

Hadassah S. Rosen

April 29, 2023

Davis Street Drawing Room

My father had a cloth handkerchief in his pocket - always.

My mother loves linens & cottons & napkins & sheets. She irons all of these after use, standing for hours & carefully folding.

My parents & their parents were immigrants - never collected, or I should say - had the luxury of collecting anything as they had to move, leaving everything behind, due to persecution or seeking economic advantage.

Lucky are those who have collections of items passed down from generation to generation.

Davis Street Drawing Room evoked many emotions & feelings in me.