Opening 1 / 5

Hello, everyone. I'm Nora, Rosa's mom. I was asked to keep this brief and funny, and I'd like it on record that I'm only one of those two things by nature. Thank you for coming. The dinner is hot, so I'll be quick.

Part 2 2 / 5

When Rosa was nine, she decided to bake me a birthday cake. All by herself, no help, door closed. Two hours later she carried it out with a flourish. It was lovely to look at. It was also salty enough to preserve a ham.

Part 2, continued 3 / 5

She had swapped the sugar for the salt, and she watched my face as I took the first bite. I chewed for a very long time and said, it's unusual. She said, thank you. We've both stayed loyal to that story. I ate two slices.

Part 3 4 / 5

Years later Rosa brought Jules home, and she warned me, Mom, please don't cook anything fancy. So I made a plain chicken. Jules had thirds, asked for the recipe, then washed the pan without being asked. I called Rosa from the porch that night and said, keep this one.

Jules, you laugh at her jokes, even the ones about salt. Rosa, you were a funny, stubborn, wonderful child, and you've grown into a funny, stubborn, wonderful woman. Both of you, taste before you season, and always tell the truth about the cake. Please lift your glasses to Rosa and Jules.