

Memories of grandmother's house essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

My grandmother's house was a straight out of a good housekeeping magazine. Fresh roses grew along the side of the house along with snapdragons that were every color of the rainbow. The grass was always neatly cut and the color of sparkling emeralds. In the front of the house, a single tree grew with a red bird feeder attached to one of the lower branches. It had a spacious back yard with row of pear trees along the property line, a country garden and paint chipped metal swing set that was under a monstrous apple tree.

The white two-story house always reminds me of a Christmas ginger bread house. Grandma's house was a favorite place of mine to spend summer break, when running through a water sprinkler, playing games with the neighborhood kids or riding my bike were the most important events of my day. Pulling in the driveway you could not overlook the over sized garage that sat back to the right of the house. The garage had an oily musty smell that would make you sick if inhaled for too long.

To enter the house you had to go through a squeaky screen door and a timeworn wooden door first, which lead into the front porch of the house and then through yet another wooden door with rectangular glass inserts.

Grandma's house was scattered with nostalgic baubles and forget me knots. My mother and her sister's grew up in this house. Pictures of their childhood memories were strategically placed on walls throughout the house. My grandparents bought the house after getting married in the spring of 1939.

Years later, I would call this old house home. You could always count on there being fresh baked goodies in the cookie jar. While hand decorated,

birthday cakes left the house smelling like a French bakery. If the wind were blowing just right, the aroma would invade your nostrils making your sweet tooth work over time before ever entering the house. On both each sides of the entrance to the living room sat matching his and her chairs. In the far corner of the room was an over sized floor model TV usually tuned to some type of news channel.

The family Siamese cat lazily lounged finding warmth and comfort atop the TV. Two bedrooms and a bathroom completed the first floor. My grandparent's bedroom had simple furnishings. Two dark lacquer stained dressers, a small rickety wooden table, and extra-long bed with the iron frame that made a strange pinging noise every time you lay down filled the room leaving only a narrow walk space. Their bed had a space under it for storage but I used it often for a hiding place when playing hide and seek on rainy days when we could not go outside and play.