

When I open the door on a bright spring morning, I see the flowers looking up at me. I squint at the shining sun in my eyes, it is smiling warmly down on me. I smell and feel the fragrance that springs brings. Manti is home. The sky, the sun, and the birds makes me feel good. I love Manti, where my family and friends are. This is why I feel that Manti is the dearest place on earth to me.

To begin with, I love the outdoors. The outdoors is one of my most favorite parts of Manti. I love the feel of the country in Manti. The animals are wonderful to. I love to hear the cows moo, and the sheep baa. They are country sounds. In the mountains, I am free. I feel the wind in my face as I run. I smell the flowers and the pine trees all around. The outdoors is were I feel happy and at home.

Another reason Manti is the dearest place ever to me is because of its amazing history. At night, I look out my kitchen window and see the temple. It shines big, beautiful, and bright in the

darkness. The temple reminds me of the pioneers. They were brave and strong. They were amazing people. I love to walk through pioneer homes. Their houses are cool in the hot, summer sun. I like to learn about the people who built this temple and this city. I would have liked to know them and be friends with them. Manti has a truly thrilling history.

My concluding reason I love Manti as my hometown is all the wonderful events that take place here. My favorite event is our county fair that we have every year in Manti. I love to see the animals, I love to see the prizes, and I absolutely love Fun on the Farm. I especially like the parade afterwards. That's another one of my favorite events, parades. I like to watch the trucks and the horses go by. The floats are amazingly beautiful, and of course, I love to go running for candy. I like the fireworks, that burst into the sky in a hundred, different, bright colors, telling the world it's the fourth of July. I love the exciting events in Manti!

Now you see why Manti is

home to me. The wind in my face, the great eventful days, the neat history Manti tells to me, they all make Manti feel like home. It is home. I close the door softly, on that beautiful spring morning, for Manti is my home. My lovely home sweet home.