

August 5, 2017 | West Glacier, Montana

The Rockies are a marriage of motion and time. For fifty million years two fated forces sought each other in the tumult underground until they joined and burst to sky as something wholly new: the spangled shapes of the Livingston Range strung across this day like a curtainful of star.

Like these endless luminous mountains, we too began as separate fumbling forces, as wayward plates adrift on the roiling tectonic deep – chance to chance, continent to continent, campaign to campaign, sliding by each other in the vastness of a bustling world. Then somehow

in a city built on bustle, we collided into something better than we'd been before. We laughed easier. We listened closer. We lingered longer on rooftops and rooted louder for strikeouts as the town we'd already known became new because it became ours. And when we traded walls for woods, we learned to trust

enough to know a death-march in the sun-blazed Frisco hills would pay back a thousand-fold in sparkling sea. Enough to know that dangling a diamond fifty feet above the Big Sky snow would somehow end in yes – and even if yes was never said, trusted yes was no less felt and understood.

So here, today, we say yes finally – or again – but once and all, forever.

The noise that birthed these peaks is traded for a meadow's summer hum, and the glaciers that moved like an artist's brush across these glades have gone but forever slaked the land to bloom the aspen and the aster, the bitterroot and pine.

It is the tumult of the earth that made these storied peaks, the nourishing ice that reared this breathing land. And so here, on this lush and shining hillside we shall be born. Together in this timeless, endless place, we shall begin.

