Good afternoon everyone,

First things first, I promised to keep this short so the food stays hot, and I know better than to mess with a hungry room.

Thank you to our families and friends for being here today, and to our brilliant wedding party for getting us to the right place at roughly the right time, looking far better than we deserve.
And a special thank you to Charlotte's parents for embracing the Gujarati traditions so warmly. The way both ceremonies came together today felt effortless — which means an enormous amount of love and work went in behind the scenes.

Charlotte and I matched on Hinge during lockdown.
Our first "date" was a virtual quiz where she calmly demolished my confidence by correcting two of my answers and then apologising for being right — which is the most Charlotte thing imaginable.
When we finally walked the South Bank for a real date, she knew exactly which way to go, and I knew I wanted to keep walking beside her.

Since then there's been Lisbon suncream, Peak District sideways rain, and last year the Brixton flat where we learned that we are very resourceful — especially when the oven has ideas of its own.
We love trying new recipes together, and we're not above ordering pizza when the pan starts smoking and the smoke alarm backs it up.
We've negotiated a lasting peace between football and the theatre. Charlotte lets me have the remote until the 80th minute; I agree Matinées Are A Thing.
Everyone's a winner.

I proposed under the cherry blossoms at Kew Gardens.

Create your own personalised speech at weddingtoasts.co.uk

Charlotte said “yes” with her usual decisiveness, and then — very on brand — suggested a better spot for the photo.

That’s us: I bring curiosity, she brings clarity, and together we make something that works.

She’s bright, decisive and endlessly kind — she once comforted a stressed barista so well we left with two extra croissants and a life lesson.

I try to be patient and good under pressure — notably during flat-pack furniture — and somehow she still laughs at my worst jokes.

Charlotte, you are my best friend and now my wife, and that sentence is the luckiest thing I’ll ever get to say.

Right — before the potatoes lose the will to live, please raise your glasses.

To Charlotte, and to a lifetime of good choices, occasional takeaways, brilliant adventures, and always walking the same way.

This speech was created with weddingtoasts.co.uk.Answer a few questions and generate your own personalised speech now atweddingtoasts.co.uk

Create your own personalised speech at weddingtoasts.co.uk