

THE WATCH

By: John Selden

4TH GRADE

MS. ASCARI

Everyone has traditions, but none of them are the same. I have many traditions, yet the most special is a family heirloom, a pocket watch. It's gold shining brightly after over 150 years with many links in the chain. It is engraved with a shining star on the top of the case and is opened by the push of a button on the top next to its chain. It has no (time) second hand and uses roman numerals to show it's numbers.

This watch is a relic from the Civil War. It



belonged to my great, great, great, uncle, George Selden. He was a cavalry officer for the Union (or United States) army during the Civil War. He had the watch until he died on Little Round Top during the

battle of Gettysburg in 1863. He lived for about 35 years. After he died, the watch was given to my great, great, grandfather in his will. The watch was then passed down to my great grandfather, who had it for about 30 years before he gave it to my

grandfather. He had the watch for around 40 years. He then gave it to my father in the spring of 2013 after my great grandfather died at the age of 96. My father has had the watch for almost 3 years now so I guess the watch won't be passed on for a long time. Every 30 years or more the pocket watch gets passed down to the previous owner's eldest son, so the next heir to the watch is me! I chose this tradition because it represents how my family and I care about our ancestor's time piece and all the history there is still yet to learn. I hope you enjoyed learning about my family tradition!

Sand Tarts

A scrumptious tradition in my family is baking sugar cookies called Sand Tarts every Christmas. We have been making Sand Tarts since before my grandmother was born! It is special because many people in my family have made them.

The recipe started with my great, great, great aunt named Bess Potter. She was born in Pennsylvania in 1886. She and her sister lived with my great-grandmother and great-grandfather when my grandmother was a little girl. Every Christmas, all the women and girls divided up the cookie making, and Aunt Bess always made the Sand Tarts. She liked to decorate them with colorful sugars. Aunt Bess baked these cookies for many Christmases because she lived to be 105 years old!

Later, my mother and her father used Aunt Bess's Sand Tart recipe when they made their own Christmas cookies. When my mother was a young child, she helped my grandfather bake dozens of Sand Tarts each year to deliver to their neighbors. My mother loved cutting out the cookies into shapes with cookie cutters. She especially liked the heart and the diamond shaped cutters.

Now, my mother, sisters, and I all use Aunt Bess's Sand Tart recipe every Christmas. We have heart and diamond shaped cookie cutters just like my mother used to have when she was little. We decorate the cookies with colored sugars like Aunt Bess did. Last year, my two-year old sister excitedly baked with us for the first time. She loved to roll out the dough with her tiny rolling pin.

Baking Sand Tarts brings my family together to create something sweet to share with others. It brings back old memories and gives us a tasty reward. Sand Tarts are my family's most delicious tradition.

My family tradition is rather interesting and even a bit unusual. Our family tradition is adoption. This includes all kinds of adoption. Our dogs are adopted, our bird is adopted and even my two big brothers are adopted.

The main kind of adoption that we do regularly is puppy adoption. We have fostered and adopted out over 200 puppies for a non profit called Pound Puppy Rescue. Two of the puppies we loved so much that we decided to keep. Our adopted girl dog is a beautiful dog named Jinxy and our boy dog is named Steve Irwin after the crocodile hunter. Steve and Jinxy and all of their puppy friends along the way came from high kill shelters, which is where when they run out of places for the abandoned animals to keep them they have to put the puppies and dogs down. A way we work to prevent this is by rescuing the dogs and finding them forever families.

As I mentioned, my family's bird is adopted. Our bird was rescued from a hawk by my older brother who, found our bird hurt on the sidewalk after school. He and his friend Hunter drove with the bird home on his shoulder. We looked for the owner but when we realized he too needed a home, we adopted him.

Our family has quite a few adopted people as well. My big brothers' Ian and Zach and my cousins' Sam, Naomi and Annabelle all were adopted from orphanages in Kazakhstan. I did not get to go with my parents when they were adopting my brothers because I wasn't born yet but I wish I had been able to.

I love our tradition of adoption because it has given me most of the important people in my family.



IAN



Zach



Steve



Jinx