

My grandparents house



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

My grandparent's house always seemed to be full of laughter. There was always someone stopping by their house for a visit whether it was family or friends. My grandmother's doors were like big arms always open to everyone no matter what. I remember when I was 10 years old; there was a snowstorm out at my Grandma and Grandpa Roberts's house. The snow was higher than my head in some places, and it was so high that my brother and I could go sledding off the snow banks. The snow was almost two feet deep in my grandma's yard, which made it difficult to walk up to their two story white house.

When we did get inside, the warmth of the house consumed me, and the sweet smell of my grandma's delicious baked goodies was everywhere. Each year when Christmas time comes around, my grandparents would decorate their house with a couple hundred little snowmen that they had received throughout the years. Almost every Christmas, we would buy a little snowman to add to their enormous and ever growing collection. During Christmas dinner the one thing we feared is the dreaded kiddie table.

Every child wants to sit at the adult table, but they get told to go in the living room and sit at a small old rickety card table. The reason for our fear of the kiddie table is not the table itself or even the aspect of it, but the chairs we had to sit in. She had four old antique chairs that had lions faces with their mouths open, so that when you sit in them you feel like you are about to be eaten. My favorite part of my grandparent's house is the kitchen. Both of them would cook food all day long and the aroma fills the whole house with its sweet smell.

My grandparents always have cookies that my grandma has cooked and candy on the counter; there is even a jar especially for M's, my favorite treat! When we leave to go back home the smell of the sweet, salty, and delicious food fades from your nose, and the last thing you see is my grandparents waving at us out their window. We make the long drive down their driveway and turn left onto the highway leaving me with a warm and full feeling, I look up into the dark night sky and think of all the fun times I have had there with my family.

Now that I'm older when I reflect on these childhood memories it makes me think about what kind of relationship I want my children to have with their grandparents. I want them to value those relationships the way I always have, and still do. To spend those moments with family so special, and to be able to cherish those memories forever is one of the greatest gifts I have ever been given. Family is precious. Life is precious. Being able to recall those sweet moments together at my grandparent's house is simply priceless.