*Ottawa Outlook, nee North Hero News and World Review …. ……. Mostly stuff no one else would print.*

**Mothers Day**, 2010.. c:/nhn&wr10, 10wc16 (2010 NHN&WR letter/story/poem/card #9)

**A Very Merry Un-Birthday in May.**

**or;**

**“M is for the Million Things they gave us[[1]](#footnote-1)[1]”.**

 (We’ve started out sounding like the *“White Rabbit”*).

 We had a house full of kids for what seemed like an age. Due to numbers and economics, Birthdays per se did not garner much in the way of ‘store bought’ presents. However we had one successful gambit to make the Birthday person feel important on their special day. The Birthday menu was dictated by the celebrant, with just one caveat. The dishes had to be something we’d had to eat before. Felt we had to say this to thwart the more daring/imaginative members of the household. Of which incidentally there were quite a few.

 Well, … times have changed. The household is now down to a manageable number, two Birthdays a year. Presents are within range, trouble now is, … we don’t need anything. Still in force, *“The Selected Birthday Menu.”* Lucile and Ken are both very much at home in the kitchen. And for this we thank Mothers. Oh the many, many times we have responded to questions with this answer.

 *“I don’t know, my Mother did it that way.”*

A few examples:

 *“Why is that cabbage soaking in the kitchen sink?”*

 *“What are you shaking that melon up alongside your head for.”*

 *“You always wipe the top of the can before you open it. Why?”*

 *“Why have you got a nail in your mouth while you’re peeling that onion?*

 We don’t quite fathom those who couldn’t care less about the culinary arts. How can one eat all their life and have no interest in: food selection, preparation, presentation? It’s how one was brought up we guess. Once again Moms come to mind.

 *“I don’t care what you do in the kitchen, just leave it like you find it!”*

In their retirement Lucile and Ken have settled into a revolving ‘favorites’ diet. Alternately their specialties are: Chicken Provencal, Gypsy Stew, Boeuf en Daube, Cajun Pork Roast, Chili, Italian Sausage Grinders, Ratatouille, Beef Bourguignon, Scallops Alfredo, Homemade Soup, Spaghetti, Salmon Loaf, Quiche, Roast Beef & Yorkshire Pudding, & Eggs Lorraine[[2]](#footnote-2)[2]. (Score, Lucile 8, Ken 7) Of course with just two eaters these last for say three days, but neither complains.

 With this years Birthday approaching, Lucile’s chosen menu was: Puff pastry appetizers, Beef Bourguignon, Boiled Potatoes, French Bread, Tossed Salad, Fruit Compote, Chocolate cake, & wine wine wine. It was ‘leaked’. Two ‘Kids’[[3]](#footnote-3)[3]and spouses wanted to come. To accommodate the crowd the date was moved up a few days, and hence we had;

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From Ottawa, Lucile, Bailey & Ken.

1. [1] We suppose come June, we’ll have to do, “F” is for the funny face on Father. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. [2] Ignoring desserts here. Could be another letter. Remember Susie’s Plum Pudding? We still have the pan. [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. [3] Though we’ve Grand & Great Grandchildren, original issue are still ‘Kids’ to us. [↑](#footnote-ref-3)