

CHRISTMAS  
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Christmastime is always more than just a blip on my radar screen, not because of the sentiments, but rather because, like a vortex, it thoroughly scrambles my sense of time and direction. This year is no exception.

What a time we all had making the traditional Upper Peninsula pasty yesterday. It seemed to take all day long. My daughter Anne worked her butt off the entire time. I was the chief vegetable chopper. Perhaps it was because we decided to make a commercial batch of them, you know, a ton, and freeze some. What a time!

Anyway I chopped and chopped. Anne cooked and cooked, and others helped too, of course. My two-year-old granddaughter Emma was omnipresent and omni-excited as well. And of course, the two dogs, were most interested in what was going on. And it snowed most of the day.

We had one semi-emergency when the pasty gravy just would not thicken! Oh my god, what a time that was. We tried arrowroot, looked into Kudzu, and as a last resort added flour to what was just too watery. You get the idea. Finally, and I do mean finally, the gravy coalesced and we could add it to the vegetables, but it stopped the presses for a while. Meanwhile chaos was only a misstep away.

When at long last we all sat down to eat, I was so tired that after dinner I did not last long. Board games were happening, and Emma got a mini-trampoline, which she was bouncing on. As for me, I snuck away and ended up falling asleep in my office. I had one small piece of cherry pie, but could only taste the incredible rich chocolate cake that Anne made, a trial run for a wedding cake she will make soon. I am not allowed to eat that kind of stuff... often.

So, I am up now in the very early morning (just after midnight). I see that snow is still falling outside. Everyone is in bed, the dogs are sleeping, and the trampoline is quiet. Here is a photo I managed to take yesterday, actually a test, but it is fun to look at anyway.

Now, if I can just get past New Year, life will begin again.



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