Opening 1 / 8

Hi, everyone. I'm Thaddeus, Rosie's little brother, and tonight I am her man of honor. When she asked me, I said yes right away, and then I went home and looked up what a man of honor actually does. The list was long. Item one was 'help the bride into her dress.' I have left that one to the professionals.

Part 2 2 / 8

What I did do was pack an emergency kit: safety pins, tape, a lint roller, mints and a tiny sewing kit. Rosie, I want you to know that I can use that sewing kit, and you are the reason.

Part 3 3 / 8

When I was sixteen, I had my first job interview, at a grocery store. Ten minutes before we left, the top button of my only good shirt popped off and rolled under the fridge. I was ready to cancel.

Part 3, continued 4 / 8

Rosie got down on the kitchen floor, fished the button out with a spatula and sat me at the table. She did not sew it on for me. She handed me the needle and said, 'You're going to need this.' It took me eleven tries to thread it. She waited through every one.

Part 4 5 / 8

I got the job. I bagged groceries for two years, and that button never came off again.

Part 5 6 / 8

Kwame, I have watched you with my sister, and you do the same thing she does. You don't fix things for her. You hand her the needle and wait. She once told me you are the most patient person she knows, and coming from the woman who watched me miss a needle eleven times, that is high praise.

Part 6 7 / 8

So my wish for you both is simple. Keep a sewing kit in the house, and when something comes loose, sit down at the table and mend it together, however many tries it takes.

Closing 8 / 8

Everybody, glasses up, please. To Rosie and Kwame, and to everything you stitch together from here. Cheers.