

Making Do

by Kenita Gibbins

Last summer I would go through cookbook after cookbook trying to find recipes that did not need the oven heat in the kitchen. We had lots of salads. Three days ago I decided it was going to get really cold, and I needed a clean oven. The darn stove I got when we purchased our condo had crud. I mourned the convection oven left in the house we sold. Then a thought came into my head: *Kenita, you would be stupid to get the brand new oven you want at your age.* Three days ago it seemed more practical to just clean the darn thing. I turned on the self-cleaner and left for four hours. Maybe the inside was a little better. I put an oven cleaner on the grocery list. In spite of my list, I still forgot to get the cleaner. I'm beginning to think this is a job I really don't want to do.

In the meantime, a trip to the grocery store happened and we purchased ingredients for six meals. All had to go in the oven. A dirty stove will still cook. Oh, give me a home that has a range that will fix deer and antelope.