

## Menu

### *The Other Side of the Atlantic (2002-2012)*

Toad in the Hole

Sunday Roast

Fairy Cakes

### *The Land of Opportunity (2012-2015)*

Mums Falafel

Bacon Cheeseburger with Sweet Potato Fries

Honey Spice Cake

### *World Outlook Shifting (2015-2020)*

Haynes Family Curry

Pulled Pork Sandwiches

Chocolate Olive Oil Cake

### *An Education in Ethics (2020-2022)*

Pesto Pasta with Shredded Chicken

Vegan Chili

Greenery Chocolate Chip Cookies

### *The Hope Makes It Taste Better (2022-Present)*

Garlic Parmesan Chicken Wings

Pot Roast (Kristopher's favorite)

Chocolate Bundt Cake

### *The Other Side of the Atlantic (2002-2012)*

The air outside a butcher shop in the early morning had a musty smell that stung my nostrils with cold as I stood outside in line. My coat was almost due to be handed down to my sister, just about fitting around my shoulders and zipped up to my chest, and my father would hold the fuzzy lined hood to assure I didn't wander off. At 7am the door would open, the bell would ring, and each person would file into the shop to pick up their order, eager to beat the rush with Christmas was less than 24 hours away. Now seven years old, it was tradition for me to spend Christmas Eve morning watching cars fly by on Prices Lane with my father as we waited for our turn. As we walked home we would take turns holding the turkey, meaning he would let me believe I was helping him while really I was adding more weight to his load. Once back the turkey would disappear into the kitchen, where I most likely wouldn't see it until my mother pulled it out of the oven the next day.

Going to the butcher was reserved for special occasions such as Christmas or a

Christmas in my family was split into three groups; my fathers side, my mother's side on her mother's side, and my mother's side on her father's side. My mother's father's side was always the busiest celebration of the season, as every year my grandfather invited his sister, five children, spouses, and the growing list of grandchildren to his house in Bolney, Haywards Hearth. While there would be the odd year where he would change up the menu, most years featured a curry dinner made by my grandfather, and chocolate Santas hung on the tree for the children to find. This side of the family has many traditions, Christmas or otherwise, but they're not the type for writing them down or even acknowledging that they're traditions. These are things that just are, no one questions the curry, they just know it will come back.

Christmas has never been a small deal in my family, and the annual retrieval of the Christmas turkey, whether spoken or unspoken, was an important tradition to me, it was my contribution to

Christmas dinner. We practically never cooked with our parents at this age, we had the occasional baking project here and there, but meals were left strictly to the adults. The turkey was usually enjoyed with my Father's side of the family, my grandad Pa and my grandma Ma. In earlier years we may have gone over to their house in Caterham for the holiday meal, I don't remember when the switch happened that my took over, only that there are pictures of my grandparents in colorful tissue paper party crowns in our backlit dining room. They were the family we saw most while we still lived in England, my sister and I would spend almost every Friday night at their house while my parents took a night off and each time our gramama Ma would sit us at the kitchen counter to stir the gravy granules with hot water as she thanked us for her help. They were the family who developed my sweet tooth, sending us home with a pocket full of candy each Saturday, who fed us more than anyone outside of our parents.