Anya
2nd Place
5th Grade, Pinewood School

The colorful colors

Every family has different traditions. Whether they are celebrated by a million people or just a few, they could be big or small. My parents' tradition is celebrating Holi. My mom grew up in India and her family already celebrated Holi so she grew into the love for it. She loved it so much so she brought the tradition into our family's next generation. I love the idea of color overlooking darkness. This is a time when everyone sets aside their differences and has a big smile on their faces.

This tradition is very important to my family. The day starts off with me waking up and the first thing I see is a bag of powdered color in the walkway looking like a ray of colors. My mom is in the kitchen making different desserts like Gujiya and Malpua. Gujiya is a fried sweet empanada or a dessert hand pie, but it is filled with a milk mixture instead of fruit. Malpua is a soft-fried pancake soaked in sugar syrup. The house fills up with a sweet smell. Everyone waits in the living room until the desserts are made. We sit in a circle and discuss what we are looking forward to in the day ahead of us. The sweets are always bursting with flavor and have a richness to it. By the end our hands are sticky and our tongue is content. After lunch we head to the park to see our friends. They greet us by covering us in colorful powder. This is something everyone does in Holi and looks forward to it.

In conclusion, we make a big feast for dinner and invite people over. The feast contains lentils, rice and bread. After the feast we go to bed. Holi is something I will be celebrating for years to come. It will always bring me joy and happiness. I hope it is going to be in our family's generation for years to come.