Brandon,

Two Years. Can you believe it? It sure doesn’t feel like that long to me. It seems like just yesterday I was walking down the aisle on my daddy’s arm, and you were standing at the end with the biggest smile on your face. Time moves fast, too fast, and somedays I just want to slow it down and savor all of the little moments with you. Looking back over the last two years of marriage, and over the last six years of knowing you, brings tears to my eyes. We’ve shared SO many amazing memories. Our first year of marriage was a great one, but I think our second one has been even greater. We’ve ventured to new cities, we’ve climbed new mountains, we’ve put our feet in the ocean, and we’ve dreamed big. Plus, we brought another fur-baby home, to the home that we OWN! It still feels weird to say that! We’ve crossed some pretty major things off our bucket lists in the last year, and each one has been nothing short of spectacular. But those aren’t the things I remember most. The things I remember most are these:

* You cooking me dinner (almost) every single night.
* The look you get on your face when you think you’re being funny, even if I didn’t laugh at your joke right away.
* All the mornings you brought me coffee (and breakfast!) in bed.
* Sitting in the hot tub at the Rainbow Ranch, talking about our dreams and truly feeling like the world was ours. Like things were only going to get even better. Like our perfectly messy fairytale would continue unfolding and surprising me for years to come.
* Shooting weddings with you by my side, and continually being impressed by your creativity and dedication.
* The way you could sit on top of Arch Falls for hours, and want for nothing else in the world. Except maybe to find another waterfall the next day to sit under/on.
* How openly you love your little sister, and how much you hate to talk about her starting middle school soon.
* The times at my parents house when kids were running everywhere, and it was the usual dose of crazy and hectic, and I’d look over to see you sitting on the couch with our niece cuddled in your lap, or to find you playing Ninja Turtles or building snowmen with our nephew.
* Late night conversations around fires and/or beers, the ones where we’d talk about nothing and everything all at once.
* Singing in the car, pretending we weren’t totally awful for a few minutes.
* The weeks you spent walking around our new home saying things like “I own this sink!” or “We own this door!” and being overly excited about every little thing that came with home ownership.
* Those times when we were in different rooms, and you’d read something online that you found so hilarious you would start laughing so hard that I thought you were crying and came racing in from the other room, just to find you in hysterics over something I’d never understand.
* Sitting on our patio with a few drinks, soaking in the sunset.
* Waking up next to you, every. single. day. And starting each day feeling incredibly lucky for just that.

I could keep going for days reminiscing about the memories we’ve made. But I think you get the point. It’s the little things I love the most. But more than anything, I’m just so incredibly thankful for you and everything you do. My insanely handsome, passionate, hard-working, and humorous husband who continually reminds me why I’m the luckiest girl in the world to be your wife.
You are my very favorite, and I love you more than I could even begin to say, and I can’t wait to see what adventures this next year has in store for us. Forever and always, babe.

Happy 2nd Anniversary!

XOXO,
Me