Good evening everyone.

I’m Charlotte’s dad, and I’m already a little emotional, so forgive me if my voice wobbles as much as my dance moves will later.

First, just look at them. Charlotte Green and Thomas Reed. Eight years together, and today they look like the beginning of something brand new.

I still remember the first time Thomas turned up at our door.
Muddy boots, shy smile, and the sort of handshake that says, “I’d quite like to be approved, please.”
He’d been volunteering with Charlotte at a community garden in Manchester, the place they first met.
I took one look at those boots and thought, “Right. This is a man who can handle a compost heap and my daughter’s spirit. He might just manage our leaky shed, too.”

Over the years, I’ve had the very good fortune of sharing many DIY projects with Thomas.
He is patient, practical, and the only person I’ve met who can nod thoughtfully while I explain, for twenty minutes, why a shelf must be exactly level to within a millimetre.
He never rushes. He measures twice, he listens, he fixes. And that’s not just for wood and plasterboard. That’s how he is with people.
With my daughter.

Charlotte—my fierce, creative, empathetic girl—has always been the spark in any room.
As a child, she was the one who turned cardboard boxes into castles and convinced the neighbour’s cat to attend tea parties.

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As an adult, she's still that spirited soul.
She finds beauty in the small things, and she makes people feel seen.
And when she met Thomas, the best parts of her didn't dim—they shone brighter.

Their story is stitched together with moments that feel simple and yet are anything but.
Their first date at a street food market—where Thomas learned that sharing is caring until Charlotte spots the last bao bun.
Backpacking across Portugal, where they discovered that adventure is easier when one of you is practical and the other is willing to jump off the bus because a sunset looks better from "over there."
Starting a little photography blog together—two sets of eyes finding the same world in different ways,
and somehow, together, capturing it perfectly.

And then the engagement.
A picnic in the Peak District.
He planned it like a quiet miracle: the view, the blanket, the camera "accidentally" on time-lapse.
Charlotte said yes with her whole face before the words even formed.
And when they told us, I saw something in both of them—calm and certain, the kind of love that is both soft and steady.

What I love most is how they live.
Their photography walks—stopping for a fallen leaf, a weathered doorway, a laugh that deserves to be remembered.
Their little herb garden—where I've learned that basil can be coaxed with gentle optimism and Thomas's measured watering schedule.
Their quiz nights—where Charlotte's creativity and Thomas's trivia stealth combine into a formidable, slightly smug team.
They make their own fun and invite others in.

Charlotte and Thomas are a beautiful balance.

She brings colour, heart and a wild idea or three.
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He brings patience, practicality and the adventure of a man who says, “Yes, let’s,” and somehow packs the perfect bag.
Together, they’re not just in love—they’re partners.
The kind who make time for each other’s passions, who don’t mind muddy boots in the hallway or picture frames hanging slightly off-centre until a better idea arrives.

And Thomas—since you walked through our door, you’ve shown me who you are.
I’ve watched you build things with your hands and your heart.
I’ve seen you listen to Charlotte’s dreams as if they’re plans you’re already halfway to making real.
You’ve stood beside her, not in front of her, not behind her—beside her.
That matters more to me than anything.

Charlotte, my love, you will always be my girl who used to slip her hand into mine when crossing the road.
Today, you’re slipping your hand into a new one.
And I couldn’t be happier with the man holding it.

Marriage isn’t just grand gestures and postcard moments.
It’s a Saturday morning making coffee and arguing gently about where the rosemary should live.
It’s choosing kindness when you’re tired, laughter when you could roll your eyes, and the patience to measure twice and build something strong.
It’s walking the long way home because the light is good for photos, and because together is the best route.

My wish for you both is simple.
Keep your home full of herbs, music and muddy boots.
Keep your cameras ready, and your hearts open.
Keep hosting quiz nights where everyone feels welcome and nobody is allowed to Google.

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And keep choosing each other, again and again, even when the shelf won't sit straight and the weather ruins the picnic.

You have everything you need for a beautiful life:
Charlotte's creativity, empathy and spirited joy.
Thomas's patience, practicality and sense of adventure.
Eight years of proof that love grows best when it is well tended—like that first garden where it all began.

So, to all of you here—family, friends, fellow conspirators in their story—
thank you for being part of this day.

And to my daughter and my new son:
May your days be filled with light, your nights with peace,
and your lives with the kind of love that looks like a thousand ordinary miracles.

Ladies and gentlemen, if you would, please raise your glasses.

To Charlotte and Thomas—may your love keep growing, your laughter keep ringing, and may you always find the best view, together.

To the bride and groom!

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