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## The Little Tea Cup

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# The Little Tea Cup

*Emily Heinsen*

I sit here and pour hot tea into my favorite tea cup. I add so much cream and sugar the tea is just a subtle complement to the sweetened cream. I sip the hot liquid and floods of memories enter into my mind, and I'm reminded of fond days with my grandparents.

We're all sitting in their living room. It's three in the afternoon on a beautiful summer day. The little tea cups sit on the tray waiting to be filled with the rich calming liquid. It's a tradition; every day at three we have a cup of tea. My grandparents call it "Tea Time," and it is one of my favorite parts about visiting them. I have to wait to be served tea, for I'm too young and clumsy to lift the delicate tea pot. After my grandmother has poured me my tea, I get my own milk and sugar. After I'm done with the task of sweetening my tea, it's basically sweet milk, but it's perfect to me. I look outside to my grandmother's garden. She's an award winning gardener. I love each flower. Their sweet smelling nectar reminds me of spring.

Springtime is a wonderful time. There is so much life around, so much beauty. It is one of my favorite times of the year. Whenever I walk by a flower I must bend down and smell it. It gives me great joy.

My freshman year of college. The flowers are all in bloom and there are so many kinds I have never seen before. I drag my roommate on walks each night. We walk for hours and each time I pass a flower I bend down and smell it. Their aromas fill my lungs with life. These walks help us get out and see new things.

Walking is one of my favorite things. To explore, to be outside, to see the world around me, gives me life. I never like walking when I'm at home. There is nothing to see, only fields of wheat. At school when I go for walks there are houses, dogs, flowers, and people to see. It still amazes me when we walk back to the school and see that big brick building with the Concordia sign in front of it, that I am lucky enough to be a part of this.

We walk by a mother with a child, and I think back to when I was young, when I could be anything, and I look to that building and know I would rather be here doing what I am than doing anything else.