

For that intoxicating scent. Please find me perfume that smells like café!

We know smells can trigger all sorts of feelings and conjure up sharp recollection. The scent of Cuban coffee does that for me. Especially in the morning.

My hubby is the cafecito maker at home. And a darn good one at that. When he brews that a.m. colada and the smell makes its way down the hallway and into our bedroom, the scent creeps into my consciousness and immediately I'm transported to one of my favorite memories of childhood – – Mom walking past my room at first light with a vasito de café (a shot of coffee) in hand for Dad. That aroma was my alarm clock. Still is. And that memory is golden. Ay, how I miss them both.

By the way, a few other smells of my Cuban childhood that bring back great memories: sofrito (sautéed onions, garlic, and bell peppers), Agua de Violetas (violet-scented baby cologne), guayaba, cigars, and Mom's torrejas (her signature Cuban-style French toasts – never to be equaled again).

As for that intoxicating cafecito scent (and its master brewer) that helps to stir my emotions and color my thoughts, today and always, I am thankful.

What's your favorite scent? And what are you thankful for today?

Until next Thursday's post…si Dios quiere.

"Smell is a potent wizard that transports you across thousands of miles and all the years you have lived."
-Helen Keller

"When nothing else subsists from the past, after the people are dead, after the things are broken and scattered…the smell and taste of things remain poised a long time, like souls…bearing resiliently, on tiny and almost impalpable drops of their essence, the immense

edifice of memory.”
-Marcel Proust

“Don’t ever let anyone tell you that fairy tales aren’t real. I drink a potion made from magic beans every day, and it brings me back to life.”



-N. Hoffman

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