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8 March 2022

What Makes Savannah Home?

Most people define home as a feeling rather than a place. I agree with that assessment, for the most part, however, I believe it is the place that gives you that feeling of home. It can be fond memories, cherished friends, or even inanimate objects that make us love a place and call it home. For me, it started with objects and artifacts that turned into memories with friends and family and ultimately a place I will always think of as home.

History was always my favorite subject in school; back in elementary and middle school, I used to constantly watch the clock, in anticipation of those glorious sixty minutes of learning about various events in our worlds past. It always fascinated me how often we let history repeat itself and the random historical domino effects that you could point out if you looked at life through a different lens. My teachers, since the second grade, have had to tell me to stop spouting erratic historical trivia during class because, although the facts were interesting, it would get the class a little off-topic.

I was born in Savannah and although I live just outside the city; I think of Savannah as my home. While I have lived here my entire life, it had never felt like home until that first time exploring the abundant history the oldest city in Georgia has to offer. You can imagine my excitement when my parents took me to explore Savannah for the first time. Looking at the

Haitian monument put me in a trance… it was something that I had not learned about in a history class before, and I wanted to learn more.

The rest of the day was filled with me yelling "Daddy, what's this one?" or "Daddy, what's that one?" My father spent hours reading the monuments and markers while pointing out architectural wonders throughout the city. We spent the whole day looking at historical sights, and my dad would explain them all to me, in vivid detail, as if he was there when it had happened. We walked miles and miles touring and learning about our home until my small body was all worn out, and my dad propped me up on his shoulders and carried me back to the car. When I woke up at home, I wanted to go back to the city.

Some of my favorite parts of my childhood are when my parents would surprise me with impromptu trips to Savannah. My parents would always make sure we had plenty of time to explore because they knew I wanted to see as much as I could each and every time. The history made me fall in love with the city of Savannah; it made it my home. The monuments, historical sites, architecture, and beautiful homes were awe-inspiring.

The best part about Savannah is that you can go there every day, and see a new architectural feature or learn something new about the city every single time. In middle school, I went on a Religious Tour in Savannah with the Boy Scouts. We visited and toured inside several churches and synagogues and I was amazed at the beautiful buildings that were created centuries ago. I learned that Savannah has the third oldest synagogue in the United States and The African Baptist Church is one of the oldest African Baptist congregations in the country. That is the best

thing about home, you never stop learning about it, and the more you learn, the more you love home. I have lived in Savannah for my entire life, and I never stop learning about it, and I never want to stop learning about it.

So, for me, Savannah is home because of the history, monuments, architecture; the tunnels made of live oak trees and the horses trotting around the city; the cobblestone roads, and walking tours. It is the feeling I get when I see these inanimate objects that lead to memories of my family trips, scouts, and friends exploring Savannah. I am in near-constant awe of Savannah's majesty. It is my home.