Hi all,

First some news.

Computer died.

Diagnosis, no hope of recovery.

New computer.

Hitched up by Linda.

Hardware/software jump of 11 years.

Ken, ... lost at sea.

All new tags, locations, etc.

Please bear with us for a while.

Here is letter we meant to send for Mother’s day.

*Ottawa Outlook, nee North Hero News and World Review …. ……. Mostly stuff no one else would print.* Outlk13wc08

Sunday, May 12th, 2013. (2013 Letter # 8)

**MOTHERS**

This may be, exclusively, a “Family” letter. We’ll see how it goes.

When this person thinks of his Mother, … the thoughts run mostly to *“don’ts”*. However, after some 40 years or so, they still manage to arouse nostalgic memories.

*“Don’t talk with your mouth full.”*

Boy, … has this one ever hung on. A ravenous, hungry, growing, young boy sits down at the dinner table. Starved, … all he cares about is eating. Can’t eat and talk? Guess which activity goes by the board? Unfortunately, for present mature dinner companions, your writer has never managed the art of pleasant conversation, just sits down at the table, picks up knife and fork and goes to work..

*“ Don’t go food shopping on an empty stomach, … and always takes a list.”*

Since we get up early in the A.M. and almost always eat a good breakfast, this has never been a problem. As for the list, this is regular shopping routine. Needed items are posted on the refrigerator, transferred to a “Postit” note which is stuck on license in wallet. Once in store, postit is adhered to the handle on our shopping cart. Voila! *“Don’t”* adhered to. Just recently, we happened to see a fellow woman shopper in the Produce Store. She had a postit note stuck on her shopping cart! As we passed, I said “ *My, … what an intelligent way to have your list handy.”* She laughed.

*“Do anything you want in the kitchen, but leave it just the way you found it*.”

Wow, … do we remember Mother when we are in the kitchen. Whereas we like to be all alone in this room, she liked company, and was very good at teaching her kids to be very comfortable there. And to this day, I love to cook. Let’s see, … a couple of remembered catastrophes

The Tube Cake. This was a sponge cake I think. We took it out of the oven and placed it on a cake rack. Beautiful, … with a capital “B”, must have risen two inched above the pan. Then, like a punctured tire, it slowly sank back down out of sight! Mother, … hand to forehead, exclaimed, *“ We forgot the baking soda!”*

The Lobster*.* As transplanted Pennsylvanians, we didn’t know too much about seafood when first ensconced on Long Island, N.Y. I remember Mother’s first lobster, a live one. Following directions, we put a large pot of water to boiling. The lobster was pretty dark, almost black.

Mother mused, *“ I wonder how he turns red?”*

When boiling a tempo, lobster is tossed in the pot and the lid clamped on.

Mother again, *“Let’s take peek and see what color he is.”*

We peeked. Bad move. Lobster was out of that pot in the wink of an eye. We chased him all over the house, he sure didn’t want to go back in the pot.

Finally corralled our entrée and resumed the cooking.

Ken, *“What color was he?”*

Mother, *“ It was so exiting I don’t remember.”*

*Don’t go in swimming for an hour after you’ve eaten.*

Boy, … was this one ever ingrained! WWII, USN, Slated for Under Water Demolition Team training.

First thought, *“ Hope I don’t have to go in right after eating.”*.

And finally, Mother’s favorite,

*“No you can’t go out, it’s a school night and you have homework to do.*

Last Mother’s Day thought, *“If I leave this world during the daytime, … I hope my underwear is clean.”*

Ken & Lucille.

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