

## Why I Save Words

I have a habit of writing down words I like. Not big words or complicated ones. Just the ones that feel good when I say them. 'Lilt.' 'Window.' 'Cricket.' I am not always sure what makes one word important, but when it sticks, I write it down in the back of my notebook or in a running note on my phone labeled 'Words Worth Keeping.'

When I was younger, the word aspects of my writing began. I would copy down whole words in my little notebooks from whatever book I was reading, not because I wanted to study them, but because I liked the way they sounded in my mouth. I would say them over and over softly to myself like they were a secret. Sometimes, I would even invent my definition just so I could have it for myself.

I learned other languages in middle school, Spanish first, then a little French, and just recently I got involved with Armenian through my family. I became enthralled with how one word could evoke so many nuances of meaning depending upon where it was from, who was talking about it, and how it was used. I was aware when a single phrase softened a sentence or changed the entire tone of a conversation.

That motivated me to be more deliberate with my words. I became more conscious about what I was saying, the message, the feel behind it, and its rhythm.

Language became more than a subject in school. It became something I used to understand people. I noticed when someone paused before answering or their word choice hinted at something they were not fully saying. I listened more closely. I thought more carefully.

At first, I thought this habit made me odd. Who collects stray words like seashells? But over time, I realized that this quiet interest had helped shape the way I move through the world.

It shows up in how I write, how I speak, how I support friends. I do not rush through conversations. I sit with things. I try to say what I mean, not just what fills the space.

I do not know what path this interest will lead me down, maybe writing, maybe translation, maybe something I have not found yet. But I know I will keep collecting words, not because I have to, but because some part of me feels better when I do.

And maybe that is what passion really is. Not something loud or perfect. Just something that feels right in your hands, again and again.