

Cherry Blossoms

By Ellen (6th Grade)

Last year, I went to Washington with my family to see the wondrous cherry blossoms. They come in pink, red, and white. They are like little stars in the daytime shining all the glory of God's handiwork. The view of cherry blossoms looks grand next to the Potomac River, shimmering with fish darting just beneath the surface. The flowers with their pink tinge and the fragrant smell ensnared my senses. I thought to myself, *these flowers are like a fashion show. Each tree seems to try to outdo the others in beauty.* Among the flowers were bees buzzing and humming along while gathering nectar for their hive. A light breeze passed by, causing cherry trees to whisper among themselves.

After admiring the flowers, we went to see the Cherry Blossom Parade. Floats were on the ground, and huge balloons were in the air. Everyone crowded around to see the parade. There was a Marine band playing. Confetti was flying all over the place. Washington D.C.'s police department was there to show off their men. Many schools sent their students to display their talents. These young men and women were filed neatly as they passed the spectators. I realized that these students had worked day after day, week after week on their routine. The students did everything flawlessly. I knew their parents would be very proud of them.

When my family was leaving Washington D.C., I looked at the flowers again. I looked at the river. Then I looked at the flowers once more. A thought flashed to me: *the cherry blossoms seemed to symbolize peace, happiness, and prosperity.* For the last time, I looked back. Cherry trees were waving good-bye to me.

