Opening 1 / 6

Amelia and I have been friends since we were seven, when our families lived on the same cul-de-sac and shared a fence with one loose board. We used that board as a door for about ten years. Both of our dads pretended not to know.

Part 2 2 / 6

The summer we were nine, we started a newspaper called the Maple Court Gazette. Amelia was the editor. I was the reporter, the photographer and the entire delivery department. We charged a quarter. Our biggest story was a raccoon living in a neighbor's garage, and Amelia insisted we print the raccoon's side too.

Part 3 3 / 6

That is still who she is. She hears everyone out, even the raccoon. She is fair when it would be easier to pick a side, and she stays loyal long after most people would have moved on.

Part 4 4 / 6

Jordan, the first time you came to a family barbecue, Amelia pulled out a laminated copy of the Gazette to show you. Most people would have smiled politely. You read the whole thing and asked for a follow-up on the raccoon. She looked at me across the yard, and I knew.

Part 5 5 / 6

I want to end with a line from Mark Twain, who wrote, 'Love seems the swiftest, but it is the slowest of all growths.' You two have grown slowly and well, and you have so much growing left to do.

Closing 6 / 6

So please raise your glasses to Amelia and Jordan, the best story our street ever printed. Cheers.