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Why I say Grace by Carl E. Beyer

I remember when I entered the Army the other soldiers were complaining about the food not being as good as “Mom’s Cooking”. Every time they would say this, it would send a shiver down my spine about my Mom’s cooking. Not from the pleasurable memory of taste buds salivating but the horror of it. I was thinking, “How does the Army make such good food?”.

The first example was one year when my mom decided to make homemade spaghetti sauce. I still don’t know how she ruined it. Now this isn’t a one meal shot. No, we made enough to can and have for many, many meals. My parents had no problem with beating each other up so we were well manners kids, out of fear. So, she made the spaghetti sauce and we all said we loved it. I know, I know not very brave of us. I remember the pain on my stepfather face as he was eating it. I would work 12 hours days on the farm with no food and come home and find out dinner was left over spaghetti sauce and would lie and say I had eaten. Better to starve then die. Years later one of my siblings was talking to my Mom and she commented how she hated that sauce and wonder how us kids could have possibly liked it. We were fortunate though she never made another batch.

Now it didn’t end there. Once when sitting down for a meal and they serve me “Head Cheese”. The name alone should have sent me running but it didn’t look like cheese and I ate what was put in front of me. Yum, Yum, pig brains. And, of course, I said I liked it and it kept being served to me. Ah, the horror of it.

My oldest brother tells of my stepfather hunting squirrels and then eating them. Ever eat a squirrel? You could get more food following them back to their stash of nuts. I am fortunate that I don’t have the pleasure of that memory.

My other brother tells of Mom inviting him and his wife over to dinner and then my Mom comments that the bologna was turning green and has to be eaten up. Now when I think of good food I do not think of green bologna.

During my teenage years when other kids were sneaking drugs, I was sneaking toast. I secretly bought a toaster for my room and would sneak bread and peanut-butter in so I could eat some edible food. I was a secret toaster. Shh don’t tell anyone, the shame of it.

She did make pretty good soup but we were never brave enough to ask what was in it. Personally, I always checked to ensure the cat was still around before I ate any.

So that is why I say Grace. I say Thank You God for triple chocolate pies, for double bacon cheeseburgers, for medium-rare steaks, for no-bake chocolate oatmeal cookies and for all those other wonderful foods you give us. I say Grace before eating a Snickers, because darn it, it taste great. I say thank you for all those foods that makes life so pleasurable. My only regret is that I can’t eat more unless I want to be buried in a piano case.

Sorry, I have to go now, for some reason I have an uncontrollable urge to eat something that makes my taste buds water.

God Bless you all. Eat, drink and be merry.