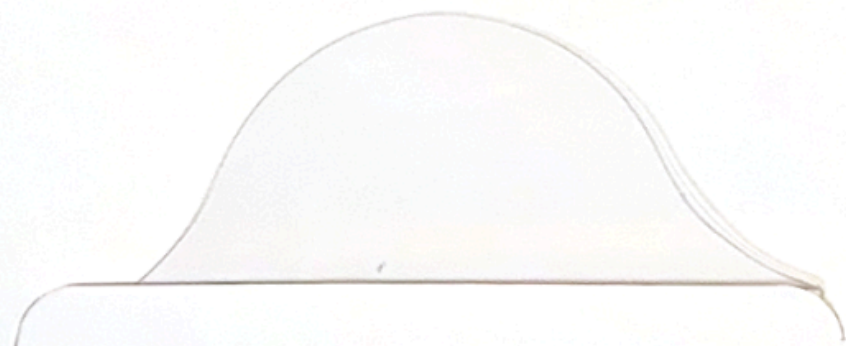




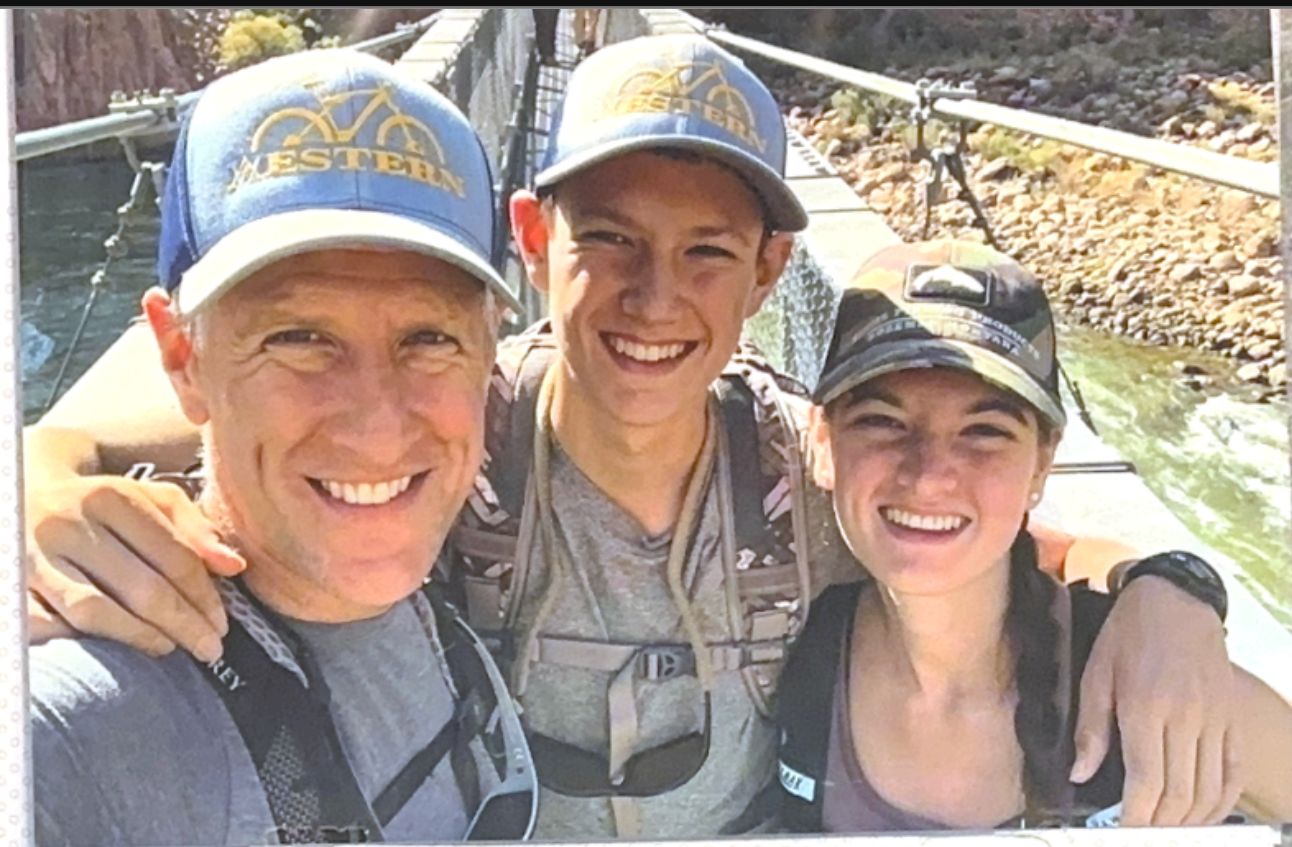
PHOTO ALBUM





MEMO

MEMO



“During November of 2023, my dad, my brother and I hiked a twenty-mile loop through the Grand Canyon and took this selfie at the bottom. We were giddily joyful throughout our adventure, and this photo reminds me of the jokes, laughter and care we shared as we explored a truly incredible place. However, the photo can't capture our trip's significance for me. In the midst of making our travel plans, I received a medical diagnosis that came with a strict ban on exercise, and I was certain I would have to cancel my flight to Colorado. Getting permission from my doctor to make the trip, then successfully climbing out of the canyon at the end of the day, were recovery milestones much more important to me and my family than our smiles show.”





MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

"Taken as we roasted marshmallows at the conclusion of my visit to Davidson as a high school senior with a program of host students and other visiting admitted students, I remember singing songs by a makeshift campfire outside Commons and simply shaking my head in disbelief over how incredible the community of the school struck me to be just one day into my time there. The photo reflects my memory by showing me both the activity we were doing and some of the people there. However, being a photo of the fire/people across from me I halfheartedly took, it also leaves out much of what made that moment special: the sound of us singing together in unison, the specific faces of a friend I had met just a day before and felt instantly close with, and my own beaming smile in that moment."





"This photo was taken during a friend group trip with all of my hometown friends right before we headed off to college. It was a trip to celebrate each other, enjoy each other's company, and make memories before we said goodbye. This photo reflects this memory well because we're all eating cheap pasta that we made in a cabin on paper plates, but we're also the happiest we've ever been because we were simply with each other. There was no wifi and very cheap/low quality food and we all had to share beds, but we didn't care. The circumstances didn't matter because we loved each other and cared more about being with each other than where we were in particular."

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---



"I took this photo while working on an art piece on the second-floor patio of the VAC one morning. I was thinking about human society, all the fantastical institutions we create that have so much power over us, people on the sidewalk below me just going about their lives, oblivious to the things that hold sway over them and the sufferings and joys of people all over the world, and my own place in that situation, basically having an existential crisis, when this bird flies into the window with a loud bonk! and topples to the floor next to me. I just sat there for a few minutes, watching the bird, waiting to see if it was alright. I took this picture and then went to class, but I came back right afterwards and the bird was still there. It flew away after a few moments. This memory remains vivid in my mind, mostly because of the shock of it, being brought back to earth from all my thoughts so rapidly by such an occurrence, and the very real possibility that the bird could have died right there on the porch next to me. The photo shows just how close I was able to get to the dazed bird. Under normal circumstances, that would never have happened, and I felt connected to it in that moment, this airborne thing forcibly made terrestrial. I'm glad that it survived."





"A group of friends and I were celebrating my friends 16th birthday! We went to a countdown games to do their Clue inspired murder mystery game. This photograph reflects the fun we had and the theatrics that my friends and I get into. I remember just being so excited to spend time with my friends and celebrate the important people in my life."

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---



"This photograph absolutely reflects my memory. I think about our family trip to Costa Rica all the time. In this picture, we went white water rafting and had hit a bump, and my dad went FLYING out of the tube. It was in a really rocky part as well, so he was trying to stay afloat while the rest of us were trying to grab him back into the boat. My mom was terrified, and my sisters and I were laughing so hard. It's by far our favorite photo. Good memories, and I hope to go back some day."





"Between Thanksgiving and Christmas, the city right outside of where I live transforms a section of the downtown area into, quite literally, a Christmas explosion. Going here has become a recent tradition in my family. 11/30/2024 was my last day home from college before I had to return for winter finals. I was struggling this week. Thanksgiving is always a hard time of year for my family, but on top of grappling with many undealt emotions and the stress of upcoming finals, I felt like I could not breathe. Going to the Sapulpa Christmas Chute surrounded by the people I love most reminded me that everything would be okay. I had spilled hot chocolate all over me before this picture was taken. Usually something like that would really upset me, but I just laughed it off with my family. That day was the most fun I had in awhile, leading me to realize just how much I missed being suffocated with unwavering love each and every day. I feel like this picture with my family is able to capture all of the love and happiness I was able to experience that day."

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---



"This is from two years ago during the summer. My family was visiting my dad's family in England. We were seeing my Grandad at the home he lived in. This photo is probably one of last pictures that we took together. I really love it because of his smile. He was so happy to see us, and the photograph reflects that. It reflects how happy we were to see him. The photograph also contradicts how we were feeling. I was feeling very sad and solemn knowing that this may be the last time we see each other. It was also heartbreaking to see how happy he was to see us, knowing that we could not visit very often. Overall I am grateful for the picture, because it reminds me of how much my Grandad loved us."





MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

"This was taken in the very early morning of January 21st, 2017 -- the day after Donald Trump's first inauguration. My dad and I drove down to D.C., proudly sporting our bright pink pussyhats, and participated in the Women's March. I am 10 years old here, but I remember understanding just how important it was at this moment in time to do my own little part in taking a stand. I was gleeful and nervous at once -- I can almost feel those emotions radiating off of me when I look at this photo. I'd never done anything like this before, at least not to this extent (the 2017 Women's March was attended by nearly 500,000 people), so I didn't quite know what to expect. But I was excited, too. I was thrilled to feel like I had a voice even though I wasn't old enough to vote, thrilled to know that I wasn't alone in speaking up for the things that were important to me, thrilled to feel like I was part of something bigger than myself. I think those things come across decently well in this photograph, but there's also a more subtle sense of community in its mundanity. When I see this photograph, it's not only those big feelings that come across, nor my understanding of how important that day would be. It's my mom making sure I brought a coat, saying bye to my brother, who was still half-asleep, reminders to check in as we walked outside. It's my friend's mother knitting our hats, the busload of my neighbors chatting and sharing coffee and bagels as we drove south, my dad putting me on his shoulders as we walked along the Mall so that I could see. In that sense, this photo reflects both layers of my memory: both the larger event and the little details within it."





MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

"My first birthday in college, all of my friends surprised me by baking my favorite cake after going out to bday dinner together. It was the best birthday of my life because I felt so loved and valued, and I realized that I had found my people. This picture very much reflects how happy I was and also how happy my friends were to surprise me, as well as how much we love each other!"





MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

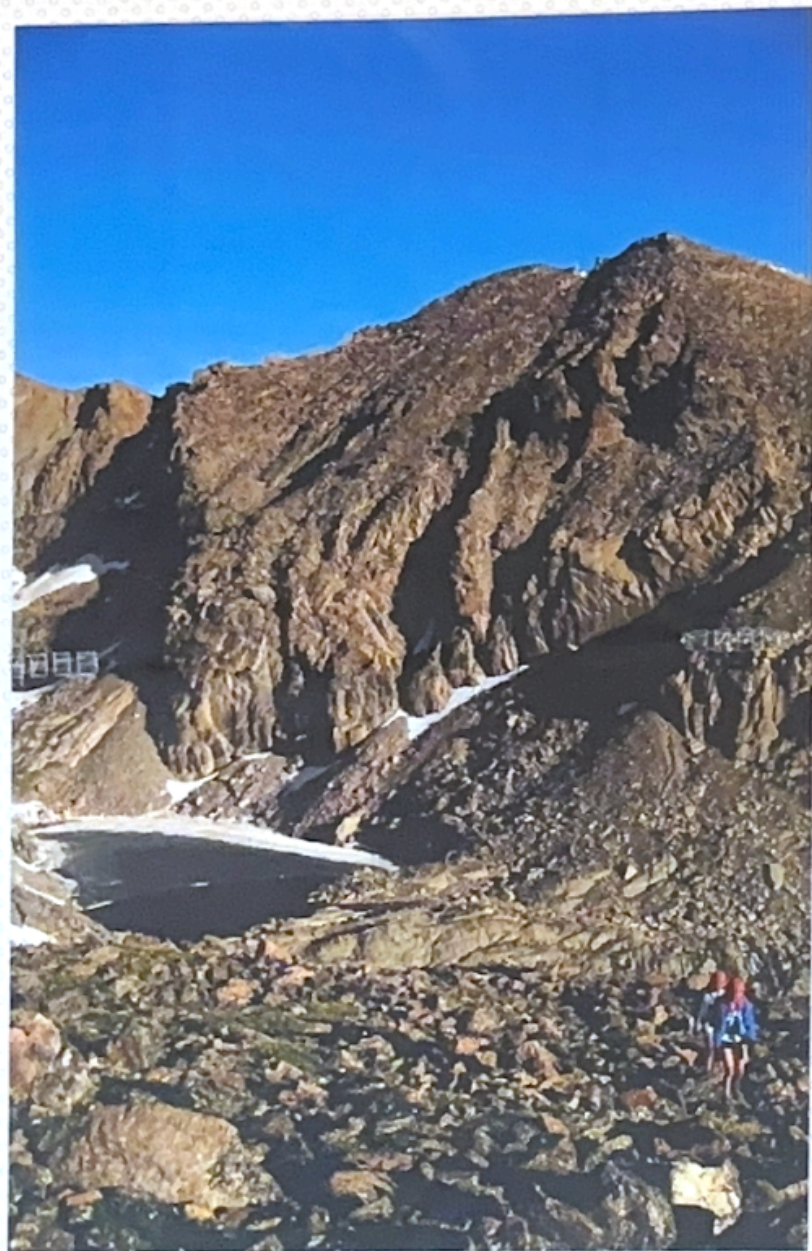
---

---

---

"This was in the middle of one of the hardest hikes I've ever done with my dad and we had almost made it to the summit of Quandary Peak. We had been hiking for almost four hours at this point and I wanted to give up and stop right there because I genuinely didn't think I would be able to make it. We would stop to sit on some rocks before continuing on to give ourselves a break and this picture is from one of those many stops. This photograph contradicts this memory I think. It shows a beautiful landscape with no sign of the struggle my dad and I were going through to just make it to the top. There are no signs anywhere in the picture that would indicate to me (if I were an outsider) that we both wanted to turn around right then and there and go back down. However, having been the one to take the photo and being able to recognize where we were on the hike, I can still associate that memory with this picture."





MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

MEMO

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

"This is a photo of my friends and I hiking up Mount Meeker on the last day of our last year at our summer camp. I went to a mountaineering camp in Colorado from ages 10 to 17 and this hike was the pinnacle of that experience. What may surprise you is that while Mount Meeker is my favorite hike I have ever done, we did not make it to the peak that day. Storm clouds rolled in a we had to turn back only 100 meters from the top. What made it special was not destination but rather those last moments I got to spend with a great group of girls in my last few hours being a camper."