

A perfect cup of matcha-milk requires the steady accompaniment of pungent matcha powder to a healthy amount of sugar. The youngest of three girls, I grew up in the constant chatter of my childhood home, where my sisters' conversations echoed in every corner of the kitchen, and where the radio was always singing its tune from the living room. I found sweetness in the boisterousness nestled between our walls, and I gravitated towards the noise. But on Friday nights, after everyone slowed down to the end of a long week, my mom and I always ended up at the dinner table enveloped in a cloud of warm quiet. The missing noisiness of the week allowed sleep to elude me on Friday nights, and my mom always met my sleeplessness with a cup of homemade matcha-milk and her silence. Together, we sat at the dinner table, sipping at our respective drinks until her steady presence lulled me back to bed. In our shared moments on quiet Friday nights, I smelled the pungent matcha of her presence, even without the noise I had grown to love. My mother is a woman of few words but I have found her quiet company to be the perfect pairing to the sweetness of my noisy childhood home.

A perfect cup of hot chocolate is brought home from the Philz downtown, with extra cream and extra sugar, and a little steam. My elementary-school memories are made up of long late-night conversations with my oldest sister as we brushed our teeth before bed. As we both grew older and our schedules grew busier, our conversations in the bathroom grew shorter. Our formerly night-long discussions dwindled down to quick "good-night"-s as we both picked up an increasing number of extracurriculars. But, our exchanges have never paused. Each week, my oldest sister always brought back a Philz hot chocolate for me. In the brief moments that we flowed past each other in the kitchen between activities, she presented me with the warm beverage. Even when we were pressed for time, running late for our next event, I felt her constant care for me and saw the unspoken words of our late-night discussions written into the steam of my gifted Philz hot chocolates.

A perfect cup of boba can be found anywhere, as long as you know what to order: passion fruit green tea with extra pearls and no ice. Any time I ran into a problem as a child, I sought out my middle sister first. My constant partner-in-crime, my middle sister and I's time together was spent without words as we played pretend in the backyard, or explored through the depths of our garage. Always the first to take action, my middle sister's care is woven into her movement. Up until she left for college, I rarely ordered my own boba. Instead, my middle sister takes over, ordering and bringing the beverages home for me. My middle sister is made up of dependable actions, always the first to help when things go wrong, always the first to help make things go right, and her love is present in her every gesture, in the boba she always orders for me. There are infinite languages of love, and fluency is hard. But in the kindness of my mother's homemade matcha-milks, I have learned to find comfort in the quiet company of another person; in my sister's weekly gifts of hot chocolates, I see the love written into each item she brings me; and in my middle sister's constant willingness to order me a drink, I feel the care written into all of her quick actions. I have been molded by the woman of my family, the heartfelt actions of my

mother and sisters, as they teach me to find hidden meaning and concealed love in every facet of my life.