

What " Indiana " Means To Me
by Jamie Poynter

It's time to return to school, autumn is here. The warm breezy air turns chilly and cold in Indiana. The White River that runs by my house starts to get filled with Maple, Oak and Walnut leaves. Squirrels and chipmunks start to scurry to collect their nuts. Lovely mums of every color fill the gardens and the apple orchards in town are a favorite stop for our family of eight. Although the seasons change, Indiana remains the same.

Winter in Indiana comes like a thief in the night. A blanket of snow covers leaves that were neglected over the autumn. Snow filled driveways are a pleasant sight to my three brothers, two sisters and myself. We like to grab our shovels and begin to shovel driveways. Snow brings lots of trips to the sledding hills. Snowmen are found in the yards and chimneys are puffing out smoke at a rapid rate. One of the highlights of this time of year, is watching the downtown city of Indianapolis begin to light up with magic of Christmas. Although the seasons change, Indiana remains the same.

The robins return home, springtime in Indiana is welcomed with opened arms. The freshly cut lawns leave a scent that every Hoosier enjoys. The flowers are a grand sight as school ends. Every fourth grader is excited about finishing another school year. The days begin to lengthen and the hours spent playing outside are endless. Although the seasons change, Indiana remains the same.

Summer to me is fishing in the ponds, family picnics at the parks and the Freedom Parade. I feel a sense of pride when I watch the fireworks on July fourth. My family loves going to the State Fair. What a terrific memory! Although the seasons change, Indiana remains the same.

Just as the seasons change, the seasons of the families that make up my great state of Indiana change too. Some will face, illness, poverty and set backs. Some will need help at times. Yet although seasons in life of people change my state bands together as families and practice the great "can do" attitude that has made me proud to be called a "Hoosier". They lend a hand to those in need, and care for the hurting in times of losses. Although the seasons change, Indiana remains the same.

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