When thinking of the beach, my mind goes on a journey. As my journey begins, I'm sitting still. I'm either sitting in a classroom aimlessly taping my pencil on a desk, or snuggled in bed on a chilly winter's day. When my mind approaches the beach, it isn't alone anymore. It is warmly greeted by the five senses, ready to take us on a guided tour of the place that we already know all too well. First, our eyes show us around. We venture down the steep steps, and the glistening water catches our attention. The waves are harsh, but simultaneously inviting. They lure me, my siblings, and cousins to dive to the bottom and find the biggest rock to show our parents and grandparents. The old boogie boards that turn into Olympic speed boats as we speed through the fierce current and catch air on the waves. As our boats drift back to the shoreline, my body moves me forward on a peaceful walk.

The harsh, jagged texture of the rocks suddenly greet my feet. Though sometimes painful, my stubbornness persists as I venture further on. As the hot sun scorches down, I bend down to collect more hidden treasures. My hands meet the soft sand and the smooth texture of green, or occasionally blue sea glass if I'm lucky. To complete my collection, I stumble upon a perfect heart-shaped rock, or as my Grandma calls it, "a kiss from God." These treasures will reside in her house, and will be looked at for generations to come. My ears perk up as my Grandpa's voice from across the way, which means it's time for dinner.

As I make my return, I'm handed a loaded plate of food that unlocks the comfort you can only feel at a place you love so dearly. Sometimes undercooked hamburgers that still manage to taste delicious, creamy pasta salad, and bomb pops that make your tongue look like a swirly American flag. As the sun begins to set, our yummy meal ends with s'mores. Everyone around me begins to stand up and work together to construct the biggest fire that Northville Beach has

ever seen. The smell of smoke fills the air. It's cozy, familiar, and marks the end to another beach day.

As I slump back into an open blue Adirondack chair, my ears help me to hear the most important thing around me, the people. It's the giggles and silly faces with little cousins, the chats with aunts and uncles, and gossip with Grandma. It's realizing how much love and safety our little corner of the beach brings to all of us, whether it be your first time or your 100th time. As my journey comes to an end, my senses bring me back to where I am. I'm filled with gratitude, a clear head, and comfort knowing that the beach will forever be my home away from home.