

What Indiana Means to Me

I don't think of Indiana as my state. I think of it as my home. Indiana, to me, is about its history, memories, and traditions. I love to think that someone as famous as Abe Lincoln has walked on the same Indiana land that I have.

I like to think that we all are a part of Indiana's history. History doesn't always mean famous people. History can lie in the land and the people who lived on it. My great-grandfathers who worked on the abandoned railroad tracks and the old limestone quarries were part of history. The old homesteads where you can find old limestone foundations, fallen barns, old road beds, and barb wire fences are all part of history.

All of my favorite memories are in Indiana. Fall is my favorite season. Fall in Indiana means the smell of my gram's persimmon pudding baking in the oven. It means taking my 89 year old great-grandmother to the Persimmon Festival parade every year and eating Tiger Ears. Indiana winters are unpredictable, no matter what a persimmon seed or wooly worm tells you. It is always exciting in Indiana to see if there is going to be school after a snowfall. I can still feel my hands start to tingle when I stay outside too long sledding with my little sister and cousins. I can smell the smoke from our outdoor stove as my dad tries to get us warmed up. As the snow melts and the grass start to appear, I can hear the sounds of the turkeys calling in our backyard and hearing my dad ask if anyone wants to go mushroom hunting. Indiana summers are so much fun. What I like

best about summer is the feel of the lake water on a hot day or the mud between our toes when we are catching tadpoles in my uncle's pond. Indiana is beautiful all year around.

Indiana has many places to visit like the Children's Museum, the Indianapolis Zoo, the State Museum, or my favorite, the Colts. I have been to other states, but I am always ready to go back home, to Indiana. It is where my family and friends are. It is where all of my memories are.

My mother always tells me some people may leave for a while, but their hearts always find their way home to Indiana.

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