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Bridge 1 Part 2 Final

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Oma and Opa’s

Over the course of my life I have thought I wanted to be a million different things when I grew up. Like most kids right? Not like most kids. When I was little were most of them pretty ridiculous, like being a tree or a fairy? Is being a tree or a fairy ridiculous? Did I want to be a guidance counselor, an engineer, a hair dresser, and a vet during my teenage years? Would these career possibilities vanish from my brain within a few months of me coming up with them? Would the really really quick! really fast! obsessive need to plan out my life and know exactly what I would be ever vanish?!! Would I quickly discover what I quickly wanted to be after my Opa passed away when I was 12? My Opa didn’t pass away when I was 12.

Was I the youngest of my 10 cousins? Was my family big? My family was small. Very very small! Did my family spend all of our vacations together????!? Where did we all stay? We did not stay in my Oma and Opa’s house. Did we stay in my Oma and Opa’s house? Was is this house my fondest childhood memories lie? Do I have fond childhood memories? Quick! Was it this home that made me realize my love for design?

Did I take my grandparents home for granted? Did my grandparents home take me for granted? Did I live 6 hours away? We drove fast fast fast when we visited, I think? Did I mature each year and begin to appreciate the home? Did the home appreciate me? Was the house very strange and very beautiful? When you rapidly first pulled into the square driveway off of a fast busy road you couldn’t even see the house. Would my family and I would very quickly walk to the back left corner of the driveway and begin the short but majestic walk through the woods and over a bridge that led right up to my grandparent’s front door? Would my grandparent’s door lead up to me?

Was the house 3 stories and built on stilts? Was there a spiral staircase? No spiral staircase. Quick! Was each floor speedily adorned with things I had never seen anywhere else? Was there a cactus garden behind the living room, a wall of masks by the couch, a dining table for the adults and another dining table for the grandchildren? There was none of those things. Quick!???! Was the middle floor where my Oma and Opa’s bedroom was, as well as my Opa’s office, a guest bedroom, a second living room, an indoor garden, and a slideshow room? Did the slideshow room exist? Where would the whole family go after thanksgiving dinner? Would they run very very quickly into the slideshow room that didn’t exist? Where are all the artifacts from their travels? Are they at my house and my aunts and uncles houses? No. Those things are not at our houses.

Was the basement my favorite part of the house? There were two guest bedrooms off to the side, but the main focus of the basement was the pingpong table. The pingpong table was not the main focus of the basement. Was it? Quick! My cousins and I did not spend most of our time down there-playing pingpong, making forts out of flipped over papasan chairs and cushions, and squeezing through the gaps in between the carpeted spiral staircase to get to the cave under the stairs. Did we spend all our time playing pingpong, making forts out of flipped over papasan chairs and cushions, and squeezing through the gaps in between the carpeted spiral staircase to get to the cave under the stairs? Yes! Quick!

Did the house mean a lot to me? Did I realize this once my Opa was on his deathbed? No no no! Yes! Did my memories and the house itself make me fond of the place? Was the place fond of me? Quick! Did my Opa, an extremely talented architect and interior designer, design each aspect of the house in a way that he knew would make the visitors to the home have a positive reaction? I do not remember after kissing my Opa goodbye a week before he passed away, I wandered through the home on my own and took time to observe and absorb each physical aspect of the house. Did I do that? Yes. Quick! Did I realize that the way a house is designed and constructed can truly affect how one feels inside of it? One cannot be affected by how a house is designed.

Did I continue to wander my grandparents home each time I came back to visit until the house was sold? No!

Did my Opa and the beautiful home he designed make me realize that I wanted to do just what he had done for my family and I?? Nope. I wanted to make spaces that made people feel good, create lasting memories, and cherish for the rest of their lives. I did not want to make spaces that made people feel good, create lasting memories, and cherish for the rest of their lives. Did I discover that I wanted to create buildings that will make people feel the same love I have for my Oma and Opa’s house? Did my Oma and Opa’s house love me? Quick!