

Food, Family, Fireworks

Every year on the Fourth of July, my parents host a party for our family and closest friends to celebrate the summer holiday. Our backyard fills with food, tons of people, games, and laughter. Almost all of our family who lives in other cities comes in to have a blast with us. The right half of our backyard is taken over with corn hole, volleyball, the pool, and water balloons for the little ones. My dad always orders a jumbo white tent to cool everyone off from the sweltering July sun. My mom decorates the tables underneath with red white and blue tablecloths and confetti. The smell of the grill wafts through the air all day long as my Dad cooks hotdogs and hamburgers. My dad pesters everyone to eat more until they feel like they are about to explode.

My mom filters people in our back door to the kitchen to taste all of her tasty treats: fruit, corn on the cob, macaroni and potato salad, deserts... all of the picnic essentials. People run on a continuous cycle of eating, playing games, and swimming all day long. As the day turns to dusk, my Dad prepares the fireworks, sparklers, and poppers on a table in our driveway that will be set off in our cul-de-sac. Everyone comes to the front of the house and finds a seat in the grass to watch the show. We all gaze up into the sky to see the bright bursts of color lay across the stars.