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Blog 1: Childhood memories

After spending a couple of days with my host family I quickly noticed some little things that reminded me of my grandparent's house when I was a child growing up. One of the first things that took me back was using a towel that had been dried outside on a clothesline instead of a dryer. If you are familiar with this, then you know that a towel dried outdoors can feel hard and rough and not as soft as those dried in a dryer. While using this towel I laughed to myself as my mind began to flood with memories of how much I hated using a towel at my grandparent's house as a child because of the rough feeling of the towel.

Something else that I found to bring back childhood memories was the kitchen. Not the kitchen itself but a certain smell that came from the kitchen. When visiting my grandparent's house, I would always smell a certain smell. The only way to explain it is a faint or light hint of dough but it wasn't dough as I always caught a hint of the smell when the kitchen had been cleaned. Here in Poland, I have smelled the same exact smell as I did when visiting my grandparents. I told my host family about this smell and asked them what it was and they weren't sure about the smell, so they brought out different cleaners and foods to see if that was it and nothing they brought out could match it. I am still curious about what the smell is and am determined to figure out what it might be.

Since being here in Poland I have been reminded of my childhood through various things around the house and I find that very interesting as how two different places in different times can make a person feel and experience something that they haven't felt or experienced in a long time. With this I can truly say that I feel at home here and am looking forward to a return trip as soon as possible.