SAMPLE

A toast to Sam

Friends, family, and whoever Sam invited by accident: tonight we tease a man who is early to everything except the end of his stories.

Sam owns eleven grills. Ask him why and he says each one does something different. Yes. Eleven ways to stand in the yard holding tongs and calling it “resting the meat.”

Sam says “ten minutes” like it is a measurement. It is not. It is a mood, and his has outlasted two sitcoms and a Tuesday.

Picking a movie with Sam takes forty minutes. He studies the options like a pilot checking the weather, and by the time he is sure, the sequel is out.

Sam has never lost an argument. He has lost the facts, the point and the room, but never the argument.

He tells every guest “text me when you get home,” even the ones who live four minutes away. Then he stays up until you text. That is the trouble with Sam: you cannot tease him without liking him.

Happy birthday, Sam. We tease you because we would wait ten minutes for you. Fine, an hour.