

## **Grateful for memories By Samantha Johnson**

The thing that I feel grateful for and makes me tranquil are my memories.

They help me go when I have no flow in my life and they help me connect to others.

The first memory I would have and grab with my mind would be with my parents.

They took care of me when I was an infant dripping with applesauce, but in an instant, I grew up and they still take care of me and care even when I wasn't there in an instant anymore in their arms.

As that memory swoops on by I start thinking of the friends I swooped on the way and I care about all my heart from the very start.

Friends, I still care about today even when we were in the toughest arguments and going through the roughest of patches we still made do and smiled.

And for a while, I hope they live and prosperous life with me as we go through life together, dancing through the day light and waltzing through the stars.

That memory flies on by as school rings in my mind as each passing quarter goes without a sign I start to feel grateful for the teachers that kept me on the line.

The teachers who cared about me even when I got things wrong nor right and they would always care if I ate right before a long exam would ram at me to a frightening degree.

As that memory makes me smile about all the educators who would educate me who would for a while I would think about the other things that make the foundation of my memories.

A beautiful plate of food on my table after a hard day and a roof over my head, and a nice bed, even when I wouldn't rest my head.

It would make me smile once again wondering about all the memories in my head and why they make me tranquil again like a calm sea breeze in the waters waiting to cool again.