

DAY OF THANKS

By Robin Roberts
To the Blue Mountain Eagle

The seasons in our house were always marked by the centerpiece of our dining room table. We ate at that table only at Sunday dinner and a few special breakfasts — Easter, Christmas. The dining room itself was sacred. It was one of those special adult rooms where my brother and I were not permitted to play or even enter except for those special meals. At Thanksgiving my mother set the centerpiece with a small pumpkin pulled by four porcelain turkeys with reins of dark ribbon. The piece was dominated by harvest colors, orange and brown. Sprigs of

corn husk, cobs of maize. Porcelain pilgrims paraded alongside, with Indians fore and aft. Tantalizing aromas filled the house. The turkey had been stuffed the night before with stuffing that had been marinating for the entire day. Shelves in one of the refrigerators had been cleared and removed to make room for “the bird” as my father referred to it. By mid-afternoon our nostrils quivered at the pungent scent of roasting turkey. Potatoes boiled in a giant pot and next to them rutabagas and peas. A small roaster filled with the dressing that didn’t fit inside the turkey shared the other oven with Yorkshire pudding. Earlier in the day pies had been baked and they

sat cooling on the wide, tile counter. Pumpkin, strawberry-rhubarb and apple all added their sticky-sweet essence to the already mouth-watering bouquet of the kitchen. As I watched my mother moving pans and dishes and saw the turkey golden and glistening with beads of sweet sweat removed and placed on the carving platter, sins of gluttony filled my thoughts. It was my father’s duty, and right, to carve the turkey, and he now entered the kitchen, normally solely my mother’s domain, and began with royal flourishes. While he carved, my mother spiced and flavored the juice in the bottom of the roasting pan now simmering on the stove and

becoming thick, tantalizing gravy. My brother and I were called into service to transport the feast into the dining room. As she handed us each delectable dish, my mother would direct us where to place it. The turkey would go in last, carried by my father and set down in front of him where he could serve us. He always served my mother first as was her due as cook and matron. Then he would serve my brother, who was older, and then me. Finally, with solemn dignity, he served himself, seemingly oblivious to his sons’ chaffing and drooling. And yet we still would have to wait until after we gave thanks for the bounty that lay before us. I learned much of life and manners

at our dining room table. In many ways my parents were old-fashioned, demanding proper manners and respect. My brother and I deferred politely to them when we disagreed, said excuse me if they were already talking and we wished to interject our thoughts and waited to be excused before leaving the table. But there was much love in our family also, and much laughter. My mother insisted mealtime was a time for sharing your day, your adventures and foibles. A time of knitting together each of our lives. A time of seeing our place in the family, in the town and in the world. *Robin Roberts is a writer who lives in Canyon City.*

For your Thanksgiving feast

By Angel Carpenter
Blue Mountain Eagle

Thanksgiving Dressing

This dish is quick to do a disappearing act on Thanksgiving Day, so be sure to have plenty on hand to serve to the guests!

- Ingredients:
2 loaves French bread, cut into 1-inch pieces
2 Tbsp. butter to grease pans
1 onion, chopped
5 stalks celery, sliced in 1/4-inch pieces
2 Tbsp. butter, to sauté veggies
2 tsp. celery salt



Eagle file photo

Thanksgiving Dressing

- 1 Tbsp. poultry seasoning
1 tsp. dried sage
2 eggs, beaten
2 C. chicken broth
1/4 C. butter, melted

mixture in, covering with tin foil. Bake at 350 for 30-40 minutes and serve immediately.

Southern Candied Sweet Potatoes

This recipe is easy and delicious — a nice addition to the holiday meal.

- Ingredients:
4 large sweet potatoes, peeled and cut into 1/2-inch slices
1/2 C. butter, one stick
2 C. white sugar
1/4 C. heavy whipping cream
1 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 tsp. ground nutmeg
Pinch of clove
1 Tbsp. vanilla extract
Salt to taste
Directions:
Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Peel the sweet potatoes and cut into 1/2-inch slices. Place in rows in a 9x13-inch casserole dish. In a medium saucepan over medium heat, melt butter. Stir in sugar, mixing well, then add whipping cream and incorporate. Stir in



The Eagle/Angel Carpenter

Golden Grahams S'mores

cinnamon, nutmeg, clove and vanilla. Pour mixture over the yams and cover with foil. Bake 40 minutes, remove foil and bake for 25 minutes more. Plate up, drizzling sauce over the sweet potatoes.

- 1 package (12 oz.) chocolate chips, divided
1/4 C. light corn syrup, optional
5 Tbsp. butter
1 tsp. vanilla
Grease a 9x13 pan.

Golden Grahams S'mores

This is a heavenly snack recipe is from the kitchen of Hailey Delaney of Canyon City. This is a good one to share with your Thanksgiving guests. For an autumn twist, add a bag of candy corn.

- 2 1/2 boxes (12 oz.) Golden Grahams cereal
6 C. miniature marshmallows (10 oz. bag), divided

In a large pot over low heat, melt 5 C. marshmallows (save 1 cup for later), 1 C. chocolate chips, butter and corn syrup, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Stir in vanilla. Stir in Golden Grahams cereal until evenly coated. Stir in remaining 1 C. marshmallows and remaining chocolate chips — add candy corn, if desired. Press mixture into pan with buttered hands. Let cool. Serve with a spoon, or press and cut into squares.

Tip: Use parchment paper in the 9x13 pan to make clean up a snap.

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