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## 87 Long Meadow Drive, Irondequoit, NY 14612

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**Abstract**

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"My grandmother's house smelled like love. The kitchen was always baking, boiling, simmering - the pepperoni pizza, the peso, pastina in chicken soup. The living room was bright and comfortable - the squeaky, soft couch (the davenport, they called it) draped with the maple syrup crocheted blanket, the ivory-colored chairs covered in plastic, the baby basil and thyme sprouting in milk cartons cut in half on the windowsill, the old TV (a piece of furniture, she calls it) on which a couple of Virgin Marys, the pope, and some relatives I don't remember watching me watch TV."

**Cover Page Footnote**

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BY MARIE HEBERGER

My grandmother's house smelled like love. The kitchen was always baking, boiling, simmering – the pepperoni pizza, the pesto, pasta in chicken soup. The living room was bright and comfortable – the squeaky, soft couch (the davenport, they called it) draped with the maple syrup crocheted blanket, the ivory-colored chairs covered in plastic, the baby basil and thyme sprouting in milk cartons cut in half on the windowsill, the old TV (a piece of furniture, she calls it) on which a couple of Virgin Marys, the pope, and some relatives I don't remember watching me watch TV. The bathroom was always clean, but always smelled like Grampa's Old Spice, like fresh cut hair when Gramma trimmed my bangs, like Mentadent toothpaste. The bedrooms, especially the one that used to be Uncle John's that I slept in on the double bed, were Gramma's beauty powder. The garage-turned-porch was a forest – the wooden rocking chairs, clothespins, the cuckoo clock that never worked quite right, and old, heavy tennis rackets. The basement was sealed with homemade tomato sauce and peaches from the backyard during the canning season, along with Grampa's wine.

Grampa died.

Gramma moved.

Her apartment smells like nothing.