87 Long Meadow Drive, Irondequoit, NY 14612

Marie Heberger
St. John Fisher College

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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

This prose is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss3/16
You didn’t ask me
so I didn’t tell you
that the Nazarene came down from the cross
and hasn’t gotten back up there yet
but still the ones
who circle around the Black Stone
want to cut off my head.

Should I ask you for absolution
or make up a penance of my own
I’m through with crosses and crescents
altogether.

You didn’t ask me
so I didn’t tell you.

STATUE OF THE VIRGIN MARY AND JESUS
ROBERT GOODWIN

87 LONG MEADOW DRIVE,
IRONDEQUOIT, NY 14612

BY MARIE HEBERGER

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simmering – the pepperoni pizza, the pesto, xastina in chicken soup. The living room
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draped with the maple syrup crocheted blanket, the ivory-colored chairs covered in plas-
tic, 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 Ok 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 cuck-
oo 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.