

the things we SAVOR

With a pace promising something better on the other side, it's easy to miss the ordinary—the unhurried, unexpected, and underwhelming parts of life—turned extraordinary through a gentle pause. An intentional yield invites life's best to linger, to sink in and center us. These are the moments that carry magic worth weaving through the rest of our days.

WE ASKED THE QUESTION,
“What is something in life
you've fully savored?”

“A CHOIR SINGING IN PERFECT HARMONY. I think voices make the most beautiful instruments.”

—JEREMY NEPOMUCENO, 24

“The shade from an oak tree in my backyard growing up. The tree was estimated to be over 200 years old. We used it as ‘home base’ for backyard baseball games. Our whole neighborhood played in our yard. It’s still there.”

—MIKE CROOK, 56

“TASTING A FRESH TOMATO while studying abroad in Europe one summer. It was so delicious.”

—WHITNEY KAUFHOLD, 33

“The memory of my late grandmother’s greeting on the phone when she would realize it was me.”

—HILARY WALKER, 36

“THE UNSOLICITED ‘I LOVE YOU, DAD’ FROM MY 3-YEAR-OLD SON. BEING INTERRUPTED WITH THAT IN THE MIDDLE OF A BEDTIME STORY IS AS GOOD A SURPRISE AS ANY PARENT CAN GET.”

—TYLER SMITH, 32

“MY GRANDMA’S TRACK JACKET that hangs in my coat closet—it smells as if she’s still here giving me a hug.”

—ALISHA WILLIAMS, 36

“NEW HARDCOVER BOOKS.”

—ERIKA VEURINK, 26

“WHEN I SEE THE ROAD HOME AFTER BEING AWAY FOR A WHILE.”

—THU TRAN, 21

“Freshly tilled soil and my mom’s pot roast. She’d bring out a full meal to serve to my brothers, my dad, and me while we were preparing fields for planting. When Mom showed up, it was a full stop. Everyone jumped out of their tractors and gathered around the bed of the truck where we ate together—and time stood still.”

—BILL BELZER, 53

“Waking up to my dad playing the piano when I was growing up. He’s able to sit at a piano bench and play most songs by ear and several classical compositions by memory. Anytime I hear someone play ‘Moonlight Sonata,’ it makes me relish those slow mornings and appreciate my dad’s talent.”

—BECCA BECKMAN, 28

“THE FIRST CHIRPS OF BIRDS after a long winter in Washington. Sounds like hope.”

—ALY LAMOREAUX, 27

“My wife of 47 years who I would marry all over again and cherish every moment with.”

—GARY ROSBERG, 70

“SEEING THE NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE FROM A LANDING PLANE. IT REMINDS ME THAT ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE.”

—SIERRA HOEGER, 22

“A DAD AND HIS LITTLE GIRL DANCING AROUND THE LIVING ROOM.

The dad was recently out of inpatient rehab, and they hadn’t seen each other in a long time. I will never forget it.”

—EMMA DURICK, 20

“FRESH FLOWERS AND EUCALYPTUS FILLING THE HOUSE ON MY DAUGHTER’S GRADUATION MORNING.”

—JENNIFER DURICK, 50

“Touching clay—feeling its malleability and moisture, its potential. I remember in one ceramics class I took, it dawned on me that I, too, am being shaped.”

—RYLEE EWERT, 23

“My grandmother’s cinnamon rolls. I remember her hands slathering on layers and layers of butter, cinnamon, and sugar. My cousins and I would sit at the counter watching her work and attempt to claim the roll we would eat before they even got into the oven.”

—LAURA WIFLER, 36

STORY BY MORGAN DURICK