

Taylor Burrows  
Selle Valley Carden School  
Fourth Grade  
Ms. Rief

Everytime I go outside of my grandparent's house and look at the trees God created I smile, rejoice, and give thanks.

I love looking at all the beautiful trees that create a canopy of shade above us. I lie on the ground under my favorite maple tree looking up at all the autumn colors. The shades of red, orange, yellow, and green paint a picture for my eyes. The leaves are falling all around me. I take a deep breath of the oxygen that the trees provide. I jump up and run out into the conifer woods, down the leaf covered path to my old fort I made with my aunt. I sit on my picnic table also made of wood. I dream of riding my bicycle through the leaves that fall off the conifers above me, I dream of weaving around the trunks of the trees that make a beautiful obstacle course along the soft forest floor.

The breeze blows the smell of the wood smoke coming from the chimney, I jump up and run to my grandparent's house, trying to catch the blowing leaves along the way. I sit down on the wooden chair and eat some delicious soup, wiping my mouth with a soft napkin that also comes from trees.

I can not imagine walking out the door to anything but trees. Evergreens, conifers, needles, or leaves. I love trees! Don't you?