Opening 1 / 8

Hello, everyone. I'm Olivia, Faith's cousin. Our mothers are sisters, and every New Year's Eve both families squeeze into one kitchen to fold dumplings.

Part 2 2 / 8

I was seven the first time I tried. My dumplings looked like small, sad purses. Faith was ten, and she sat next to me and showed me how to pinch the edge. 'Press, then fold,' she said. 'Press, then fold.' She said it forty times.

Part 3 3 / 8

Mine still looked like purses. Faith ate every one of them anyway. She put them on her own plate, in front of the whole family, and said they were the best on the table. Nobody believed her, but nobody argued.

Part 4 4 / 8

Every year after that, she saved me a seat at the table, and she never once corrected my pinching. This past New Year's, Luis came for the first time. Faith handed Luis a spoon and a wrapper and told him to sit beside me.

Part 5 5 / 8

Luis's dumplings came out perfect on the first try. He said he'd practiced at home. Faith ate mine first.

Part 6 6 / 8

Luis, that's the person you're marrying. She will always choose the lopsided one. On your bad days, you will be the lopsided one, and she'll be sitting right next to you.

Part 7 7 / 8

Faith, thank you for the seat at the table, for forty rounds of 'press, then fold,' and for always acting like I was getting better. I'm not. But I love you for the lie.

Closing 8 / 8

May your table always be crowded and your kitchen always be too small. Everyone, please raise your glass to Faith and Luis, and to a table with a seat for everybody.