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I'm walking down a serene Rumson Road at around 5 in the morning with my beloved dog at my heel and contemplations of the day's potential in my mind. Winter's first snow is gently coating the traffic lights, casting kaleidoscopes of green and yellow on the white beds of snow adorning the streets, untouched yet by plows and bustling commuters. Snow falls rhythmically around me, caressing my face and eyelashes with its crystalline delight. It will be a snow day for the students of Little Silver, including myself, a Red Bank Regional senior. I can't help but smile as I trudge past Markham, knowing the havoc that will be wreaked on its hill in coming hours by the sleds of Little Silver youth, their eyes alight with childhood and the euphoria that comes with hitting the slope just right. I reminisce on the years of snow days I spent on the hill with my classmates, racing, laughing, and creating memories I wouldn't understand the vitality of until years later. Memories of my first student council election and subsequent victory flood into my mind as I watch snow fall on the beautiful new tennis courts that served as a catalyst for my campaign. I look on Markham's classrooms, and silently thank them for the friendships they housed, the ambition they provoked, and the student they made me. I remember the hours I spent in Rec camp as a child, getting sunburned and high off summertime. As I continue down the road and lights begin to warm the dark cold of the houses I pass, I am struck with gratitude for the community around me. Though I am alone, I am not afraid. I know if I was in dire need, I could knock on any door I pass and be welcomed with warmth and concern. The noise of a plow breaks my reverie and I turn back in the other direction towards home. I live in the very same house my mother grew up in with her seven siblings. In the distance, I spot Edy's, my late Nana's restaurant that served as a beacon of community, family, and good pancakes for generations. My family's history is rooted in this lovely little town, and it has provided me with an absolutely wonderful childhood. Because of Little Silver, I was given an education that set me on the path of success from the very beginning. Because of Little Silver, I have friendships that will last a lifetime, and a closeness with my neighbors I don't think I would be able to replicate anywhere else. Because of Little Silver, I am always sad to leave home. I am excited to venture into the world of university and do right by my town and community, so one day I might walk with my own daughter down Rumson Road on the morning of winter's first snow.