Good evening everyone.

I’m Martin, Sophie’s quietly proud dad, and as those who know me will confirm, I’m not a natural public speaker. So, I’ve brought my notes, I’ll keep it light, and if I start to ramble, someone please hold up a quiz buzzer.

Sophie Bennett. From the day she rearranged her Lego into colour-coded boxes, we knew we had a bright, organised force of nature on our hands. She has always been warm-hearted with it—she’s the friend who remembers birthdays, the daughter who checks in “just because”, and the person who, during a family crisis, said “Right, we’ll make a plan,” then put the kettle on and made everyone feel steadier.

And then along came Oliver Reed.

I got to know Oliver on family Sunday walks and with rugby on the TV in the background. He is patient in a way that would make a saint feel fidgety, practical enough to fix the thing you didn’t know was broken, and loyal to a fault. He once watched an entire muddy match with me where very little happened, and still managed a thoughtful post-match analysis that made it sound like tactical genius rather than two packs nudging each other for eighty minutes. That’s commitment.

Sophie and Oliver met in their first week working at the same NHS hospital. Picture two slightly overwhelmed new starters, clinging to the one stable element of the corridor: a vending machine that dispenses coffee strong enough to remove paint. They bonded over that terrible coffee and somehow decided that if they could survive that, they could survive anything. Six years later, they’ve proved their theory.

Create your own personalised speech at weddingtoasts.co.uk

There have been some fine milestones along the way. They bought a house last year—Sophie came armed with spreadsheets titled “Non-negotiables,” and Oliver turned up with a spirit level and an optimistic smile. They made an excellent team: Sophie checked the roof history while Oliver quietly noticed the dodgy tap, fixed it, and then apologised to the estate agent for improving the property mid-viewing.

They love their Thursdays at the pub quiz, where their contrasting strengths come into play. Sophie will know the capital of Kazakhstan, the year the Euro launched, and every member of a 2004 Olympic relay team. Oliver, unruffled, will step in for the unexpected round on 90s TV theme tunes, and—mysteriously—the precise boiling time for every variety of pasta. Which brings me to the kitchen.

They make pasta from scratch. Together. For fun. If you’ve ever tried turning two eggs and a hillock of flour into dinner without a small domestic, you’ll appreciate the quality of this achievement. Sophie will weigh the flour to the gram and set a timer; Oliver will calmly rescue the tagliatelle when it misbehaves and ends up stuck to the door handle. Somehow, it always ends with proper food on the table, a glass or two poured, and them laughing at the flour on their noses. That’s the bit that matters.

Hiking in the Lake District has become their happy place. Sophie with the map in a protective plastic sleeve, Oliver with the snacks and the quiet confidence that the weather will do whatever it pleases. They stride out, chat, fall into a comfortable silence, and just keep going. If you want a picture of marriage, you could do worse than that: shared direction, shared pace, and whoever has the dry socks offers them up.

And then there was the proposal. A windy beach in Devon. Oliver, being both practical and loyal to the plan, chose romance with a side-order of weather. He waited for a break in the gusts, only to discover there weren’t any. Somewhere between a flying scarf, a determined seagull, and the ring box trying to escape to France, he asked the question. Sophie, tearful and laughing and entirely

Sophie, said yes, before immediately checking the tide timetable. That’s our girl.

Create your own personalised speech at weddingtoasts.co.uk

As parents, you always hope your child will find someone who sees them the way you do and still manages to surprise them. Oliver, you respect Sophie’s sharp mind and her lists, you match her kindness with your steadiness, and you’ve joined our Sunday walks without once complaining about my shortcuts that aren’t short. And Sophie, you’ve found the person who brings out your warmth even brighter, who stands next to you in the mundane bits and the windy, unforgettable ones, and who can get the TV working again when it does that thing.

To both of you: keep doing what you’re already doing so well. Keep choosing the walk even when it’s drizzling. Keep cooking the pasta even when it sticks. Keep showing up on Thursdays, win or lose. And when the coffee of life tastes like it came from a vending machine in a hospital corridor, laugh, share it, and make a better one at home.

I said I’d keep it light, and my notes say it’s time for the important bit.

Ladies and gentlemen, please raise your glasses—sparkling or soft—to Sophie and Oliver: to health, to happiness, and to a lifetime of windy beaches, steady hands, and the best kind of ordinary days.

To Sophie and Oliver. Cheers.

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