

My Dream Day

By Holt Hall

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If I could have a dream day, it would be all about helping people and having fun. First, I'd wake up and play basketball for a little while because I love playing basketball. But then, I'd go with my grandma, Kak, to her friend's house and help her and her old friends do chair yoga. Their bodies and brains need help, and I think moving around makes them feel better. But, I don't know. I'd tell them jokes too, so they'd laugh and smile. I am pretty funny, you know. Laughing is important, especially when you're old and when you're old you get tired a lot.

After that, I'd pray with them and for them because getting old isn't easy. I've heard grown-ups say that sometimes it's lonely or hard. So, I'd ask God to help them feel strong and happy. Then, I'd help my neighbors however I could. Maybe I could help them carry groceries, or rake leaves, or just sit and talk. Old people talk a lot about the weather, which is kind of boring, but I'd listen because listening can be nice.

Since it's my dream day, I wouldn't have to go to school. I'd just help people and show them that someone cares. At the end of the day, I'd sit outside, drink sweet tea, and watch the sunset, because that's what we do in the South. The sky gets all orange and pink, and it makes me feel good like God's painting a picture. My dream day wouldn't just be about me, it would be about making other people smile too.