

Dinner with Mom, (Jim)

How Dorothy ever managed to grocery shop and provide three full meals to all six children, we will never be able to experience. All we remember is that morning breakfast was as good as eating at International House of Pancakes. Usually we had a fried egg and bacon, sometimes scrambled with bacon in it, pancakes and link sausages on special days, and one of our favorites - egg bread (French Toast for the sophisticated person). Of course, there was always six to seven choices of cereal (usually all sugar-coated, remember?) - Sugar Smacks, Frosted Flakes, Corn Pops. Of course, Bill and Patty were brought up on Coca Puffs and Trix.

Lunch was always an adventure. In high school, we were given two full sandwiches to bring to school. But growing up we had many choices. Mom was very creative. Velveeta Cheese was a mainstay of the house. You could put it on anything. And everything went with it. A favorite was sliced pickles, Hellman's mayonaisse and velveeta. We won't tell the story of olive spread sandwiches as it is already legend in the family. We can all remember making Mom's ham salad in the old turn key meat grinder. It's a wonder we all made it to adulthood with all 10 fingers.

But dinner was the highlight. We had a big kitchen for all the children to sit at. At the height of family life, there was eight of us, and we all had our places. Mom and Dad on one side close to the stove so she could get up to get the food, Tom and Denny at the corners, and Jim-Dave and Patty on the inside next to the yellow painted kitchen walls. Bill, being the baby, was in a high chair between Mom and Dad.

We never touched anything until a prayer of thanks was said. Fried chicken was a favorite, and home-cut french fries. She must have cooked two full chickens for us, as even the young ones would have 2-3 legs. Her meatloaf is still the standard by which all meatloafs are compared. And we can remember well the looks she would give Dad when he brought the meat or steak in too early from the barbecue pit, and the rest of the food wasn't quite ready. Mom was a wonderful cook, and only rarely made us eat rutabagas.