

WHAT IS YOUR HAPPIEST MEAL?

By Mike Harris

My first thoughts were holiday meals. Visions of family gathered round and good feelings enshrouding all like a warm blanket on a cool night. But years pass, loved ones begin to be missed and living in the past becomes depressing. The future which seemed to stretch as a long, long road is no longer that long or promising very much joy. Thinking about my happiest meal brings me up short!

My time in this group and the subjects presented to write about have pretty much revealed a lot of biography. I am not sure if you folks are aware that I have been the cook in our household, all because my brother and I, in growing up had a mother who insisted that there was no such thing as boy's or girl's work. We were always taught that we learn all skills, for no woman was going to curse her memory because she gave the world cripples, who were unable to be helpmates. We, my brother and I know our way around the kitchen, the laundry, the sewing room, and can handle a broom and a mop. The foregoing is not meant as brag, just a statement of fact.

So what is my happiest meal and when does it happen? Every morning after putting myself together with all the prosthetic help of this modern world, the false teeth, the hearing aids, and the trifocal glasses, stepping into the kitchen, and making a favorite breakfast. The menu, eight oz. of orange juice, cooked hot cereal, made with butter and two cups of whole milk, topped off with half and half, toast or bread with cheese or Danish and a ten oz. mug of coffee laced with half and half, over which I linger and contemplate the emerging day, glad to be still alive and able to get started on the short future that still looms in front of me. Grateful that I have not become a vegetable as many of my peers or that am an insurmountable burden to those who I hope really care about me. Every morning before I take my first mouthful, I thank my Maker for this additional day and promise to try in some way to make it a worthwhile one. I review my finances, and am surprised that after living almost a century I still am solvent with no money worries. I am happy, and again this is the happiest meal!