

Devin & Maya

Ceremony: 2026-06-14

Venue: Outdoor

DEVIN'S VOWS

Maya, four months ago — well, four months plus however many years now — I was sure you were calling cadence wrong. Six in the morning, cold hands on the oar, and I was so certain I was right. It took me that long to learn you weren't off the beat. I was.

That's the first thing I want to promise you: I will keep choosing curiosity over being right. When I want to argue my case, I'll ask one more question first. You taught me that on the water before I even knew I was falling for you.

I promise to love Cleo like she's our first kid — feed her, worry over her, let her sit on the one clean shirt I need for something important. And I promise to remember nights like the one at the lighthouse, when the power went out and we cooked by camping stove in the dark, and I salted the water twice because I couldn't see straight, and you laughed so hard you nearly knocked over the pot. That's us. Getting it a little wrong, together, and it still being enough for dinner.

I promise to keep showing up for the long row — the early mornings, the ordinary Tuesdays, the stretches with no finish line in sight. Not just the parts anyone would clap for.

There are people who should be standing closer to us today, and I feel the space they'd take up. I'll help you hold that space, Maya, not fill it. I'm not trying to be off the beat anymore. I'm just trying to keep time with you.

MAYA'S VOWS

Devin, you were the loudest rower convinced I was wrong about a beat I'd been calling for years. Six in the morning, freezing dock, and you argued with me for four months before you finally believed me. I liked you before that. I loved you after.

So here's what I promise: to keep listening even when I'm tired, even when it would be easier to assume I already know what you mean. I'll ask first. I'll let you finish the sentence.

I promise to call the cadence gently instead of sharply, and to trust you to row without me watching every stroke. I think about the lighthouse a lot — the power out, the kitchen gone dark, that camping stove hissing while you salted the water twice because you couldn't see the measuring spoon, and I laughed until I couldn't breathe. An hour for pasta. Best dinner I've ever had. You didn't need me to call anything that night. You just needed me to laugh with you in the dark, and I did.

I promise to leave room at our table for the people we miss — an extra chair, a name we still say out loud, a place set even when it stays empty. There's someone who should be walking me toward you right now, and I feel him in the quiet parts of today.

You call it curiosity. I call it the reason I stopped needing to be the one in charge of the beat. Keep rowing, Devin. I've got the cadence. I trust you completely.

FOR THE OFFICIANT

Before Devin speaks (suggested):

Devin has a few promises he's carried quietly for a while now — about curiosity, about a certain cat, about the ordinary days nobody else notices. Give him a little room to get there.

Before Maya speaks (suggested):

Maya has spent years calling the cadence for other people. Today she calls it for one person only, and she's brought her own promises to keep the beat honest. Let's listen.

NOTES FOR DELIVERY

Both speakers should slow down on the lighthouse lines — let 'salted the water twice' land with a small smile before moving on, since it's the one moment the audience should feel recognize itself twice. Devin can pause after 'I was' in his opening line for the laugh, and again before 'There are people who should be standing closer to us today' — drop volume there, look at Maya, not the crowd. Maya should soften her voice on 'I feel him in the quiet parts of today' and let the pause sit rather than rushing to the next line; outdoors, both should punch short sentences slightly harder than feels natural since the wind will eat some of it, and neither needs to fill every pause with sound.