

## Gourmet Dining

*By Hap Hansen*

You may have heard of Jimmy Dean. He was one of my favorite singers, but a terrible actor. He also developed a line of mostly frozen breakfast products, with which my freezer is full.

I am totally familiar with Jimmy Dean's Simple Scrambles, Sausage and Egg Breakfast Bowls, Original Sausage Patties, English Muffin and Sausage Sandwiches and several others. Gourmet dining at its best! My daughter has said, "Dad, if it weren't for Jimmy Dean, you'd probably starve to death!" Now, that may not be exactly 'eating out,' but I do go out to get the products at local grocers. So I call it 'semi-eating out.' Besides, I enjoy my form of eating out because I also get entertainment. I eat while watching some ridiculous TV show, like *The Price is Right*.

There's also a big plus to my form of eating out. First, no servers' tips are required. Also, I don't have to worry about not getting enough saturated fat, sodium or sugar. These products are all loaded with them! Don't get me wrong, I can cook for myself. Just badly. I will frequently fry some eggs and bacon for breakfast. Not exactly low in fat or salt, but you should see my oven. It is spic and span! I keep it that way because it is the only space I have left to store my unused pots and pans. The microwave is a different story. I clean it often, because that's where I prepare Jimmy Dean products. Wonderful invention, the microwave.

Please don't get me wrong. Occasionally, I do buy some cut-up fruits and vegetables at the store and once in a while, I even eat some! The problem is, after several weeks of storage, even in the refrigerator, I have to discard them because they have turned brown.

Just so you understand though, I do eat out frequently. I love a medium-rare, well-marbled steak with a baked potato loaded with butter and sour cream. Aah, gourmet dining! Plus, my daughter and family invite me for dinner frequently and I eat at Blossoms two or three times a week.

However, something seems strange to me. I see my heart doctor frequently. Now you know why! Every time she has finished with my exam, she takes the stethoscope from her ear, puts it around her neck, furrows her brow, looks at me quizzically and asks, "Just how old are you?"