

Konkurs ja a Polska

Poland and me

Just few minutes after letting the luggages in my room in the house of the aunt, the neighbor, a little girl of ten years old brought me and my grand-mother a polish pickle and said to us « Babcia sama to zrobiła ». I was looking at this strange giant pickle that I had never seen before, and in the same time I was looking at my grand-mother who said very enthusiastic : « Oh, thank you very much, I have not eaten a real good polish pickle since a long time ! ». Before I had the time to start to eat my pickle, she had soon finish hers, and the little girl brought her another one. My grand-mother saw my hesitation and said me : « eat it, it is very good ! ». So, I was crunching at once in the cucurbitaceous. My grand-mother saw my face, understood my thought, and said me : « It is ok, it is just little bit acid, but you will soon have the habit ! Do you want another one ? ». It was such a difficulty to finish the first one, that I couldn't took another one. And, secretly, I asked myself how my grand-mother, who is very demanding with the food quality, could like this weird preparation of this vegetable. This is exactly the way I discovered my roots, and the greatness of a nation wich know the value of the welcome, the sharing, and the transmission of the polish culture through generations. Few years later I understood the really good taste of the two sorts of polish pickles « Konserwowe » and « Kiszzone ». I use those ingredients today to cook « zrazy » with my polish husband among a large range of polish specialities. On Sundays my grand-mother always is enjoying when I bring her these kind of traditional dishes, and have some exchange with her grand-daughter in her mother tongue.