

# Memories of Thanksgiving

November is here and going along for the ride is Thanksgiving. Ah, the many wonderful memories that I have of that time so very long ago. Let's go back to the mid 70's.

I'm up at 6:00 A.M. Get six kids and a husband up, breakfast for all, lunches packed (that would be 7 of them), and everybody out the door by 8:00. PHEW!! Some breakfast for me and a cup of tea.

Then off to feed the chickens, ducks, and geese. Now for some of the wonderful memories...get the flour, sugar, fillings, and various assorted baking vessels gathered up to bake pies. Two of which are apple, one is cherry and the last one is mince meat. Now the pies are in the oven and I've got a huge stack of dirty dishes and baking utensils to wash. It is then time for my lunch. Now I have to plan supper. Kids are home and want snacks. It is again time to feed chickens, ducks, and geese. And time to gather eggs. Husband is home. He has a snack and takes a nap. Supper is almost ready. AH, I get to sit down and eat. Everybody goes to do what they do...television, homework, and baths if needed. I, on the other hand, have a sink full of dishes.

Oh, by the way, I did take the pies out of the oven a long time ago and they are covered and cooling in the garage. When everybody goes to bed it's time to make stuffing (Yes, I make my own- no box), wash off the turkey that has been thawing in the refrigerator, stuff it, and put it in the oven.

Ah, to bed, but not for long. Up early, check the turkey, baste, baste, and baste then breakfast for kids and husband. Since he didn't work that day he did the chickens and I fed the cats. That's another story.

I still have to make a relish tray, cook the yams (no canned ones for me), peel them, and cook in the skillet with brown sugar and butter (real butter), peel and cooked white potatoes for mashing and brown the rolls. I buy them as I don't have time to bake them.

The table is set, the turkey is ready, the yams are done, the rolls are done, the green peas are done, the stuffing in a dish, the potatoes are mashed, the gravy is made and the relish tray is on the table.

"Come on!! Let's eat!!" All appear at once. Grace is said and plates are filled. People eat. People disappear as quickly as they appeared.

So here I am. Leftovers to put away, dishes to do, pots and pans too...

Memories- Lots of memories. SIGH!!!

Happy Thanksgiving

Judy