

SPAMALOT

By Joan Mish

Growing up during WWII, Spam was everywhere when we were kids. My dad was a Marine and we lived in Norfolk VA, Galveston Texas and Chicago. We went to some sort of Marine store to buy our groceries – pretty cheap as I recall. Spam was part of our dinner many nights.

So I grew up liking Spam and my husband and I had Spam many nights for dinner with our kids. Today they are not at all fond of it.

When I volunteered for the National Parks in Hawaii, Spam was everywhere: in restaurants, in every store and there were Spam cookbooks you could buy anywhere. I asked my kids if they would like one for Christmas and not one of them would accept one.

Then one Father's Day the first year after my husband had died, my son who lives near Austin MN, took me over to this fun Spam Museum. He even bought me some flannel pajamas with the SPAM logo on it.

A new friend out here in Windsor Garden and I went over to the Aurora Theater to see the comedy SPAMALOT. It was great. I had heard a lot about this musical.

Today I eat Spam a couple of times a month. It's a nice easy meal to eat with bakes beans.