



## Family, Friends, Faith, and Farming: the good "F" words. *by Roddy Dull*

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Feast is an F word that people usually associate with special holidays like Thanksgiving and Christmas. I am no different. I look back fondly on all of those special big feeds at Grandpa and Grandma's house. Everyone made it and the old farm house was full. Aunts, uncles, and cousins all under one roof filling their tummies with the good stuff like Lutefisk and Lefsa. Though I didn't care for that stuff when I was little, the feast was still worth going to.

I'm not too sure the feast was the food that we were eating as much as it was the place and those that we were sharing the experience with. And now as I sit here reflecting, I realize almost every meal we had on the farm could be called a feast. There was usually some type of meat (mostly beef), a vegetable, bread and butter, maybe a canned fruit or some homemade pickles, and milk that we brought in from the barn. Though, I can remember some of the less complicated meals like corn-meal-mush or milk soup. I always liked rice and raisins myself. One of the simplest was just plain bread and milk. Yes, bread and milk. This would happen occasionally on a hot summer night when it was too hot to cook. We were all given a large breakfast bowl in which we would tear up a slice of bread or two into small pieces. We would then pour fresh cow's milk over the top and sprinkle a spoonful or two of sugar over the top. Yes-sir-ee, this was a feast just like all of the other meals we ate at the farm.

A feast you say? How can you count plain old bread and milk as feast? Well, each and every time we sat down to eat a meal, it was around the same table. We all looked each other in the face, bowed our heads, and said our dinner prayer. We shared not only what was on the table in front of us, but what was in our hearts and on our minds with the ones we loved. What a feast!

Nowadays, way too often at my house, we not only all eat different food, we eat at different times and in different places in the house. Not the way I would like it. As the head of the household, I have no one to blame for this, what I am going to call, "Famine" but me. And as we all know, famine is not a good F word.

I know how times have changed and how difficult it is to get a family together even for those big feasts that we all expect once or twice a year. I don't know about you, but today I am going to make a conscious effort to separate my feasts and famines. I will try very hard to eat at the table as a family and maybe even bring back an old entrée or two just to remind myself how much I take for granted sometimes.

Break-*feast* is at 7:00 tomorrow morning. I will be at the table hopefully surrounded by everyone at home. I'm not sure what we'll be eating, but I can guarantee that together, we will have nothing short of a feast.

*Roddy Dull*