

Vows

SARAH WARD and JONATHAN RUPP

Bling Bling Had the Rings, the Pilot Her Heart

By WYATT WILLIAMS

In the weeks before the wedding of Sarah Ward and Jonathan Rupp in Cumming, Ga., the bride had become concerned about her ring bearer.

Onassis had grown long in the tooth at the age of 21 and for a horse that old, the condition is not just an expression. Onassis' teeth had grown so long that it was hard for him to chew. He'd take a bite of hay and the food would fall right from his mouth. He was the same attractive Dutch Warmblood with a white face and white stockings that had carried Ms. Ward to the top of junior equestrian competitions around the country years ago, but now he was losing weight.

Ms. Ward knew that traveling to the ceremony, a destination affair on a quaint renovated former dairy farm, would be hard on Onassis. Still, she hoped that he, one of the few who had been with her through the events of her life that had led to this day, would be at her wedding.

As some personal lives are measured in past relationships and former beaux, Ms. Ward's life could be measured in horses.

There was the horse she rode when she was 4, the one she had to stop riding be-

She was covered in 'horse slime' when she met her future husband.

cause of a compulsive need to wash her hands. (She has since received a diagnosis of obsessive compulsive disorder and has it mostly under control these days.) Next was Happy, the horse her father, Bob Ward, bought her just before her 13th birthday. Happy was the one that she fell in love with, and who made her fall in love with riding — the rituals of bridling and saddling, the thrill of galloping and jumping. He was unpredictable and difficult, however, and once threw her late mother, Diane Ward, so hard that it seemed to permanently affect her short-term memory.

Next was Moose, a more patient and competitive horse, though Ms. Ward resisted the idea of infidelity. "Happy is the love of my life," she remembered telling her parents. "I'm cheating on him. How dare I?" Eventually, she came around to Moose, and the horse excelled at her early shows; Ms. Ward was a nationally ranked junior hunter jumper less than two years after beginning riding.

There were more horses — Bling, Voltaire, Onassis, Ludwig Storgaard — and spills leading to a torn anterior cruciate ligament, a neck brace, too many concussions to count. Along with that came more ribbons, more prizes, more rankings. By 2008, when she and Onassis traveled to the Pennsylvania National Horse Show, she finished at the top of her class, taking home grand junior hunter honors.

"It was an incredible experience. I've never felt so proud of my horse," she said. "I mean, I don't really remember it because I was concussed, but I've seen video. People always focus on football and the concussions suffered there, but it has really affected my memory."

Years later, in October 2013, there was one more horse, a miniature pony that Ms. Ward, 27, spent the afternoon trying and failing to catch in the pastures of her family's farm on the outskirts of Atlanta. Ms. Ward had graduated from the University of South Carolina (where she was a member of the equestrian team for one year), working to become a riding teacher, but she could



PHOTOGRAPH BY MELISSA GOLDEN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES



Top, Sarah Ward and Jonathan Rupp at their wedding on the West Milford Farm near Atlanta. Above, Lily Citron, a former riding student of Ms. Ward's, led the ring bearer along.

not catch this little wily beast. At the end of the day, tired and wearing what she describes as a tattered pair of riding breeches, a dirty outfit covered in "horse slime," she met her sister, Malky, at Laseter's Tavern for a drink and some trivia games.

Laseter's is a casual place in Vinings, Ga. On that night, it was full of regulars, including Mr. Rupp, 34, a commercial charter pilot, and his old friends from Embury-Riddle Aeronautical University. The bar is one of those places you don't just know everybody's name and what they like to drink, you know their birthdays and their old stories. You watch their lives unfold. This new woman in her dirty riding gear caught his eye. He was seven years older, wearing a blue, checkered button down and dark

jeans, drinking a glass of red wine. They stayed at the bar talking until it closed.

"I wasn't entirely sure if he was just being nice or friendly," Ms. Ward said. "Until he, like, tried to lean in to kiss me, but he was too polite to do it. I literally said, 'Are you going to do this or what?'"

So he kissed her. They went out for dinner in the weeks after, walked around Piedmont Park in Atlanta. They met again at Laseter's, and again. The bar of regulars could not help but notice. Jennifer Crowe, the D.J. in charge of trivia nights, observed the romance from a distance, leaning in to whisper about it with friends.

"This is perfect," they said.

"But of course," they said.

The next chapter of Ms. Ward and Mr.

Rupp's romance was spurred not by a horse, but an opossum. Two weeks after they had met, one of Ms. Ward's dogs, a rescued coonhound, killed the marsupial in her backyard and left a mess. It was midnight. She couldn't bear to clean it up. She texted Mr. Rupp, asked for help, and he was soon there with a headlamp and a shovel, wearing hiking boots.

That night, after he had shoveled away the opossum remains and hosed off the blood, she talked with him about her parents, the story that anyone might know if they simply Googled their names. In 2011, her father had been convicted of second-degree murder in the death of her mother and sentenced to 30 years in prison, a high-profile case covered by local and national news media. Reporters relentlessly detailed the Wards' wealth and the circumstances surrounding the death.

Diane Ward had died from a gunshot wound to the head one night in 2009. On the 9th call the night of the incident and in the years since, Bob Ward has maintained that this was an accident. "I love my dad and support my dad," Sarah Ward told Mr. Rupp. Mr. Rupp did not respond the way that others had. "He was patient," she said. "He didn't judge me. He didn't judge my family, not once, and he let me tell him in my own time, which was very important to me. He's the only person that's done that."

In the following months, they began a mutual tutelage. He brought her to the hangar in the mornings and got her in the cockpit. He explained the flight deck, the instruments, the pitch and bank, the push and pull, the endless buttons and lights and instruments. Once, he took her up and let her take the control column. "I pulled so far back that the plane went," she said before making the whizzing sound of a nose dive. "I felt like I was going to crash into a bridge."

He told her about growing up in Minnesota, watching the takeoffs and landings at airports, how he'd always known he'd be pilot, how he went up for his first flight as a teenager, and moved to Florida to attend Embury-Riddle. It wasn't so different from her experience with horses.

"We balance each other so well," Ms. Ward said. "He's good in crowds, I hate crowds. He didn't grow up with animals, and he even loves my stupid dogs. We're never anxious about the same thing at the same time."

She brought him to the barn and showed him how to bridle and saddle. He took to grooming and riding Moose. He would leave for days to fly and then return to cook dinner at her place. He picked up a recipe for steak and salsa verde. She liked his simple, comforting take on pasta carbonara. Some weekends, he'd drive her down to Florida so she could see her father in prison. Mr. Rupp was such a constant presence that Mallory, who lived with Sarah at the time, did not hint lightly that they needed their own place.

Instead of moving in together in Atlanta, they moved together briefly to Ocala, Fla., then relocated to San Diego in 2016. Before the end of the next year, they were engaged. Ms. Ward started working for Mr. Rupp's mother, Michelle Sorafini, at her real estate firm. Mr. Rupp now works for Jet Methods, a charter company often used by celebrities passing through Southern California.

As the day of the ceremony approached, it became clear that Onassis would have to sit this one out. Bling Bling, a horse Ms. Ward describes as Onassis' best friend,

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SundayStyles

The New York Times

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Go Ahead, Loiter

Storefront holiday displays beckon the passer-by, and even inspire one to conjure ideal seasonal windows of the mind. By Susie Boyt, Page 10.

The New-York Historical Society-themed window at Bergdorf Goodman in Manhattan. This season, the department store's windows are paying homage to New York cultural institutions.

Beyond Campy Drag

For performers, it's no longer all about glamour; creativity opens the door to alien and goth looks.

By EILEEN TOWNSEND

In six-inch platform stiletto boots, corset and Elizabethan collar, a tall and thin figure towered over the crowd like an alien monarch.

The music began — Röyksopp and Robyn's dark synth ballad "Monument" — and the figure began to move long sleeves of pink fabric, folded into teardrop-shaped cavities, as if puppeteered, her gestures alternating between robotic and languid. As she raised her head, her face revealed pure black eyes, twice the size of a normal human's, that extended down her cheeks and pointed toward a buglike mouth.

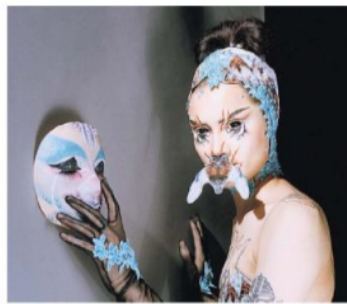
It was 2 a.m. in the Gowanus section of Brooklyn. The beat dropped — "Make a cast

of my body, pull back out so that I can see" — and she pulled away the mask that was her face. Beneath the mask? Identically inhuman features. Some gasped, others cheered.

The performance bore no sign of drag's defining camp. It was somber, with no touch of melodrama. But it was undeniably drag: weird and apocalyptic, drag as seen through a cracked mirror.

The performer, who goes by the stage name Hungry (and who prefers female pronouns when referring to her drag persona), is the creation of a 24-year-old Berliner, Johannes Jaruaak. Over the past year, Hungry's fame has grown, from a modest social media presence and devoted local followings in Berlin and London to international performances, high-profile editorial makeup assignments and 17,000 Instagram followers.

She is known for looks that showcase a



The performer Hungry backstage at Be Cute, a monthly drag night at Littlefield in Brooklyn. Hungry, a Berliner, performs internationally.

A Retreat Recalibrates

Canyon Ranch is changing. Now, even Botox is welcome.

By KATHERINE ROSMAN

LENOX, MASS. — In the freshly renovated dining hall of the Canyon Ranch on a Thursday night this fall, guests at the East Coast outpost of this health, fitness and wellness resort scattered at separate tables after a long day of cardio cross-training and Pilates classes, facials, massages, genetics-based nutrition consultations, and indoor-swimming pool aerobics.

There were two beautiful and tall yoga-practicing young women on a getaway with grandmothers in leopard-print leggings. Near them, a middle-aged man and woman toasted each other with decaffeinated herb-



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