Opening 1 / 7

Good evening, everyone. I'm Curtis, Wyatt's younger brother and his best man. There are two grooms tonight and one best man between them, so Joaquin, I promise to be fair. Mostly.

Part 2 2 / 7

Wyatt and I shared a bunk bed until I was twelve. He had the top. Every night, after the lights went out, he would hang his arm over the side, I would reach up and grab his hand, and he would whisper, 'Still there?' I would whisper back, 'Still there.' Then we went to sleep. We never once talked about it in daylight.

Part 3 3 / 7

When he left for college, our mom took the bunk bed apart. My first night alone in that room, I reached up out of habit and grabbed nothing. I called him the next morning and didn't say why. Before I could get a word out, he said, 'Still there?'

Part 4 4 / 7

That is my brother. He checks on people. He has called me on every birthday at seven in the morning, which is a terrible time, and every year, when I pick up half asleep, he asks the same question.

Part 5 5 / 7

Joaquin, the first time Wyatt brought you home for dinner, you washed the dishes before anyone could stop you, then sat with our grandmother for an hour over her photo albums. When you left, she said, 'That one is staying.' She was right. She usually is. I grew up with one brother. Today I get two, and I could not be happier about it.

Part 6 6 / 7

Wyatt and Joaquin, my wish for you is the question my brother taught me. Ask it at night, in every hard week and on every ordinary Tuesday: still there? And answer it the way you both already do. Still there.

Closing 7 / 7

Please stand, everyone, and raise a glass to my brother and my new brother, Wyatt and Joaquin. Cheers to you both.