even though we spent years arguing and teasing each other, I've always admired your intelligence, your kindness, and work ethic.

Clo: Diane, Phin, as you know—and we're saying this as kindly as possible—you're, in our opinion, the most cringe couple we know. Always going on about "my sweetheart this," "Phin my love that," kisses, kisses, yuck, yuck, yuck. All jokes aside, we know how much you value family; we love how eager you are to share your love with us, and we thank you for your unwavering loyalty. Thank you for bringing us all together today—it's a tremendous honor for us to celebrate your wedding and to count you as part of our family. We wish you to live as children and to make many happy.

Thib: Tonight, in the city of love and on a boat! (super cool Diane by the way), I want to wish you both a lifetime of smooth cruising, an engine that never quits and the kind of love that keeps you anchored to each other through every adventure.

Brother of the Groom

Sam

Phineas is like a brother to me.
Does anyone else here feel that way?
Do you know what I mean?

In case you don't know what I mean, here's what I mean:

*I can be myself around him, without having to think twice.
I can tell him anything, and I know he will listen.
He accepts our differences because he loves me.*

Does anybody else feel that way about Phineas? Maybe he is like a brother to you too.

I have fun with him

*And I always have,
as kids spending hours inventing complex sporting events with our fifty-plus beanie babies*

Or as teenagers sitting on our front porch in Maryland and recording a rap song on garageband with a pair of ipod earbuds. By the way, it was called "Gangstas on the Porch," and that is the only information I will give you about it.

Or as adults exchanging a subtle yet knowing look of "we are going to talk about this later, a lot," like for example on a night of scotch drinking and being held captive to the seemingly endless storytelling of our Scottish Airbnb Host, who was a former commando turned private security mercenary named Ronny.

Anyone else enjoy playing a game with Phineas? Or inventing a silly song with him? Has anyone else exchanged a knowing look with him? If so, he might be like a brother to you.

Three more things:

*He is always there for me
He cares for me
and he cares about me*

I think at this point you know what I'm going to ask.

(Does anyone else feel that way about Phineas?)

So, to recap:

I can be myself around him, without having to think twice. I can tell him anything, and I know he will listen. He accepts our differences because he loves me. I have fun with him. He is always there for me. He cares for me and he cares about me.

Okay, now let's switch out the pronouns.

I can be myself around her, without having to think twice. I can tell her anything, and I know she will listen. She accepts our differences because she loves me. I have fun with her. She is always there for me. She cares for me and she cares about me.

Does that sound like anyone you know? Maybe she is like a brother to you. She's definitely like a brother to me.

Phineas and Diane, are there people here who are like brothers to you?

Phineas and Diane, I'm not going to encourage you be like brothers to each other.

But I know that you can be yourselves around one another, without having to think twice. I know that you can tell each other anything and know that the other will listen. I know you will accept each other's differences because you love each other. I know you will have fun together. I know you will always be there for one another. And I know you will always care for one another.

And that feels like a good start.

Father of the Groom

Steve

I am Phineas's dad. I am the guy who carried him in my backpack when he was a little boy—when he would reach out from his little perch on my back to touch all the different kinds of trees and their textures in Fort Green Park in New York City. As the years went by we found ourselves spending our summers in Paris and sketching for hours, drawing our favorite monuments and landmarks.

At his core, Phineas has a knack for making thoughtful and detailed observations always with an eye for beauty and how well the world is made. It is no surprise to me that Diane and Phineas found each other.

I know this is extremely unpopular but about 4 months ago when Diane and Phineas asked me to think about giving a wedding speech I was kinda lost and not sure how to go about it. I had never written a wedding speech. So, with all the fuss about ChatGPT at the time, I was curious to see what it was all about —and asked ChatGPT: “what makes a good wedding speech?” And it answered something like this...

“First, welcome everybody to this very special day”
So welcome everybody! (welcome Diane, family, and friends)

“Second, say something funny”
So this is already funny!

And then it said, *“Say something sincere and personal about the bride and the groom”*

And... *“if you like, tell me their names, and I could write you a possible draft”*

Well, now, if that doesn't scream sincere, I don't know what does!

Then my mind exploded\$#&@)**!,! No, NO, NON!

And to prove that ChatGPT did not write my speech, I have written my own song for Diane and Phineas. Something that AI could never do.

Song for Phineas and Diane:

Je t'aime

Father of the Groom

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Song for Phineas and Diane:

Je t'aime

Je t'adore
You have heard it many times before
From your mom, your dad, your brother and your friends

Now pass it on to Diane
Forever ever more
Perhaps to a child
A child to adore

Je t'aime
Je t'aime
Je t'adore
Je t'adore

Diane and Phineas
pass it on once more

Je vous aime
Je vous aime
Je vous adore...

