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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR



This second edition of *The Quarterly* follows the topic of change. A lot of us have mixed emotions about change, especially given these last couple of years. But Spring reminds us that not all change is bad or excessively difficult, and sometimes - it's even welcomed.

I have a personality that desires change on a consistent basis in order to feel settled. One example - I need some variation between seasons. I went to college in beautiful Santa Barbara, CA. In typical Southern California fashion, there was a consistent dose of sun, blue sky, and cool breeze.

Like clockwork, the morning would have a chill in the air necessitating a light jacket. It would be sunny and 75 by lunch, and then after sunset you would need to pull out your light jacket again. If this sounds like the weather report in Utopia, it is.

But, as unbelievable as it sounds, I got tired of sunny and 75. After several months at school, as Christmas was approaching and it

was still sunny and 75, I realized that I needed some change, even if different wasn't "perfect." The changing seasons wake up our senses. They remind us that the way things are today is not how they will always be, and this is a great comfort. Even when life is going well and we don't want anything to change, having this reminder helps us appreciate this current moment and keeps us from getting lulled into apathy while the present passes us by.

Changing seasons wake up our wardrobes too. Our personal style can get a little comfy and monotonous after a few months of cold weather. As wonderful as that favorite cozy sweater is, it needs a break. It's just about time for a lighter jacket instead of your Winter coat and some ankle boots instead of your snow boots.

Let's welcome this change and enjoy it for all that it has to offer. Soon, it will change again.

--
Kameron Vogt

WHAT MOVING TAUGHT ME ABOUT STYLE

Willow and I recently moved to sunny (okay, foggy) Carmel, CA. We couldn't be more grateful to be here, and everyday we pinch ourselves at least once just to make sure that this is actually reality and we're actually living in it. The house we made home in Waco, TX was 2,100 square feet and had a formal dining room. The space we are currently making home in Carmel, CA is 800 square feet and our "dining room" is created by pushing our desk up to the kitchen island. If you're thinking, "Wow, that's quite a downsize," then we're on the same wavelength. Aside from throwing absolutely anything that would fit under the guest bed (our rallying cry is, "No blank spaces left behind!"), here are a few helpful tips that I learned about style through the moving process.

01 LESS ISN'T MORE, BUT IT IS LESS STRESSFUL.

Going from multiple closets in a home, to a shared closet in one room, means simplifying your wardrobe. It gave me a great opportunity to go through my own process. Honestly, there are some things that I miss from my old wardrobe. I wish I had space for every one of my suits and a lot more pants - but I don't. Even though I miss some pieces, the result is a less stressful closet and I am becoming more creative with my limited pieces. It hurts a little bit now, but I think it's going to work out in the long run.

02 HAVING A PROCESS MIGHT BE BORING, BUT IT SURE HELPS.

Going through my clothes using a system was not as fun and exciting as just shooting from the hip and going with whatever urge I had in the moment - but it worked out better and the results are visible. One day of boredom following a process, was definitely worth having a less stressful closet every morning moving forward.



03 YOU CAN GO-BIG ON ONE CATEGORY OF YOUR WARDROBE, BUT KEEP IT TO JUST ONE.

For me, it's shoes. I have way too many of them and I like about 90% of them, so I packed 90% of them... The only problem is that you will notice that 800 square feet is not 90% of 2,100 square feet. So here's the deal - I didn't really simplify my shoe game at all. This goes against most of what I teach, but I found that you can still make a relatively stress-free wardrobe, even if you go overboard on one category of it - but you have to limit yourself to that one category. Sure, I could get rid of more shoes, but they make me happy and I like the style benefits that the variety provides. So, I kept all of the ones I liked (way too many) and made it work within the space (Stackable clear shoe boxes are a lifesaver).

Even if you're not moving in the near future, take a weekend and treat your closet like you're moving. You'll probably find some buried treasures, get rid of some free-loaders you never wear, and you just might find a less stressful closet in there somewhere.

If you don't feel like winging-it on your own, I can walk you through the process I made for simplifying your style and your wardrobe in my signature style course. It's a good time, and the results are even better!

SHOULDER SEASON STAPLES

We're in the middle of what's known as a "shoulder season."

Meaning: Those times of year where it's not too hot, not too cold, sometimes just right, but always difficult to dress for.
First known use: Sundress merchants in ancient Mesopotamia trying to liberate women's shoulders while boosting sales, since the men's shoulders proved too hairy for attractive marketing material.
Derived from: Probably Latin.

Shoulder seasons make getting dressed in the morning a chore because the weather can be so unpredictable. Is it going to be sunny and 68, cloudy and 54, or snowing slush and 36?

What you need is a piece that is ultra versatile, stylish, and toes the line between way-too-much and not-enough.

Enter, **the Chore Coat.**

What began as a French working-person's solution to chilly damp air has become a modern wardrobe staple. Thanks, France! (Americans that had a problem with France, fashion, or both started calling it a "barn coat", so there's an alternative option if you don't consider yourself a Francophile).

A chore coat successfully fills the gap in the shoulder season wardrobe because it comes in a mid-weight material, a trim cut, and the style can take you all the way from actually doing chores in the morning to 2-for-1 happy hour.



Let's talk logistics -

The Material: The two best material options are twill and linen. Twill is going to be heavier, warmer, and slightly more polished - great for early Spring. Linen is going to be lighter, breathe more, and give off a more casual approach since it will show the lived-in wrinkles - great for late spring when you only need an extra layer to cut the morning chill.

The Cut: A chore coat has a straight cut. It doesn't call attention to itself by being big and bold. It helps you master the art of subtlety. It is slightly longer than a denim jacket and extends just past your waist. This creates an elongating and slimming effect without being too obvious about it - stealth mode, like a French spy.

The Style: It honestly does so many things well that it needn't be confined to one style, but it plays especially well with your favorite denim or cotton pants (*guys read: chinos*). Because it pairs so well with denim, I would go with any color except for blue for your first chore coat so that you can easily add some contrast to your daily style. If you want a more airy and whimsical feel for your style, go with a white or a light shade of a primary color. If you want more of an anchoring piece that plays an understated role, go with an olive, khaki (brown), or black.

The chore coat can do so many things well and with so little effort that it is definitely worth a try if you've never worn one and it's absolutely worth pulling out of the back of your closet if you already have one.

Hang it by your front door or keep it in the back seat of your car. You can throw it over just about any outfit and it will play well together. It just might save you once or twice this Spring during those crazy temperature swings before Summer officially settles in.

Ankle Boots

The other shoulder season staple your wardrobe is going to benefit from is a pair of ankle boots.

These go by many different names - Chelsea boot, chukka, ankle booty, jodhpur, side-zip boot- but they all share something in common... They cover your ankle.

This is one of those times where form followed function and both ended up being better because of it.

The functionality is great for this time of year. It is usually a little rainy and muddy, or the snow is melting into a slush but it's warm enough that you don't want to be wearing full-on rain boots. A little extra height is all you need to keep the mud and slush out and your style is going to benefit too.

An ankle boot is by no means niche, but it isn't nearly as common as a sneaker. It is going to stand out just enough to give your style a boost without the risk of pushing too far and becoming part of a trend.

The best part is that there are enough options when it comes to these stylish icons of function that you can find a pair that is dressy enough to go out in and another that is utilitarian enough for your daily demands.

Your daily driver: The Chukka or the Blundstone Chelsea

Clarks created the chukka boot for infantrymen in World War 1 and it was originally called the desert boot. The OG chukka boots have a gum sole, which is SUPER squishy, so you won't be sacrificing any comfort while still looking phenomenal.

Blundstone's version of the Chelsea boot (#500) is much more rugged and utilitarian than most Chelsea boots. Historically a work boot, they are just as easy to pair with your favorite denim for a workwear-inspired daily style.

This time, with class: The Chelsea or Jodhpur

The classic Chelsea boot is available for both men and women and comes in varying levels of formality. For reference, the thinner the sole, the dressier it will be perceived and for women, the higher the heel, the dressier as well. Another factor influencing the dressy/casual scale is the



leather. More shine = more fancy.

The Jodhpur boot was originally a low horse-riding boot that British officers adopted while in India. It has a smooth front without laces, and the boots are fastened by a wrap-around strap and buckle. Typically more of a gentlemen's style, this is the epitome of a dress boot and one that will pair well with a full suit or trousers and a turtleneck.

Early Spring and late Fall share some crossover pieces between their wardrobes, and the ankle boot is one of them. This is great news, because it means you get more mileage out of them and more opportunity to hone how you like to style them. Enjoy your last several weeks of boot weather before a steady Summer heat finds you transitioning to canvas sneakers and sandals.



INVESTMENT PIECES

Dad: "How much did I pay for those?"

I'm 14 and my dad is looking down at my khaki shorts that are fraying at the bottom and have a rip on one seam.

I smirk and say, "Forty bucks, but that was four years ago."

My dad is an incredibly kind and generous man, so he didn't actually care how much he spent on a pair of shorts that my mom got me when we were doing back-to-school shopping. And I didn't intentionally buy new shorts that were made to look distressed (*read: destroyed*), which I'm sure is what my father thought and which is why he was confused. He is an American dad after all, and American dads and fashion aren't exactly the most cozy bedfellows.

The shorts were frayed and worn because I had worn them out through several years of adolescent use. What started out as a pricey pair of shorts turned into a pretty decent investment. I'm not that old, but \$40 for a pair of shorts when I was 10 wasn't cheap.

My dad is a finance guy - dialed when it comes to numbers. So I knew that when I told him they were forty bucks four years ago, he instantly quantified it as \$10/year. A pretty minor clothing expense in the world of adolescent sons that tend to outgrow clothes long before they can wear them out.

Being a finance guy, my dad will shudder at me calling anything clothing related an investment, because most of us treat clothes as an expense, but the way I look at it - the longer an item of clothing serves you, the less clothes you will need to buy, which saves you money, and a penny saved is a penny earned, and

earning based on a prior purchase decision is an investment right?

Let's continue down this rabbit trail for another moment.

It is Spring, which for a lot of us, means Spring Cleaning. This is a time when we "find" all of the clothing items that we have "lost" over the past year in the deep dark corners of our closets and dressers. Rediscovering these old pieces as we sift through everything in our wardrobe will push us to make decisions about what to keep and what to pass on.

We will keep our favorites. Those pieces that we feel like a total badass in, that fit just right, and that seem to get better with time.

These are your investment pieces.



Warm summer nights feat. those \$40 shorts.



We were all in junior high once...

We will donate the pieces that we have forgotten about. We forget about them because we don't wear them, and we don't wear them because they don't fit right. They don't make us feel like our best selves and they have only gotten worse with time.

Not investment pieces.

How do we end up returning to this familiar process every year? What merry-go-round did we jump on?

This process is familiar because our shopping decisions and habits don't change. We buy items based on a gut feeling in a store or on an online sale - we keep it even though it's just okay - and then we donate it a year later when it's still just okay.

We think that we are saving money because it was cheap or on sale or both. And we do save money if we only look at that one purchase. But what happens when we look at our wardrobe as a whole? Are fifteen "cheap" items that we never really wear that good of a deal? Or even worse, we absolutely love a piece of clothing but it becomes unwearable before we are finished wearing it because it was completely lacking in quality when we first bought it.

If you don't mind chasing the fashion trends that change weekly and you don't mind spending an

incredible amount of time shopping, then you don't need to buy for quality because there will be another shiny trend to chase before you can ever wear out the last trend.

But, if you want to take some stress out of your wardrobe (while giving your style a major boost), then you would benefit from choosing to invest in quality pieces that will outlive next year's Spring Cleaning.

Those \$40 khaki shorts weren't the only investment piece from my youth - I had a \$40 shirt too.

It was a pink, Polo Ralph Lauren button-down Oxford. It might have started out as an Easter shirt, but it quickly found its home in the staple section of my closet where it was put on heavy rotation and even played with my khaki shorts on a regular basis.

Unlike those khaki shorts, however, I actually never wore this shirt out. It was made with good materials, crafted in a quality manner, and cut in a timeless silhouette that never "fell out of fashion."

It still isn't "out of fashion." I gave it to a friend when I outgrew it (my final growth-spurt made the decision for me) and he can still wear it with a pair of jeans and a sport coat in his day-to-day as a realtor.

How is that for an investment? It saved me money, it saved my friend money, and it isn't finished yet.

That is the mark of a true investment piece - You have to decide when you are finished with it, because it won't ever be finished with you.

WOMEN'S WORKPLACE STYLE

Rachel Leong, Guest Writer

Did you know that roughly 93% of a first impression comes from nonverbal cues?* Sure, first impressions may not be everything, but they're something. And as a young professional living and working in Washington, D.C., they are a big something.

At 13-years old, I knew I had to call Washington, D.C. home one day. The politics, the people, the pace—I romanticized everything about this city. Most kids were daydreaming about themed birthday parties and boy bands, but not me. I'm not sure why that was, either. I think I was mostly normal in other regards. I think? Regardless, my 13-year old self had no idea that ten years later, I would get to work in the West Wing of the White House. The White House is known for many things, good and bad (and very bad). But for me, it was long hours and late nights, high stakes and political infighting, it was my 8 to 5 and it was my dream. The home of many presidents and the heartbeat of our nation's capital, the White House pushed me, pulled me, and helped shape me into the woman I am today—but it wasn't without a learning curve, or two...or 50.

I've always known that nonverbal cues matter. Sit up straight, maintain eye contact, talk with your eyebrows —these are all pointers that rang in my ear every time I walked into an office in the West Wing. I am in the room with dignified, stately professionals and I am a humble 23 years old. How am I qualified to be working 30-feet from the leader of the free world? Well, hopefully my eyebrows were convincing.

My favorite nonverbal gesture has always been a firm handshake. I love giving them and I love receiving them. To me, it communicates confidence in yourself, respect for the other individual, and it sets a tone for your conversation. Whether you're discussing nuclear agreements or meeting your sister's boyfriend for the first time, every conversation of importance begins with a good, firm handshake.

Working at the White House as a 23-year old female who looks like she's 17, I always felt like I had to pay a little extra attention to my nonverbal communication. I wanted to be seen as capable and confident, but how do I do that when I have the face and build of a minor? The eyebrows can only do so much! There was a distinct moment early on in my career when I realized that a firm handshake wasn't the only thing that mattered.

I needed to look the part, too.

My style—just like that handshake—was an outward expression of my inward confidence. For me, it was time to graduate from floral dresses and frilly garments. College chic and Sunday best just did not land the same in the West Wing. Fitted blazers, low buns, and pump heels quickly became a part of my everyday wardrobe. Out with the old, and in with the new. And I LOVED this new! It was confident and professional, and it communicated on the outside exactly what I felt like on the inside.

I still value the days when I get to lounge around in oversized tees and fuzzy socks. I look in the mirror and still see me—confident and capable, just enjoying some forced relaxation. Heck, those days are just as important as late nights in the West Wing! They tell my story and represent what I value in life just the same.

Realizing that what I wear is an expression of who I am wasn't an oppressive reality, but rather an empowering understanding that I can speak for myself without saying a word. I am no longer college chic and pajama-casual. I am a firm handshake and a fitted blazer—and it's nice to finally meet you.

* Cummings, K. (2011). Nonverbal Communication and First Impressions [Undergraduate thesis, Kent State University]. OhioLINK Electronic Theses and Dissertations Center. http://rave.ohiolink.edu/etdc/view?acc_num=ksuhonors1305161866



PHOTOGRAPHY

Among other things, I am a photographer. Willow and I eventually made a business out of it (weddings), but like all of my favorite business stories - it began as a passion.

Version One -

The Summer after I graduated high school, I took a trip to Northern California with my family, a friend, and a camera. We explored rugged coastline and pristine forest - bought souvenirs from a gas station - got lost on a bumpy backroad and enjoyed hot pizza on a cold beach. We made memories.

I was a little worried that bringing a camera would distract me from experiencing the moments as they happened, but in many ways, it had the opposite effect. Instead of waiting for moments to happen, I set out to create those moments worth experiencing.

That's the thing about photography - it gives you a reason to go places you otherwise wouldn't go and to do things you otherwise wouldn't do.

We stopped at an abandoned phone booth in a field - sat beside a pond to watch dragonflies - hiked to the top of a cliff overlooking a windswept beach - paused in a parking lot to check out a real-life yellow submarine - hiked into the middle of an old-growth redwood forest and felt small under those towering organic giants.

The photographs don't just help me remember those good times once had - they pushed me to seek out those good times in the first place.



Version Two -

I decided to take a break down to the beach after finishing up work. The sun was going down, but slowly - still giving off a warmth that made me grateful inside.

There was this weathered log resting on the sand. The type that's been stripped of its bark and all that is left is beautiful blonde wood. It was past the high water mark, so it was there to stay.

As soon as I leaned back against it, I felt that all was right in the world. If just for this one moment in my own small world.

The sun was warm on my face and the breeze was cool. This driftwood backrest had better ergonomics than any actual chair that I'd ever sat in and I had a good story in my hands thanks to Wright Thompson.

Then, due to the incredible combination of pleasant sensations, I had the urge to take a picture.

But I only thought to take a picture to prove to someone else that I had really done this (Done what exactly? It was all given to me anyways.) or that it had all actually happened this way.

I love taking photos. They make me happy. I would like to take more photos. But not this way.

I want a photo to be something I can use as a reminder for myself or a way to give the gift of a fresh perspective to someone else. Using a photo as a sort of bragging right or a “see, I told you so,” takes the gift part of it away.

So I didn’t take a photo - not this time. But someday I will, and I will keep it to remind myself of the gratitude I felt in the moment or I will share it with you as an opportunity to see something in a different way.

I rose to leave my little piece of paradise and left behind what looked like an ad for Levi’s - a perfect mould of my back pockets in the sand. I walked up the hill alone, quiet, and content.

I can’t prove that anything I just wrote actually happened - I don’t have a picture to show for it. I’m not sure that it makes any difference to me though and I hope you find the same freedom.

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So, which version is right?

They both are, because a picture is just a tool. It has the opportunity to be everything or nothing - helpful or hurtful - inspirational or just more noise in a world caught in the middle of a screaming match.

I’ve taken photos that haven’t done much for me, but that others have found beauty in. I’ve also taken photos that stir my deepest emotions, but haven’t ever had a similar effect on anyone besides me.

Photography is a tool to use for yourself and for others.

Taking care of yourself and taking care of others. It is such a simple, difficult task. One that requires a variety of angles. Maybe photography can be one of those angles for you.



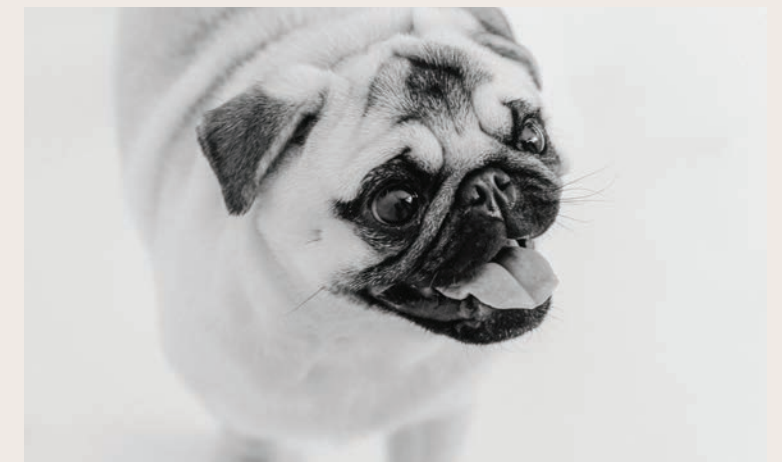
a series of NEW BEGINNINGS

Kyndal Vogt, Guest Writer

“Hey, Mom? I think I’ve found the one...” You could assume this phone call in April 2021 kicked off one of the most exciting, exhausting, and heart-expanding adventures of my life. In some ways, you’re right; but this journey contains several beginnings, mis-starts, backfires, and u-turns, and it all originates with a tween’s pipe dream in band practice.

During a brief break while our junior high band teacher tried yet again to awaken the love of music hiding (deep) within some 13 year-old boys, my best friend leaned over and asked a fateful question: “What’s your dream dog?” In the heat of the moment, I answered “a pug” because I had recently met my cousin’s pug. I loved her roly-poly body and how it waddled. I loved her sweet disposition coupled with her inability to breathe with dignity. While my answer was purely instinctual, once I voiced my undying adoration for pugs, I wanted to be a person who loved those little snorters unconditionally. My friend’s question sparked the beginning of a dream.

A couple years went by and my love for pugs only grew. I had the opportunity to make my puggie dreams come true while I was in high school, but instead I chose a different path. That choice set me on the road to my undergraduate studies, several stints spent abroad, three different jobs, a Masters degree, and finally back to my hometown. During those ten years, I navigated an identity crisis (twice), nurtured friendships I treasure to this day, and discovered my unique voice. Each decision I made carved the road into my future. Choosing to delay the joy of caring for a pug as a young teen was the beginning of my maturation into adulthood.



Speed through the years of adventures and heartbreak, discoveries and loss. Finally, after 15 years of waiting, it seemed as if my dream was within reach. I had found a reputable breeder near me with two puppies available in my adoption time frame. I had a lucrative job waiting for me once I moved. I was both homework-free and location-stable for the first time since childhood. The one potential obstacle was myself. Would this puppy be everything I had built it up to be in my head after 15 years of hoping and dreaming? Did I think I could handle caring for this animal for the next 15 years? Was I ready for the responsibility or was I kidding myself? I went back and forth right up until I picked him up. As soon as I saw him, I knew I was committed to this bundle of indignant joy for the rest of his life. Driving him home was the beginning of entangling my future with my lovable doofus, Henk.

For over a decade, my dream had simmered on the back burner. Other dreams came and went. Some were realized, some blazed out in a ball of glory, and yet this dream for a portly snorting machine of my own held on. While I don’t think Henk and I were somehow fated to find each other, I know the series of beginnings along the way prepared me for this season with him. I’ve seen how pivotal choices have a way of building off of one another. Who’s to say what this beginning may lead to?





OCEAN

While the wind and the
Sky stay the same,
The ocean has plans
To do anything but remain.

It writhes and twists,
Shaking loose from the
Floor's hold for a moment,
Then falling, only to rise again.

For they that must make sense
Before accepting something and moving past,
This ocean must seem like a sadistic pest.
For sense it does not offer. No tidy ending.

The onlooker sees no discernible pattern,
No rhythm from which to create expectation.
No clearly defined sets of waves,
Only white capped peaks and undulations.

In the middle of seeming chaos,
It can be wise to recognize that clarity,
If ever, may only come further down the road
Long after its supposed usefulness has expired.

SIX:EIGHT COFFEE ROASTING

It's fair. It's fresh. It's local.

Keywords: Entrepreneur, Cold Brew,
Family Biz, #nointernet.



Jake and Chelsea Giffen started Six:Eight Coffee Roasting. Six:Eight Coffee Roasting is on the short list of “Coolest Things That Happened to My Hometown in the Last Decade.” Willow and I had a Six:Eight Nitro Coffee bar at our wedding, that’s how cool they are.

Walking into Jake and Chelsea’s house made me feel like I was coming home, even though it was my first visit. Jake opens the door with a big welcoming smile and Chelsea has set their family-sized dining table with croissants and of course cold brew and drip coffee - all for our conversation together.

Based on the welcome I received, it is little surprise that our discussion quickly turned to the intersection of coffee and hospitality. One of Jake’s proud moments as a father came when he was watching his oldest son (then 7 years-old) play outside with a friend and his son stopped to offer his friend some coffee. His son ran inside, got the cups, the cream and sugar, and made two cups of coffee for he and his friend to share together. Now, think whatever you want about 7 year-olds drinking coffee, but this little boy already had a pretty good handle on the terrifying and uncomfortable skill of hospitality that most adults are still struggling to figure out. And this, all from watching how his parents use coffee as a tool to foster community in their home and in their town.

Jake and Chelsea’s introduction to coffee and the passion that soon formed explains their approach to their own company, Six:Eight Coffee Roasting. They each had high school

jobs at coffee shops - Jake at a locally owned shop and Chelsea at Starbucks.

Like most honest human beings, Jake didn’t like the taste of coffee at first. But after closing up the shop on his first day at work, his boss started pulling shots of espresso and teaching him about all of the nuances that make coffee such an intriguing pursuit. Like every high schooler trying not to get fired from their first job, he just smiled and agreed that the coffee was incredible and yes of course he could tell the subtle differences between the roasts. While he wouldn’t get much sleep that night thanks to the eight shots of espresso, his journey from coffee objector to coffee connoisseur had begun.

Jake latched onto the craft of coffee roasting - he’s the mad-scientist of the two. Chelsea is the marketer and their couple mantra is that “He roasts it and She posts it!” He remembers when Verve Coffee Roasters first opened in Santa Cruz, CA. Jake and his friends were so excited to have a shop that placed such a high value on the art and craft of coffee making, that they would load up after class on a Wednesday afternoon, drive two hours to Santa Cruz - each grab a shot of espresso, a cappuccino, and a drip for the road - then drive two hours back home. These adventures kept Jake’s passion stoked and provided a steady lifeline to the craft he was pursuing and that he would eventually bring back to his hometown.

Chelsea’s own coffee journey began not out of a passion for the liquid chemistry, but



because of everything else that grows around that liquid chemistry and the community it creates. She remembers Starbucks before the drive-thru lines, when people would actually meet there to spend time together. Not only was it the place where she worked, it was the place where she would gather at a table with close friends, craft coffee, and create a lasting community.

She makes it very clear that they do not hate Starbucks (Maybe the first person I’ve talked to who is truly into coffee to hold this opinion - it’s refreshing). Chelsea views the godfather of corporate coffee as a visionary that started a wonderful conversation, but then along the way, lost some of what made it so special in the first place. She remembers the top-notch training she had to go through as a new employee and the emphasis that Starbucks placed on the care that went into their coffee. She remembers the excitement of a Starbucks actually coming to her small hometown, bringing Italian craft coffee to the land of Folgers. Starbucks was like Moses, basically, and the

land of milk and honey lived up to the hype. Even if Starbucks has abdicated its post, it began a widespread movement that made space for passionate artisans to carry on the best parts of the coffee community. Jake and Chelsea’s company mantra is Fair - Fresh - Local. This is their idea of what coffee at its best looks like, and that is exactly what Six:Eight Coffee has brought to its hometown.

Fair: From the very beginning of Six:Eight Coffee, they decided to source only Fair Trade beans. Unless you live along the equator, good coffee isn’t going to grow in your backyard. This means that coffee is global. Being a global industry offers some really incredible benefits, but historically, it has instead been used as a way to hide the shady business practices of coffee plantations. Since it wasn’t in our backyard, it was easy to turn a blind eye and get cheap coffee while other people paid for it with their quality of life. One of the most inspiring qualities of Jake and Chelsea is their willingness to take action and make a difference, no matter how significant or insignificant

the impact. When they started the business, the amount of coffee beans that they sourced from Fair Trade farmers was negligible when compared to the broader industry. Even now, after growing for the past decade, they aren't ordering the same amount of product that Starbucks is and their actions don't carry the same weight. But they aligned their actions with their values and have continued on the same trajectory year after year. Most of us, myself included, see the same big problem that everyone else does but it seems too big for us to solve it, so we do nothing. Jake and Chelsea offer an inspiring glimpse at what it looks like to take action no matter the eventual outcome.

Fresh: It doesn't get much fresher than Jake roasting the beans in the evening after the kids are asleep and a van-full of smiling Giffens personally delivering it to your doorstep on Saturday morning. If the words "Fresh & Local" remind you of an old school milkman, you're spot on, and Six:Eight Coffee is basically as close to a modern milkman as we are going to get. Every Saturday, Jake, Chelsea, and their three kids load into the delivery van and personally deliver a bag (or three) of Six:Eight Coffee to each of their loyal subscribers. To carry the 1950's Americana nostalgia one step further, they are also like the U.S. Postal Service - rain, snow, sleet, or hail, you're getting your coffee. Chelsea gave birth to their second child on a Monday, and they were delivering coffee that Saturday! It is one of their family rhythms and it wouldn't feel like Saturday morning without it.

Local: They make the coffee in Turlock, CA - sell predominately in Turlock, CA - and deliver to people living in Turlock, CA. During my freshman year of college, my mom asked me what I wanted for Christmas. I was feeling a little homesick, so I asked for a bag of coffee from Jake and Chelsea. They are literally the only people doing what they are doing in my hometown and it tastes like home. The local community recognized what Jake and Chelsea were bringing to them - their offer of hospitality in a cup, the quality product, the face and the story behind the product - and that community showed up. Even when they were first starting out and still learning how to walk in this new world of coffee, the local community steadily supported their young business because it believed in what it would become and not only in what it was right then. The story of Six:Eight Coffee surviving as a young business and now enjoying the stability of an established small business after more than a decade, shows the circularity of giving that small local businesses provide: A local business gives something new to its community, the community gives its support because it believes in the mission of the owner even before the product is great, then because of the community's support, the local business gives something truly great that makes the community better. Starbucks is cool, but it won't ever be for Turlock, CA, what Six:Eight Coffee is for Turlock, CA.

So, the business has a loyal following and it's a proven concept - when is it time to scale and expand and take on Starbucks?



Well, not right now anyways, and maybe not ever. Jake has plans to keep his day job as a math teacher at their kids' charter school. Chelsea has plans to continue juggling homeschooling while running the day to day business operations. They have intentionally curated a life that aligns with what they value most, and while Six:Eight Coffee is playing a large and important role in that life, it is just one of the many pieces. If they were to go "all in" and put pressure on the business to be their sole pursuit, it would change things. They have a good thing going and have chosen to enjoy the good place where they are right now, rather than jeopardize it in the name of striving, financial success, and the American Dream.

That's one of the inspiring things about Jake and Chelsea - they live their own life, 100%, and not someone else's life. You could describe it as countercultural, weird, or different, but at the end of the day, they are living a fulfilled life and that is a better result than most of our society is getting - doing things the normal way.

One more piece of the puzzle to this intriguing couple - they don't have internet at their home. Yeah, seriously. If your mouth is gaping open right now, then you're doing exactly what I did when they first told me. I thought internet came standard with being an American adult, but once again, the Giffens are broadening our horizons. They are literally running a business - out of their home - without internet.

Now, Chelsea does have an iPhone, so most of the business is taken care of on that thing, but there are some things you just can't do on a phone. When those things come up, she loads her kids in the van and goes



to her parents' house to borrow some wi-fi. If you think this sounds excessively cumbersome, I think Chelsea would probably agree with you. Their approach isn't always the easiest, but it achieves the goals that they have for their family, so it's working.

Six:Eight Coffee is generational. It is both the result of Jake and Chelsea's own upbringing as well as the learning grounds for their own children's upbringing. Chelsea remembers seeing her mom being able to take anything and make something beautiful out of it. She remembers her dad as being a creator. Each had their effect, and she has always been intrigued by the making of something and then the selling of that something. Now, fast forward to the newest generation, and their kids are literally along for the ride with their family business.

Jake sees it as a gift to have a craft that he can teach to his kids. Being a math teacher is a little tricky to pass down to your children. But making coffee - there is a skill that they can learn right alongside their dad. If "He roasts it and She posts it," then their kids are going to grow up learning the one-two punch of a hard skill combined with business know-how. It's so simple and so old-school that it just might work.

There are plenty of reasons to worry about the next generation, and I don't think those reasons will ever go away completely. But here are three kids who will grow into young adults having grown up with a front-row seat to what it looks like to pursue a passion, open a small business, and continue to operate a successful business based on the principles that the founders value. The Giffens might be doing things differently, but I know they're not the only ones - and that gives me hope for the future.

Six:Eight Coffee is a gift to my hometown and I'm grateful to my hometown for recognizing the gift by embracing the coffee, the Giffens, and the mission. I've spoken a lot about the people behind Six:Eight Coffee, because people are what I'm best at. If I was really educated about coffee, I would have spent a lot more time explaining why their coffee tastes so good. Jake's the mad-scientist though, so ask him about it and he'll tell you. What I can tell you though, is that it tastes good - it's fair - it's fresh - and it's local.

DESTINATION:

DAY ONE

1

Fly into “SAN”
A.K.A airplane home.

2



When you first arrive in San Diego, make your way over to Little Italy and treat yourself to a pizza and some gelato. Cliché? Maybe, but when it's good, it's good. You know what's not cliché? Wheatgrass. You know what tastes like garbage? Wheatgrass.

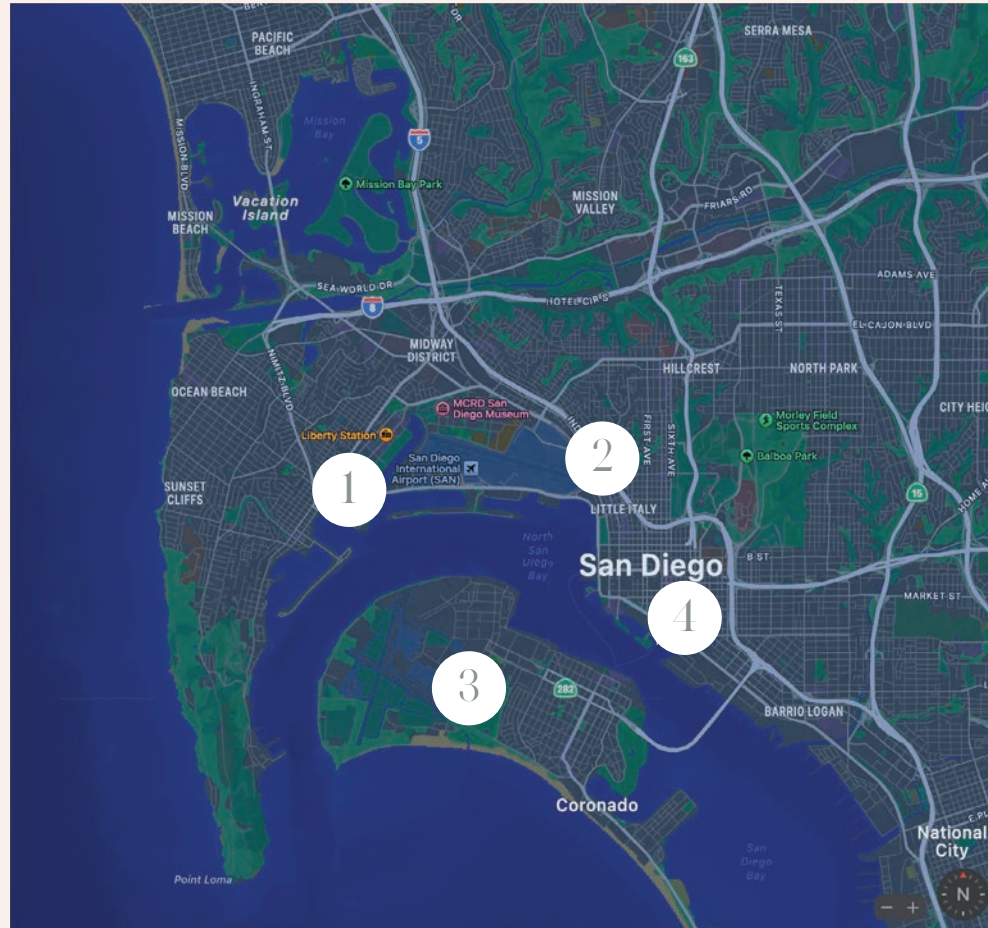
3



Take a drive over the bridge to Coronado for sunset. Coronado is just across the bay from San Diego, but the feel is completely unique. It's got a quaint and sleepy local feel, while also bustling with energy from the visitors at the historic Hotel Del Coronado. It's also home to the Navy Seals, so you'll feel real safe.

4

After sunset, head back into town for a drink at You & Yours Distilling Co. It's a local gin and vodka distillery and has the perfect vibe to finish your night. Enjoy your favorite cocktail or try the flight for a little variety and take a minute to be grateful that you're in this beautiful city.



SAN DIEGO

DAY TWO

1

Start your day off in La Jolla. Take a hike around Torrey Pines State Natural Reserve and soak up the sun and salt air from atop the cliffs.



2

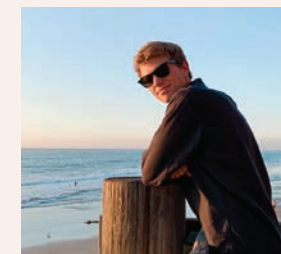
Down the road, you'll find Pinpoint Café. There are a few around town, but go to this one at UCSD's campus: 8755 Biological Grade, La Jolla, CA 92037. It's tucked, it's quiet, and you're literally just looking out over the ocean. Their acai bowl is incredible - definitely try that.

3

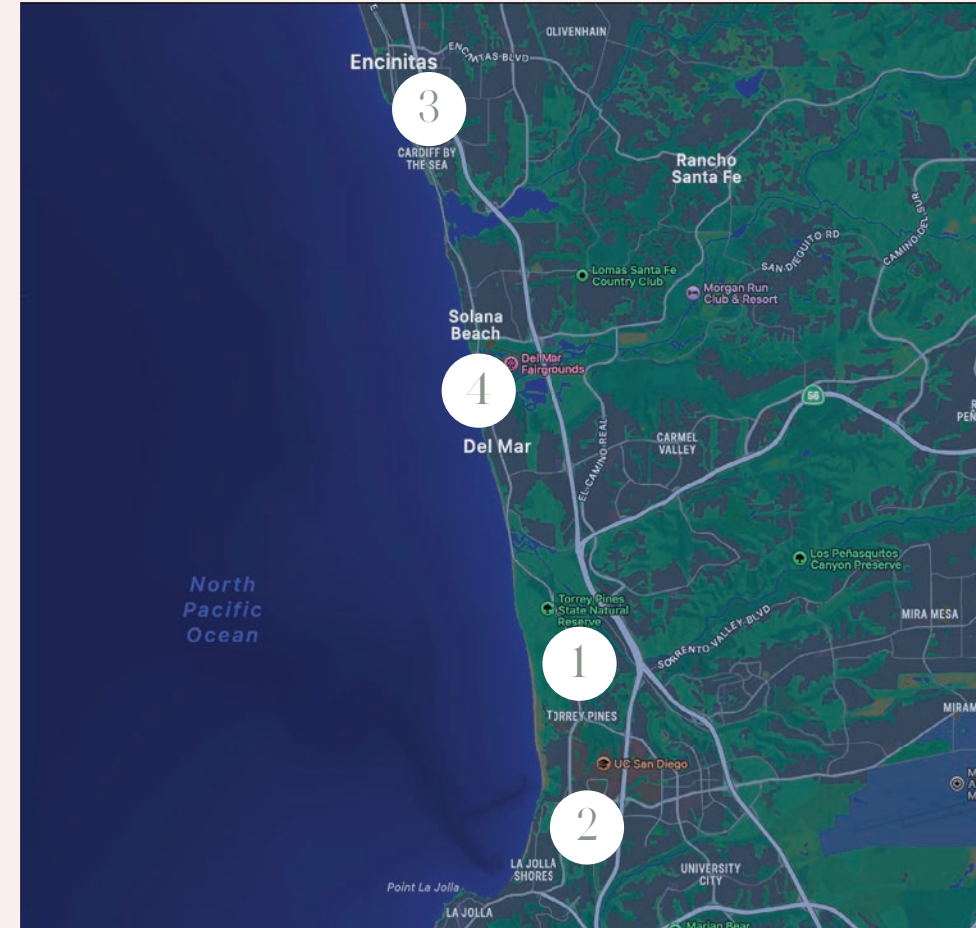


4

Anything tasty that you grabbed in Encinitas will be best enjoyed on one of the many incredible beaches in North County (Except maybe the gelato...enjoy that one right away). A couple of great beach options are Swami's and Del Mar City Beach.



Cruise up to Encinitas. One of the cooler beach towns in North County, Encinitas has way too many tasty treats, so just enjoy them all no matter what time it is. Stop at Prager Bros. for a sandwich (543 S Coast Hwy 101, Encinitas, CA 92024), Lofty Coffee for a latté (90 N Coast Hwy 101 #214, Encinitas, CA 92024), and Gelato 101 for something frozen and delicious (480 S Coast Hwy 101, Encinitas, CA 92024). Take your pick with the order that you visit them, but whatever you do, don't leave one off the list.



The Difference Between a Boulder and a Tree

There is a boulder and a tree in a windblown valley. The boulder won't tell you that it is windy. It will look the same whether it is still or howling. The tree will tell you. Its branches and leaves move the moment they are rustled by the wind. Its trunk will bend over time as a constant reminder of the prevailing wind.

The boulder is imposing and unapproachable. In being seemingly unaffected by its surroundings, it is solitary. It is seemingly protected from circumstance, but at a cost.

The tree plays no such game. No mask, no hiding. It readily discloses the current conditions, shows their effects in the present, as well as the effects of the past.

We have a choice each morning to approach each day as a boulder or a tree. The boulder protects, but only for a time. The tree engages fully with the life going on around it and chooses to be affected by it and in doing so, has an effect on others.

There are days when you will need to be a boulder to survive. Some news is too difficult to share right away, some people should not be trusted with your story, some circumstances are just for enduring and making it through.

But living only to survive is not a sustainable way of life in the long term. Most days you will have an honest choice between engagement and apathy. You aren't facing dire circumstances but it is easier to float through a routine than it is to intentionally live. Make the choice early and often to intentionally live on those days. It will cost you more, but your only regrets will be due to actions taken and bets made that didn't go your way - instead of regretting doing nothing at all.

Spring is a time of new beginnings. You have survived Winter, now it is time to thrive in Spring. The world seems to perk up a bit with newfound energy as the temperatures rise and the ground thaws. It is the perfect time to commit to living and not just surviving.

Action Steps for Living:

- Go to the farmer's market and ask to hear the farmer's story.
- Give yourself 30 minutes each day to finish the book you've been wanting to read but haven't made the time for yet.
- Invite a friend to coffee that you haven't seen in too long but have been thinking about lately.
- Call your parents or your children - engage with another generation.
- Smell the flowers as the bloom - literally.

There's one more thing about the boulder and the tree. The boulder, as protected and unaffected as it appears today, is just as affected by its windy circumstances as the tree is. It just takes longer for it to show. While the wind buffets the bending tree, its effects obvious, the boulder is slowly and imperceptibly being reshaped by the wind. It won't show today, but it will show eventually. One day, the wind will push the boulder down the valley, into another boulder, and it will break.

Wind and the circumstances of life affect everyone and everything. Putting up a shield and pretending it has no such effect won't change anything - but it will make the ending more dramatic.

Allow yourself to be affected by life and have your effect on it as well. We will all be better because of it.

THE WATCH STORY

Anyone who is remotely into watches has a "daily driver." This is the watch you reach for every-damn-day. It's a Tuesday... grab my go-to off the nightstand. I have no idea what the hell I'm doing today... I'll take the daily, please.

My daily driver is a Hamilton Khaki King 2. It has a super classic style harkening back to World War 2 military watches, but this one is dressed up just enough to toe that ever important line of over-the-top vs. not-enough.

Like just about every item I've ever purchased, I researched and agonized over the decision for far too long.



This would be my first Swiss-made watch and I made it into a really big deal in my head - hence the agonizing.

Do I get a leather strap or metal link? Light or dark face? Do I like the day-date function or do I prefer a simpler aesthetic?

After finally sorting through these questions (and many others), I settled on this Hamilton piece.

It had a metal braacelet and a dark face -

Each of these characteristics would make the watch easier to dress up or down, which is always a worthwhile question to resolve when finding your daily driver. It needs to work with most of what you wear and most of what you do on a daily basis.

It had a Swiss automatic movement -

I really wanted an automatic movement. No batteries, just a bunch of gears and a spring working together to rotate a hand around a dial at a constant rate. I don't really have an engineering mind, so the idea that someone had created such an intricate and useful tool in such a small package was mind-blowing and inspiring to me. This movement in particular wasn't absolutely spectacular, but when a country has as long of a history manufacturing something as Switzerland does with watches, even the basic models are impressive. For any long-term purchase, the materials and workmanship matter. Just like cheap clothes look good in the store and slowly deteriorate into garbage, a cheap watch will look shiny on the outside, but the insides will not make the trip.



It was the right price-point –

This might be the most important factor when making your daily driver purchase. I didn't have the money to justify purchasing a Rolex as my go-to watch, and even if I could have afforded one at all, I would have been wary of using it every day. It would have been far enough out of my price point that it would be a special occasion watch. I would treat it more like an investment, than a tool. But a daily driver, by definition, should be a tool. It's the thing you use to tell time and to give your daily style a bump. That's not too much to ask of a watch, but you have to be comfortable enough with it to let it do its thing. This means wearing it. Use it regularly. You will only be able to do this when you are okay if you twist it, pull it, scratch it, bop it from time to time.

Is this watch perfect? Nope. It'll stop every now and then without reason, causing me to pull out my phone and re-set it based on a digital clock (a pet peeve of mine). It has loads of scratches and scrapes from

any number of knocks it has taken over the last few years. It doesn't have a pedigree that will impress anyone that recognizes what it is.

But it is my daily driver and I have worn it just about every day since I bought it. It feels at home on my wrist and I feel like something is out of place when I forget it on my nightstand. If I saved it for special occasions and really tried hard to keep it in pristine condition, I wouldn't have the same feelings about it.

It is just a watch, a tool, a thing. Despite marketer's best efforts, it is not imbued with any special meaning right out of the box. The only meaning housed in this timepiece is that which it derives from my lived experience with it.

I hope to expand my watch collection in time, but I have a hunch that my favorite watch will always be the one that I wear as my daily driver.



SPRING MIX... COCKTAIL STYLE

Kyndal Vogt, Guest Writer

With the advent of warmer weather, it's time to trade the oversized sweater for a flowy blouse and hit the meadow for a wildflower-filled picnic. If the wildflowers are still hibernating under a blanket of snow where you're at, a picnic may not be practical, but you can still feel the hint of a warm breeze with this springy cocktail inspired by [Everyday Gourmet by Blakely](#).

[Recipe Card]

Serves 4

Cocktail Ingredients:

- Champagne - 1 bottle
- Grapefruit - 2
- Basil - 20 leaves
- *Optional: bottled grapefruit juice

Barware:

- Champagne flutes
- Shaker
- Muddler
- Fruit juicer

1. Cut both grapefruits into halves
2. Juice 3 halves and set the juice aside
3. Peel the 4th half and cut into chunks
4. If you're feeling extra fancy, save the peels for garnish at the end.
5. Put grapefruit pieces into the shaker
6. Add 12 basil leaves to the shaker
7. Muddle grapefruit and basil together
8. Add one heaping spoonful of the muddled mixture into each of the champagne flutes
9. Add champagne and grapefruit juice to taste
10. Garnish with 2 basil leaves and a sliver of rind

*IF YOU HAVE UNDERAGE OR SOBER FRIENDS WHO WANT TO JOIN IN THE FUN, SUBSTITUTE BOTTLED GRAPEFRUIT JUICE FOR CHAMPAGNE AND ENJOY!



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