

Vinny/Kathleen Wedding Speech

Vinny to those closest. Vince as he calls himself these days. Vincent when he is explaining medical issues. Vincie to Ms. Theresa Easland. The surety and confidence that come along with a great mind. The lovable way he won't exactly look you in the eye when he's got bad news for you. The way he rubs his nose when he argues a point. The way you know he's got your back. That he will always do the right thing. That he would give to his friends the shirt off his back. Literally he has done this for me, when we took a trip to Riga together. The way he doesn't get sick. Because he can't afford to. Because we need him. Because he is big brother to us all. The way he's too proud to be obsequious. Ever. Because he has too much respect for himself for that. His knowledge and obsession with real estate. His athletic prowess. His tremendous skiing ability. Is there anything he can't do well? The perfect sister. Beautiful and sweet with the big trusting eyes of a doe. The countless scans he offered for free to a certain hypochondriac. And to my friends and girlfriends. The cool, the calm. (Barring his road rage). The way only Alex knows how to get a rise out of him. His limited musical knowledge. Billy Idol, INXS, Journey. A joy to travel with. Responsible is an understatement. His gift for managing money. Is there a more perfect husband? He met Kathleen on Bumble. Before the date he showed me her photo. She seemed too good to be true. Gorgeous, generous and glamorous. They look like Scott Fitzgerald and Zelda together. Thank god they are a bit more stable. Katie. Kathleen. Honest to a fault. Her rapier-sharp Irish irony. Her fierce, Jack Russell Terrieresque loyalty to those she loves. Her inability not to call a spade a spade. Her picturesque vocabulary. Using words like pander and cads. Her devoutness. Her gift for description. She is a born storyteller. Tell Story of McCormick. Her offhanded kindness, so effortless it is perhaps easy to take her for granted. Her ease with herself, her love of life and desperate love for her family. The way she won't let Vinny die the gray from his sideburns as he wishes because she loves every inch of him. The way they wave to each other with wistful longing across a room at a party. "My life is infinitely better with Kathleen in it, said Vinny with his clinical logic. Her self possession. Her impeccable manners. Her uncanny judgement of character. Her endearing bossiness. "Off!" she once commanded Vinny when she didn't fancy the pair of trousers he'd put on. Vinny came into Kathleen's life for a reason. God wanted this. Vinny is a radiologist. God wanted Vinny to help will after his diagnosis.