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What Makes Savannah Home

As someone who grew up in three different places, I would say my definition of home has changed throughout the years. The one I am writing about today is my truth, one I am so happy to share with you. Even though this essay focuses on my perspective of home, one opinion about this word that I seem to share with many people around the globe is that it is more of a feeling, rather than a place. Me, a few thousand people on the Internet, and even possibly you understand that the "Home, Sweet Home" sign does not make it home, but the memories, feelings and people associated with the place do.

The first time I set foot in Savannah, I was about 7 years old, and funnily enough, the one thing I remember from that day was walking out of the airport's sliding glass doors and a front of warm, humid, just-opened-the-oven-like swoosh of air hitting my face. As someone who previously lived in a place where the summer weather was not hot enough to raise the ocean temperature to an enjoyable warmth, you can imagine my shock. I can sincerely tell you that I did not enjoy feeling like a turkey on Thanksgiving that day. Since then, I have come to bear the heat, and see it as Savannah's warm hug, rather than some creature consuming me.

Even though the hot air made a mark on me, what struck me even deeper was the community I saw build up around us. Turns out, Savannah was not only warm weather-wise, but it was also warm in the sense of being supported by those around you. Our neighbors became our friends, the professionals we reached out for help stayed all the way through to ensure everything was truly dealt with, my teachers truly cared about my personal learning journey. That is when I first saw Savannah as my home.

Since then, Savannah has grown close to my heart in many other ways. It has given me a sense of appreciation for history, making me want to go out and explore what was here before us. The tunnels of trees, the old brick buildings, the stone paths, the horses and the trolleys, all tell a story a history textbook could never truly describe. As a history nerd, you can imagine how much I love it here.

Aside from all the beautiful views, the stories intertwined in the old buildings like the ivy that grows on them, and the pretty ponies trotting around Bay Street, Savannah has also given me a place to cultivate a story of my own. I have grown close to so many different people, people who have not only become my good friends, but have also been kind enough to have shared their perspective of the world with me. They have allowed me to grow gracefully and graciously, and I am indebted to Savannah for that.

So to answer your question, Savannah is home to me because when I moved here 7 years ago I was embraced by warmth, and now that I am leaving in a few months, I will be set on my journey with memories, people, and experiences that will allow me to spread that warmth to

those around me. I would have never been able to grow and thrive as much as I have if it was not

for this beautiful city, and I will forever hold the importance of that close to my heart.