

When people think about the American Dream, what do they see, a mansion full of servants and rooms with plush fur rugs? Perhaps some do, but what about those items that you cannot see or touch? I hope that most people would realize that the American Dream is not about how much money or power someone has. It is about the love and care that is given to us by our family and friends. Think about it. Would people really rather have hundreds of acres of land, servants, a huge empty house, and ten cars in their garage than a loving family and a home, no matter how big or fancy? Most people, myself included, would answer no to this question. My idea of the American Dream is a home, filled with memories of laughter, love, and happiness. Therefore, I am extremely lucky to have a home that portrays this image.

The aspect that I like best about my home is the backyard. Although it is mostly wood, there is a small space that is cleared away where we have a trampoline that my sisters and I jump on. For barbequing when our family comes to our house, we have a stone patio. I love when everybody grilling, talking, and running around is in the backyard. It is nearly impossible to be unhappy because I can simply feel the love of my family and the joy of everyone being together! While all of the adults sit on the patio laughing at each other's jokes and sharing stories, my cousins and I have contests to see which of us can climb the farthest on the old pine tree that holds our swing. Mom always makes sure to show everyone her flower garden, which is her favorite characteristic of our home, and any Sunday during summer you can see her working in the middle of roses, morning glory, and daffodils with their perfumes mingling around her. My home does not only have the appearance of the American Dream Home, but it also has the feel of it. We all love each other no matter what we might have done, and we will always be there for each other when they are in need.

My home is always the center of family gatherings. On the holidays, everyone comes to our house to eat an enormous, mouth-watering dinner that everyone helps make. Grandma makes deviled eggs, and my aunt always brings her sweet, sticky pecan pie, which everyone absolutely loves. Since we do not have a table large enough to fit all of our family members around, everybody gathers in the living room in a circle while my grandma says the blessing, then they all scatter throughout the house holding plates filled with lean turkey, moist dressing, and steaming green beans. After we all eat, our family comes back to the living room to play games like charades, and we always seem to make up at least one new game to add to our list for next year. During all of this, my mother hurries around everywhere taking pictures of our family while they laugh and enjoy each other's love. When that is over, almost everyone leaves, saying goodbye until our next gathering. The ones that stay draw together around the fireplace to play our story game when someone starts the story. Soon after, all of the younger children are asleep, and everyone else must leave. They say goodbye to each of my sisters and I, my mom, and my grandma. Later, even after the last person has left, I can still hear the faint echo of laughter and the feel of the love that surrounds my home and family.

The American Dream is not only about money, but it is also about the love that you share with your family. It is about being able to enjoy those simplest moments that make life worth living because you are surrounded by people that you know would do anything for you. Even the smallest, most run-down building can hold a family whose love overflows its walls and makes it one of the happiest places anyone could be. My home is the place that I go when I have had a hard day. When I need to feel my mother's loving arms around me, and when I need

comfort, home is where I go. The American Dream Home is so much more than a house. Home is where my heart is.

