Opening **1 / 8**

Good evening, everyone. I'm Rhiannon. Sloane and I were best friends in our twenties, and then, for two years, we were not. I'm going to talk about that, because it is the most important part of the story.

Part 2 **2 / 8**

It began with something small. I missed a call on a day that mattered to her. She was hurt. I was embarrassed, and I did what embarrassed people do. I said nothing. She said nothing back. A week became a month, and a month became a year, and soon the silence was so big that neither of us knew how to walk around it.

Part 3 **3 / 8**

Then one afternoon, an envelope came in the mail. There was no letter inside. There was only a strip of four photos from a booth at a bus station, taken when we were nineteen. In all four, we were laughing. On the back, in her handwriting, she had written one line: 'I miss this person.' She did not say which of us she meant.

Part 4 **4 / 8**

I called her that night. I said, 'I'm sorry I missed it.' She said, 'I'm sorry I made it so hard to say.' We talked until the phone got hot. It was the best conversation I have ever had, and it was mostly the word sorry, said in turns.

Part 5 5 / 8

I learned something from Sloane that night. A friendship that has been mended is not weaker. It is like a bowl that someone fixed with gold. You can see where it was broken, and it is the part everyone looks at first.

Part 6 6 / 8

Mateo, I'll tell you that Sloane is the bravest person I know. She sent the first envelope. She is the one who walks across the room when everyone else is stuck. You will always know where you stand with her, and you will always be able to find your way back.

Part 7 7 / 8

Sloane, I kept the photo strip. It is on my fridge, and I look at it every morning. Today I get to stand next to you in front of everyone I love. I am so glad you wrote that line.

Closing 8 / 8

Everyone, please raise your glass to Sloane and Mateo. May you always be quick to say sorry, and quicker to say come over.