

Editor's Favorite Quotes

The leaves were auburn, fiery red, and a sugar-yellow. Their scent filled our noses at every light breeze as we sat and sipped the sweet tea from our Mason jars. Pg 5

Feelings can erupt quickly and scare us. Yet, they thrill and dare us to grab on, tight. It's an edge where life and death seem separated by a thin line. We know that if we love and live, then we can walk, run and fly. But if we love and lose, we fall and wonder if crawling will ever be possible again. Pg 11

We went for a stroll in Alumni Park, a grassy lawn in front of Pepperdine that overlooks the coast. Deer trickle down from the hills and rocky bluffs to graze there. The trees rise like watchtowers over a pond where fresh water reeds grow, providing a small refuge for ducks and wild birds. At night, a full moon leaves a silver trail on the ocean's black waters, and the constant coastal breeze disturbs the tree limbs, sending their leaves into a continuous stirring. Pg 19

She smiled and leaned down and kissed me. I took her face in my hand, her velvety skin like energy against my fingertips. Her hair hung around my face, creating a veil that hid us from the world. Pg 26

At five o'clock, as we walked to her car, we looked at each other and burst out laughing like children. "Is there anything I can do for you before you go?" I asked. She shook her head and we parted, kissing each other as the first beams from the sun burst forth behind us. When I returned to my bedroom, the scent of her hair remained on my pillow. Pg 34

She was wrapped in my jacket, almost swallowed by it. You never realize how small a woman is until she wears your clothes. She sipped her tea with her mug cupped in both of her hands, blowing away the steam. She looked up at me and smiled, and I remember thinking she was amazing. Pg 41

How can love taste like honey one second, and ash the next? Pg 53

"When we see people as gifts, rather than possessions, we learn to hold them rather than cling to them. My own experience has taught me that if you love people and let them be themselves in your presence, you'll never be short of friends. When you don't judge people and you instead allow them space to grow, they'll always remember you because they know they were loved unconditionally." Pg 62

You might believe that you must stop loving Eden, but that's not true. We can love even when we know that love will never be returned. We are allowed to love someone even if that person is gone. What we miss is their presence, but that doesn't mean we must stop loving them. Loving is not the same as holding on, because "holding on" implies that we hope the loved one will come to their senses and return. Love is an action based on free choice despite the consequences. Love only becomes painful when it demands something in return. And though it may take time, you will find joy in loving those who might not even be aware of your love. Pg 71

As a child, crisp spring afternoons were spent wading along Reedy Creek just beyond the field. Then came the heavy breeze in the autumn, pushing off the almond, auburn, yellow and red colored leaves into the creek, providing rafts for dragonflies. In winter, the snow upon the wood

became an eerie deep, and the occasional gliding of an owl would be spotted from our bedroom.
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Grandpa would go for strolls alone through the pastures where meadowlarks and grasshoppers flew like broken-winged birds, where rabbits constructed their havens, and red-tail foxes sniffed and searched them out. Pg 83

Grandpa stopped and looked at me. I paused too, knowing this meant he had something important to say. His body was frail but when he stood with his chin up like that, staring into my eyes, I had no choice but to respond with complete honesty. He could level me with that look. I was like a vulnerable child every time he did it. Pg 92

I would stand at our pasture fence and watch the sun set. One day, pink ripples trailed its red ball; then the next it was a yellow bulb shining against gold-dusted clouds. Though it seemed as if heaven was on the other side of the hill, for some reason, the sunset was sad. At night, I would sit in the rocking chair by the fire with a cup of coffee and a book in my hand, a practice I had grown to love over the years. But what was once refreshing was now depressing. And when I stopped to ask myself what was wrong with me to see the world as so dull, dark, and worn-out looking, I remembered. Pg 108

When I think on God, I see He knows the intimate stories of every single human being who has ever lived on the planet. Though there is pain in everyone's life, there is so much beauty. Everyone has a story and God knows all of them. I imagine Him to be very romantic. Pg 112