

I Remember...



She demonstrated and we copied.

Making biscuits with Magar

"What else do we need, Magar?" I asked. Magar is my grandmother's adopted name. It bloomed from my brother's inability to say "grandma" as a baby.

She was teaching us to make biscuits, just as she had taught us to sew and paint. My sister, 12, and I, 14, hurried about the large wood kitchen grabbing ingredients as needed.

"Buttermilk, lard and flour," Magar said. "Use your hands to mix it all together, like this." She demonstrated and we copied, giggling as the mixture squished between our fingers.

Coming from a family of 12, my grandmother had grown up helping her mother around the house. Every night, she would use the same recipe we were using now to serve bread at dinnertime for nine siblings and two parents.

We scooped the dough onto greased pans with a spoon and patted them down with milk on our fingers. We put them into the oven to bake and brown. Twelve minutes later, they were finished and on plates. I bit into one and steam escaped from inside. It was delicious and warm in my mouth: the perfect swirling of softness and sweetness, with a milky and slightly salty flavor. No wonder they used to make them every night.

Kristen Williams, Wake Forest, Wake EMC

Christmas at Grandma's

One of my favorite memories as a child was having Christmas at my Grandma's house. My grandmother, Velma Tanner, always had Christmas dinner for the whole family at her house on Christmas Eve. This included six children and their spouses, as well as 16 grandchildren. After everyone finished eating, we would all gather in the living room to sing Christmas carols and Grandma would read us the Christmas story from Luke, Chapter 2. Afterward we had prayer and opened gifts. Grandmother made sure that everyone had a gift under the tree from her, and no one was left out.

Today, Grandma is 85 years old and her health is failing a bit, but she still plans Christmas at her house. We continue to eat dinner and sing carols. Grandma still reads us the Christmas story, we have prayer. And without fail Grandma has a present under the tree for all six children, 16 grandchildren, 28 great-grandchildren, five great-great grandchildren, and just in case somebody brings a friend or there are other visitors, she has extra presents so no one will leave empty-handed. I thank God for my grandma and my family; they are the greatest gift anyone has ever given me.

Susann Honeycutt, Hamlet, Pee Dee Electric



This is my Grandma in front of the Christmas tree in the living room of her house.

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