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# Brockport Believes...

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## **Brockport Believes...**

I quickly slid into my usual spot on the worn couch, sharing the neatly knitted blanket with my grandma. Boxes adorned with shiny paper and bows blanketed the floor like the snow, which already began to envelop the crisp grass surrounding the stone steps by the door. I felt the arms of my grandma around my shoulders. She held me close as the rest of our family shared stories. “Do you remember when Dana climbed the ball pit in Wal-Mart?” or, “Aunt Denise looked so funny when she got stuck on the bunny slope,” mixed with the tearing of paper and soft sounds of merriment flowing through our mouths. Laughter leaped from one wall to the next, each covered with pictures of the grandchildren, nieces, and nephews.

I pulled the blanket up around my neck and leaned even closer into my grandma’s side as we reminisced over the familiar stories. The blinking lights dancing on the walls of our cozy, snug room caught my eye. The twinkling lights glittered off the spotless picture frames and made my family members’ faces glow dimly with their colors. I noticed the ornament that my grandfather gave to my grandma many years ago. Its beauty gave off a certain radiance much like that of a child’s smile winning a first place trophy. Grandma’s ornaments have always had a way of touching someone. As I admired her decorations, I could not help but smell the scent of sweet desserts that emanated from the kitchen. I melted even further into my grandma’s arms as my nose succumbed to the familiar scents. My mother came in with a platter overwhelmed by the weight of its sugary, sparkly contents. I tasted the moist peanut butter melting on my tongue and I saw the delicate ginger snaps crumble with every bite. My cousin seized the glittering spritz as if she had just found a golden cookie. The crumbs tumbled to the plush carpet, when my cousin jumped up to get more. I felt my grandma loosen up as she watched us all; the round,

wet beads started to form under her eyes; they slowly streaked down her face as she gazed upon our family.

This I believe, family is everything. It has been said, “Absence diminishes small loves and increases great ones, as the wind blows out the candle and fans the bonfire.” I grew up states away from my extended family, and while that doesn’t seem like a big deal to most, it was an agonizing challenge to me when I was young. Every summer and winter, we spent a week or two at my grandparent’s house, where we were able to visit and catch up with loved ones we hadn’t seen in months. I believe that without my family, immediate and extended, I would not be the person I am today. I know that I can rely on their loving encouragement and support no matter where my life leads me.