Woven Swing

By Hailey C.

Taking trips to my family’s cabin weaves my family together like yarn in a blanket. The old pine smells flow through the air sending satisfaction to everyone. The world is a good place here. It has reassurance and comfort. I can hear my feet crunching over the twigs, leaves, and slimy mud. The birds are singing and the deer are getting their last bite of green for this day. The time stops as I gaze up at the tall building we call home, our cabin up in the stunning Cedar Mountain. As I inspect our wooden swing, a small train of memory floods in. Almost from a different world, laughter, smiles, family and this swing. This swing has woven all these memories together tightly like a cotton quilt. The good ones, bad ones, crazy or sad, these are memories, woven all tightly together so tightly. Everything about the cabin brings back so many memories.